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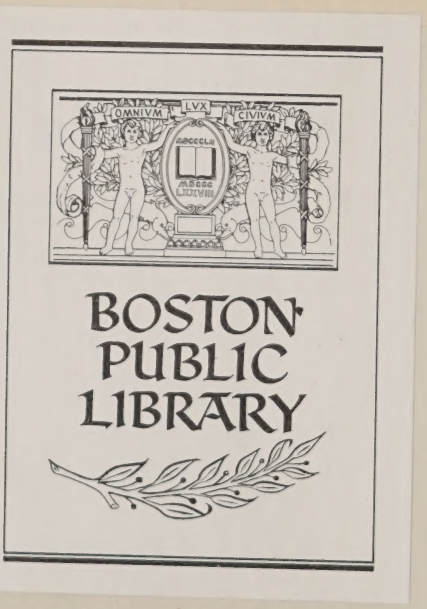

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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1872.

the support of Mr. Fenton and Mr. Tweed. Mr. W. P. Kellogg runs for Governor in order that he may be sent back to the United States Senate, of which body he is now an ornament; or is not an ornament. To this end he makes an agreement with various people, and, among others, with Mr. C. C. Antoine, of Caddo, of whom it is said that, being bought and sold in the late legislature, he, on one occasion, brought the very large price of $40,000, which is "ruling high" for New Orleans. Another party to the gubernatorial transaction is Mr. O. C. Blandin, recently a tax-collector, and of such a sort that up to this time only two hundred and fifty receipts have been produced in cases where he had returned the taxpayer as delinquent. For Attorney-General on this ticket, we have Mr. A. P. Field, the gentleman who assaulted Judge Kelley in Washington. One would say that all "the great organizing ability of Mr. Casey"—as the *Times* has it—and the services of more revenue cutters than one, would be requisite to carry these candidates through. Or, rather, one would feel sure of it were it not that the most prominent Liberal Republican is Mr. Warmoth. What, now, is one to wish for Louisiana? Her politics were a simpler matter when the question was between the New Orleans rioter and the negro voter. On the whole, the Custom-house seems to be the stablest thing there.

The Republicans of Philadelphia have been making an experiment of which we can at least say that the thought of trying it is among the hopeful signs of the times, though we believe that it has resulted in no improvement in the character of the candidates for city and county offices. These nominations would regularly have been made in a convention of delegates packed in the usual way (and in Philadelphia they know how to pack delegate conventions), but in this instance they proceeded, nominally at least, from the rank and file of the party, specially summoned to vote them. The "Crawford County System" employed for this purpose has these distinctive features: a list of candidates, open to all aspirants, either by personal application or through the agency of their friends, on payment of a fee towards meeting the expenses of printing the tickets; liberty on the voter's part to choose from this list by erasing the names objectionable to him; election by plurality from among the candidates thus voted for. Thus, in the case of the City Commissioner, where but two candidates were in the field, the successful one had 15,568 votes against 10,096 for his rival—a clear majority; but there were six candidates for Recorder of Deeds, and the highest received only 9,343 votes in a polling of 28,582. Moreover, as there was no possibility of deciding off-hand whether a voter who had presented himself was truly a Republican or not, the party managers could have had no difficulty in packing the polls, where they did not prefer the good old way and simpler plan of counting out the men not of their own choice; and it seems to be agreed that some of the nominees owed their success to the suffrages of persons who commonly sell their votes to the Democratic party, and some to the figuring of the judges after the polls were closed. An election contested on these grounds would, if entertained by the courts, offer some novel issues.

The list, as we have said, is not remarkable for its goodness; it may, perhaps, be better than a convention would have imposed upon the party, but we shrewdly suspect it to be just about exactly the self-same thing. The Reformers are not content with it, and have put a separate ticket in the field, in some portions of which they will have the support of the Democrats, who have also made nominations. The struggle, therefore, will not be devoid of interest; all the more because the regular Republicans cannot be compelled to vote for the candidates of the Crawford County System, in spite of the share they took in the nomination. Is it too much to hope that the Reformers and Democrats may next time agree with the Republicans in giving a useful extension to the System on such a basis as this—the formation of a joint committee to receive and publish the names of candidates (adding to the name of each the name of the party with which he is identified); to collect the fees of enrolment, and to provide uniform ballots, each containing the nominations of all parties for a given office; to superintend the strict registration of voters in advance of the day of election, and to unite in detecting "repeaters" and "rounders"? We do not think the Crawford County System the best for an experiment of this sort, or for permanent use, but it could be equitably applied, and it would help to demonstrate the possibility of important ameliorations of our political machinery.

The Western editor who recently called his editorial opponent "a tank of mendacity," and remarked on the same gentleman's announcement that he had lost a mule that it was "the greatest case of self-forgetfulness on record," might call at this office and hear of something to his advantage. We see little prospect of being able to carry on the campaign with anything like the vigor of language necessary or the intimate knowledge of the private history of our contemporaries. We have all along been confident that we should have an unusual share of personalities during this canvass, even though we should miss hearing the familiar "You lie, you villain, you lie"; but they are coming in earlier, hotter, stronger, and faster than we ever bargained for. The first one of any great consequence was the remark from one of our exchanges, which is not an organ and shall be nameless, that another exchange's office was like "any other place of prostitution," whereupon the injured paper, an able and dignified contemporary, at once withdrew formally a conjecture which it had civilly made a day or two previously, to the effect that perhaps, no one could tell, the unorganic editor might intend to conduct himself like a gentleman in his intercourse with other journals, and very differently from the unmannerly old person who had preceded him. Things were clearly getting worse when another most dignified and able contemporary wanted to know if a man was a fit candidate for the Presidency who, in '43 or thereabouts, was accessary to the purloining of a gentleman's private letters? By-and-by, the journal "which is not an organ," as the *Evening Post* likes to remind it, replying perhaps to the petty larceny charge, said that in its opinion the *Herald* did rather a bright thing when it spoke of a certain journal as the Evening *Ghost*. But these are love-pats, and the pleasant, discreet converse of the wise, compared to the reviling, making of mouths, screaming, and bloody and murderous threatenings and defiances that are now going on between two others of our respected exchanges. The editor of one has the misfortune of having for the initial letter of his middle name the letter A; so his friend across the way spells out in full for him an alleged middle name—as, for instance, his name being let us say "John A. Smith," our quarto exchange each morning has it "John Assassin Smith," in such headlines of paragraphs as "What Assassin Smith thinks," "John Assassin Smith's views six months ago," and the like. Naturally moved by this and by the assertion that "John A. Smith is the most cowardly, venal, and reckless libeller now living," our other respected exchange, a folio, actually replies to the quarto in these words, which we quote without other change than two omissions: "Whoever says that the editor of the —— is venal, is a liar, a libeller, and a scoundrel. As to the charge of cowardice, the editor of the —— has a perpetual opportunity to put that to the test which he persistently neglects to improve." We ought to have an amendment to the Constitution extending the Presidential term to seven years. These quadrennial exhibitions come too rapidly. Meantime, we advise the appearance at least of amity and love. We know it is hard; we ourselves should like to speak out all we think about some of the brethren; but the constraint is civilizing in its tendency, and we urge the whole fraternity to imitate our example, and be always civil to everybody, even to the froward and unthankful.

The Orangemen and their Roman Catholic enemies have at last begun trying to discuss their differences in a more American fashion than is usual with those two classes of citizens; but we cannot say that they showed great capacity for the mode of arbitrament which rests upon a belief in the power of talk—unless of very warm talk. They may, however, yet bring matters to bear so that "Croppies, Lie Down"

may be refrained from when the Orange procession marches, and several other little amenities foregone. Public opinion among the Americans is very strong in favor of upholding the "right of free procession"—a new palladium of human liberties even in America, and what the feeling is which lies back of that opinion everybody knows. At the same time, we hope it may not be long before an enlightened public opinion will demand of the Orangemen that they discontinue a parade which in some of its features is symbolical of as bad and cruel a tyranny as a minority ever exercised over a majority, and which directly incites to a breach of the peace. The courage and the faithfulness to principle which these men have shown will always be respected, but small esteem can be given the fierce bigotry which so clouds their naturally strong sense and patriotism that they persist in cherishing here, on American soil, for their glory and the annoyance of everybody else, a bitter feud which surely had no right to transplantation.

We suppose everybody, except Mr. Bancroft Davis, is heartily glad to see the final disappearance into thin air and out of sight for ever of the famous Indirect Claims. It is wonderful to look back and think what a tremendous bore, and see what a piece of puerility they were. The arbitrators decided with reported unanimity that they were altogether untenable, and they were dismissed forthwith. This action on the part of the Tribunal has naturally afflicted Mr. Davis with chagrin, as he makes manifest in a despatch to Mr. Fish written after the fate of his claims was fully clear, and which the Secretary has since printed. As Mr. Davis has, however, filled all the rest of us with chagrin, we suppose him not to be attracting to himself any great amount of sympathy, and we fancy he could retire from public employment with the sincere assent of a vast majority of his countrymen, whose good name he has done about as much to hurt as any gentleman of equal prominence that we can recollect of late years. The *Tribune* of this city is perhaps the only journal likely to regret his departure; it was almost the only influential journal which continued, down to a late date, to press the Davis views, and these were not the views as to the right conduct of our international affairs which were long held by many well-informed citizens who brought good judgment to their consideration. It was not very long before the country began to exercise its good sense on the subject, and the result should be a lesson to all politicians who distrust the people's ability to decide a plain question of morals and business. By the way, as Liberal journalists, anxious to remove men on horseback, despotic Cæsars, people who "have no statesmanship," let us take counsel with each other and enquire what great statesman it was, and how long he had been in training, who invented these same wise claims? How well did he know his business of "statesmanship," for knowing which we have given him honors and emoluments these twenty or thirty years? Let us, by all means, since scapegoats are the fashion, have a large and well-selected assortment of them.

To-day a year ago, Mr. Stanley, the *Herald* correspondent who had been sent in search of Dr. Livingstone, was writing his first letter to inform the world of his progress, dating at "Kwihara, District of Unyanyembe," a point a little more than two-thirds of the distance between Zanzibar and Ujiji, his objective point, on Lake Tanganyika. On Tuesday the *Herald* printed a telegraphic abstract of letters from the same source, confirming the more or less suspicious and unauthenticated reports of Stanley's arrival at Ujiji and meeting with Livingstone, who, on the 16th of October, accompanied him back as far as Unyanyembe, "where they passed twenty-eight days together, exploring the district," afterwards returning to Ujiji to spend Christmas. The date of Stanley's sending off this intelligence is given as March 14, 1872. As for Dr. Livingstone, he ees two years' work ahead for him before he can return with proofs of the real source of the Nile. He is said to have satisfied himself that Lake Tanganyika is not among the feeders of that river, but that the Chambeze River is. Of this he followed the course for seven hundred miles till his supplies gave out, and has some one hundred and eighty yet to explore—apparently in order to establish its connection with Baker's Lake Albert Nyanza. We cannot say that this despatch leaves everything satisfactorily accounted for, Dr. Livingstone's safety alone being certified, unless we should say also his seeming indifference to the world's anxiety in regard to him. Had he been in the neighborhood of Ujiji all this time, this indifference would have been surprising, and not easy to excuse; but the scene of his explorations was, according to all accounts, in the country to the west of Lake Tanganyika, which he had to cross in order to join Stanley. If his conjecture in regard to the Chambeze be correct, the actual fountain-head of the Nile lies immediately to the north of Lake Nyassa—*i.e.*, in latitude 10° S.

It is hard to say whether the new treaty concluded between the German Empire and the French Republic, and signed last Saturday night by Count Arnim and M. de Rémusat, but still subject to ratification by the German Federal Council and the French National Assembly, is likely to strengthen or to impair the influence of M. Thiers, of late so violently assailed by the forces of the Right in the French Legislature. The main stipulations of the treaty are reported to be the following: Two months after the ratification, which is to take place within one week, France has to pay one-half of the third milliard francs ($100,000,000) of the war indemnity, whereupon the Germans evacuate the Departments of Marne and Haute-Marne; March 1, 1873, she has to pay the second half of that milliard; and March 1, 1874, the whole fourth milliard, which is to be followed by the evacuation of Ardennes and Vosges; and the payment of the last milliard, with the interest accrued on the indemnity, is to be made March 1, 1875, when the final evacuation of all French territory is to take place, the Germans to the last retaining the full strength of their army of occupation. The gain to France consists in the speedier recovery of the Departments of Marne and Haute-Marne, and the later payment of the last milliard, which to the national feeling of the French people must appear more than counterbalanced by the Germans continuing to occupy the Department of Meuse, the united remnants of Meurthe and Moselle, and the fortress of Belfort, a full year beyond the term set for the final evacuation of France by the original stipulations of the treaty of peace. Rational observers, however, will easily discover both parties to be gainers by the new arrangement.

The Government has introduced in the German Reichstag a law prolonging for one year from January next the present dictatorship in Alsace-Lorraine. The law of June 9, 1871, of which this is a proposed amendment, fixed Jan. 1, 1873 as the date at which the new provinces would come under the general operation of the laws of the Empire. The Government would even then have preferred the extension which it now asks for, but yielded in the hope, rather than the expectation, of perfecting its reconstructive work in the term assigned. Experience has shown that the task, in spite of the intelligence and prodigious industry with which it was entered upon, was too great to be compressed into a year and a half. One effect of still further delay, if it is granted, will be the postponement of the elections in Alsace-Lorraine for deputies to the Reichstag, which otherwise would fall in February next. That this is a prudent consideration appears from the fact that the populace is very much wrought up just now, and will continue to be till October, over the question whether to choose France or Germany for permanent domicile and citizenship; and in the half-year that would be left before election-time, it is clear that the passions of this crisis would hardly have subsided enough to leave the voters in a sober and patriotic frame of mind—patriotic from the German point of view not only, but from the electors' deliberate choice of a country. Eighteen months hence the measures of the provisional government will have had a fairer chance to justify themselves in practice, and generally it may be said that the problem whether the new subjects of the Empire are irreconcilable and unassimilable will be much nearer solution than it is at present.

A "POLITICAL ANOMALY."

THIS is the euphemism used by Governor Randolph to persuade the Democratic party of New Jersey that in supporting Mr. Greeley they will be guilty of nothing worse than eccentricity. We must expect during the next few months to hear persons called by their right names much more frankly than things. No canvass in our political history has ever proceeded on so shameless a negation of principles, after so hopeless an attempt to establish them as the basis of combination. As regards the new leader whom it is proposed to promote from the post of trumpeter in one host to the captaincy of the other, whom every one is swift to deny as his choice and slow to accept "at the bidding of desperation under the mistake of expediency," one of two things must be true: Either Mr. Greeley leaps into the arms of enemies he has spent a long life in fighting and reviling with might and main, driven by the notion that his bygone sound and fury will be taken to signify nothing, or else he embraces the Greeks because they offer gifts. And the party which is invited to take him for leader must choose between two excuses, alike in effrontery, for doing so. The Democrats are asked to pretend that there is some sufficient common ground on which they may join him in attacking the Administration, all former and permanent wars being composed in truce, or else they are asked to use his services as a deserter, and hang him in their triumph.

The capacity for swallowing formulas and facts along with them which Congressman R. B. Roosevelt opens his mouth to betray would delight Carlyle. His instructions to the delegates from this State to the Baltimore Convention, volunteered with such authority as an official position in the pure calm air of Washington may give them, backed by a soundness of judgment which accepts the conversion of popular sentiment "in a few days" from disgust to delight with the Cincinnati nominations, seem not very likely to impose on any thinking men among them. They will be apt to ask before even reading his manifesto, whether his steps towards his official position entitle him to a respectful hearing, and whether the kind of Christian forgiveness of newspaper-enemies which gives such a grace to individual character, affords a safe or creditable rule for party action. The thin veil he offers them to cover the deformity of the new alliance is even less decent because more hypocritical than a cynical profession of mere eagerness to regain power would be. Mr. Greeley is to be loved and elected by the Democrats, says Mr. Roosevelt, because he thinks with them on the only three prominent matters of dispute at present affecting the country, namely: corruption in office, Federal centralization opposing State rights, and the demand of the blacks for supremacy under special laws disadvantageous to the whites. The common sense of any party whatever may be trusted to save us from the last of these national dangers which we now hear of for the first time. It is a curious instance of the inversion of political rôles effected by the canvass, that the very same man should be invoked to stay an imaginary peril whose ferocious sentimentalism and want of foresight were active causes in bringing on the real perils from this quarter; that the Southern whites should be referred to their insulter for protection, and the blacks to their instigator for discouragement. As for the advice to support the Cincinnati candidate as the purifier of official corruption, it must be irony that inspires it. This augur at the Capitol is laughing in his sleeve at his rural friends. There was not time for the contemptuous surprise that saluted Mr. Greeley's name to subside, before the party hacks throughout the country caught the opportunity they had contrived, and thronged to his headquarters. What reflecting man does not dread as the most assured result of his election that this troop will become his official bodyguard, and will transfer to Washington the system of rings, gathering the bad of both parties into a conspiracy of plunder, inflamed to tenfold rapacity by the greatness of the scale and the occasions? Even with a resolute, clear-headed judge of men, this danger would be formidable.

The drift of the Government towards centralization is the most serious danger which awakens the fears of thinking men of all parties, and should be, if the intellectual history of the party means anything, the danger which the Democracy — not the Blairs and the office-hunters, but the Democracy—is most anxious to avert. Resistance to this tendency is that fundamental principle of the old-fashioned Democratic party which their successors are invited quietly to drop by putting themselves under a pilot who will steer them straight with the current. The character of his mind, his moral temper, his party training, all warp him in that direction. What the nation most needs now is a chief who will struggle against, not hurry on, this strong set of popular sentiment and circumstances. It is inevitable in a complex frame of government such as ours is. Like the system of Saturn and his rings, stability in the whole is the result of constant oscillation among the parts. While the centrifugal force was tending towards disruption, Mr. Greeley resisted it, vehemently and honestly, till it culminated and was dissipated in civil war. Now that the system sways towards its periodic inverse movement, it sweeps him irresistibly with it. His discernment is too superficial to see the new danger, his prejudices too deep to unlearn the old ways, and his will too impotent for the changed duty of resisting the popular sentiment that has come round to his side. Remembering, besides, his loose, uneducated notions as to the proper sphere of government, his ideal of its function as a meddler, not as a manager, and his *outré* theories that it must do and bid and lead and provide everything, we know no public man so singularly unfitted by his mental bent to guide events during the coming four years. It is needless to enlarge on the opportunities which his hangers-on will invent for practising to their own profit on his egotism, which sometimes working for good, sometimes for ill, nothing can chastise into caution, and his frequent astuteness, which we suppose nothing can fairly be expected to elevate to the dignity of statecraft. Those delegates who vote for him must either ignore all human experience in the childish faith that for the next four or eight years he will honestly turn his back squarely on his past sixty-two, or they must believe him to be so wholly devoid of fixed principle, so eager to grasp place without honor, that he will accept the semblance of power and leave its substance to the party that makes him its stalking-horse. It would be matter neither for surprise nor regret if, as the result of this political mismatch, egotism, with a due share of wilfulness, should in the end get the better of unprincipled flattery.

This barefaced appeal of Mr. Roosevelt's to the delegates to barter their convictions for the shadow of success, gains no strength from the intimation that their support of Mr. Greeley would be welcome to the cloud of locusts and army-worms he has helped to bring down upon the South. To hint that his election would aid them "to gain or recover social position among the people with whom they have made their homes," is to promise an impossible reconcilement of opposites. Of course, in return for their support, this contingent of Southern Republican outcasts will demand the maintenance of the system by which they thrive. They could lose respectability by no change, even that of party treachery; but Democratic eagerness for place must pause at the offer of such auxiliaries—the lees and refuse left by the crude experiments in government imposed by Mr. Greeley's aid on the Southern States.

Perhaps in the coming canvass the tried discipline of the Democratic party may not fail, though for the first time in their history it must constrain their masses only. No reasoning member of the party can, we venture to say, honestly feel bound by the nomination at Baltimore which now seems a foregone conclusion. If he is too faint-hearted to throw off the tyranny of convention as to candidates, and too forgiving to revolt at the fierce vilification of thirty years, he must revolt at a platform which will demand the surrender of his honesty and common-sense, if nothing better can be found to put in it than the flimsy pleas we are dealing with. None of the worn generalities ought in decency to serve as a bridge over the chasm Mr. Greeley must cross to join his allies. Party drill without conviction, missing the usual spirit and action of intelligent leaders, may keep the ranks together, but the

half-hearted tone of the Liberals warns them that not a vote can be spared. Four months between the nomination and the election give ample time for all disintegrating influences to work, and ample time for the melting away of that phantom of the candidate's popularity, without whose illusive beckoning he would never have been seriously thought of.

THOSE BROKEN RINGS.

THE zest in the detection of rogues and the pleasure of the public in inspecting them have noticeably subsided. We have seen knaves as audacious and interesting as any that the future can provide, so that public virtue must not expect any aid from the novelty and romance of their pursuit. All the activity left us by the hot weather is engrossed in the lazy contemplation of the Presidential question. Moreover, our lamentable failure in bringing Tweed and Connolly and Fields to justice has been followed by a very reasonable despondency. "What is the use of catching any more scoundrels only to let them go?" Were a few of the pioneer rogues now in the penitentiary, it would be comparatively easy work dealing with those outside of it. As it is, they have worn out the public persistence, and we show signs of giving up the chase. Newspaper readers do not care to hear anything more about defaulters and robbers—which is a natural, excusable feeling, but certainly not the very best one. If everybody goes to noticing that everybody else is despondent, and relinquishes his sense that it is imperative to punish rogues, why, of course, nothing can be done.

We wish the charges of fraud against the persons who have had the management of the Brooklyn Park and the building of the East River Bridge had been more simply and succinctly stated, but amid the many accusations made we will beg the attention of our readers to one or two with reference to Prospect Park. We see here a kind of robbery which the many other rascalities of the past year have supplied only a few instances of. The charges against Tweed and Connolly are that they robbed the public treasury and that they corrupted the public virtue. We never thought of them as the robbers of individuals or classes of men. Nobody suffered sufficiently to make his grievance a theme for public interest or indignation, but from the dishonest greed of the persons who bought and managed the Park some individuals have evidently suffered. Here is an incident which will show the spirit of these men: it is one of those neat and portable little curiosities of fraud which the memory holds after graver things are forgotten. The Ring which had bought the patent for the Nicholson pavement wished to pave one of the fine broad avenues of the city. The property-holders did not care to pay $5 a foot for work that was worth $2, and objected. The consent of a majority of the property-holders along any avenue is necessary before a pavement can be laid. The Ring accordingly bought a lot in some cheap part of the street and vested the title in one hundred and four persons. This gave the Nicholson pavement a majority. The scheme did not succeed, but the astonishing impudence of the attempt is worth notice and recollection.

The people living in the neighborhood of the Park have felt very heavily the tyranny and oppression of the Ring. The quietest manner in which a public officer can rob a community is by buying up property, and then making improvements in such a way as to enhance its value. Only hypercritical people, it has been thought heretofore, could object to this; it was Tweed's most decorous and most profitable card. The management of the Park and its vicinity has been just of this same kind. To the ground originally set apart as a park there have been several additions. The statute of 1864 directed that in the purchase of land for the Park, no allowance shall be made for enhanced value of property, but in all subsequent acts this provision was omitted, so that the Ring was able to buy property for the Park and force it upon the city at immensely increased prices. Kingsley bought up land in the neighborhood before anybody outside the Ring knew that it was to be added to the Park. He immediately went to work to get the city to buy it. This he accomplished about a year and a half after his purchase, and the property for which he paid $61,000 he sold for $141,000. So far he cannot be said to have harmed anything but the public treasury and the public virtue, and to have taken a dishonest advantage of the opportunities of his position; he cannot be said to have injured the persons to whom he paid the market value of their property. It was in the sale of a part of the Park that we see how unfairly and heavily the tyranny of the Ring bore upon certain individuals. After the additions had been made, the Commissioners came before the people with a proposition to sell what we are told was much the finest portion of the Park. A bill authorizing its sale they forced through the Legislature at Albany. Of course, as soon as this sale was made, the property in the neighborhood of that part of the Park depreciated enormously. The loss might easily have ruined the owners. It had been known as the Park for years, and honest people had bought lots near it with no idea but that it was still to be the Park. If there were any public reason for the sale, it was right enough that it should be made, and the sufferers must bear their misfortunes as best they could. But if, as is most probable, it was merely to gratify the selfishness of speculators, then these honest people were grossly outraged. In some cases, it seems that members of the Ring sold their own property to persons whom they assured that the eastern part of the Park would not be sold, and got rid of it at a handsome price.

Or take the case of the Brooklyn Water Board, and we have a rather picturesque and recollectable sort of thievery, the evidence of which rests on sworn affidavits submitted to the citizens by their Committee of Fifty—a body of gentlemen alike in composition, in interests, and, we fear, alas! in fate, to our own Committee of Seventy. A principal game of the Kingsley Ring, as of all the rings in all our cities and States, was the game of the profligate spendthrift's stewards, who induce as large expenditures on the part of their masters as possible, that so their own "steals," as the phrase now goes, may be the greater. With this end in view, they decided to have a new reservoir, which should cost a certain number of hundreds of thousands of dollars—more than a million—of which a good share should be conveyed by the gentlemen "inside" to their own pockets. To induce people to build a reservoir, however, they must be persuaded that there is need of storing up water, and to persuade them of that a wise man, if he is "inside" and really thinks a reservoir ought to be built, goes to the officials who have charge of the reservoirs already in existence, and tells them that a committee of the city government is coming out to look at the water, and that unless the gates are opened and the water allowed to run to waste, there will not be any evidence of "a water famine," and a water famine has been decided upon. Then the water *is* allowed to run waste, and the Ring newspaper "is informed" that there exists the most pressing danger of a water famine, and begs the citizens to display the utmost frugality in their use of the precious liquid, so absolutely essential to health, and without a copious supply of which the whole city might burn down in a single night. The public mind thus prepared, the Ring drinks more champagne and "salts" some more greenbacks, unless somebody who has been "inside," or somehow got hold of some figures, "denounces" it. In case that occurs, we know what happens by our own experience with Tammany and the Committee of Seventy. Some paper gets hold of the figures and publishes them with commendable pride; indeed, it is lucky if it does not fall to believing that the thunder is what kills, and not the lightning, and fancy itself the born destroyer of the iniquitous, and increase greatly in spiritual pride. The figures convince the taxpayers, who become angry, investigate, threaten, become angrier, and make a wrathful clean sweep of the thieves, who usually get out of office pretty peaceably, and cast as many anchors to windward as possible by fraudulent assignments and dilatory motions in the courts, and then lie snug, waiting for "this thing to blow over." By-and-by, it does blow over pretty well, people getting tired of the whole subject. We hear, for instance, that "the Boss"—meaning

Mr. William Tweed—having been urged by the kindness of friends to reorganize the Americus Club, an organization of thieves in diamonds, has just done so, inviting the boys "with his well-known genial hospitality to partake of the champagne which was bounteously provided." In our neighborhood they have come out of their holes again, and are looking with hope and confidence to the pending Presidential election. In Brooklyn, they have not been driven to earth, and such is the difficulty of the hunt and the fatigue of the chase that we suppose they will be active in the autumnal campaign, and will once more roll up a noble Kings County majority on the right side.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 14, 1872.

BY the time I write to you, the Washington Treaty appears to be in a state of almost hopeless collapse. Whether some faint spark of vitality may still remain in it is a question still discussed, but discussed with little hope. The House of Lords had their grand debate on the subject, and, as usual in such cases, showed a capacity for the discussion of international questions which is not always rivalled by the Lower House. The most effective speech of the evening was delivered by Lord Cairns, who, in the vigor of his assault upon the Government, placed himself almost upon the American ground. The general feeling of the House, as indicated by the division upon the motion for adjournment, was clearly against the Government. General Schenck's letter, however, signifying that, in the view of the United States Government, the acceptance of the supplementary article would extinguish the indirect claims, prevented the renewal of the debate. The hopes so raised are apparently destined to disappointment. To-morrow is the fatal day, and as the United States have refused to join in requesting an adjournment, there seems to be no probability that the arbitration will proceed. Under these circumstances, we are beginning to discuss the question—which seems to be enveloped in as much mystery as all the other parts of this dreary negotiation—whether the remainder of the Treaty will continue to be binding. On that matter I have nothing to say, except that it appears to be the impression here that, as Mr. Gladstone apparently holds, the other proceedings need not be affected. Nor in regard to the falling through of the Geneva arbitration can I express much more than a regret at this most unfortunate misunderstanding. Who is to blame? is a question which will be discussed with infinite acrimony, to the wearying of all ordinary minds. The foregone conclusion, however, is that everybody is more or less to blame. Whatever share of the reproach may justly fall to the lot of General Grant and Mr. Fish, it is impossible for our ministers entirely to exonerate themselves. Doubtless they acted with the best intentions—Mr. Gladstone always acts with the best intentions—but they have succeeded, somehow or other, in landing us in such a hopeless bog of general perplexity that one cannot believe that their management has been judicious. In fact, the secret seems to be a very easy one, though, in spite of all the badgering the Government has undergone, the details have not yet been unravelled. The unfortunate desire to make things pleasant, even at the price of sacrificing distinctness in the Treaty, has been at the bottom of all their misdoings; and it matters little, even if human patience were equal to the task, to discover the precise points in the labyrinth where they first lost their way. I do not envy the future Dryasdust who is doomed to plod through the files of despatches that have accumulated, or even the unfortunate politicians who are endeavoring to make a case for one side or the other out of the voluminous Blue-books now before us and the revelations that are to come. That the result is a heavy blow to Government needs no demonstration; but how far their political antagonists will be able to take advantage of it is another question.

Is the breaking down of this negotiation an indication not only that Mr. Gladstone's Government is weak, but that there are grave defects in the whole system of parliamentary government? This is a conclusion which would apparently be advocated by a small but conspicuous party, of which Mr. Frederick Harrison is the most effective mouthpiece. In a manifesto published in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, and marked by his usual vigor of style, Mr. Harrison informs us what the Positivists think of the British Constitution in general. The paper deserves a reading, both for its literary merits and as the expression of a feeling which is perhaps more general than a superficial observer might imagine. The Positivist Church is small in numbers, and generally mentioned only to be ridiculed. They hold meetings every Sunday morning at a small room, which to the warmer enthusiasts represents the upper chamber from which Christianity was propagated to the world at large. The religion of humanity is at present in an embryonic state; the church is not yet organized, and it has no retreat or place of worship. Yet the discourses which are delivered in Chapel Street have about them the ring of a new gospel. There you may see some twenty or thirty enthusiasts gathering to listen to lectures, one of which commemorates the anniversary of the Paris Commune, and shows that, in virtue of its performances, the sacred city of Comte is to be to the republics of Europe what Rome was to the mediæval Christians. The next lecture may probably give an historical account of the idea of God, and argue that the disappearance of the devil from the practical beliefs of mankind implies the approaching dethronement of the present Ruler of the universe. The theories thus advocated savor slightly of extravagance to the ordinary mind; but undoubtedly they produce their effect upon those young men of talent who are always anxious to be up to the very latest lights in theology and philosophy. Any one who knows, for example, the English universities will find that the rising generation of professors and tutors, though not often converts to Positivism, are yet profoundly influenced by the ideas of which it represents one development. The political influence of this school is at present infinitesimal. Still, Mr. Harrison is not only one of the most rising of our younger writers, but his opinions in this case possess much interest. The title of the paper is "The Monarchy." His argument sets forth that England is really a republic, inasmuch as Englishmen substantially accept the primary articles of the true republican faith, that power should rest on fitness to rule, that it should be directed to the public good and supported by public opinion. It retains a monarchy, as in the animal kingdom we find a rudimentary organ which has been atrophied for want of use. It has, too, an aristocracy, which is certainly of more apparent importance; but the House of Lords is fast sinking to the level of the throne, and our rulers are really rich men chosen by tradesmen. England, as he epigrammatically puts it, is "a republic which, with a makebelieve democracy and a waxwork sovereign, is governed by a sort of counting-house aristocracy." In all this, though very eloquently expressed, there is not much that is very new; and, further, Mr. Harrison accepts the ordinary opinion that any attack upon our titular monarchy would at present be out of place and really playing into the hands of the reactionary party by attacking them in their strongholds. And yet Mr. Harrison is anything but a Whig, or even an ordinary Radical. His politics are best described by saying that they are Carlylism in a new shape. The monarchy is a sham—in itself an institution which we might be content to regard with a benevolent and rather melancholy historical interest, but still a sham—and therefore tending to danger. In any real convulsion of sentiment it would go by the board at once. At present, our tradesmen rally round the throne, and advertise themselves well at a royal procession. It is to them a symbol of order and internal peace, as the Empire was to the shopkeepers of Paris. If intemperate Conservatives try to make a reality of it, they will discover that it is really an instant menace to order, and will throw it over as readily as the Parisians pulled down the Imperial arms. All this, and much more, is substantially what has been long thought by the venerable philosopher who is now living in peaceful retirement at Chelsea, and has, I regret to say, finally abandoned the intention of giving us any more of his inimitably picturesque and vigorous Jeremiads. The moral, indeed, is in some respects different from that which Mr. Carlyle would advocate. Nor is it very easy to say what precisely is the remedy to our evils which Mr. Harrison would suggest. In a general way, however, it may be said that he longs for a strong government, representing the national will fully and energetically. The evil against which he protests most emphatically is the position of our real ruler, the Prime Minister. The head of the state is forced by his position to become "a mere gladiator in a mob of rhetoricians, the plaything of a tangle of factions, of necessity a demagogue, by office a stopgap." There is no other instance in history, he says, of the head of the executive being liable to dismissal "by a single vote of an assembly as fickle as the chops of the Channel." Parliament becomes yearly more of "a scramble, a free fight, a game of blindman's buff."

The effort of maintaining their place in the front rank of that turbulent assembly absorbs all the energies of our statesmen, and fetters their hands at every movement. The labor strains the constitutions and extinguishes the practical activity of our best men. In short, the great blot on our system is that for which Tocqueville and other such writers used specially to admire it, the complete identification of the executive and legislative bodies. Mr. Harrison does not propose any definite change, and indeed advocates moral in preference to political action; his reforms would go much further than to any mere institutional enactment, for they would involve the remodelling of our whole social and religious system. But this particular evil is undoubtedly felt very strongly, and the evil tends steadily to increase. I know not if, as Mr. Harrison seems to anticipate, the parliamentary system is doomed finally to break down by coming to a hopeless dead-lock. But certainly such a dead-lock seems to be among the possibilities. Whilst Parliament pushes its restless activity into every department of public and pri-

vate affairs, it becomes more palpably unequal to its self-imposed task, and the position of its leaders becomes more and more onerous. Whether the impatience which is being generated by the sight of session after session ending in empty talk, and of our real rulers wasting their power in endeavoring to regulate the flow of talk, will come to anything, I know not; perhaps it is merely a proof of the impatience which we all feel in witnessing the slowness with which facts conform to theories. Still, the cumbrous weakness of our present system is tending to disgust many thinking men, and leading them to consider reforms of a different kind from the extension of the suffrage and changes in the mode of voting which still occupy the attention of hack politicians.

From this perhaps too theoretical discussion, I must return to facts, in order to chronicle the escape of the Church of England from a threatened narrowing of its borders. Mr. Bennett of Frome—a well-known leader of the extreme Ritualists—has been acquitted, though he has been saved, as it were, only by the skin of his teeth. It has been decided that he did not announce the dogma of the Real Presence so unequivocally as to deserve expulsion. The chief reason alleged was substantially that the doctrine was so mysterious that anybody might say almost anything so long as he did not expressly contradict the Articles. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* put it, a clergyman must not say hocus-pocus, but he may, if he pleases, say ocus-pocus. And thus the Establishment retains for the present that peculiarity which so pleases Dean Stanley, that its ministers may preach anything, from Romanism to rationalism, so long as they are careful to avoid putting their thoughts into certain specified formulæ.

I will make a rapid descent to one other fact of international interest. The American crew was easily beaten the other day; and if any of your readers care for an explanation, I may tell them that, in the English opinion, it is an easy one. Over a long course, it is an established rule at the University races that the heaviest crew wins. The Americans averaged fourteen pounds less than the Londoners, and were therefore beaten, as Cambridge in former days was beaten by Oxford. Let them send next time a crew averaging 170 pounds instead of 147, and there is nothing in their style to prevent a victory.

A EUROPEAN SUMMER.

I.—CHESTER.

IF the Atlantic voyage is counted, as it certainly may be, even with the ocean in a fairly good humor, an emphatic zero in the sum of one's better experience, the American traveller arriving at this venerable town finds himself transposed, without a sensible gradation, from the edges of the New World to the very heart of the Old. It is almost a misfortune, perhaps, that Chester lies so close to the threshold of England; for it is so rare and complete a specimen of an antique town that the later-coming wonders of its sisters in renown—of Shrewsbury, Coventry, and York—suffer a trifle by comparison, and the tourist's appetite for the picturesque just loses its finer edge. Get the first impressions of an observant American in England—of our old friend the sentimental tourist—stir up within him such a cloud of sensibility that while the charm is still unbroken, he may perhaps as well dispose, mentally, of the greater as of the less. I have been playing at first impressions for the second time, and have won the game against a cynical adversary. I have been strolling and restrolling along the ancient wall—so perfect in its antiquity—which locks this dense little city in its strong circle, with a certain friend who has been treating me to a bitter lament on the decay of his relish for the picturesque. "I have turned the corner of youth," is his ceaseless plaint—"I suspected it, but now I know it—now that my heart beats but once where it beat a dozen times before, and that where I found sermons in stones and pictures in meadows, delicious revelations and intimations ineffable, I find nothing but the stern, dark prose of British civilization." Little by little I have grown used to my friend's sad monody, and indeed feel half indebted to it as a warning against cheap infatuations. I am especially grateful for having been able to remain indifferent to it when viewing not as a novelty, though after an interval of some years, the native English image—the hedged and measured acres of rain-darkened sod, with the sturdier and leafier oak or elm, the further-drooping ash, or brightly blooming thorn, and the shaggier and juicier pledges of wool and mutton which adorn them; the weather-blunted belfry tip overtopping their bordering copse, and the huge, high-piled, solidly modelled mountain of vapor, trundling through the mild blue and dividing them with its shadow into ill-matched breadths of velvet. It is another atmosphere, and the American feels that, to his intellect at least, it is a normal one, and that in this moist and comfortable air the English names of things took birth.

"A garden," I said to my friend as we sat at dinner, "is surely no garden but that": for the room looked out through ivy-bordered panes—profane inn parlor though it was—upon a "flowery close," as Mr. William Morris would say, which would do no discredit to a college or a bishop's palace. Walled about up to mid-air, and tapestried and carpeted with the richest verdure, it seemed hardly more than an arrangement for taking the clouds and the ivy, the grass and the flowers, into the confidence of one's domestic privacy. An Englishman's garden implies walls quite as much as his house.

There should be no talk of walls, however, till those of the city have received justice. There could be no better example of that phenomenon so delightfully frequent in England—an ancient monument or institution, readopted as if new, and consecrated to some modern amenity. The good Cestrians may boast of their walls, without a shadow of that mental reservation which is so often the tax paid by the picturesque, and I can easily imagine, that though most modern towns contrive to get on comfortably without this stony girdle, these people should have come to regard theirs as a 'prime necessity. For through it, surely, they may know their city more intimately than their uncinctured neighbors—survey it, feel it, rejoice in it as many times a day as they please. The civic consciousness sunning itself thus on the city's rim, and glancing at the little, swarming, towered, and gabled town within, and then at the blue undulations of the near Welsh border, may easily deepen to delicious complacency. The wall encloses the city in a continuous ring, which passing through innumerable picturesque vicissitudes often threatens to snap, but never fairly breaks the link. So that starting at any point, an hour's easy stroll will bring you back to your station. I have quite lost my heart to this charming wall, and there are so many things to be said about it that I hardly know where to begin. The great fact, I suppose, is that it contains a Roman substructure, and rests for much of its course on foundations laid by that race of master-builders. But in spite of this sturdy origin, much of which is buried in the well-trodden soil of the ages, it is the gentlest and least offensive of ramparts, and completes its long irregular curve without a frown or menace in all its disembattled stretch. The earthy deposit of time has, indeed, in some places climbed so high about its base, that it amounts to no more than a terrace of modest proportions. It has everywhere, however, a rugged outer parapet and a broad hollow flagging, wide enough for two abreast. Thus equipped, it wanders through its adventurous circuit; now sloping, now bending, now broadening into a terrace, now narrowing into an alley, now swelling into an arch, now dipping into steps, now passing some thorn-screened garden, and now reminding you that it was once a more serious matter than all this, by the occurrence of a rugged, ivy-smothered tower. Its present mild innocence is increased, to your mind, by the facility with which you can approach it from any point in the town. Every few steps as you go you see some little court or alley boring toward it through the close-pressed houses. It is full of that delightful element of the crooked, the accidental, and unforeseen, which, to American eyes accustomed to our eternal straight lines and right angles, is the striking feature of European street scenery. An American strolling in the Chester streets finds a perfect feast of crookedness—of those random corners, projections, and recesses—odd domestic interspaces charmingly saved or lost, those innumerable architectural surprises and caprices and fantasies which offer such a delicious *échappée* from a mental horizon of brown-stone fronts. An American is born to the idea that on his walks abroad it is perpetual level wall ahead of him, and such a revelation as he finds here of infinite accident and infinite effect gives a wholly novel zest to the use of his eyes. It produces, too, the reflection—a superficial and fallacious one, perhaps—that amid all this cunning *chiaroscuro* of the *mise en scène*, life must have more of a certain homely entertainment. It is at least no fallacy to say that childhood—or the later memory of childhood—must borrow from such a background a kind of ineffable beguilement in which young America has little share. And all know how in the retrospect of later moods the incidents of early youth "compose," visibly, each as an individual picture, with a magic for which the greatest painters have no corresponding art. There is a vivid reflection of this magic in some of the early pages of Dickens's "Copperfield" and of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," the writers having had the happiness of growing up among old, old things. Two or three of the phases of this rambling wall belong especially to the class of things fondly remembered. In one place it skirts the edge of the cathedral graveyard, and sweeps beneath the great square tower and behind the sacred east window of the choir. Of the cathedral there is more to say; but just the spot I speak of is the best standpoint for feeling how fine an influence in the architectural line—where theoretically, at least, influences are great—is the massive tower of an English abbey, dominating the homes of men; and for watching the eddying flight of swallows make vaster still to the eye the large calm fields of stonework. At another point, two battered and crumbling towers, decaying in their winding-sheets of ivy, make a prodigiously picturesque diversion. One inserted in the body of the wall and the other connected with it by a short crumbling ridge of masonry,

they contribute to a positive jumble of local color. A shaded mall wanders at the foot of the rampart; beside this passes a narrow canal, with locks and barges and burly watermen in smocks and breeches; while the venerable pair of towers, with their old red standstone sides peeping through the gaps in their grim mantles, rest on the soft grass of one of those odd fragments of public garden, a crooked strip of ground turned to this pleasant account—which one meets at every turn apparently in England—a tribute to the needs of the "masses." *Stat magni nominis umbra.* The quotation is doubly pertinent here, for this little garden-strip is adorned with mossy fragments of Roman stonework, bits of pavement, altars, and baths, disinterred in the local soil. England is the land of small economies, and the present rarely fails to find good use for the odds and ends of the past. These two hoary shells of masonry are therefore converted into "museums," receptacles for the dustiest and shabbiest of tawdry back-parlor curiosities. Here preside a couple of those grotesque creatures, *à la* Dickens, whom one finds squeezed into every cranny of English civilization, scraping a thin subsistence, like mites in a mouldy cheese.

Next after its wall—possibly even before it—Chester values its Rows—an architectural idiosyncrasy which must be seen to be appreciated. They are a sort of Gothic edition of the blessed arcades of Italy, and consist, roughly speaking, of a running public passage, tunnelled through the second story of the houses. The low basement is thus directly on the drive-way, to which a flight of steps descends, at frequent intervals, from this superincumbent piazza. The upper portion of the houses projects to the outer line of the arcade, where they are propped with pillars and posts and parapets. The shop fronts face along the arcade, and admit you to little caverns of traffic, more or less dusky, according to their opportunities for illumination in the rear. If the picturesque is measured by its hostility to our modern notions of convenience, Chester is probably the most picturesque city in the world. This arrangement is endlessly rich in opportunities for effect. But the full charm of the architecture of which it is so essential a part must be observed from the street below. Chester is still an antique city, and mediæval England sits bravely under her gables. Every third house is a "specimen"—gabled and latticed, timbered and carved, and wearing its years more or less lightly. These ancient dwellings present every shade and degree of historical color and expression. Some are dark with neglect and deformity, and the horizontal slit admitting light into the lurking Row seems to collapse on its dislocated props like a pair of toothless old jaws. Others still sit square-shouldered and sturdy, with their beams painted and straightened, their plaster whitewashed, their carvings polished, and the low basement covering the breadth of the frontage adorned with curtains and flower-pots. It is noticeable that the actual townsfolk have bravely accepted the situation bequeathed by the past, and the large number of rich and intelligent restorations of the old *façades* speaks well both for their tastes and their means. These elaborate and ingenious repairs attest a pious reverence for the peculiar *cachet* of the city. I indeed suspect many of these fresh antiques of being better royalists than the king, and of having been restored with interest. About the genuine antiques there would be properly a great deal to say, for they are really a theme for the philosopher, but the theme is too heavy for my pen, and I can give them but the passing tribute of a sigh. They are fatally picturesque—horribly realistic in the images they evoke of the past. Fix one of them with your gaze, and it seems fairly to reek with mortality. Every stain and crevice seems to syllable some human record—a record of unillumined lives. I have been trying hard to fancy them animated by the children of "Merry England," but I am quite unable to think of them, save as peopled by the victims of horrible Old-World pains and fears. Human life, surely, packed away behind those impenetrable lattices of lead and bottle glass, just above which the black outer beam marks the suffocating nearness of the ceiling, can have expanded into but scanty freedom and bloomed into little sweetness.

Nothing has struck me more in my strolls along the Rows than the fact that the most zealous observation can keep but uneven pace with the fine differences in national manners. Some of the most sensible of these differences are yet so subtle and indefinable that one must give up the attempt to express them, though the omission leaves but a rough sketch. As you pass with the bustling current from shop to shop, you feel local custom and tradition—the foreign tone of things—pressing on you from every side. The tone of things is, somehow, heavier than with us; manners and modes are more absolute and positive; they seem to swarm and to thicken the atmosphere about you. Morally and physically it is a denser air than ours. We seem loosely hung together at home as compared with the English, every man of whom is a tight fit in his place. It is not an inferential, but a palpable fact, that England is a crowded country. There is stillness and space—grassy, oak-studded space—at Eaton Hall, where the Marquis of Westminster dwells (or I believe can afford to *se passer la fantaisie* of *not* dwelling), but there is a crowd and a hubbub in Chester. Wherever you go, the population has overflowed. You stroll on the walls at eventide, and you hardly find elbow-room. You haunt the cathedral shades, and a dozen sauntering mortals temper your solitude. You glance up an alley or side-street, and discover populous windows and doorsteps. You roll along country roads, and find countless humble pedestrians dotting the green waysides. The English landscape is always a "landscape with figures." And everywhere you go, you are accompanied by a vague consciousness of the British child hovering about your knees and coat-skirts, naked, grimy, and portentous. Well, perhaps it will die, perhaps it will emigrate. Where there are many men, of course there are many needs, which helps to justify to the philosophical stranger the vast number and the irresistible coquetry of the little shops which adorn these low-browed Rows. The shop-fronts have always seemed to me the most æsthetic things in England, and I waste more time than I should care to confess to in covetous contemplation of those vast, clear panes, behind which the nether integuments of gentlemen are daintily suspended from glittering brass rods. The manners of the dealers in these solid luxuries seldom fail to confirm these agreeable impressions. You are thanked with effusion for expending twopence—a fact of deep significance to the truly analytic mind, and which always seems to me a vague reverberation from certain of Miss Edgeworth's novels perused in childhood. When you think of the small profits, the small jealousies, the long waiting, and the narrow margin for evil days implied by this redundancy of shops and shopmen, you hear afresh the steady rumble of that deep key-note of English manners, overscored so often, and with such sweet beguilement, by finer harmonies, but never extinguished—the "struggle for existence."

The Rows are picturesque and entertaining, and it is a pity that, thirty years ago, when they must have been more so, there was no English Balzac to translate them into ingenious prose, with a psychological commentary. But the cathedral is better, modestly as it stands on the roll of English abbeys. It is of moderate dimensions and rather meagre in form and ornament; but to an American it is a genuine cathedral, and evokes all the proper emotions. Among these is a certain irresistible regret that so much of its hoary substance should give place to the fine, fresh-colored masonry with which Mr. Gilbert Scott—that man of many labors—is so intelligently investing it. The red sandstone of the primitive structure, darkened and devoured by time, survives in many places, in frowning mockery of all of this modern repair. The great tower, however—completely restored—rises high enough to seem to belong, as cathedral towers should, to the far-off air that vibrates with the chimes and the swallows, and to square serenely, east and west and south and north, its embossed and fluted sides. English cathedrals, within, are apt at first to look pale and naked; but after a while, if the proportions are fair and the spaces largely distributed, when you perceive the light beating softly down from the cold clerestory and your eye measures caressingly the tallness of columns and the hollowness of arches, and lingers on the old gental inscriptions of mural marbles and brasses, and, above all, when you become conscious of that sweet, cool mustiness in the air which seems to haunt these places, like the very climate of Episcopacy, you may grow to feel that they are less the empty shells of a departed faith than the abodes of a faith which is still a solid institution and "establishment." Catholicism has gone, but the massive respectability of Anglicanism is a rich enough substitute. So at least it seemed to me, a Sunday or two since, as I sate in the choir at Chester, awaiting a discourse from Canon Kingsley. The Anglican service had never seemed to my profane sense so much an affair of magnificent intonations and cadences—of refined material effects of distance and resonance and harmonies of form. The vast oaken architecture of the stalls among which we nestled—somewhat stiffly, and with a due apprehension of wounded ribs and knees—climbing vainly against the dizzier reach of the columns—the beautiful English voices of certain officiating canons—the little rosy "King's scholars" sitting ranged beneath the pulpit, in white-winged surplices, which made their heads, above the pew-edges, look like rows of sleepy cherubs—every element in the scene gave it a great spectacular beauty. They suggested, too, what is suggested in England at every turn, that conservatism here has all the charm, and leaves dissent and democracy and other vulgar variations nothing but their bald logic. Conservatism has the cathedrals, the colleges, the castles, the gardens, the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry; Dissent has the dusky brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the *h*, and the poor *mens sibi conscia recti*. Differences which in other countries are slight and varying, almost metaphysical, as one may say, are marked in England by a gulf. Nowhere else does the degree of one's respectability involve such solid consequences, and I am sure I don't wonder that the sacramental word which with us (and in such correlatives as they possess, more or less among the continental races), is pronounced lightly and facetiously, and as a quotation from the Philis-

tines, is uttered here with a perfectly grave face. To have the courage of one's opinions is in short to have a prodigious deal of courage, and I think one must need as much to be a Dissenter as one needs patience not to be a duke. Perhaps the Dissenters (to limit the question to them) manage to stay out of the church by thinking exclusively of the sermon. Canon Kingsley's discourse was one more example of the familiar truth—not without its significance to minds zealous for the good old fashion of "making an effort"—that there is a mysterious affinity between large accessories and slender essentials. The sermon, beneath that triply consecrated vault, should have been of as fine a quality as the church. It was not; and I confess that a tender memory of ancient obligations to the author of "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia" forbids me saying more of it. An American, I think, is not incapable of taking a secret satisfaction in a incongruity of this kind. He finds with relief that mortals reared amid all this rich æsthetic privilege are after all but mortals. His constant sense of the beautiful scenic properties of English life is apt to beget a habit of melancholy reference to the dead-blank wall which forms the background of our own life-drama, and from doubting in this fantastic humor whether we have even that modest value in the picturesque scale that he has sometimes fondly hoped, he lapses into a moody scepticism as to our value in the intellectual, and finds himself wondering vaguely whether this is not a mightier race as well as a lovelier land. This of course will never do, so that when after being escorted down the beautiful choir, in what, from the American point of view, is an almost gorgeous ecclesiastical march, by the Dean in a white robe trimmed with scarlet, and black-robed sacristans carrying silver wands, the officiating canon mounts into a splendid canopied and pinnacled pulpit of Gothic stonework, and proves not a Jeremy Taylor in ordinary, our poor sentimental tourist begins to hold up his head again, and to reflect with complacency that opportunity wasted is not our national reproach. I am not sure, indeed, that in the excess of his elation he is not tempted to accuse his English neighbors of being indifferent, unperceptive, uninspired, and to affirm that they do not half discern their good fortune, and that it takes a poor disinherited Yankee to appreciate the "points" of England.

Correspondence.

A BALTIMOREAN AND MR. GREELEY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The regret which thousands of Conservatives feel at your final repudiation of Horace Greeley and endorsement of Grant is the best evidence of their great respect for the character and opinions of your admirable journal, and which entitles them to an occasional hearing in its correspondence. There is no doubt in regard to these facts, viz., that you have for a considerable period of time inveighed most eloquently against the errors of Grant's Administration; that you heartily endorsed the Cincinnati movement and warmly eulogized its leaders; and that you would have supported its nominees had your wishes been consulted or your individual preferences satisfied in their selection. For instance, you would have supported Charles Francis Adams, had he been the choice of the Convention.

With these facts in view, we cannot see how the reasons given by you in your issue of the 20th, in answer to the enquiries of a young man from Boston as to how he should vote, can bear you out in seeking to bring to naught the movement you did so much to inaugurate. What amazes your friends in this part of the country is that, in drawing your parallel between Greeley and Grant, or rather in making up your indictment against Greeley, you do not even allude in the remotest manner to what they regard as by far the most important issue in this campaign, viz., the past, present, and future condition and treatment of the South. You have portrayed better than any one else the miseries of carpet-bag government, and exposed the enormities of the miserable, shameless, and cruel Ku-klux Law. You should have told the Boston young man that the acts of public thieves and plunderers have been, if not approved, at least winked at by this present Administration. You should have told him that the Ku-klux Law was actually solicited by Grant, and that if Greeley ever did approve of it, he does not *now*, after having witnessed the baleful effects of its operation; whereas, on the other hand, Grant, only two or three weeks since, used his utmost endeavors to have its provisions extended. This he did not from motives of public policy, but in consideration of party necessity. This shows the animus of the man, and what we are to expect of him in the future.

In addition to this, you concede his "nepotism," "gift-taking," and "ignorance." Now, in the name of all that is reasonable and just, how can you vote for or use your influence for this man, when all your objections to Greeley consist of *possibilities* or *probabilities* in the event of his election? You approve of the Cincinnati platform, of which Greeley approves, and you believe him to be an honest man. Why make so much ado about "civil-service reform," etc., when the very foundations of American liberty as well as of our political institutions are being undermined? Why busy ourselves with patching up the "ship of State" when it is driving full upon the breakers of absolute centralism, if not of despotism? You must bear in mind that Democrats have much more and many more serious objections to Greeley's record than you have, but are willing to accept him, and for this reason alone.

Hoping that the enquiring young men of Massachusetts may get the benefit of these views before they make up their minds to vote for Grant,

I am, yours very respectfully, Malcolm H. Johnston.

Baltimore, June 24, 1872.

[We are very willing that Mr. Johnston's views should reach the public, and print them as requested. There are yet four months before we shall be called upon to vote, and full discussion of this Presidential question in all its aspects ought meantime to be had, and can but be beneficial.

Our correspondent must not think that we are opposed to the Greeley and Brown ticket because "our wishes were not consulted and our individual preferences gratified." We disliked much that the Administration had done, more that the Republican majority in the Senate and House had done and left undone, and we earnestly supported the Cincinnati movement first in the hope of influencing the party, afterwards in the much more dubious hope that it might result in the formation of a new party of reform, and even a party that should be successful at once. Instead we got a party with "anything to beat Grant" for its motto, and which, as we sincerely believe, has in it more and worse scoundrels than even the regular Republican organization. Many rascals are in the latter, but round Mr. Greeley are most of the unsuccessful "frauds" in the country, and we confess to being frightened. "An organized raid on the Treasury," as Judge Stanley Matthews called this coalition of Blairs, Fentons, McClures, and Cochranes, is not our notion of a reform party into which we can see our way clear to invite any voter.

Of "the past, present, and future condition of the South" we have never been unmindful; we have, for a longer time than we need care to remind the *Tribune*, held the doctrine first taught by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, that the political guidance of the South naturally belonged to its leading white citizens, and that no settlement of its affairs on any other basis could be stable or lasting. Is it the fault of General Grant, or is it the fault of what we may call the *Tribune* majority in Congress and of impracticable, misled men at the South, that the carpet-baggers have been fastened upon the reconstructed States? Was it General Grant who made Southern legislatures reject sensible and clement terms of readmission to the Union? Was it he who taught them to put their faith in Andrew Johnson? The blame is not so easily to be laid upon one man, nor, indeed, upon one section. The past and the present of the South are more its own work and that of headlong partisans such as Mr. Greeley on the one side and the other, than the work of General Grant. As to the future of the South, we believe it to be in more danger from another reopening, however slight, of the interminable negro question, and from the thoughtless and heated political activity of the new white voters, than from a now thoroughly frightened Congressional majority which is pretty certain to be in a minority next year whoever is President.

We do not know how much change was effected in Mr. Greeley's feelings in regard to Ku-klux laws, the carpet-bagger, and a strong paternal government by his visit to the South; a visit to the South was not necessary, we should have thought, for any sensible man to have long since come to a conclusion on those matters, and a conclusion different from that which the *Tribune* has vigorously supported.—Ed. Nation.]

DO THE FRENCH LISTEN?

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your remarks on the communication of your correspondent "L.," giving the equivalent of "écouteur" as generally in the sense of "eaves-

dropper," not "listener," are entirely correct. I will, however, venture to assert that the French have a word corresponding to the English "listener." It is the word "auditeur" (*s. m.*, celui qui écoute un discours, une lecture, dans quelque assemblée.) "Ce prédicateur à toujours un grand nombre d'auditeurs." "Il émeut, il attendrit ses auditeurs." "La lecture de sa tragédie endormit la plupart de ses auditeurs."

There is another word still corresponding to the English listener. It is "auditoire," though that being used as a collective noun corresponds more closely to "audience." "Les applaudissements éclatèrent dans tout l'auditoire."

I believe that the French idiom, though poor when compared with the English, yet has words to express every thought, and if it sometimes lacks the exact equivalent, yet the general idea can be expressed. "Les soldats rentrèrent dans leurs foyers." "J'aime mon foyer." In both cases the "foyer" can only be translated by "home," and yet it is generally asserted that the French have no word corresponding with "home."

Very truly yours,

GAULOIS.

IRVINGTON, N. Y., June 28, 1872.

[The question in dispute being one of shades of meaning, in fact of an "exact equivalent" of the simple and definite notion conveyed by "listener," the writer in *Blackwood* seems to us not yet proved to have been in error. For "auditeur" and "auditoire" we have precise synonyms in "auditor," "auditory," "audience," and "hearer," no one of all these words implying the *attention* which is so essential a part of the conception of "listener," and all having reference, as "Gaulois" points out, to a *formal* relation between *celui qui parle* and *celui qui écoute*. It is probably true of "auditeur," as it is of "hearer," that it is used a hundred times in the plural to once in the singular.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. announce "The Birds of North America," by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, aided by Dr. T. M. Brewer and Robert Ridgway; and the tenth and concluding volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States." Some idea of the magnitude of the work first named may be had from the remainder of the title: "A Complete Account of the Birds of the whole of North America north of Mexico, arranged according to the most approved system of classification, with descriptions embodying whatever is necessary to the proper definition of the species."——Macmillan & Co.'s announcements embrace E. A. Freeman's lecture on the "Unity of History"; "Michael Faraday," by J. H. Gladstone; "Goethe and Mendelssohn (1821-1831)," from the German of the composer's son, Dr. Karl Mendelssohn.

—In this New World it is doubtful if the word ancient may ever properly be applied to the establishments of man, especially if they do not antedate the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Older and less old are perhaps the only admissible terms in a country where, for example, scarcely two centuries and a half make Harvard College venerable, when Cornell or Vassar is brand-new. Yet it is impossible not to feel that we have a real antiquity in a school which, like Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., though founded in 1781, has had in the eighty-four years since 1788 but two principals — the last of these a graduate of the school itself, of now fifty-nine years' standing. Still more does its age impress us when we run over the list of graduates, four thousand strong, and note the number of eminent men who there received their college preparation: among the dead, Webster, Cass, Everett, Sparks, and Hildreth; among the living, Bancroft, Palfrey, Dix, and Hale—a remarkable group of historians, scholars, and statesmen, to which many, if less illustrious, additions could be made. The Academy dedicated, on the 19th of June, a new building to replace the one which had stood from the commencement till burnt down a couple of years ago. The celebration was marked by an incident which forcibly carried back the minds of all present to the good deeds of the founder, John Phillips, whose benefactions to various schools and colleges besides Exeter even now seem extraordinarily liberal. One of the graduates, Mr. John Langdon Sibley, the well-known librarian of Harvard College, "was revealed to the alumni as having endowed the Academy, from his own small estate, with the sum of $15,000 to increase the charity scholarships." He himself had been a scholar "on the foundation," that is, at the cost of the Academy, and had never forgotten his indebtedness. When his father died and left him a moderate inheritance of $5,000, he immediately transferred it to the trustees of the Academy to be invested for the benefit of poor scholars; subsequently added an equal amount from his own earnings, and promised at the celebration to contribute a third five-thousand next January if other alumni would in like manner remember their *alma mater*. No more honorable endowment, it is safe to say, will appear on the list of such charities prepared by the National Commissioner of Education in his report for 1873; and it is grateful to reflect that Mr. Sibley is but the newest observer of a custom which is as old as any that we have, and one of which we may certainly be most proud.

—It is a common saying that one must go away from home to get the news. New Yorkers have a familiar test of the truth of this when they look in the telegraphic columns of the press of any other city for intelligence from the metropolis. They then perceive, what forty years' residence may have failed to teach them, that life in New York consists chiefly of bar-room murders, sun-strokes, pestilence, executions, and boiler explosions, and learn for the first time that the public mind is occupied with this or intensely agitated by that, in favor of this or resolutely opposed to that, has had a great sensation "produced" upon it—in short, is variously affected as if it were a single, individual mind, and as if a population of from eight hundred thousand to a million souls was a homogeneous, compact, and conscious body, having the same sources of information, the same intelligence, and the same temperament. Everybody knows, however, that it is as true of a great city as of the world—that one half of it does not know how the other half lives or what it is doing. This is the case in New York, and has been strikingly exemplified in the experience of Paris; and it is one of the causes which renders the union and co-operation of good citizens against the sudden violence of the bad so difficult and increasingly difficult. The press, the telegraph, and steam have not yet succeeded in putting any great city beyond the contingency of a temporary reign of terror and ignorance such as we witnessed here in July, 1863. The first success of the Commune was due even more to the ignorance than to the terror of the Parisians, whom a like ignorance of the progress of the struggle prevented from bringing any substantial aid to the Versaillists on the eve of the catastrophe. Recalling the eventful 21st of May, 1871, a recent French writer tells of going home at eleven o'clock that night from a Communist club, at which the entrance of the Versaillists had been declared simply impossible. The narrative continues:

"The streets were, as usual, perfectly silent and almost deserted. There were no carriages, and almost no passers. The night was calmer and more tranquil than most of those which had preceded. We were so much accustomed to hear almost constantly the sound of cannon or of small arms that often, if the fire was not brisk, we scarcely remarked it. But I think I did not hear, on the night of the 21st, a single detonation during the half hour and more that we were returning to our lodgings. This extraordinary quiet struck all of us, and one of us remarked that things were not getting on. We then retired without having the least idea in the world of the grand event which had been accomplished in the course of the day. Ever since four o'clock in the afternoon the French troops had been in Paris, and nobody in our quarter, which was, nevertheless, very near the Champs Elysées, knew anything about it."

—If animosities are not unknown in Italy, neither is the art of laying them aside when the cause is past. The Pope's monument to his mercenaries who fell at Mentana stands undisturbed in the burying-ground of the new capital, as a "lasting testimony of calamitous times." On the 4th of June, the little borough of Magenta, aided by contributions from the King and from Milan and other Lombard cities, celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of the famous battle by gathering into a special receptacle the indistinguishable remains of French, Italians, and Austrians, who fell there as enemies. The inscriptions on the four sides of the truncated pyramid, which surmounts a chamber in the form of a Greek cross, contains not a single allusion that could give offence to Austrian sensibilities. "Here," says one, "disputed the palm soldiers of Austria and of France: the latter gained it. Let posterity be mindful of the solemn day, auspicious for Italian independence." Another expresses epigrammatically the same sentiment as this from the speech of General Petitti: "We offer here a last tribute of honor to all those, without distinction, who bravely, on one side or on the other, sacrificed themselves on the altar of duty. May they sleep in peace, so mingled in our respect as their bones will rest mingled in this sepulchre." The British Guard, if it has leisure while in Boston to forget its handsome reception on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, may contrast this Italian example with the conspicuous bad taste of the tablet which, but a few years ago, was put up on the front of the old South Church; taste so bad, we are tempted to say, that it reconciles one to the fate which threatens soon to overtake this venerable relic of Revolutionary days in consequence of the value of its site for business purposes.

—The German navy, if not of much use hitherto for purposes of warfare, has nevertheless its contribution to make to the statistics of hygiene. Prussian ships, to the number of five, in the past twelve years, have been kept pretty constantly at the East Indian station, with an average total force of 1,620 men. The number of sick in one year has averaged 2,552, or 157·53 per cent., and the number of deaths 15, or 0·92 per cent.; whereas at the home station at Kiel, in 1871, with an average force of 1,711 men, the sick amounted to 1,910, or only 111·58 per cent., and the dead to 11, or only 0·64 per cent. In other words, every man at home was sick 1·11 times; every man abroad, 1·57 times; and the mortality was three in a thousand greater in the latter case than in the former. The official reports on the health of the British navy in the same waters, covering a period of twenty years, afford some interesting comparisons. The annual percentage of sick was 178·8 per cent., so that each man was sick 1·78 times; the percentage of deaths, 3·13. The difference in mortality is very noticeable, and, not unlikely, may have arisen, as has been suggested, from the different methods of recruiting for the navy in the two countries. Since there is no law in England making service compulsory, the material secured by bounties can hardly help being of inferior quality—such as the merchant marine has no employment for or even rejects.

—A grandson of Friedrich Arnold Brockhaus, founder of the great publishing firm at Leipzig, has undertaken a life of his illustrious ancestor, of which the first part forms an octavo of some four hundred pages. As a literary production the work is not remarkable, being deficient in method, and so more or less of a jumble; but it is rich in material and full of interest. It leaves off at the beginning of the year 1817, at which date, however, Brockhaus was well out of the difficulties which had beset him from the very commencement of his career, so that in the narrative of these, in the present volume, we probably have the most diversified and attractive portion of the entire work. His father, it appears, was Johann Friedrich Brockhaus, of a line of Westphalian preachers, broken for the first time in many successive generations by himself, who became a tradesman in the free imperial city of Dortmund, where, by a fortunate marriage, he acquired local distinction. Prudent in business, he was not "transcendental," as his son said of him, remembering how he was sent by his father to book auctions to bid in folios and quartos for waste paper; and how for buying Voltaire's "History of Charles XII." for his own reading he came near receiving a paternal chastisement. At the age of fifteen, the future publisher engaged himself to a wealthy draper of Düsseldorf, who soon reposed great confidence in him, and gave him commissions to Coblentz, Liége, and Hanover, and would have had him marry a niece of his, but that Brockhaus was unluckily robbed at Brunswick of a hundred louis d'or. This circumstance brought about a rupture and the return of the boy to his home, which he presently left again to go to Leipzig to complete his education. Here he had almost formed an engagement with a mercantile house of Manchester to become their agent at Leghorn; but on the 15th of September, 1796, he established himself, with two partners, at Dortmund, for the sale of English manufactures. The firm was Brockhaus, Mallinckrodt & Hiltrop, the last the moneyed man of the concern, who withdrew in 1798, though out of his connection there grew a lawsuit which was not settled till 1828, five years after the death of Brockhaus. Mallinckrodt was bought out in 1801–2. The troubles inflicted at that period by Bonaparte upon all Europe at last compelled Brockhaus to remove to Amsterdam, where he set up as a bookseller, with the high-sounding name for his establishment of "Kunst- und Industrie-Comptoir." Here he began at once three periodicals, a Dutch politico-literary newspaper, a German historical monthly, and a French quarterly of belles-lettres—all short-lived. In 1808, visiting the fair at Leipzig, he purchased the "Conversations-Lexicon," which was almost on its last legs (but four parts had appeared from 1796 to 1800, and no other till 1806; and in 1808 two more, completing it and almost finishing the publisher). To this enterprise he gave new life and a great extension, and with it his name will ever be associated. Of his trials and pecuniary straits during his whole stay in Amsterdam, and for some years after he had removed to Leipzig (1810), we have no space to speak, nor of his two marriages and two romantic love affairs, in all of which his character appears to advantage. His *Deutsche Blätter* in 1813, which had been preceded by patriotic political tracts which had a good deal of vogue, were still more successful, and amid the fulfilment of German unity Brockhaus may well be remembered with gratitude as a precursor.

—In the first June number of the *Academy*, Duncan H. Weir offers a very plausible emendation of the Hebrew text of Psalm cxxxvii. 5. The verse runs thus: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! *let my right hand forget*" (*tishka'h ycmini*)—with the object left out. This gap the English authorized version fills by the addition of the words "her cunning," which has appeared so little satisfactory to more recent translators that many attempts have since been made to render the word *tishka'h* by an intransitive verb, following the example of the Septuagint, which saw in it a passive form (*tishshakha'h*, let be forgotten). The writer for the *Academy* now suggests the substitution for *tishka'h* of the two words *yibash koa'h* (let be dried up the strength of), which in the vowelless text requires only the easy breaking up of the letter *tav* into the letters *yod* and *beth*. The entire passage will then stand thus: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let the strength of my right hand be dried up; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee"—an alteration which he justly remarks is borne out by the parallel lines in Psalm xxii., "*My strength is dried up* (*yabesh ko'hi*) like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaves to my jaws." On the other hand, the suggestion in the *Academy* finds support in the *vattibash yado* (and his hand . . . dried up) of 1 Kings xiii. 4. The only critical objection that can be made to this is, that we are equally tempted to change the *yabesh ko'hi* of the passage just quoted into *yabesh 'hikki* (my *palate* is dried up), in which case the expression "let the strength of my right hand be dried up" would remain without a parallel, and hardly be considered idiomatic. To those who would not hesitate to read *'hikki* for *ko'hi*, we would suggest the substitution of *tishshaber yemini* (let my right hand be broken) for *tishka'h yemini* (let my right hand forget), supporting this suggestion by the comparison of *ezroi tishshaber* (let my arm be broken) in the analogous self-imprecation of Job (xxxi. 22). Logically considered, however, though not linguistically, the rendering of the authorized version appears, after all, to be the best.

—One of the disagreeable necessities of an attempt to provide a *modus vivendi* for a higher civilization side by side with a lower, is the system of mixed courts in which the culprit is sentenced according to the laws and usages of the country to which he belongs. In March last, a Chinese mob attacked some foreign contractors and their employees in the village of Poomwantang, in the jurisdiction of Shanghai, and the Chinese authorities were so successful in apprehending the rioters that twenty-one were convicted and punished. Five of these had already suffered infliction of sentence, when, on suspicion that means had been found to evade the severity of the execution, it was decided to suspend punishment of the remaining sixteen till the 12th of April, when it should take place all at once in presence of the Mixed Court, the foreign authorities, and such other spectators as chose to attend. The performance came off according to the programme, but there were few foreigners who could endure the spectacle long, the U. S. Consul-General, Mr. Geo. F. Seward, retiring after the first two punishments had been inflicted. The instruments of "justice" consisted of the cangue—a wooden collar weighing from 20 to 30 lbs., on which is pasted the nature of the offence committed by the wearer; bamboos, light and heavy, the latter being considerably the larger and four times as severe, requiring both hands; and "a leather arrangement, in size and shape closely resembling the sole of a slipper, but which, on examination, was found to be three ply of hard thin leather sewed together towards the heel, but hanging separate towards the toe. This was the flapper for blows on the mouth." It was the most atrocious of the three instruments, eighty blows of it reducing the victim's face to a "blue, swollen, shapeless mass." The beating with the bamboo is confined to one portion of the thigh about two inches broad, and 100 blows were the minimum inflicted on this occasion; what sort of an appearance is presented after 300 have been administered (as they were in one case), may be faintly imagined. One wretch was punished both with the flapper and the bamboo, and the cangue was generally ordered in addition to the latter torture.

—There were a number of Chinese spectators of all this, and many of them, "with the callousness to physical suffering characteristic of the race, seemed amused by the groans and writhings produced by the flogging." The victims showed a greater or less degree of fortitude, but only one is mentioned as having been superior to his sufferings throughout. The question has been often discussed whether the Chinese are really of tougher fibre and blunter sensibilities than the rest of mankind, but the history of criminal procedure, of religious persecution, and of popular amusements, such as bear-baiting and cock-fighting in European countries, may well make us hesitate to draw too hasty an inference from the barbarities of the Chinese code. Except for the moral element, there would be little to choose between a face spoilt in the prize-ring with fists, and before the Mixed Court with a "flapper." The Tower of London is grim enough with the apparatus of tormentors and executioners. Nevertheless, there would appear to be a real constitutional difference between Chinese and Europeans. The report of the London Mission Hospital at Hankow for 1870 says of them that

"Their flow of animal spirits, if even and subdued, is unintermittent. . . . They make admirable patients, being very susceptible of the influence of remedies, and rallying well after operations without anything like the risk of reaction and secondary fever which is the dreaded tendency of the

European constitution. One man had both his feet amputated for gangrene, and next day the pulse was still under 100, and he ate a meal of rice and slept soundly afterwards. A girl had a large part of the foot removed for diseases of the bones; next day she managed to run away without assistance."

This view is confirmed by a writer in a Shanghai journal, who says that, in addition to whatever explanation may be found in certain considerations, such as the want of continuous political tranquillity in China, the misery of overpopulation, the toleration of infanticide, and the cruel exhibition of punishments by the Government—all tending to make human life cheap and human suffering common:

"We must add the prevalence of a phlegmatic temperament which enables them to bear mental and physical suffering in a very surprising manner. We are not quite sure that they do suffer as Europeans do. The difference is, we think, one of feeling, not of fortitude. Conscious of an ability to bear, they are not slow to inflict, and this principle is clearly capable of indefinite extension. Whoever has had an opportunity of witnessing the infliction of torture, or the performance of a surgical operation, or the mutilation caused by a fearful accident, the sufferers in each case being Chinese, must have observed the coolness with which the orders of the magistrate or the preparations of a surgeon are received. The same absence of excitability which renders lunacy rare comes into play here. The man of nervous temperament tortures himself about nothing. The Chinaman, who has no more nerves than are necessary to his life as a reasoning animal, suffers what are apparently the acutest tortures without a groan, and in turn is only too ready to put his fellows to the proof."

TYERMAN'S WESLEY.*

MR. TYERMAN'S life of John Wesley makes its appearance at a good time. The extraordinary growth of the Methodist denomination, or "connexion" (to use the awkward term which they prefer, and against which, with its derivative adjective, "connexional," we cannot restrain a passing protest), has made it, in size and strength and opportunity of usefulness, one of the foremost organizations of Protestant Christendom. And it is nowadays so conscious of its strength, especially on this side of the Atlantic, that for that reason, if for no other, it would require from one who studies the tendencies of things a closer and more thoughtful scrutiny than ever before. Moreover, there are some matters of conspicuous significance in the recent history of Methodism in regard to which public opinion, outside the denomination, has been widely and earnestly expressed. At the meeting of the General Conference in Brooklyn in May last, there were present, for the first time, as constituent members of the body, lay delegates from the churches; and there is no reason to doubt that the democratic tendency which this fact expresses will, before long, extend to the subordinate bodies of the denomination. Already some results, and apparently good results, begin to show themselves as the consequence of this change. The great scandal of the Book Concern, also, naturally invites enquiry into the antecedents of a body in which a state of things so extraordinary as that which has recently been witnessed in it could be possible. And so, as Methodism is logically to be studied in the life and character of the great man whom Mr. Tyerman properly calls its founder, he has brought out his volumes at a favorable moment.

Mr. Tyerman puts his worst foot foremost and repels his reader, unless the reader be a Methodist of zeal no less undiscriminating than his own, by an introductory chapter which it is hardly too severe to call absurd. "Is it not a truth that Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ?" is the sufficiently surprising question with which he sets out. And he proceeds to answer it by statistics exhibiting the remarkable rapidity with which the denomination has grown, and the immense work which it has done, in a space of time comparatively brief. This constitutes it "the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ" in Mr. Tyerman's judgment—that it has spread itself so broadly and so swiftly. Area and numbers are everything; depth and permanence are scarcely taken into the account. We need not point out how utterly unphilosophical nor how completely without historical soundness is Mr. Tyerman's method. The planting and training of the Christian church in the first two centuries was, according to him, a lesser fact than Methodism, and so was the great Reformation in the sixteenth century. We find, also, even in this introductory extravagance, a trace of that confident assurance in regard to the most sacred and invisible realities with which the author constantly offends the good taste of his readers. "A day never passes without numbers of its (Methodism's) converts being admitted into heaven." But upon this point, and as to the exact number and rate of the daily admittance, the statistics are no further explicit.

The same tendency to narrow and sectarian views is more or less evident throughout the entire work, and was, indeed, to have been expected from the very nature of the case. To regard as distinctively Methodistic, excellences which Methodism has in common with other Christian bodies; to place an undue emphasis upon, and attach an exaggerated value to, occurrences of merely incidental or sentimental interest; to indulge in some occasional obloquy against the adversaries of the "connexion"—these are faults into which a Methodist minister, writing the life of the great founder of the Methodists, may be easily excused for falling. Mr. Tyerman has not escaped them. Of the first, his exaggerated estimate of the significance of the Methodist movement (to which we have already referred) is an illustration. Of the second, his incessant fondness for the "last words" of the persons of whom he makes incidental mention (often telling us little more concerning them than what their "last words" were) is an example—sometimes grotesque and ludicrous in the extreme. And of the third we cite, almost at random, the passage (vol. ii. p. 99) where he denounces the Moravian "hymns and literature" as "loathsomely luscious," and their leader as "ambitious and overbearing, if not insane"—which is strong language and unpleasantly concise and sweeping. On the other hand, Mr. Tyerman's concise vigor is sometimes a great merit. He tells his story with a straightforward honesty and clearness which leave no doubt about his meaning. Often, indeed, the business-like tone of the narrative is extremely entertaining, as, for example, when the principal incidents of Wesley's voyage to Georgia are condensed into a few lines, as follows:

"A boy fell overboard, but was rescued by a rope; in the Downs, a servant was set on shore because he had the itch; the passengers had prayers twice a day; Wesley and his friends expounded the Scriptures and catechised the children, and ate at Oglethorpe's table; the Germans sang songs and served God in their own way; and the only person punished during the voyage was a boy for stealing turnips" (vol. i. pp. 119, 120).

Or, again:

"Great power, however, began to attend his preaching. On one occasion six or seven people dropped down as dead; and, at another time, several of the genteel people were constrained to roar aloud for the disquietness of their hearts" (vol. i. p. 392).

We cannot forbear to cite one other instance of a style so extraordinary and so unconsciously diverting:

"In an island near Limerick he preached to thousands seated on the grass, row above row. Here he overstrained himself, and next morning began spitting blood, and for a week was laid aside. Rest, however, and 'a brimstone plaster, and a linctus of roasted lemons and honey,' so far restored him that, in a week, he resumed his ministry at Cork, *and interred James Massiot*" (vol. ii. p. 304).

The italics are ours. But it is impossible for us to judge of the completeness of Mr. Wesley's restoration till we know how much the interment of James Massiot may have involved. If James was a vigorous and able-bodied man, who had first to be made "ready" (as Mr. Artemus Ward once said in reference to a similar duty), then of course the "brimstone plaster and the linctus" must have been wise precautions. In this queer and matter-of-fact style Mr. Tyerman tells his story, setting down the details of Mr. Wesley's long and laborious life with the most exact minuteness of method, and introducing judicious quotations from his correspondence and his published writings.

There are few lives which would bear the test of such microscopic scrutiny so well as Wesley's. Few men have ever lived who wrought with such amazing industry, and with so little waste of time and power, the work which their hands found to do. Greater by far than his genius, greater, if anything, than his devoutness, was his conscientious and painstaking energy. Even after he was eighty years old, he could fall down-stairs, head foremost, without serious injury; and at eighty-seven he could ride seventy miles in a single day, in his itineracy among the circuits, and could kill his horse with overwork. Commensurate with the industry of his life were its success and usefulness. No one can deny that he left the world a great deal better than he found it. The ignorance, the immorality, the brutality, against which he had to contend at almost every step, when he began his work in England (not knowing or even suspecting what that work would prove to be), were enough to have discouraged an army of reformers. And it is fine to follow the course of Mr. Tyerman's narrative, and see the process by which the indifference of the public gave place to derision, and the derision to violent antagonism, and the antagonism to acquiescence and admiration and popular applause. Before John Wesley died there were thousands of people in Great Britain to whom his goodness had helped to make their "faith in goodness strong," more than almost any other influence of which they were aware; and to whom the figure of the old man standing in the open air, in harsh and bitter weather, and at the life-long sacrifice of ease and comfort, to preach his Master's message to the poor, was a spectacle with which all their best and most practical ideas of saintliness were naturally connected. Making all allowance for the more or less frequent influence of the wave

* "The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, author of the 'Life and Times of Rev. S. Wesley, M.A.'" In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.

of revival which his preaching set in motion (for which influence he left room both in his doctrinal opinions and in his practical calculations), it is impossible not to see that the improvement of morals and religious earnestness which dates from his ministry has steadily increased till now, and is a permanent and not a transient historical result. The figure by which to represent it is not that of a tide, with ebb and flow the same, but rather that of an encroaching sea, that surely "gains upon the shore" of worldliness and vanity.

It is a little difficult to say how much of this extraordinary movement was in consequence and how much in spite of the character of the man who was most conspicuous in it. For the greatness of John Wesley appears in nothing more remarkable than in the fact that he was wise enough to see how vast and sacred, beyond the power of merely human management, was the work in which he was engaged. He followed it almost as much as he led it, feeling his way from step to step with a humility and reverence really touching. Singularly inconsistent with this wisdom, on the other hand, are the occasional evidences of a lack of practical common-sense where we should least have expected to discern such a lack. Few men, for example, have ever shown a greater want of ordinary wisdom in their matrimonial ventures (proverbial as is the blindness of the human mind in matters of that sort). Again and again he tried to entangle himself in alliances so every way unsuitable that one suspects him of a half ascetic purpose, resolute to find a wife whose discipline of him should be a means of grace. He found her at last with a vengeance, and the discipline was not lacking. She was a widow, and his intimate acquaintance with her seems to have commenced only a few days before the marriage. A short time longer only was required to develop the most unpleasant incompatibility of temper between the parties. And while it is impossible to excuse Mrs. Wesley for the outrageous violence with which she seems to have treated her husband, dragging him on one occasion (if we may trust the witness whom Mr. Tyerman cites) by the hair of his head; yet one cannot help suspecting that he may have been a somewhat exasperating man, and he certainly was to blame for the provoking calmness with which, in one instance, he persisted in a correspondence which might have infuriated a less unreasonable woman.

This story of his domestic infelicity illustrates pretty well some of the defects of a character which, on the whole, is worthy of great admiration. With an almost childish simplicity, which sometimes became credulity, he united a confidence in his own judgment, and an obstinate adherence to his own methods, which made him sometimes arbitrary and oppressive in his dealings with his equals or subordinates. He was never quite rid of the ascetic temper by which his religious life at Oxford was so strongly marked; and the sumptuary regulations which he endeavored to enforce upon his followers were sometimes inconsiderate and unreasonable. He was never quite able to keep from intermeddling with matters of which his knowledge was too slight to justify his attempt to manage them. Without any medical skill or education, for example, and with only such uncertain help as he could get by taking into his counsels an apothecary and a surgeon, he prepared a work on "primitive physic," which he circulated with no less zeal and confidence than he devoted to the circulation of his strictly religious tracts. With similar readiness he interfered in the private and personal concerns of his preachers, forbidding marriage, for example, in cases where his prohibition was a cruel and oppressive act, resulting in great wrong and suffering. His facility and audacity of judgment upon all sorts of questions which came before him were, of course, one secret of his administrative success; but that it was the occasion of much incidental mischief, also, there can be no doubt. That Methodism comes legitimately and by direct inheritance from its founder into possession of its somewhat narrow confidence in itself, believing what it does believe so vehemently and exclusively, and withal so practically, no one who studies this biography of Wesley can fail to see. Intensity rather than depth, a practical and industrious activity for the present, rather than a thoughtful and religious care for the future, a willingness to be satisfied with the best theory for immediate working application, rather than what was absolutely best and truest—these, which are among the characteristics of Methodism throughout the whole course of its development to the present day, were characteristics also of John Wesley. And in these, as in many other respects, the denomination is the child of its father.

Mr. Wesley's attitude in regard to the Church of England was, as Mr. Tyerman frankly admits, a very inconsistent one. It reminds us of a member of a temperance society who, on being surprised in the act of taking something stronger than water, explained, not without embarrassment, that he was "a partially-total-abstinence man." That Mr. Wesley did reckon himself, and did desire to be reckoned, to the day of his death, as a regular member and minister of the Church of England, is certain. That he would not suffer the Methodists to break with the Church during his lifetime is clear enough; but that he saw how sure that separation would come after he was gone, and acquiesced in it as in the inevitable, is also pretty clear. Among the hitherto unpublished utterances of Wesley on this subject is one of great significance written towards the close of his life, in his eighty-seventh year. We cite the last half of the letter in which it occurs:

"I do not know what you mean concerning talking 'about the church.' I advise all our brethren that have been brought up in the church to continue there; *and there I leave the matter. The Methodists are to spread life among all denominations, which they will do till they form a separate sect*" (vol. iii. p. 605).

We have italicized the last words because they indicate the recognition which the old man somewhat sadly gave to the fact that his movement had outgrown the limits to which he hoped to restrict it. His view of the Church of England was, to be sure, a very broad view, but all the more for that reason the organization of another sect seemed to him a calamity the responsibility for which he was unwilling to assume, and yet the probability of which he was unable to ignore. So he could simply "leave the matter." How the matter has resulted the world can see. But this inconsistency of Mr. Wesley has left traces of itself in the great denomination which he founded. Even yet the transition from its original function "to spread life among all denominations" to the distinctive functions of "a separate sect" is not perfectly accomplished. The centralized authority, the more or less strict and rigorous drill of the membership, the management of great funds and forces in the interest of special masures or particular men—these, which are among the obvious dangers from which Methodism has not yet liberated itself, are the natural and logical outcome of the movement as it existed in the person of John Wesley, and as it may be traced in his personal history. And Mr. Tyerman's biography, so much more full and accurate than any that have preceded it, and, we may add, so singularly candid and honest in its spirit, is to be heartily welcomed for the additional facilities which it furnishes to those who desire to study the tendencies of Methodism.

SUMMER READING.*

THE "anguish of the solstice," as Mr. Rossetti very justly calls the disgraceful weather which takes place, if that is the right word, during this month and next in most parts of Christendom, will probably not much alter the character of the reading done by most of our fellow-citizens. Summer reading, as winter reading, in America, especially in years when a President is to be elected, is made up in very great part of the Bible and the newspapers. Our fellow-citizen will have to be a very hot one on the third day of next month who does not call early after his *Tribune* or his *Times* for a lucid and sufficient explanation of how it has happened that "the Old North State" has not been "redeemed," or has been redeemed, as the case may be, and has not been carried, or has been carried, by the triumphant Liberals or by the bayoneted minions of Grant. "Campaign Lives of Grant and Greeley he will also read to some extent, but the Bible on Sundays and the newspapers on week-days will constitute his main reliance. On the whole, he is hardly to be called a reader in any strict sense of the term, belonging though he does to the best educated people on this or any other globe; and the "summer reading" will be done by exceptional Americans rather than by the President-making American.

Of summer reading in general it is true, we suppose, that it is appreciably lighter than that done at other seasons, and that when it is not absolutely lighter, it may nevertheless be so called on the ground that it is done with a view to recreation. The miner who, like a miner of our acquaintance, spends his vacation in a hard attack on Mr. Darwin's volumes, and, instead of killing stray rattlesnakes, speculates curiously on the relation of the rattle to the survival of the snake in its struggle for existence, is not doing what most people would call holiday reading, but in the change of work he finds genuine mental refreshment. So, too, of the business man who uses his summer resting-time in catching up with the world, in Mr. Morris's poetry, or in Mr. Browning's last book, or in Mr. Stopford Brooke's sermons, or in Mr. Sumner's recent speech, if the term recent can be applied to so much hoar antiquity, or in the latest new author who is making a name for himself

* "Fifine at the Fair, and other Poems. By Robert Browning." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
"Fly-Leaves. By C. S. C." New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.
"Legends and Fairy Tales of Ireland." New York: P. M. Haverty. 1872.
"Pope. Satires and Epistles. Edited by Mark Pattison, B.D." Oxford Clarendon Press Series. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.
"Shakespeare's 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.' Edited by W. G. Clark, M.A., and W. M. Wright, M. A." Oxford Clarendon Press Series. 1872.
"The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration. Isaiah, chapters 40-66. Arranged and Edited by Matthew Arnold, D.C.L." New York: MacMillan & Co. 1872.
"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. By Clarence King." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

among the rest. His line of reading might or not alleviate the anguish which the solstice brings to this or that one of his neighbors, but it is to him light reading, as being in the nature of play, just as the hard labor of cricket is fun to the school-boy to whom Horace is dismal toil and who would prefer the treadmill to Cowper's "Task." But regular readers, also, who would almost as little think of life without books as of life without meals, obey the common law which, when the weather is most intolerant of human existence in our climate, prescribes a season of comparative idleness, and their July and August reading is apt to be less in quantity and less important in matter than that which they go through while the frost is in the ground or on it —the period when, no matter what Dr. Johnson ignorantly or viciously grumbles in his peevishness over the Whig Milton, the wits and intellects of men work more accurately, vigorously, conjubilantly, and to greater profit than at other times and seasons.

For the regular reader who expects to languish away the next two months in populous cities, and for him or her who may have the better fortune of an escape into coolness, we propose to recommend a few books of various kinds which we have recently received. All of them, or most of them, may, we think, safely be packed up and sent to the seaside or into the country with the other impedimenta; and some one or two of them may be taken away even by the hasty tourist who is not journeying so hastily but that he may expect a rainy day or so in the course of his trip, and find that a stray volume may be mitigatory of the tedium in an Adirondack camp, or a White Mountain hotel, or a Labrador yacht cabin.

First, as a book to be religiously carried out and carefully brought home again unopened, certainly unread, we wish to recommend "Fifine at the Fair." We have read in it, and expect to read it, but not now, we believe. Yet the poems are not interminably long, like "The Ring and the Book," and one of them is even of the sort with which Mr. Browning's earlier dramatic lyrics made us acquainted. This poem, "Hervé Riel," most of our readers have no doubt seen, for it appeared some two years since in English periodical literature, and in American as well. In halting verse of occasional vigor and felicity, the story of a fine action is so told as to secure for the hero, and, in a degree, for the poet, the admiration of the reader, even though his ear protests against verses such as these on a subject such as this, by a master who, when he is harsh, is harsh from choice and not necessity:

> "So for better or for worse,
> Hervé Riel, accept my v- rse!
> In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
> Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!"

These are not the most unmusical, either; but they are easy and unfatiguing in comparison with the hobble of "Fifine," or the tiresome psychologizing in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" on that eminently tiresome psychological subject, Louis Napoleon, into a sort of belief in whom Mr. Browning has one way and another persuaded himself. Of "Fifine," so far as its music is concerned, these verses are a fair sample:

> "And what dependence! Bring and put him to the test,
> Your specimen disciple, a handbreadth separate
> From you he almost seemed to touch before. Abate
> Complacency you will, I judge, at what's divulged,
> Some flabbiness you fixed, some vacancy outbulged,
> Some—much—nay, all, perhaps, the outward man's your work;
> But inside man?—find him wherever he may lurk,
> And where's a touch of you in his true self?
> "I wish," etc, etc

Of course, of the principal matter which Mr. Browning puts into a seriously presented poem of his it is usually right to speak with respect—able man and good poet as he is. The external form is what we now are speaking of, and it is here so repulsive that we admit a feeling of joyful satisfaction at seeing it soundly abused as it is by the next author on our list. This is a Mr. "C. S. C.," an Englishman, who has made as pleasant a book of light humorous poetry as we have seen in a long time, and whom we heartily commend to the attention of all our readers. Better reading for a hot summer afternoon we do not recollect, the only objection to it being that one is every little while tempted to the exertion of reading some of it aloud for the benefit of the rest of the company. The travesty of Browning is perhaps not one of the pieces which the reader thus tempted would choose, but we may quote a part of it as fairly illustrative of the preposterous style of Mr. Browning's "Hohenstiel-Schwangau" poem, as of many another of his poems, and illustrative also of our author's skill in imitation and travesty. "The Cock and the Bull" Mr. "C. S. C." calls the parody, referring to the long-winded, paradoxical, impertinent, and resultless manner of narrative affected by Sterne in "Tristram Shandy":

> "You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought
> Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—
> I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
> As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur
> (You catch the paronomasia, play o' words?)
> Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.
>
> Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
> And clapt it i' my poke, and gave for same
> By way, to wit, of barter or exchange—
> 'Chop' was my snickering dandiprat's own term—
> One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.
> O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four
> Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—
> What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,
> One day (and what a roaring day it was!)
> In February, eighteen sixty-nine,
> Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei
> Hm—hm—how runs the jargon? being on throne.
>
> "Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,
> The basis of substratum—what you will—
> Of the impending eighty thousand lines.
> 'Not much in 'em either,' quoth perhaps simple Hodge.
> But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.
>
> "Mark first the rationale of the thing:
> Hear logic rivet and levigate the deed.
> That shilling—and for matter o' that, the pence—
> I had o' course upo' me—wi' me, say—
> (*Meum*'s the Latin, make a note o' that)
> When I popped pen i' stand, blew snout, scratched ear,
> Sniffed—teh!—at snuff-box; tumbled up, he-heed,
> Haw-hawed (not hee-hawed, that's another guess thing:)
> Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,
> I shoved the door ope wi' my omop at:
> And in *vestibulo*, i' the entrance-hall,
> Donned galligaskins, antigropeloes,
> And so forth; and, complete with hat and gloves,
> One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,
> And ombrifuge (Lord love you!), case o' rain.
> I flopped forth, 'sbuddikins! on my own ten toes,
> (I do assure you there be ten of them),
> And went clump-clumping up hill and down dale
> To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.
> Put case I hadn't 'em on me, could I ha' bought
> This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call toy,
> This pebble-thing o' the boy-thing? Q. E. D."

Poems and tales concerning cats are rather numerous and commonly amusing, but this lament of a cat who though often caressed yet longs for death, we find worthy of a place with any literary cat known to us. "Sad Memories" is the title of the poem:

> "Why was I born to be abhorred of man and bird and beast?
> The bullinch marks me stealing by, and straight his song hath ceased;
> The shrewmouse eyes me shudderingly, then flees; and worse than that,
> The house-dog he flees after me—why was I born a cat?
>
> "Men prize the heartless hound who quits dry-eyed his native land;
> Who wags a mercenary tail and licks a tyrant hand.
> The leal true cat they prize not, that if e'er compelled to roam,
> Still flies, when let out of the bag, precipitately home.
>
> "They call me cruel. Do I know if mouse or song-bird feels?
> I only know they make me light and salutary meals:
> And if, as 'tis my nature to, ere I devour I tease 'em,
> Why should a low-bred gardener's boy pursue me with a besom?
>
> "Should china fall, or chandeliers, or anything but stocks—
> Nay, stocks, when they're in flowerpots—the cat expects hard knocks:
> Should ever anything be missed—milk, coals, umbrellas, brandy—
> The cat's pitched into with a boo-, or anything that's handy."

It is to be confessed that there is not very much thought in these poems; if Mr. "C. S. C." had been living in the latter part of the seventeenth century, it would probably still have been Sir Isaac Newton who would have discovered the law of gravitation; but there is in these verses a grace, wit, good sense, and good-natured fun which make the little volume very agreeable. We might perhaps remind the author that a favorite device of his—that of giving a grotesque and comical turn to a poem which maintains seriousness almost to the close—is a device which becomes worn out after being used but few times. He hardly needs the warning, however, unless we are mistaken as to his good sense, and we presume the fault was committed before there was any thought of a volume which should exhibit it. A few of the pieces parody individual poets; but Miss Jean Ingelow comes in for a scoring like that administered to Mr. Browning; and Tennyson and other popular favorites are treated with good-natured satire.

Letters, says Mr. Matthew Arnold, literature, is the great need of English schools for the people. Of science they are pretty sure to get quite enough; the English mind is tending towards science just now, and then again the scientific men are always ready with some excellent, compact little treatise, eminently capable of being used in teaching, while on the side of literature there is great deficiency—a much greater deficiency than exists in the schools for the youth of the upper classes. In those the student at least gets some knowledge of one or two literatures besides his own, and of how much importance Mr. Arnold thinks this to be, the readers of his works will recollect. For twenty years he has been of that opinion, he says, and in the quarrel about the reading of the Bible in schools, he thinks he has found his opportunity to strike a blow in behalf of that sort of knowledge which interests the feelings and the imagination. Now the real power of literature best makes itself felt either by means of an acquaintance with all literature, or by knowing thoroughly one great literature besides one's own, or one great work, with a beginning, middle, and end, which must be known as a continuous whole. From the literature of Greece, whether in whole or in part, or that of Rome, or France, or Ger-

many, the pupil in the common school is debarred; the Hebrew literature is the only great literature except his own to which he has access, and of that he can learn thoroughly only a small part. Looking about for such a portion of Scripture as might serve this literary purpose, Mr. Arnold hit upon the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah as the most suitable. Their theme is the great restoration of exiled Israel out of Babylon to their native Jerusalem; both theme and treatment are highly poetical; the action has unity and coherence; the spirit is lofty, and the exultant tone exhilarating and bracing; the Hebrew language and literature are there at their greatest height. For these reasons, Mr. Arnold offers these twenty-seven chapters as a Bible reading for schools in which the Bible is the pupil's only means, or almost his only means, of coming in contact with poetry and eloquence. "The Great Prophecy of the Restoration of Israel" is its title, and this title points to the reason why, ingenious and plausible as Mr. Arnold's argument may be, his little book will probably fail to accomplish his purpose. It is not as a prophecy of Israel's restoration that the last part of Isaiah would be described by the persons who upon the one side and the other are earnest in this contest about the Bible in the schools. "The Great Prophecy of the Messiah as revealed in Christ" would be the title which the whole Christian world would demand for this part of the Scriptures, and we suppose Mr. Arnold may have already learned from the religious press that his proposal to keep to the sense of the literal prophecy is very strange, not to say scandalously wicked. We ourselves have not in its full force the feeling which impresses Mr. Arnold so strongly, that for the average school pupil a knowledge of some great foreign poem as a continuous whole is a means of culture sure to be efficacious and greatly salutary. We think it would be well—that perhaps it might be even very well; but we are not clear that an acquaintance with a pretty wide range of authors, old and new, represented in a comprehensive reading-book, might not more effectually give a fillip to the imagination of the average boy and girl and more strongly engage their feelings. The perception of the unities is not very vivid in the youthful Anglo-Saxon mind, while its capacities for being roused by fine emotion are considerable, and capable of rewarding the cultivator. Perhaps Mr. Arnold's work may have a trial in this country. We think that at any rate older persons than school children might very profitably take a look at the evangelist prophet under Mr. Arnold's guidance through his poetry. We all know, who read our much-praised authorized version with a view to getting the exact sense and preserving the poetical thread, that admirable as its diction almost always is, it is nevertheless like almost every other translation from one language to another and remote language, and in many places is a most baffling and trying book, which it is impossible for the ordinary reader to take up for purposes of intelligent pleasure. We can imagine that Mr. Arnold's paraphrase—which is so slightly changed as not to be really a paraphrase—may be of great service to a good many readers.

To go back to an author early read and carefully so, a little of what may be called duty-reading of him is an employment not inappropriate for a summer day. The duty is a light one, too light to be fatiguing and not too light to give to idleness that flavor of work demanded by the American man under "the yoke of conscience masterful," which is apt to gall him whenever he is not spending his time in shortening his life. For this purpose we recommend any one of the Clarendon Press series of English authors, as, for instance, the "Satires and Epistles" of Pope now before us, or the excellent "Hamlet." They are well annotated, a good essay accompanies them, the volumes are small enough to slip into the pocket of a fishing-jacket, and the type and paper are good.

We at first thought we were rather disappointed in the collection of "Legends and Fairy Tales of Ireland," published and, we presume, compiled by Mr. P. M. Haverty of this city; but have since made up our mind that it has considerable merit, and that it may with advantage be added to the collection of almost any one who delights in this sort of literature, and who finds the Irishman in his native bog an amusing personage. The stories here told are not all new; the book is the first general collection of Irish fairy tales, Mr. Haverty says, ever published in this country, and this consideration has perhaps caused him to admit, for completeness' sake, tales familiar to those who have other collections. Nor are the stories very well told. In particular we find that our compiler has too little of the frank acceptance of absurd impossibilities which is a frequent charm of the Irish popular fiction, and at the same time has not enough of the slyness and drollery with which, on the other hand, the absurdities are often skilfully indicated. Nor is he a well-practised story-teller. But he has an appearance of honesty that gives one confidence in the correctness of his local coloring, and if many of his stories are bald and poor, many are amusing and some are affecting in pathetic touches as others in drollery and nonsense. With such a book as this and Mr. Baring-Gould's Oriental legendary lives of Biblical characters, an idle man might lazily occupy a fortnight of spare moments. Mr. Haverty's book would not be a bad one to give as a present to a boy, and, indeed, it might be worth while for us to consider whether, as a means of softening prejudices of race, it might not be well for us to bring up our children in closer acquaintance with a literature so rich in fancy and imagination, and as full-charged with affectionateness as with wit and fun. Bridget in the kitchen, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is, in many a family, a potent ally of the Know-Nothing and the violent Protestant; but a cheap edition of Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" would do a good deal to neutralize her baleful influence.

Of Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," we have at different times spoken favorably. We advise any one who is an enforced denizen of the town this summer, and who expects in future summers to breathe the invigorating air of the Far West in the Yo Semite Valley, or the Yellowstone region, or the Colorado Parks, to prepare himself for the journey at the same time that he consoles himself for its delay by reading Mr. King's captivating book. We shall not urge him to believe every word of it; we ourselves own that we had not faith enough for "Cut-off Copples's," but we have read the book with great pleasure. We might counsel the taking of notes for such descriptions of scenery and adventure as we have here, amid the sights and the events which are described; but we believe Mr. King's literary style would be improved if, before he worked his notes up, he would come down out of the mountains where he climbs and rides such wonder-horses, and narcotize himself a little with the fatter and duller air of the level of the sea, or thereabouts. He evidently has it in him to make an excellent writer, and has made one of the best books of travel that any American has made of late years, and that is saying something too, for the American of to-day is about as racy a traveller as he of fifty years since was timid and commonplace. We will quote, not the most spirited and forcible, nor the most fascinating, nor the most amusing of Mr. King's descriptions, but one which not unfairly represents his better style:

"We stopped to bow good morning to my friend and stage companion, the donna. She sat in the threshold of her open door, sewing; beyond her stretched a bare floor, clean and white: the few chairs, the table spread with snowy linen, everything shone with an air of religious spotlessness. Symmetry reigned in the precise, well-kept garden, arranged in rows of pepper-plants and crisp heads of vernal lettuce.

"I longed for a painter to catch her brilliant smile, and surround her on canvas as she was here, with order and dignity. The same plain, black dress clad her heavy ample figure, and about the neck heavy barbaric gold beads served again as collar.

"Under low eaves above her, and quite around the house, hung, in triple row, festoons of flaming red peppers, in delicious contrast with the rich adobe gray.

"It was a study of order and true womanly repose, fitted to cheer us, and a grouping of such splendid color as might tempt a painter to cross the world."

Turgenef's newly translated novel, "Smoke," we hardly know whether to put in our list or not. The tragic interest and the profound searching of this author's best work make him anything but "the idle singer of an empty day." Yet we have known old readers of Turgenef—and of everything else—to take up "Smoke" for the third time and go on, fascinated, to the end of a hundred or two pages. On the whole, then, perhaps we had better recommend the novels of the famous Russian to our sojourner. And together with him, and we confess with more of heartiness and without any doubt or reservation, we advise everybody who has not read "Björnson" to get "Arne" and "The Fisher Maiden." With these, although the shade is at ninety-nine degrees above zero, as the apothecary-shop thermometers informed us yesterday, he may be transported not only to the Norwegian fiords and floes, but to an idyllic and Arcadian Norway which will to the tired mind be delightful as not even an iced real country can be even in weather like this—as to which the term "probabilities," applied by the Weather Bureau people, is an exasperating misuse of language. Impossibilities, surely, are inherently more probable; and have the advantage of not happening.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Arnold (M.), Bible-Reading for Schools	(Macmillan & Co.) $0 50
Calverley (C. S.), Fly Leaves	(Holt & Williams)
Clark (W. G.) and Wright (W. A.), Hamlet	(Macmillan & Co.) 0 75
Cockton (H.), Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
Emery (Sarah A.), Three Generations, swd	(Lee & Shepard) 1 00
Farmer of Chappaqua Songster, swd	(R. M. De Witt) 0 25
Feuillet (O.), Julie de Trécœur, swd	(P. W. Christern)
Flagg (W.), A Good Investment: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.) 0 50
Krieger (Matilda H.), The Child, Its Nature and Relations	(E. Steiger) 1 00
Loeb (J.), Puhna: a Poem, swd	(New York)
Logan (Olive), Get Thee Behind Me, Satan	(Adams, Victor & Co.)
Marlitt (E.), The Little Moorland Princess	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Morris (Rev. R.) and Skeat (Rev. W. W.), Specimens of Early English, Part II.	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Pattison (M.), Pope: Satires and Epistles	" " 0 75
Sardou (V.), Rabagas; Comédie, 4th ed., swd	(P. W. Christern)
Thackeray (W. M.), The Newcomes	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
The Workshop, No. 6, swd	(E. Steiger) 0 40
Wyman (Dr. M.), Autumnal Catarrh (Hay-Fever)	(Hurd & Houghton) 2 25

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1872.

The Week.

APART from the certainty that the Greeley and Brown ticket will be taken up by the Democracy, there is, we believe, nothing new. Some Greeley clubs have been formed in Connecticut, and we hear of numbers of good and respectable Republicans being in some of them—men quite different from some who have figured in reports of the *Tribune*, a rather credulous journal in certain matters. Also, we hear of more Greeley Republicans in this State than would be imagined by the readers of the *Times*. It is, indeed, idle to attempt showing that there are no Greeley Republicans in a State where Fenton has been able to contest with Conkling possession of the State offices, and we wonder the *Times* should think it worth while to try. A division of the Democratic vote in this city, inability in these dark days of the Ring to send Greeley out of this county and Kings with a Seymour or Hoffman majority, and Democratic abstentions in the country, are much better reliances for the *Times* and its candidate than counting up only seventeen Greeleyites in this county and only ten in that. From New Hampshire, also, we hear news of Republican disaffection and Republican apathy, but it is all too early yet for talk of this kind. We advise everybody to disbelieve the partisan newspapers and wait a month before disquieting his soul. After the hush before Baltimore is over, and the loud bawling after Baltimore has subsided a little, we shall be able to see whether there is any "prairie fire" sweeping all before it, or whether there is to be an excessively tiresome fight.

Greeley himself has visited the Boston Jubilee, travelling under the respectable chaperonage of Mr. Theodore Tilton — whom the Boston Woman's-Rights Women, we see, are charging with base apostasy. The Sage — perhaps because he had got away from his managers, who, he says, had warned him against oratory—made a speech which, if there were gratitude in man, and reverent credulity in newspaper man in particular, might have been described as sagacious, by way of ingratiating himself with our honored profession. As it was, he might as well not have made it, as nobody expected it; and the gist of it was that people said he had bad men and low men for his companions, but that really he had always been surrounded by newspaper-men and newspaper-women. As for other Greeleyite news, we are informed that Southerners of standing—it is not said of how much sense the political Southerner is just now—are advising each other to support the Cincinnati candidate, because during the war he was in favor of paying them for emancipated slave property, and might, as President, be expected to favor that policy. One would have supposed the South would have learned by this time the moral impossibility and the physical impossibility of certain things; but she has some things to learn yet, we fear.

Mr. Greeley appears to be "boiled crow" to more of his fellow-citizens than any other candidate for office in this or any other age of which we have record. The anti-Free-Trade Cincinnati men say he is boiled crow to them; the Free-Trade and Revenue-Reform Cincinnati men say he is boiled crow to them; boiled crow he is to his former Republican associates; and now the Democrats are saying in a curious way that to them also he is boiled crow. "Whatever you do, don't nominate him at Baltimore," say the Missouri *Republican*, Springfield *Republican*, and Cincinnati *Commercial;* he is boiled crow to us, but he could get more Republican votes if he was not to be swallowed along with you; make no nomination, 'recommend' him, and go home out of sight." "But he is boiled crow to our men," the Democrats say; "we must nominate; we cannot get him taken down and kept down unless we draw the lines tight and command the party to take him as the Democratic party candidate regularly nominated in full convention."

The Straight Ticket Democrats in their turn declare that he is too much boiled crow for them, and that if he is nominated they will bolt. Was ever candidate in such a position before? And where are the people to come from for whose delusion this impudently open scheming is done? Is it no longer "in vain that the net is spread in the sight of any bird"? Is it that there are no Democrats to revolt at this performance? or no Republicans to be alarmed at the apparition of "the unterrified" again in full array? The Democracy, which was to have been buried about this time, as our soft-hearted Liberal Republican friends used to say, appears on the contrary to be a lively corpse, and one with an appetite for eating whatever undertakers gather about it.

We are constantly receiving more letters than we can print from those who, as one correspondent says—with reference to our remark that we use parties as we do coaches or railroad cars, as a means to an end—have concluded to go afoot rather than ride in company with either Grant or Greeley. A Pennsylvanian has left it optional with us to insert for him an advertisement requesting the cards of "gentlemen willing to combine to the end that we shall have educated and experienced statesmen to fill the honored and honorable positions of President and Vice-President," and agreed as to the eminent fitness of Charles Francis Adams for the first-named office; but as he counts upon our co-operation in afterwards bringing these gentlemen together "for consultation and action," we have been obliged to discourage him from proceeding. Another correspondent, who thinks "the spectacle of the politicians, a small and repulsive minority, confronting statesmen and people with the defiance, 'What are you going to do about it?' too humiliating and degrading to be borne without another struggle," would not mind trying another convention and another nomination in the weeks which yet remain, or a hearty endorsement of Groesbeck by influential men. "Even," he contends, "if his election be hopeless, the nucleus of an opposition invaluable for intelligence and weight of character might thus be formed, to watch and check schemes in Congress. Either Grant or Greeley, with such an opposition, would give the country a better administration than either of the two would without this check, so that it is more important to form such a party than to choose between these two candidates."

We differ from this only as regards the practicability of forming any further organization for affecting the election in November. The contest has at last become a simple and narrow one, and it would be utterly futile to attempt anything now in the way of party-founding. All men who sincerely think that there should be a new party, and that something should be done for the elevation of our politics, have it for their immediate duty during this next four months to find an answer to these questions: Can I as a Reformer support Greeley as a "Reformer," nominated as he was, of such a character as he is, backed as he is? Is he a Reformer? Is it or is it not my duty, for the sake of preserving the *status quo*, and getting ready for 1874 or 1876, to refuse my endorsement to Greeley and cast a vote for Grant? On these and related questions we shall have more to say as the canvass is fairly opened. Our own mind is pretty clear.

The Chicago *Tribune* appears to have forgotten for a moment a piece of excellent advice which Governor Cox gave to the Reformers who took part in the Fifth Avenue Conference. It was to the effect that whatever difference of opinion might then exist

among them, some future day would probably see them all together again working for a common end, and that therefore it would be well for them so to conduct this campaign as that each should have as little as possible to forgive when once again all were in harmony. We like forgiving as little as anybody, and we would say that, if the *Tribune* will look once more at our remarks upon Senator Schurz's attitude towards the Greeley movement, it will see that it has completely misunderstood them, and taken them to mean precisely the reverse of what they really mean. Our opinion of Senator Schurz is well known to our readers. We have for him sincere respect and admiration, and begrudge him to the Greeley and Brown party more than any other man who has gone into it. Our judgment and his as to the right and the expediency of his present course are at variance, and this we regret; we hope that at the end of the contest we may still be regretting it for his sake; we do not deny that it is possible we may be regretting it for our own. When we said that Mr. Schurz appeared "deeply touched by the Southern enthusiasm for Greeley," we surely meant nothing to his injury, but merely to say that he sympathized with the Southern men who, at the Conference, deplored the carpet-baggism and tyranny under which they have been suffering. It is a view of their condition that may well be held; we pity them also; but we believe the statement of their case to be by no means the statement of the whole Southern case, and we as yet do not give them unreserved confidence. However, that is neither here nor there just now; all we wished to say was that we certainly meant no disrespect to Senator Schurz, and his efforts for true reform we hope to see resulting in success. We hope he may be even able to do more than he was expecting when the Conference met, and may not only be able to offer Mr. Greeley to the country as an instrument for bringing about chaos, but may be able to announce, what he must have little hope of announcing, that his candidate stands pledged to certain definite reforms.

A notion has got some currency, and the Chicago *Tribune* is giving it some more, that the members of the late Fifth Avenue Conference were pledged to secrecy concerning what went on at that meeting, but this is all a mistake. There certainly was laid upon nobody the obligation not to give an account in a general way of what was there done. Such a pledge would have been foolish and impracticable, if for no other reason because had it been taken there would have been no means of correcting the false impressions about the meeting which would inevitably have been formed and expressed by outsiders, to say nothing of the men inside. That it either was not made, or that there was immediate, continued, and universal breach of it, was at once evident to everybody; one had only to read the morning papers for the few days succeeding. The truth is, it was not made.

The *Times* makes its frequent contributions to the personalities of the campaign, and they are some of them such as it may or may not be well to make; we should probably differ with our contemporary as to the expediency of making some of them; but it certainly has plenty of temptation from the other side. One contribution it has made to which we suppose it is fair to call the attention of all friends of clean politics who have not yet decided on their course in November. It is one side of a story to which, as to most stories, there are doubtless two sides; but we should seldom hear any story if we waited to hear the whole at once, and as this is told with a deliberateness and exactness that will probably secure it a contradiction, successful or not as the case may be, it is worth attention in these days of political confusion. The *Times* devoted three full columns—a very unusual number in our journals to be given to one article—to an elaborate attack on Mr. Trumbull as a senator who, by his personal record in the matter of soliciting offices, is debarred from making charges of nepotism against anybody, or accusing others of undue eagerness for patronage. The position is tenable, no doubt, which requires that a man fighting for reform in the civil service, and asking voters to accept his guidance on the ground that he hates the spoils system, should be of cleaner record in this respect than the average senator, content with things as they are. Now, the charge is that Mr. Trumbull has been in no way different from other senators in regard to this matter, but has, if anything, been worse, and is, in fact, a Reformer from policy rather than principle, if not, indeed, from disappointment at failing to get more patronage than his due share. We remember Mr. Trumbull's declaration and proposed bill or resolution, to the effect that office-seekers were the bane of office-holders' lives, and that members of Congress should be punishable for making recommendations to office. We know, too, the value of newspaper assertions in a heated canvass for the Presidency. But these assertions in the *Times* have a somewhat different look from those which mere newspaper assertions usually wear; and because Mr. Trumbull, with Mr. Schurz, has given the post-Cincinnati Greeley movement its greatest respectability, an answer to these charges will probably be valued by a great many people who look up to him and who are at the parting of the ways; and we hope that it may soon be forthcoming.

It is literal truth that the weather in this city for a week or so has been deadly, very many persons having perished in the heat, and the death-rate having been unexampled in the history of New York. 1,569 persons died during the week ending at twelve o'clock, noon, of Saturday last, and of these we are told that about 200 of the adults died from the more indirect effects of the sun's rays, and about 100 from *coup de soleil*, technically so called. Apart from these cases, the mortality among adults was not much greater than in the corresponding weeks of other years, but among children it was enormous. As in the case of the adults, the children's case illustrates what seems to be the general rule in these elemental attacks—the heat finds out the weak. The death-roll, indeed, is a long one, the longest New York has ever had, and the objurgation of the street-cleaning contractors and the owners of the tenement-houses is of course loud, though it would be an American city council of a prevision which we shall not hear of in such quarters for at least a hundred years, that would ever think of providing against the thermometer's being for seven consecutive days at nearly a hundred in the shade. As for the tenement-houses, if the weather is to be called deadly, they are almost to be called murderous, and their owners said to kill with malice aforethought, while our street-cleaning is—well, it is vain to say what it is. Streets in general, the world over, with their cruel pavements, their barbarous noise, are a disgrace to the civilization of this nineteenth century after Christ, but in New York they have to be all that other streets are and enrich the Ring besides. To these various causes of mortality is to be added this—that we always have here a large number of persons who, while yet unacclimated, are exposed to the worst climatic trials. In our long and narrow island, with a magnificent tidal stream on each side, and a great bay at the foot, we have one of the best ventilated and healthiest of sites for a city. But we have a mixed Tammany and Tammany-Republican Government, and an Irish constituency behind it, and against that combination nothing avails much for decency. The population of the better quarters of the city was very visibly diminished during the heat. In New York, at all events, "everybody out of town" means that a very great many really are.

McCunn, the judge of the Superior Court of this city who was last week convicted of corrupt conduct in office by a unanimous vote of the Senators—except Tweed, who was absent—died on Saturday last of a broken heart, as he himself said, and as indeed appears of the effects of chagrin combined with those of the heat and an attack of pneumonia. He was of a vain and cowardly

nature, and though so long ago as when he was at the bar, and for these eleven years that he has been on the bench, he was notorious as a man of thorough-paced dishonesty, he had held his head high among his ignorant compatriots, and his downfall before their eyes was too much for him. We at once had from the press, the guardian of the public morals, a singular outbreak. It praised McCunn's bright abilities, his genial temper, his literary tastes, his industry, his large fortune, amounting to a hundred thousand a year, and no doubt set several intending thieves wondering why they had deliberated in a world where such are the rewards of virtue. That McCunn had been an unjust judge, had prostituted justice, had been a standing disgrace to the country of his adoption and of baleful example to his fellow-Irishmen, that he had robbed right and left, hardly at all appeared from these obituary notices, which, on the other hand, informed us that he was a good son, and had manorial estates in Ireland. The maxim *de mortuis* is well enough, one would say, for people like its inventors, the ancient Romans, among whom there was a way in vogue of making their public enemies into *mortui* whenever it seemed utile so to do; but it has only a very questionable fitness for this latitude, where, unless one of our public enemies shoots another one, it is rare that anything but overdrinking and overfeeding interferes with their natural longevity. It would be money in the pocket of the taxpayer of this city if the newspapers would for ten years utterly forget this elastic maxim, and condole with the country, and not the next of kin, when the Fisks and McCunns evade justice by death.

The Reichstag adopted on the 8th of June the military code substantially as it was first submitted by the Government. This code (see *Nation* of May 23) was strongly opposed upon sentimental and sanitary grounds, and was referred to a commission, of which its chief opponent, Lasker, was a member; but after protracted labors the commission reported it back with only slight modifications, retaining the feature of harsh confinement, though shortening its duration. A terse, clear, practical speech from Count Moltke had great weight in settling this point. The question of army regulations, he said, could not be considered exclusively in a civil, a legal, or a sanitary point of view, but must be decided mainly by military reasons. Authority above, obedience below, in one word discipline, is the very soul of the army. An army without it is a costly plaything, useless in war and dangerous in peace. Where military science is compulsory upon all citizens, it is impossible to maintain uniformity of discipline without severity of punishment. In justification of this position, Count Moltke referred to the fact that the very worst elements of the nation were swept into the army along with the best—a point on which there was some discussion in these columns during the late war. Many, he admitted, come into the army who ought to be in the penitentiary, and perhaps the taste of severe confinement which they get as soldiers tends to keep them out of prison in later years. The force of these arguments, coming from such an authority, was too great to be resisted, and all that Lasker could accomplish against them was to get a committee appointed to enquire into the sanitary effects of the punishments which he deprecated.

The successful effort of the combined forces of the extreme and moderate Left of the late Hungarian Diet in talking to death the election law proposed by the Ministry and supported by the Deák party, has resulted in ultimate defeat to the imitators of our own Congressional filibusterings. In the general elections held towards the close of last month for the next triennial Diet, the Right achieved a victory apparently surpassing its own most sanguine expectations. This is attributed partly to the unfavorable impression produced upon the electors by the violent manœuvres of the Opposition, and partly to a most strenuous application—perhaps not without a stretch of legal powers—of the old election law by the ministerial authorities and their supporters. The Opposition suffered the greatest defeat in Pesth, the metropolis, where all its candidates were defeated—among them the popular novelist and journalist Jókai, the editor of the leading Liberal organ, *Hon*, who, however, acknowledged his discomfiture with calm resignation, and summoned his political friends to temper the acerbity of party feeling developed by the late contest. The acrimony with which the struggle was conducted all over the country is said to have exceeded anything witnessed since 1847, when Kossuth was elected to the Diet of Presburg. That election was the prelude to the Hungarian Revolution of 1848; those of last month are regarded as cementing the new union between the two divisions of the Austrian Empire, which Beust and Deák carried through in 1867. The party named from the latter statesman has, however, achieved a success which may prove too great for its integrity, and result in a split into two wings, the more liberal one to be headed by Deák himself—for which indications are not wanting.

Pius IX. celebrated on the 21st of June the twenty-sixth anniversary of his pontificate. In view of it and of the accidental concourse in Rome of a number of Italian and foreign clerical deputations, and more especially in view of the acquittal of the murderer of one of his gendarmes at the Porta Cavalleggieri, and of the Government's announcement of its intention to introduce a bill next session for the suppression of religious orders at the capital, the Pope has given to the light a letter which he had for some time been nursing, and which is stated to have been written for his signature by one of the high functionaries in his foreign-affairs office. It is addressed to Cardinal Antonelli, and may be summarily described as a last appeal to Catholic powers and peoples to free him from his miserable state of moral captivity and all but bodily duress. He enumerates all the steps by which his authority in Italy has been circumscribed and diminished, and declares that they lead to but one end, the overthrow of Papacy itself. He speaks contemptuously of the "absurd system" of so-called guarantees designed to produce harmony in the relations between two irreconcilably hostile powers, and reiterates his intention not to surrender for the sake of peace any part of his pretensions. He apologizes for his stay in Rome after its occupation as the seat of government, and says that he is prepared to die there if that is required of him among the greater sacrifices of the future. He begs Cardinal Antonelli to communicate these views to the representatives of foreign powers at his court, and lays down a convenient proposition to meet the case of liberal and Protestant countries, that "if every Catholic (*fedele*) has the right to demand of his own government an assurance of personal liberty in the matter of religion, he has as good right to demand it for him who is the guide and interpreter of his faith and religion."

The suddenness with which this document was launched upon the world gave it a temporary interest in the Italian talk of the day. The clericals complained of it that its tone was too mild; elsewhere it made little more impression than any one of the Pope's previous manifestoes against Italian independence and modern civilization, but, in consideration of the directness with which he identified himself with his accusations, the Government is not unlikely to take some notice of them. Perhaps never was there a time when the legations at his court were so few and so diminished in grade. A simple secretary is all that represents Austria since Baron Kübeck took his leave, and another is all that Bismarck troubles himself to keep there since the high and mighty rejection of Cardinal Hohenlohe. In fact, barely one ambassador, a minister from Belgium, and one from South America, are all that remain to testify a lingering respect for the shadow of the temporal power; nor will time increase the show. Meanwhile the Pope cannot have witnessed with a very deep satisfaction the reception in Germany of the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, nor the latter's part as sponsor in the Protestant baptism of the seventh child of the Crown Princess of Prussia.

THE PERVERTED CANVASS.

WE have always held that there were good and sufficient reasons why General Grant should not be re-elected, and reasons which concerned him personally. The mistakes which he and his friends admit that he has committed, and the civic incapacity which they revealed in him, furnished irrefragable grounds of objection to his being entrusted for another four years with the honor, not to say the destinies, of his country, so long as any one else could be found with superior qualifications for the office of President. Nobody has pretended that such a person, indeed one every way fitted for the place, was not obtainable, just as nobody has ever shown that the American people was under the slightest obligation to extend President Grant's term of office. So generally was his unfitness recognized, that the promoters of the Cincinnati movement were at first in doubt whether the Convention which they were calling had better put an opposition candidate in the field at all, or simply endeavor to exert a moral influence strong enough to throw out General Grant at Philadelphia; for even up to the first of May the feeling prevailed that the regular Republicans had it in their power to bring the Liberal movement to naught by the sacrifice of Grant as the beginning of an attempt at self-purification. The resolute purpose of his partisans to renominate him by "previous question," as it were, without debate or any toleration of dissent, would of itself have justified the Cincinnati movement, and was undoubtedly the proximate cause of it, but could never have invested it with the moral breadth and dignity which it actually possessed, and which it has lost as rapidly as it acquired it. It was the platform of the original call which brought out so impressive a response; and that was an enumeration of general abuses and an invitation to general reforms, looking to something more than a party "for this day only," with the sole object of beating Grant.

What the country, therefore, had a right to anticipate from such a diversion in politics was at least a thorough and earnest discussion of the principles at the bottom of it, and that was certain to do good whether the Cincinnati candidate was chosen or not. It is the one salutary result which of necessity attends a change of parties when the break-up is due to real differences of opinion, and not to quarrels about plunder or to the rivalry of leaders. Up to the first of May the political education which the country was receiving was of the highest value and the greatest promise. The very contempt which the Administration journals heaped upon the Liberal opposition was calculated to rouse independent judgment by exhibiting the depths to which party subserviency could descend, while their scurrilous attacks on the prominent advocates of reform made clear the urgency of a change in the direction of public sentiment as well as in the conduct of the Government. There was every reason to expect from the orators of the canvass the most wholesome lessons in revenue reform, in civil-service reform, on the subject of the Presidential term, of amnesty, of strict adherence to law, of jealous solicitude for the purity of the judiciary, of executive encroachments and Congressional encroachments—in short, lessons concerning the entire nature and structure of the Federal Republican form of government. To send the schoolmaster abroad on such an errand would have been glory enough for any party, whatever its ultimate success at the polls. Upon such a campaign it would have been perfectly proper to enter with the cry of "Principles, not men"; and it is hardly extravagant to say that the candidate would have been so much a matter of indifference, the platform of such prime importance, that "anybody" not positively immoral would have sufficed not "to beat Grant" with, but to preach and educate with.

This, we say, is rather what should have been, according to the purest conception of the Cincinnati movement, than what, allowance being made for the human weaknesses and mixed motives of its supporters, would have been the case. It would have been as nearly so as possible had Mr. Adams been the nominee, because there would have been no room for invidious comparisons of him with any candidate that could have been selected by any other party. He would have stood *facile princeps*, unassailable on every side. His character and "record" would have taken care of themselves, and no breath would have been wasted in defending or clearing them. All hands would have been free to deal with the issues which had brought about his nomination, and the contesting party or parties must have shown cause why the country ought to prefer an inferior candidate representing inferior principles. The sincerity of the reformers having been attested by the man they had placed at their head, all the vigor of their assaults would have resided in their platform. As it is, both the Cincinnati and Philadelphia platforms have ceased to represent anything, or to have any vitalizing and proselyting power, and we are given over, from now till November, to a barren interchange of personalities, growing more and more bitter and vituperative, and only serving to reveal the extent of the rottenness of our politics. The public attention is to be—is already—drawn off from the real elements of division, to be fastened on the puppets and counters of the Presidential game. Before the nomination of Greeley, when all our complaints were considered answered by the reiteration of Grant's integrity, we used to say: We make war on him only as a part of the evil, not the whole. We aim at the custom-houses of New York and New Orleans, at the arbitrary Republican majority in Congress, at the carpet-baggers in Congress and out of it, at the Pennsylvania Legislature, at the "reformed" New York Legislature, at Kellogg, and Morton, and Harlan, and Butler—at corruption wherever it has intrenched itself in the Republican ranks and obtained control of the party organization. We should as little have thought then of laying upon Grant all the sins and errors of the past three years, as of allowing him personal credit for such purely legislative action as paying off the national debt. Now, we have no paint-pot too black for him, for the reason that only by contrast can we whitewash Greeley.

In all this we see only a logical deduction from the "anybody to beat Grant" doctrine. If its apostles can, as civil-service and revenue reformers, put up with a candidate whose whole life has been passed in the practice of seeking and awarding the spoils of office, and who is totally opposed to a scientific adjustment of the tariff, what other planks of their platform would they hesitate to dispense with for anybody else qualified to beat Grant? What solitary splinter would they not "leave to the Congress districts" for a fair prospect of driving Grant from the White House? Almost, we might ask, what plank would they not insert? Even Providence, it is sometimes supposed, is scrupulous about the instruments it employs, but so far as we can make out, those who have chosen Mr. Greeley for their instrument are so careless of what their candidate believes in common with them or in contravention of their avowed purposes, that there is no reason for supposing they would slacken in their support of him, if he were to tell them as frankly what he thought of them as they did at the Fifth Avenue Conference what they thought of him. They must know, indeed, that they are as much of an "emetic" to him as he is to them, and would say so to their faces if it were prudent before election. Temporary retirement from the *Tribune* must have wrought great changes in him if he can regard his opponents on the tariff question as probably honest and possibly patriotic, or his new allies in the Democratic camp as anything but the dangerous knaves he has never wearied of calling them. For all that, they afflict us with the spectacle of a conflict of distinct and intelligible principles perverted into a duel between leaders who stand for nothing, for the sake of a change from which nothing is certain of issuing except chaos, and with the result of introducing not a single new idea into our politics, of persuading anybody in regard to a single measure of reform, or of laying the first stone of the foundation of the party of the future.

This is what the Lorelcy of Success has done with her singing. We hazard nothing in saying that inscrutable as are the ways by which good is educed from seeming evil, and better thence again, and confident as we are that not even the present painful and humiliating conjuncture can bring permanent disaster upon the country, the reckoning may be postponed, but it cannot be averted. It is time to pronounce the last word concerning the doings at Cincinnati,

and if, as we believe, they were a breach of political morality, and a sacrifice to expediency of the plainest requirements of an honest consistency, we cannot withhold our judgment that the penalty must come. Whether it be in the shape of financial disaster, or a revival of the negro difficulty, or a flagrant increase in jobs, and rings, and the barter of offices, the false and unnatural combination which now seems inevitable, and bids fair to triumph, must needs bear fruit after its kind:

"The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind."

"FELLOW-CITIZENS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN."

THE quarrel is hot in some of our colleges over the question of teaching the young men to declaim, but it seems clear that they will have to be taught something besides declamation and rhetoric if they are to come out of college, go into political life, and, by public speaking, become influential in our politics. That they should become influential in politics is the end sought by those who believe in the inculcation of oratory; but the testimony of our great oratorical day just past would appear to be rather in favor of the doctrine that oratory declines in the popular estimation, and that the Americans increase in number who are of the opinion of the "man of understanding" mentioned in the Book of Wisdom, where the son of Sirach says, "The eloquent man is known far and near, but the man of understanding knoweth when he slippeth." As a specimen of just antithesis, by the way, we might recommend this figure to the attention of the parties to the rhetorical dispute. The orations on Thursday last were probably fewer absolutely, they certainly were fewer relatively to the number of American citizens, than we remember them since we have known the history of the Republic; and some, at least, of those that were delivered were of a kind very different from the traditional Independence Day oration, and very well worth the careful pondering of everybody, men of understanding and all.

Originally the Fourth of July oration was an excellent thing, useful to the country as well as agreeable to the feelings of the auditor. Our American forefathers had undertaken grown men's work when, with their small numbers, in their poverty, divided as they were in their counsels—neighbor against neighbor in honest difference of opinion, and bitter difference as only honest difference can be—they undertook a struggle against the strength of so great and so well-beloved and so obstinate a mother. Small wonder that the young men whose fathers had fought Gage at Boston, Burgoyne at Saratoga, Howe in the Jersey Marshes, Tarleton and Cornwallis in the Carolinas and at Yorktown, should be proud of their defeat of the empire which, under their own eyes, organized one after another five coalitions against the French Cæsar, and never rested till an English ship carried him to the end of the world to die in British custody. It would have been strange if the young orator, as he saw "the downtrodden millions of Europe" sending over here annually the populations of new States to be reared in the boundless lands stretching miles after thousands of miles away towards the shores of the western ocean, had not felt pride and complacency in thinking of his inheritance as an American citizen, not only free of all monarchies, effete or otherwise, but free to take for his own a township or two of virgin soil.

But not only did he, as "Walt" Whitman says, "celebrate himself" in his Fourth of July oration, and rejoice in his native land; he remembered the bitterness and the doubtfulness of the struggle which had secured the independent existence of his country—his in a sense in which no other men than Americans could call their country theirs; he remembered that many of his fellow-citizens, and among them some of most consideration, had been lukewarm in the contest, or had indignantly fled the country predicting its ruin; he remembered the strength of his former "dread sovereign," and that when our independence was won that potentate was fighting France also, and Spain, and Holland, and was that England of which he, too, used to say, with Falconbridge, that "come the four corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them"; he remembered that it was not in despondency, indeed, but in the full knowledge that it was an experiment which most men declared chimerical, that the foundations of our form of government were laid; very likely he knew that the clergyman whom his mother venerated, and the squire to whom he himself looked up, were half inclined to believe that a republic was a pernicious provisional stage on the way to anarchy; and it was partly to keep his own courage up that he flew the eagle at so lofty a pitch, and called on all the world for an admiration which the world, as it often enough informed him, had not at all made up its mind to give. Yet at the bottom of his heart he believed unshakably in the sufficiency of his countrymen to govern themselves and possess the land, if only they would feel as ardent an attachment for their Constitution and their native country as Epaminondas felt for Thebes, a state which no monarchist could contemn, or an Athenian freeman for Cecropia, or Brutus for the liberties which the ambitious Cæsar crushed; and he honestly did his duty in calling his fellow-citizens to cherish in their breasts the fires of patriotic devotion, and against all tyrants to uphold freedom—this dear-bought freedom; the light at which the victims of kings might scoff, but without which the world would be in outer darkness. And he was not so far wrong. The Fourth of July oration, whatever its faults, was distinctly useful in encouraging the timid and doubtful republican, in rousing his confidence in the people, and gratifying their pride in themselves and their untried and despised scheme of government. Certainly it could very ill have been spared from the culture and political training of our early days. The Daniel Webster who, in his young attorneyhood, used to deliver florid Fourth of July speeches in Portsmouth, was the same Daniel Webster who, with grand oratorical weight and dignity, defended the fabric built by the fathers against the attacks of Calhoun and the States-Rights men, and he might have vindicated them in vain, and his words might have fallen on dull ears, had he not had the Portsmouth preparation, and if numerous others like him all over the land had not practised their art. This, to be sure, is an extreme case; most of his contemporary orators, were they alive now, would probably be more efficaciously employed in cultivating patriotism and good citizenship if they were doing sound writing in newspapers; but he had a special gift which, after he had outgrown his declamatory and sophomoric period, and learned oratory before juries, became an immense power in American politics. Still, extreme no doubt as his case is, it not unfairly illustrates the services which could be rendered at "Independence" time by "the orator of the day" in days gone by, and which were rendered by many thousands of our fathers.

What the Fourth of July oration by-and-by became we all know. It was not long before the country went far and fast on an unexampled career of prosperity—a career of which we talk often enough, but which we do not realize to our imaginations. We forget that men are still among us, and not old, who have killed Indians this side of where the last President of the United States lies buried, and that his grave is far to the east of our Mediterranean State. The "banded monarchs of an effete civilization" would indeed have had what is called a hard time to make much impression on the United States of the adult Webster and Clay. Long before their time it required a lively disbelief in American human nature, and an aged variety of Federal politics, or the possession of a large number of negroes on plantations in border States, to make anybody believe that any American Cæsar would cross a Rubicon, or any new George the Third lie in wait for our sacred liberties with any hope of catching them. The stump speech, however, continued to be much the same, the only difference between it and its creditable parent being that it was rather discreditable, and that it exaggerated all its parent's defects of thought and rhetoric. It was, indeed, no longer done by men sincerely believing in what they said, and in the necessity of saying it, and who said it to people who seriously desired and needed it. It was done now to flatter vanity by men who either were honestly on the level of thoughtless vanity themselves, or by that tribe, the pest of republics, where they are more noxious than

anywhere else, who, for their own aggrandizement, seek the blind side of the mass of men. The real work of instructing the people had come to be done elsewhere than on the platform, and the platform became the possession of the rogue and the weakling, and fell into a contempt which has made the term "Fourth of July oration" synonymous with blatant nonsense or platitudes in thought, tawdry rhetoric in diction, and crude, egotistical chauvinism in spirit.

That the Fourth of July oration is going to be again useful we seem to see some hopeful signs, the speeches of Mr. Colfax at his home in Indiana, and of Mr. Adams at Boston, being among them. In both of these speeches glorification was indulged in very sparingly or not at all, and in Mr. Adams's in particular the duties of the immediate future rather than the glories of the retrospect were what was insisted upon. This surely is well. We Americans certainly do honestly think ourselves "the most favored nation" on which the sun is shining, and further think that we are deserving of all the favor shown us, and are capable of making as good a use of it as any other breed of men. We are in as little danger as any other people in the world of taking heed to our steps and walking carefully, and we do not know that a little croaking is not the most patriotic thing that the Fourth of July orator can do. Our veins bursting with new blood, "glad, confident morning" in the air around us, our hearts full of buoyant self-reliance, with no enemy on earth and reckless if we have, indifferent to our carelessnesses and mistakes as a vigorous youth is indifferent to the exposures which would kill a man in the decline of life and threaten even the mature, it is warnings and cautions that are salutary for us rather than encouragements and laudations. The time is to come when we shall live as close together here as in older countries; when there will not always be perpetual opportunity for new careers when folly or ignorance or misfortune has made failures of the old; when a thief like Tweed in carrying on his robberies will ruin individual incomes; when his thieveries will mean to many men in New York that their sons must come home from college or their daughters go out to teach school; when States will be aware that talk of repudiation is a crime against the body politic; when, in short, we shall no longer all be living in a country so large, and naturally rich, and so empty of that most valuable animal, man, that each man finds almost unlimited elbow-room, and may almost do as he pleases; when we shall be living so close together that we shall discover that unless our elbows, and our pickers and stealers likewise, as Hamlet says, are moved with some regard for law, and for the general convenience which law subserves, we shall discommode our neighbor, and shall ourselves be seriously discommoded—even to the extent, say, of being put into jails instead of being sent up to Albany to the Senate. To us, as to other people, that time will surely come, and then beyond a doubt we shall be found not one whit different from other people in our belief in the utility of care and pains—except as we shall differ from those publican nations by being a great deal better, and perfectly able by that time to thrash them if they deny it. But the Fourth of July orator may well remind himself that for some years to come that coming time has not arrived yet, and may properly do what he can to make us less self-confident and careless and headlong. A nation is certainly not overburdened with cautiousness which so much as talks of making Horace Greeley its chief executive officer and principal adviser to the national legislature.

THE RICE NEGRO AS AN ELECTOR.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 1, 1872.

TO a stranger in a Southern latitude, a ride along the causeway of a rice-field in the month of May presents an interesting sight. The rice-field of to-day is in most respects the rice-field of "slavery times." In the vast tracts of land lying along the coast the current of life is almost as stagnant as the water of their swamps, and, to outward appearance, the past seven years have made few changes. The month of May is the most favorable season for observation, for at that time a single sweep of the eye over one of those fields of hundreds of acres will show nearly the whole process of rice growing. From the causeway of one of the largest fields on Mr. B.'s place I was favored with just such a view. On one side of the causeway a hundred negro men were at work, using their heavy, clumsy hoes in cutting down "volunteer" rice, one of the pests of the planter; while upon the other side another hundred—all women—were performing the same work, using the same implements, and receiving the same pay as their male comrades. The Woman-Rights party should take courage; Mr. B. informed me that the work of the women was fully up to that of the men, and was apt to be more thoroughly done. Both sets or "gangs" of workers were doing "task" work, and were paid at the rate of fifty cents a task. In former times a day's work for a slave was laid out in tasks, or half acres, and this custom Mr. B. still keeps up, finding it to be the most satisfactory wherever the nature of the work will admit of it. By rising betimes, the negroes finish their tasks by one o'clock P.M., after which no pay can keep them in the field, and the afternoon is spent in working their own parcels of land, in fishing, or in sleeping. The fifty cents, however, is but a small part of the pay—all the elements which go to constitute negro happiness—house and fire, bacon and rice—are furnished him in addition. Mr. B. has over two thousand negroes scattered over fifty thousand acres of land, and each family has an almost unlimited choice of a spot upon which to settle. To clear a space and build a log-hut chinked with mud takes but a short time, and nothing better is desired. Each one can cultivate all the rice he wishes upon the land set apart for the purpose, and there are hundreds of acres of woodland through which his hogs may roam and from which he cuts his fuel. Their bacon and rice, however, are generally carried to Mr. B. to be purchased. This he never fails to do, even if he pays above the market price. To him labor is a necessity, and he says he finds that so long as the negro has enough to eat, nothing can induce his further exertion until necessity compels it. But rice, bacon, and money gone, hunger and labor follow as a natural sequence; and even then, one who works the six days of the week is the rare exception. The foremen of the gangs are paid by the day, at a higher rate, the wages varying according to ability and rank. Each field hand is paid for his day's labor in coming from his work, and either immediately or by Saturday night the money will be spent at some one of the stores erected by Mr. B. on different portions of his estates. The negroes can buy at them to better advantage than elsewhere, and thus there is a mutual benefit.

The negro foremen are chosen either from long experience or superior sagacity; and in the rice-field referred to, the head-foreman of each gang, assisted by several sub-foremen, was moving about correcting and assisting the rest at their work. On the causeway sat the white overseer on horseback overlooking the whole. A little beyond where these hands were at work, separated only by an embankment, mule-teams were breaking the ground for planting. Still further along were rice-fields covered with the first or "sprout" flow of water, and others again with the second or "stretch" flow. From others the latter had been drawn off, and the rice, weak and flaccid, lay flat on the ground, receiving new life from the burning rays of the midday sun. Far away in the distance miniature figures moved along an embankment, and a nearer approach showed another gang of hands engaged in the repair of a leaking gate. Earth was to be removed, and to accomplish this an endless chain of "half-hands" of both sexes were slowly moving to and fro, each bearing on his or her head a basket made of a peculiar wiry grass filled with the dripping sod. The sun was in one of his warmest moods, causing the disturbed soil to give forth a deadly miasma distinctly perceptible to the senses. There were at least a couple of dozen of these half-grown hands engaged in this somewhat shiftless manner on work which a half-dozen Irishmen with shovel and wheelbarrow would have done better in less time. Mr. B. said it was impossible to induce them to use wheelbarrows, and that, so long as such labor was to be had in abundance at half price, it was his best policy to keep them employed.

It should be understood that the "low country" negroes are in many respects entirely distinct from those of any other portion of the South. As a class, they are undoubtedly the purest specimens of the native, unadulterated African on Southern soil. Among the hundreds coming under my observation, I saw but one mulatto, even the copper or tawny complexion of the up-country is lacking; coal-black is the universal color. In speech they make use of numberless contractions in addition to the usual negro dialect, and the rawest Yorkshireman is not more distinguishable than the low-country negro, wherever met with. The vowels, too, are given a peculiar significance, and to a stranger these causes combine to create a great difficulty, if not an utter impossibility, in understanding the simplest remarks. In appearance these negroes are simply brutish—the word is not too strong. The projection of lip and flatness of nose struck me as remarkable even for the negro, and I called attention to this fact while riding with Mr. B. Stopping a passing negro, he called him up close to the carriage, and, taking a knife from his pocket, applied one end of the handle to the tip of his nose, endeavoring at the same time with the other end to touch his chin. But the projection of the lips was too great;

and the lower end of the knife-handle stood out an inch or more from the chin. If the operation had been of daily occurrence the man could not have stood it more stolidly, and when told to move on did so without a word or a smile. "Now," said Mr. B., "if I were selecting a negro, and wished a common field hand, all muscle and no brain, I should choose just such a man, while if I wanted intelligence I would bring my knife into play, the straightness of nose and thinness of lips being indicative in a direct ratio of the desired quality." The same experiment was repeated a half-dozen times in the course of this afternoon, always with precisely the same result.

The knowledge of an ordinary town negro is limited enough; but it is wisdom compared with his country cousin. "Cain," said Mr. B. to one of his head-foremen, in a rice-field where upwards of three hundred "hands" were at work, "how many among these can read or write?" "Not one, sah," was the reply, "'cep' Jim Crow: him spell um letters berry little." This was true. Out of the whole number, not one could read or write. Their ignorance is dense. I saw but one foreman who could read or write intelligibly. The representative of the district at Columbia was an old family servant of Mr. B.'s, and was taught to read by his mistress, that he might be the better able to follow his vocation as a preacher among his fellow-servants. His acquirements were not so great, however, as to prevent his rising in his seat, when an additional tax of several mills on the dollar was under discussion, and declaring that "Mas B. had more mills now on his place than he could use, and he didn't see how any more could be needed."

A striking element in the negro's character is his emotional nature—in fact, it may be said to include his religious perceptions. They are perpetually falling from grace, and their religious life is a continual ascent and descent. But their method of ascertaining the genuineness of the reform in each other is novel: When at one of their meetings an individual of either sex professes a return to a better life, a ring is formed upon the floor or ground by loosely dropping broken bricks in a circle. Around this circle, on and among the bricks, the unfortunate individual must hop, on bare knees, while those present join in singing a chosen hymn. If the hopping is not completed by the time the hymn ceases, the backslider is considered unworthy of readmission, and is consigned back to the dominion of Beelzebub, or *vice versâ* if the result is different. They do not enjoy having outside observers of their proceedings—preferring the darkness and some retired spot in the forest. Here they frequently dance, sing, and shout the livelong night, falling into paroxysms of excitement, and practically illustrating their own idea of "religion." Here is a field for missionary labor unsurpassed by any under the care of Boards of Foreign Missions. Honesty, Mr. B. said, was a virtue he never expected to find; it was the rare exception. He made allowance for so much to be stolen, and only guarded against its becoming ruinous by selecting the worst thieves and placing them on guard around the rice store-houses and buildings generally. For any negligence, their wages are "docked" to the amount of the loss incurred.

In manner they are very much the same as formerly—perfectly respectful as a rule, and invariably using the prefix "mas" or "massa." The very great objection upon their part to seeing one of their own number show evidences of wealth is worthy of note. They consider it only right and proper that their old masters should ride good horses or drive handsome equipages; but let one of their own number do so, and there is a furious hue-and-cry of "he's notin' but a nigga." Mr. B.'s own conviction in regard to the conduct of the negroes with whom he had come in contact since the war was that under the circumstances they had done *as well and even better than could have been expected*. This opinion I find very general. But there can hardly be a doubt that had they been properly "let alone," there never would have been the present trouble or the jealousy and suspicion with which the races now regard each other. The trouble has come from outside sources and from the formation of leagues for political purposes. The power of these associations over the negroes is something amazing. If there is a symptom of rebellion, all the leaders need do is to raise the cry, "You will be put back into slavery," and it is reason enough to look upon any candidate with suspicion for whom their old masters or present employers vote. Their release from slavery is of course attributed to the Republican party, and there seems to be a charm in the name which is perfectly fascinating. "There is Scowling," said Mr. B., pointing to the foreman over a gang of a hundred hands in a rice field; "I consider him one of my most reliable, trustworthy men. He knows me well, and I really think he would do anything I would ask him except vote for me; and if he had his own choice he would do that, but as matters stand now it would be as much as his life is worth to attempt it. He would vote in preference for the veriest rascal in the district—one whom he *knew* to be such—provided he called himself a Republican. Although I do not know that I have a single personal enemy among them, I could not count on more than eight votes out of all the men I employ." Mr. B. never meddles in politics, and these remarks were made in reply to my question as to what chance he would stand were he to run for office. To the question whether he "knew" General Grant, Scowling replied, "Yest, sah, I vote f'r um." "And you knew Mr. Lincoln?" "Fader Abrum! Ah, yest, sah." "And Mr. Charles Sumner?" "No, sah, nebber heered o' dat gemman." "But you know Mr. Greeley?" "No, massa, I nebber did." Concerning the two latter I tried to aid his memory, but it was useless—he had "nebber heered," he said, and I could not find a single man who had. I will venture to say that his case is identical with that of four-fifths of his race in his State. Scowling struck the key-note. "Scowling," said Mr. B., "just suppose I was running for the office Robert holds at Columbia, and a Republican ran against me. Suppose you *knew* he would *lie* and *steal* whatever he could—which would you vote for?" He tried to evade the point, but upon Mr. B.'s exhorting him "to tell the truth," he said, "You knows berry well, Mas B., I hasn't no d'jections to voting for you, but de rest wouldn't let me. I must vote de 'Publican ticket. Dat's de trut, sah." The same questions put a score of times, both in Mr. B.'s absence and in his presence, elicited a like reply.

THE REFORMED CHURCH SYNOD.

PARIS, June 21, 1872.

THE General Synod of the Reformed Church of France convened on the 6th of June in the Temple of the Holy Spirit; and, even in the midst of a political crisis, and of the all-important discussion of a new military law at Versailles, this religious event attracts general notice. There has been no general synod of the French Reformed Church since the Synod of Loudun in 1660, more than two centuries ago. The present Synod has been convoked in virtue of a decree of the 29th of November, 1871, at the special request of M. Guizot. For some years civil war has been raging inside the Reformed Church; two parties were organized, the Orthodox party, faithful to the principles and to the creed of the French reformers of the sixteenth century, and the Liberal party, which had ceased to accept in its integrity the confession of faith of La Rochelle. The sittings of the Synod are not public; but a certain number of tickets are each day given out by the delegates to their friends, and I am able to give you a general idea of the proceedings. They are opened each day with the reading of the Bible and with prayer; and they terminate by a short invocation. The delegates have taken their places in the church according to their religious opinions; as in a parliament, there is a very distinct Right and a distinct Left. The Orthodox sit on the right, and the Liberals on the left. Both sides seem, however, to mix in the most amicable manner in the intervals of the discussions.

The most striking feature of the Assembly for Frenchmen, accustomed to see religion always represented by *clercs*, is the great preponderance of the lay element. The various churches of the country are represented not only by their ministers, but by delegates, chosen by ballot, who had on the first day to show their credentials. The leader of the Orthodox party sits on the first bench on the right; it is M. Guizot. The fine old gentleman sits erect; the beautiful lines of his face, his brilliant eyes, his majestic manner, are very impressive. He has now, in his eighty-second year, completely deserted the field of politics; and he devotes the remains of his ardor—"les restes d'un feu qui s'éteint," as Bossuet said of himself—to the question of theology. He has published his "Meditations on the Christian Religion," and he has entered into a crusade against those who attempt to bring into the Reformed Church the spirit of Renan, of the German exegetes. His will is as unflinching as his frail body is still erect, and nobody can help admiring the vigor of his character, the sternness of his eloquence, and firm beauty of his elocution.

The conflict of the two parties began immediately when the Synod chose its President; the candidate of the Orthodox party, M. Bastie, minister (the French say pastor) of Bergerac, was elected by 56 votes; M. Viguié, the Liberal candidate, only polled 45 votes. The Vice-Presidents elected were M. de Clausonne, of Nismes, and Louis Vernes. Six secretaries were appointed from all parts of the Assembly. The Liberals, feeling that they were in a minority, opened a discussion on the competence of the Synod: "What was its object, and what was the extent of its rights? Was the Synod sovereign, and could it make a new confession of faith? or was it simply assembled to consider the state of the Church?" M. Jalabert, dean of the Faculty of Law of Nancy, first denied the right of the Synod. "The Government," said he, "has only asked you to offer advice to the state; on the other hand, the electoral bodies which have sent you here are numerically very unequal, and the basis of representation is defective." M. Laurens, of Saverdun, showed in answer that since 1802 the Reformed Church of France has become more and more independent of the State. Napoleon I. permitted the consistories and the small synods; the Revolution of 1848 accepted the parish church as the nucleus of the religious organization. M. Thiers,

finally, has allowed the Church a General Synod. M. Guizot spoke in the same sense. "Three things," he said, "are certain: there is a Reformed Church of France which dates from three centuries ago, and not from the law of Germinal; secondly, since the sixteenth century, the principle of liberty of conscience and of worship has entered our societies; thirdly, we must accept as a fact the alliance of church and state. Since Napoleon, who made us in 1802 what we are, successive governments have refused us a general synod. Now we have it: it will be the central power of our Church. Our liberty cannot be indifference, nor the reception of all creeds in one Church. We admit that there are particular opinions which constitute a Church." A young member of the Synod, a very ardent Liberal, replied by saying that the Orthodox majority was very small. "What you want," said he to M. Guizot, "is a schism; you wish it, and are preparing it."

This discussion, which lasted two days, and in which other gentlemen took part, ended in the moving of two orders of the day. The resolutions of the Liberal party were thus worded:

"The Assembly, called upon to pronounce on its character and its powers, admits that the electoral basis adopted for convoking it cannot give a certainty that all the tendencies of French Protestantism are well represented in just proportion to their importance. But, with this reserve, it considers itself, in its various fractions, as being before the state the authorized organ of the wishes and the feelings of the various parts of the Church, and as being called upon to make, in what concerns the Protestant communities, a work of union and pacification under the inspiration of Jesus Christ, Chief of the invisible Church, in communion with whom it desires to work for the advancement of the kingdom of God in all truth and charity."

The opposite resolution was thus expressed:

"The General Synod, considering that it has been convoked and united according to the terms of the laws and decrees which have regulated the Reformed Church of France since its establishment; considering that the convocation and the election of the General Synod tend to recognize and to consecrate the liberties and the autonomy of the Reformed Church of France in religious matters; considering that the elections have been made freely, with the support of all the religious authorities called upon to take part in them, and that the right of the Reformed Church of France to modify, if need be, its interior regulations, and especially the electoral system in future synods, remains wholly and fully reserved, moves for the order of the day."

This last proposition was carried by 61 votes against 46.

On the following days, the question of the Confession of Faith was argued on both sides. The debates were conducted with the greatest decorum and dignity, as befitted the place where they occurred. A moderator had been named with power to interfere between the speakers, but he had literally nothing to do. At the beginning of every sitting, addresses were read from various churches of Scotland, of England, of the United States. The real object of the Synod was the construction of some sort of *Credo*. Under a modern form, the discussion, conducted on both sides with great ability, reminded one of the old antagonistic theories of the visible and the invisible church. The Catholic theory has always been that of a visible church, having its *Credo*, its institutions; and many reformed churches adopted it at first. When Bossuet asked Jurieu, "Before Luther, where was your church?" many Protestant doctors and many Protestant churches were led to admit the theory of the invisible church, "a church which always was and alway will be, the Assembly of the Saints and the Faithful, who know God and worship him in word and body." The liberals of the Reformed Church of France wish to remain in the invisible church; Coquerel, Martin-Paschoud, and others would hesitate before entering a visible church, with a visible confession of faith, asserting the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Holy Book; they believe in the beauty and the purity of Christian morals, as they believe in the beauty of the doctrine of Socrates or Marcus Aurelius. They prefer a vague atmosphere of Christianity, where the dogmas appear as clouds, changing in form, and carried here and there by invisible currents, to the Christian positivism on which M. Guizot and his friends take their ground.

M. Clamageran made one of the most impressive speeches against the system of obligatory confessions of faith. He considers that faith is and ought to remain individual. There has been no common *Credo* at Geneva since 1725, none in France since the beginning of this century; none between 1521 and 1559, in the heroic age of French Protestantism. The confession of faith and Discipline of Calvin adopted in 1559 in the first Synod, though very remarkable, gave to the French Reformation a stern and absolute character which has hampered its progress. M. Clamageran showed by many examples that creeds do not contribute to preserve the purity of faith or of morals; men sign the articles of faith, and then forget them. The Christian mind ought to be brought face to face directly and constantly with the Bible. The perpetual hypocrisy which is forced upon many minds by the contrast between a strict profession of faith and the interpretations and aspirations of the mind, is a great dissolving power. Whoever does not feel in exact accordance with the official faith of the Church is at liberty to retire and to make a new church; but these perpetual amputations would finally leave the Church a body without any life. The greatest reproach brought against the liberal Protestantism of the French Church is this: The liberals have taken the *supernatural* out of the Bible; their doctrine is more historical than theological. "It is true," said M. Clamageran, "that the figure of Christ" (this was his expression) "is not in their eyes the figure of a God, but it is just as dear and as useful to them." "We are," he added, "of the same family and of the same religion as the orthodox; we live amidst the same thoughts; we believe as they do in the triumph of Christian ideas; we will not retire from the Church, nor exclude our adversaries. A confession of faith implies a real want of faith."

M. Vaurigaud of Nantes replied that the Orthodox party means to remain faithful to the Protestant principle of the free interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. But before all, all the members of the Church must admit the sacred authority of the Scriptures and the truth of the great supernatural facts which constitute the foundation of the Christian faith, such as the resurrection of Christ. A church ought to be composed of all those who in their free interpretation of the Bible have come to the same result. There is no use in forcing together those who take the most different views. MM. Colani, Professor of the Theological Faculty of Strasbourg, Viguié, Pastor of Nismes, Fontanès, Pastor of Havre, and Coquerel were the most eloquent exponents of the principles of the liberal school. M. Viguié said that the ardent Protestants of the South of France, who among a fanatical population of Catholics had remained faithful to Protestantism, would not receive with pleasure a confession of faith. They felt already that their communities were too small, they were swamped by the great Catholic currents. How would it be if there was a schism in the Church, and what effect would the discords of the Protestants have on the Southern Catholics?

Fontanès of Havre is perhaps the most eloquent of the liberal pastors. "Catholicism," he said, "has one fundamental error; it substitutes the church for the individual conscience. In the Protestant world, we are all *priests* by right. Let each man, said Luther, be his own Pope and his own Emperor. The most humble Christian can be a better interpreter of the church than the theologians and the councils. We none of us believe in the dogma of infallibility. We do not excommunicate; diversity among us is not only legal, it is a necessity. The religious city, like the state of Aristotle, is not composed of similar men, but of different men. "Some say that with such privileges there is no church possible. What is religion? Is it the doctrine, or the rite, or the act? No, it is the feeling which is expressed in the dogma, and the rite, and the act. The Christian religion is nothing else; it is the religious feeling marked only with the special mark of Christ. You say that this is too vague, and that we must proclaim the true Biblical Christ. We know him not; for, as for his nature, we find in the New Testament various conceptions, from the simple humanity, from the Messiah, to the Alexandrine *Logos;* and as for his life, what is it to us if he made or did not make miracles? The Orthodox are themselves looking beneath the miracles for the moral lesson which they express. We can say of the miracles that the day they are discussed, they cease to exist. Let us come to the most important: the resurrection of Christ. Everybody believes that Christ ascended from an inferior life to a superior life. We do not care to know what has become of a cadaver."

This is strong doctrine, as you see. I do not discuss it; I will only give you the elements of this great dispute. The limits of this article will force me to write you another on the same subject as soon as the vote on the confession of faith is taken.

PARTIES AND PARLIAMENTS IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, June 14, 1872.

IF the great Irish dean were to be restored to life and chanced to spend his days on the Continent, I think he would be sorely tempted to draw sharp satires with his terrible pen on "the mischief done to the world by Great Britain's glorious institutions." How he would ridicule our French and Italian juries; how he would rail at Prussian and Austrian Houses of Lords; what fun he would make of our local self-government; how he would sneer at our income tax which only attacks those who have no income; and what an inexhaustible roar of laughter he would set up at the sight of our parliamentary and party life! And nowhere would he find, I am sure, more entertaining materials for his wit to exercise itself upon than in this country. Not that Italy is badly governed. On the contrary, her statesmen are not only honest without an exception, but exceedingly clever also, and they have managed, in spite of most difficult circumstances, to achieve the independence of the whole peninsula, province after province, to avoid bankruptcy, to strengthen the credit of the state, and, if not to give an impulse to, at least not to impede, the wonderful commercial and industrial rise and development of the country. Only their government must not be called a

parliamentary and party government. Real, actual, powerfully constituted parties, there are none. For the Catholics, who form perhaps the most numerous and at any rate the most compact party in Italy, profess the principle of *nè elettori, nè eletti* (neither electors nor elected), and do not deign or venture to descend into the open arena, thus withholding from the conservative party the powerful and essential element of an established church. As to the Left, it is one of those radical parties so frequent in Europe, made up of conspirators, lawyers, and professors, strongly addicted to general ideas, and intensely ignorant of practical business, overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," and teeming with hatred of tyranny, but utterly incapable, as, indeed, they secretly feel themselves to be, of forming any government which would last longer than a week. Thus we see the famous equilibrium of parties reduced in fact to a balance of the various fractions of one governing party—*i.e.*, the moderate liberals. And, moreover, these dissensions are of a purely personal and provincial character, having nothing in common with principles or general interests. I say of a provincial character, for indeed the parliamentary groups, though not strictly divided into Tuscans and Neapolitans, Piedmontese and Venetian, pretty nearly correspond to the former states and provinces, although we should be greatly mistaken were we to see in this fact any symptoms whatever of a desire to break up Italian unity.

Now, this liberal, moderate party has remained in office ever since the existence of the new kingdom, and, with few exceptions in 1862 and 1869, it was the Consorteria or predominantly Tuscan branch of it which held office. Since 1869, however, it is the Piedmontese middle-class element, not the aristocratic portion of it, as in Cavour's and Azeglio's days, which is at the head of the administration, and, to do it justice, it has proved not only the most durable, but the best working government new Italy has had. If the present Pope be the first whose reign exceeded the twenty-four *annos Petri*, the cabinet Lanza-Sella is certainly the first which has outlived the fatal twenty-four *menses* of existence, hitherto granted by Providence and parliamentary intrigues to any Italian ministry. I use the term parliamentary intrigues, because till now no Italian cabinet has been overthrown by the open vote of their adversaries or replaced by men taken from the opposition: all have fallen by means of hidden personal machinations behind the scenes.

We may say without exaggeration that Italy is in fact governed by about a hundred individuals. The whole country counts about 500,000 electors, out of 25,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, mostly shopkeepers and professional men, only the fifth part, about 100,000, really take part in the election. Again, of the 515 deputies elected, there are generally not more than 200 present, and only on great occasions do their numbers reach 350. But there are about a hundred able, hard-working, ambitious or patriotic, I will not decide, but we may truly say uncovetous individuals, who devote themselves entirely to the affairs of the country. It is from them that the ministers and secretaries of state are taken. They sit in every parliamentary committee. They alone do the work there, and consequently become the reporters of every bill presented to the house. They preside over the different banks and railway companies. They are in the Council of State, at the head of the influential newspapers, and are besides very often professors at some important university. There is no harm in all this, as these men are really able, honest, and laborious, and public affairs thrive under their management. There is no reason, indeed, why everybody should take part in politics, and accomplish his "civic duties," as it is the fashion on the Continent to say; and it is much better perhaps in ordinary times that people should attend to their clients, customers, patients, etc., and leave politics to men who have made them the study of their lives, provided the nation in general be ready to fulfil its political duties at extraordinary conjunctures and when it imports to wrench the power from unworthy or incapable hands. It is also perfectly immaterial whether towns and provinces are administered by self-government or by paid officials, provided the work is well done and constantly under the control of the public. Only we must not call parliamentary government what is in fact a totally different thing.

Let us, for instance, take the last great discussion which has been occupying the Italian Parliament at the end of the session which is expected to close to-morrow. The object of it was the budget, *i.e.*, the primary object of all parliamentary government and its origin in its native land, England; the mainspring of its mechanism, the one instrument by which monarch and ministers are controlled. Did not this long discussion greatly resemble a sham-fight or an academical display, in spite of its interminable protraction? First of all, it was not the budget of next, but that of this year, 1872, which was discussed—in June, 1872! The Italian Parliament, indeed, has invented a strange system of financial control. Not only is the budget divided, as in France, into an ordinary and an extraordinary portion; but it is besides subject to two discussions—one called *di prima previsione*, the other styled *definitive;* the one of which *ought* to take place in March, the second not later than November of the *preceding* year. Practically, however, the first discussion never takes place before December, when there is little time left, and the second twelve months later, when the money has already been spent. So we may register a great progress this time, half only of the money having been spent when the definitive budget came before the House. The natural consequence of this unnatural system is that the *items* of the ministry are very summarily touched upon in the first debate, everybody reserving himself for the second and definitive one, and that when this comes on, most of the deputies may think it hardly worth while to examine a budget closely which has already been submitted to a previous discussion. So everything is granted which the ministers propose. However, this seems to the Italian deputies no reason why they should reduce their speeches; only instead of speaking to any definite purpose, such as to obtain a diminution of the sums proposed by the Ministers, they content themselves with expounding their own personal ideas upon religion, justice, liberty, war, and peace, etc. Still, to give every one his due, things go pretty much in the same way in all our Continental parliaments; nor would one complain of the Italian financial eloquence which has consumed the last four weeks, if it had only been dramatic and amusing as is the case usually in France. But if it was neither amusing nor practically influential on public finances, it was not the less instructive in the highest degree concerning the disposition of the country towards the Pope, France, and Germany, its state of defence, its commercial development, etc., of all which another time. Suffice it for the moment that this long session which has lasted from November till now, counted during the last six weeks as many sittings as during the first six months. Consequently no one will be justified in accusing our Parliament of laziness and abuse of holidays, if it is true that all's well that ends well.

P.S.—The trial of the murder of a Papal gendarme by Italian National Guards, of which I wrote at length in my letter of the 14th of April, is now before court in Rome, and is creating the liveliest and most universal excitement. The verdict will probably be given to-morrow, and reach you by telegraph before this.*

Correspondence.

BARON DALLING AND SECRETARY CLAYTON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: My attention has been attracted to an extract from a letter of the late Baron Dalling and Bulwer (formerly Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer) written a short time before his death, referring to proceedings in Parliament concerning the Treaty of Arbitration, which is in these words:

"I do regret indeed not being in England. The prophecy I made in withdrawing my motion about America has been too closely fulfilled. Of course the time to settle the question was when every sensible man in the United States was disgusted by Sumner's speech. By allowing it to lie on the public mind, it sank into it and has become now a semi-national theory. How, when our only inducement to make a treaty was to set this claim for indirect damages at rest, we could frame one which opened it, is to me miraculous. How they could introduce into such a document the term 'growing out of,' which would hardly occur to any one but a market gardener, is also a marvel. As to the confidence displayed to American statesmen—when I had to make a treaty with them I took the trouble of going over all their own treaties, and in important passages I only used such words as they had used in the sense in which they had used them. Then, when they began their usual disputes about interpretation, I quoted their own authority. All their own newspapers acknowledged I was right, and that I had outwitted Clayton, who died, they said, in consequence."

Now, it is certainly news to the family and friends of the late Secretary, that all, or any respectable number, of the newspapers of the country ascribed his death to his having been "outwitted" by his British antagonist in the negotiation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The Baron must have been imposed upon, in his latter days, by some good-natured friend. The death of Mr. Clayton did not take place until he had attained the usual age of his family; it was six years and a half after the treaty was concluded. In the meantime, and up to within a twelvemonth of that event, he enjoyed robust health; and not to his most intimate friends did any expression ever escape him that the Treaty was not what it ought to have been. He always considered it a decided success for his own Government in two respects; (1) that it secured for the Interoceanic Canal the protection of Great Britain as well as the United States, and (2) it effectually disposed of the British Protectorate of the Mosquito King, and caused the abandonment or evacuation of Greytown—by the engagement that neither party would ever obtain or

* The National Guards were acquitted, although there was a clear case against them.—Ed. Nation.

maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal; agreeing that neither would ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America; nor would either make use of any protection which either afforded or might afford, or any alliance which either had or might have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or of exercising dominion over the same, etc.

It should be understood, in order to a proper knowledge of what is meant by the above language, that Great Britain had, for a considerable period before the Treaty was negotiated, assumed a Protectorate over what it chose to consider as the kingdom of Mosquito, a quite large region (represented on maps as the Mosquito Coast) lying on the eastern coast of Nicaragua, and had also taken possession of San Juan de Nicaragua, in Central America, which its agents Anglicized by calling it *Greytown*. The necessity for the Treaty of joint protection for the ship canal between the oceans furnished our Government with an opportunity for negotiating, if possible, that of her Majesty out of Central America where, to the extent referred to, it had established itself in violation, as was believed, of the famous Monroe Doctrine; and Mr. Clayton, as the representative of President Taylor, availed himself of it. What success attended his labors is shown by the fact that the Protectorate was given up, and the settlement at Greytown abandoned! How, then, it could be imagined that the American Secretary had been *outwitted* by the British negotiator, or why it should have been alleged that Mr. Clayton died of his adversary's superior diplomacy, it is difficult to conjecture. Mr. Clayton always thought he had achieved a great success in negotiating the English out of Central America (for they are slow to leave when once their standard is planted upon foreign territory); but his personal regard for the able diplomatist who contended with him never allowed him to repeat what his own countrymen felt, and the non-partisan of them said, that he had got the better of (*outwitted*) the British Envoy. The Treaty was not, at the time it was made, sufficiently appreciated—partly from ignorance of the subject matter beyond the mere canal question, and also because some partisan enemies of the American negotiator did not intend that it should be. But time has vindicated its wisdom on our part, and after Mr. Clayton's death, Mr. Seward, in pronouncing his opinion of him in the Senate, referred to the Treaty in these words:

"A very distinguished French savant (Mons. Ampère) begins his journal as a traveller with an account of his visit at the World's Fair, held, I think, in 1852, in London; and he pronounces that great exhibition of the industry of so many nations as the first universal fact in the history of the human race. He egregiously erred. That great event was neither the most important, nor was it the first, of the universal facts which have transpired in our own day. The first universal fact—a fact indicating an ultimate union of the nations—was the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty, that Treaty which provided for the opening of passages of communication and connection across the Central American isthmus to the growing civilization of the western and modern, and the declining civilization of the eastern and ancient world. It was the felicitous good fortune of John M. Clayton, not more than his genius and ability, that enabled him to link his own fame with that great and stupendous transaction, and so to win for himself the eternal gratitude of future generations, not only in his own country, but throughout the great divisions of the earth. Whatever difficulties have hitherto attended the execution of that great Treaty, whatever future difficulties may attend it, the Treaty itself is the bow of promise of peace, harmony, and concord to all nations, as it is an imperishable monument to the fame of him whose worth we celebrate and whose loss we deplore."

J. P.

July 3, 1872.

POLITICAL CANDOR—MR. CURTIS AND MR. SCHURZ.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your last issue has suggested to me to ask the question whether the character of the political addresses of the approaching canvass cannot in some degree be improved. The well-known tendency of the heat of the struggle is to compel political speakers to abandon their self-respect in their partisanship, and to undo in this way any good work which belief in the honesty of their aims and the morality of their methods may have hitherto done.

Such conduct seems to me worthy of grave animadversion, because of the injury it does to the cause of political morality and of good government, as it forcibly tends to persuade voters that all those who are demanding the reform and purification of our politics are of the class of "Pete" McClure of Pennsylvania, or "Hank" Smith of New York.

It really seems to me, therefore, to be one of the most important questions of the political situation at present, whether Mr. Schurz will maintain or abandon the high ground he occupied at the recent conference, and whether in the brilliant and forcible statement he is expected to make of the reasons why the honest men of the country should prefer Mr. Greeley to General Grant, he will refuse to ignore the defects and weaknesses of his candidate, and speak with becoming freedom of Mr. Greeley's incapacity for executive trusts and the evil reputations of the politicians who surround and are likely to control him. And if Mr. Schurz, with chivalric courage, thus discharges his duty, will Mr. George William Curtis, in the brilliant and forcible statement he is expected to make of the reasons why the honest men of the country should prefer General Grant to Mr. Greeley, refuse to ignore the defects and weaknesses of his candidate, and give fit expression to the reprobation with which the country resisted General Grant's course in reference to San Domingo and his appointment of Mr. Murphy, and still resists his retention of Mr. Kramer and Mr. Casey?

If these two distinguished and accomplished orators set the example, it is safe to predict that it will be followed by hundreds of others of lesser note, and in this manner the whole truth will be told to those most needing to hear it; the political education of our voters generally assisted, and the reform of our public life rendered far more feasible. X.

June 28, 1872.

SUNDAY AND SABBATH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: There is a short notice of a magazine article on the above subject in your No. 365, page 426, June 27, which seems to convey the idea that there may legitimately exist a wide difference among men in the manner of observing the Sabbath, and that bull-baiting, cock-fighting, horse-racing, dancing, theatre-going, etc., are as proper on that day as on any other. My eye happened to light not long since upon a passage in an old French writer which, I think, may serve to illustrate this subject. Malherbe, writing in 1628, shortly after the settlement of Plymouth, gave utterance to the following sentiments:

"There are but two kings in Europe capable of managing artillery in a campaign; if I have not told you so before, I tell it to you now, for it is the truth. There are only two powers in Christendom—France and Spain; as to the others, they are mere imitators and nothing more."

Now, it so happens that the leading nations at the present day observe the Sabbath in a very different way from that in which it is observed in France and Spain; and is it not probable that the ascendency of these leading nations is due chiefly to this fact? In working out the practical problems of social and national life, is not that nation the most likely to succeed best which makes the strictest and most accurate applications of the axioms of moral science? These axioms are not mere matters of opinion which may be put to vote and carried by a majority for or against. The manner of observing the Sabbath is prescribed by the Decalogue, and it is as binding upon us as any other article of the Decalogue. That opinion which makes free with one of these articles will be naturally prone to make free with all the others.

You allude to "Brattleboro, in rural Vermont," as an American town where the Sabbath is still observed, Plymouth fashion, but where, nevertheless, lies buried—"his tomb a place of honor"—"a man who was one of the most colossal thieves, one of the steadiest liars, and one of the loosest livers that have ever disgraced recent Christian civilization." It is true that the remains of this man were received back to his native State from un-American New York with a demonstration of mingled curiosity and respect due to his New-York-made distinction, where the Sabbath is studiously desecrated, and where murder and covetousness seem to be becoming as little revolting as Sabbath-breaking. It is true, too, that, besides a Fisk and Gould, Vermont has produced an Abner Kneeland, a Joe Smith, a Brigham Young, a Stephen Douglass, who were generously willing that the people should have slavery and polygamy or not, just as they pleased; but individual exceptions can in no wise be taken as evidence of the goodness or badness of a general system. The Puritan observance of Sabbath may have become a mere habit with us, just as our political machinery has done, without much discernment or living principle, and it may be rapidly degenerating. We in New England may be merely following good general habits, moral and political, as the Jews did, without applying their essential principles to the exigencies of the times, proceeding from routine rather than from forethought and reflection; our sense of principle may become obtunded; but if we should as a people ever come to make the desecration of the Sabbath a habit, we shall then probably have a community of such individuals as you allude to instead of one or a few only, and must change our form of government. Our defects, whatever they may be, are not owing, I think, to what remains of our Puritanical observance of the Sabbath.

The energizing moral influence of the Sabbath on individual and national

character is due rather to its disciplinary than to its laxative or indulgential effect. It is natural that democratic tendencies should revolt at discipline, and our manner of observing the Sabbath is therefore undergoing a change, but not, it appears to me, for the better.

J. W. PHELPS.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., June 29, 1872.

[If he will allow us to tell him so, our correspondent draws inferences which are more swiftly than correctly drawn. We have said nothing that need lead anybody to suppose that we regard going to a Sunday bull-fight, in Vermont or elsewhere, as no worse than going to a Monday bull-fight. We think it would be worse for various reasons. It is to the Puritanization of Sunday that people object, not the observance of it.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Professor-Elect of History in the Georgia University, signalizes his accession to a post in which he may yet do considerable harm by writing a "Compendium of History of the United States," of which E. J. Hale & Son, New York, are to be the publishers.——Mr. Edward McPherson's "Hand-Book of Politics for 1872" will be more than commonly acceptable in the approaching campaign. It will make the usual thin octavo of 240 pages, and be issued by Philp & Solomons of Washington.——The Collector of the Port of Boston and the Rev. Elias Nason have undertaken a "Life of Henry Wilson," which will be published early next month by B. B. Russell, Boston.

—Tourists in search of a new sensation this summer might do worse than visit the Wyandotte Cave of Crawford County, in the southwestern part of Indiana. It is probably as extensive as the Mammoth Cave, and, while "it lacks large bodies of water which diversify the scene in the latter," abounds more in stalactites and stalagmites, some of the former having a very peculiar wormlike or macaroni-like form, and twisting and winding in masses "like the locks of a Medusa"; and it is superior to its Kentucky rival "in its vast rooms, with steplike domes, and often huge stalagmites on central hills." Such is a portion of the very interesting description given by Professor E. D. Cope in the *American Naturalist* for July, from which we further extract this incidental remark, which we dare say has been anticipated in the minds of many who read it:

"I believe that wild animals betake themselves to caves to die, and that this habit accounts in large part for the great collection of skeletons found in the cave deposits of the world. After much experience in woodcraft, I may say that I never found the bones of a wild animal that had not died by the hand of man, lying exposed in the forest. I once thought I had found the place where a turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*) had closed its career, on the edge of a wood, and it seemed that no accident could have killed it, the bones were so entire as I gathered them up one by one. At last I raised the slender radius; it was broken, and the only injured bone. I tilted each half of the shaft, and from one rolled a single shot! The hand of man had been there."

The hand of man has another tribute paid it in this month's *Naturalist*, by Mr. J. A. Allen, in his "Ornithological Notes from the West." The Mormon is the man referred to, and what his hand has done in a little more than twenty years is not only to change a sage-brush and grease-wood desert into fruitful fields of farms and orchards, but to produce corresponding changes in the fauna of the great Salt Lake Valley, "increasing the number of all the smaller birds, but especially the granivorous and frugivorous birds," and materially reducing the number of the water-fowl. The European house-sparrow, the common Eastern quail, and the Californian quail are among the birds for which Utah is thus under obligations to polygamy. Dr. H. Hagen's article on "Mimicry in the Colors of Insects" introduces, if we mistake not, some useful distinctions in the discussion of this interesting branch of the Darwinian hypothesis.

—One of the most remarkable traits of the Society of Jesus has always been its literary productiveness. Wherever its members went, no sooner had they founded a house, a college, a mission, than they began to write books. The result has been a vast literature, not theological alone, though chiefly that, but embracing almost every branch of knowledge. Several members of the Society have attempted its bibliography—Ribadeneira, Alegambe, Southwell, and for the historians Stoeger—and their works were long regarded as marvels of diligence and completeness, but they have been entirely superseded by the Fathers Backer, who published from 1853 to 1861 a "Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Société de Jesus," in seven volumes or series, and in the seventh promised an eighth. But the inconvenience of so many alphabets, and the number of additions and corrections that have accumulated in eleven years, have induced the compilers to recast the whole, so as to have one alphabetical series of names, and it now is to form three folio volumes of about 2,350 columns each. The work is wonderfully complete, giving full titles, careful collations, short biographical sketches, and even including the titles of all works written about and against each author. It is well printed. The folio form, to be sure, is unfortunate; and the compilers would have done better to print the lives in a different type from the titles, but good bibliographers are often bad typographers. We fear the commercial success of the first issue was not great, as only two hundred copies have been printed of the new edition, at a very high price. The first two volumes have just reached the Boston Athenæum, and, as often happens in that neighborhood, no doubt before the end of the year three of the two hundred copies will be within three miles of the State House.

—The first article in the *Contemporary Review* for June, on the "Religious Education of Women," by the Rev. Richard Frederick Littledale, deserves attention both for the importance of the subject and the ability with which it is treated. The author asserts that the great preponderance of women in the church seriously affects the clergy; that their low standard of education is "one of the chief intellectual drawbacks which unnecessarily limit the due and reasonable influence of ecclesiastics as a teaching body in the state"; that "when men come to church they hear for the most part sermons written from the woman's lowered point of view, and practically addressed to women only"; that "preachers have acted, consciously or unconsciously, on the principle that there is no use trying to influence men, and that it is better to devote their energies to women." He declares that the pulpit instruction for women is in itself erroneous, appealing chiefly to "the emotions, affections, love of order and regularity, and the necessity of submission to authority"; that it advocates only a negative code, "passive blamelessness, leading to spiritual atrophy," and is particularly mischievous in treating of the relation of women to men in religion—"He for God only; she for God in him," being about the amount of it. This sort of narrow instruction, he declares, reacts on the teachers, who come to have as small a horizon as that they are constantly endeavoring to depict. For the position women occupy in the church to-day, that is, the submissive, receptive position, doing none of their own thinking, shoving every responsibility on to the shoulders of men, and counting a certain blind self-abnegation as the highest virtue, Dr. Littledale blames Justinian and the lawyers, who declared that woman never comes to years of discretion, and not the spirit or intention of Christianity, which gives women an equal responsibility with men before God. In pointing out the faults of women, arising partly from education and partly from nature, Dr. Littledale makes no very new charges; injustice, untruthfulness, stinginess in money-matters, want of imagination, cowardice, and folly, every one has heard brought forward before. Each writer accounts for them in his own way, and the way of the present essayist is suggestive and interesting, and ought not to irritate any sensible woman. He dwells on the importance of a thorough general education, of "getting rid of the peculiarly English notion that the domestic ideal is the highest"—one "never countenanced for so much as a moment by Christian theology"; and that religion, if taught at all, should be taught fully and accurately. The article is one of a kind which would naturally be reproduced, if only for criticism, in the organs of woman-rights advocates; but the *Woman's Journal*, we presume, is very far from entertaining such a thought.

—Our correspondent "L." returns to the charge, in the controversy over the capacity of the French for listening, and cites the following from the dictionary of Littré, than which, of course, there could be no higher authority:

"1. Celui qui écoute, qui prête l'oreille à ce qu'on lui dit, à ce qui est dit.

"'Je connais peu d'écouteurs aussi intelligents. Les bons écouteurs font les bons parleurs.'—*Méré*, Œuvres posthumes, i. 23.

"2. Celui qui écoute par indiscrétion."

This appears to be conclusive evidence that *écouteur* is sometimes used as an exact equivalent for "listener." Perhaps the writer in *Blackwood*, to whom we must now leave the further defence of his position, will find sufficient justification for it in the fact of the infrequent use of the word in this its proper sense, and in the implication contained in the secondary and popular meaning that in France one who listens is oftener overhearing what is not addressed to him than heeding what is. One more remark may be worth adding, and that is that Littré's definition is probably to be taken as historical and not as indicating present usage, for which (say) Spiers and Surenne is likely to be quite as useful a guide. For instance—and this touches the gist of the discussion—if a translator from English into French were seeking a synonym for "listener," would he or would he not be liable to mistake in selecting *écouteur* on the strength of Littré and the citations given; or would he fare better by following Spiers and Surenne, which gives but one mean-

ing, "listener," and qualifies it with "bad sense," allowing no other? If, as we suppose, the author "Méré" is Méré (1610–1685), the tendency of French usage since his day is strongly in favor of *Blackwood's* line of argument; and of Méré it is asserted in Bouillet's "Dictionnaire Universel d'Histoire et de Géographie" that "son style était déparé par l'affectation et par la manie de se singulariser."

—Father Gagarin, whose work on the Russian clergy has just been translated into English, is also editor of a collection which may fairly claim attention, now that his order is on the point of being suppressed in Germany. "Les Jésuites en Russie, 1772–1785," relates how the Society of Jesus, in spite of its suppression by Clement XIV. in 1773, managed to survive in Russia under Catherine II., Paul I., and Alexander I. It consists of a series of original documents, memoirs, etc., beginning, in the first volume, with the Latin text and French translation of a "Récit d'un Jésuite de la Russie Blanche," whose name is unknown, but who wrote in 1786, and whose narrative serves very well as a general introduction to the subject. More readers will probably be found for the "Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère," the great discoverer of electro-dynamics. Few autobiographies permit such intimate glimpses of character and feeling as this, in which there is scarcely an allusion to science, but an unreserved transcription of Ampère's emotions during courtship and after marriage—"written in Lyonnese, with a constant abuse of the past-definite." Other recent French publications of note chiefly concern the war and the Commune. For the history of the latter, these two works will be found valuable for reference: "Dépositions des Témoins de l'Enquête Parlementaire sur l'Insurrection du 18 Mars," in 3 vols., by Henri Ameline; and the digest of this mass of testimony made by Edmond Villetard—"L'Insurrection du 18 Mars. Extraits des Dépositions. . . . classés, discutés et résumés." A theme which has not yet lost its interest finds illustration in "Les Ballons pendant le Siége de Paris," by G. de Clerval, which embraces narratives of sixty aerial voyages, compiled from various sources.

—The "Philosophische Bibliothek," edited by Von Kirchmann, and published by L. Heimann of Berlin, is a decided success. Nearly 150 weekly parts have already been issued at 5 groschen each. The complete works of Kant, of Spinoza, and of Descartes have been published in this cheap form, and may be had either in volumes or by separate topics. Fichte, Hegel, and Schleiermacher are in course of publication. Books of Aristotle, in Ueberweg's version, and of Plato, in Schleiermacher's, have appeared, and also translations of Bacon, Berkeley, and Hume. The type is good, the size a small duodecimo, and each volume is accompanied with indexes, notes, and essays. Some of the latter are expanded into separate volumes, and are valuable not only for the criticism of the author under review, but as independent contributions to the philosophy of the present. Viewed in all these points, the Philosophical Library furnishes a very complete and satisfactory apparatus for the use of the student; and American students who read German would do well to avail themselves of those sections of it which are not accessible in English.

—We have had lately, in book and lecture, something in the nature of advice and encouragement to those who aspire to become journalists. A perfectly just and broad statement of the kind and amount of preparation which the ideal editor should have had, would probably not tend to recruit the profession, while it might even have the mischievous effect of confirming the popular notion that a journalist—that is, a man who writes for the newspapers—must necessarily have an official and regular connection, as proprietor or salaried employee, with some particular paper. Journalists of this kind there must be, just as there must always be persons who make a business of politics; but one of the causes why both professions degenerate as they do is the withdrawal of nearly all interest or participation in them on the part of men who, without neglecting their proper pursuits, could easily overmatch the Bennetts and Forneys and Butlers and Mortons in the fields which they and their kind so largely monopolize. In Italy, one of the most active and useful members of parliament, Bonghi, is at the same time a university professor, a regular contributor to quarterly reviews, and the editor of a daily paper second to none in influence in the peninsula, part of whose preparation as a journalist and statesman has been a thorough study, unremittingly maintained, of English and American affairs and institutions. The late Jan Rudolph Thorbecke, who died at the age of seventy-four, when Premier for the third time of the Dutch Cabinet, and who had more influence than any other person on the political development of his country during the present century, had for his preparation in practical politics, first, university training at Amsterdam and Leyden (1815–20), where he gave himself to philology, history, and philosophy, being made a doctor of literature in 1820; then two years' study, in the German universities, of the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel; then two years as *Privatdocent* in Giessen and Göttingen; then a professorship of history at Ghent (1824–30); then a professorship in the law faculty at Leyden, till 1840, when he first took his seat in the Dutch Chamber engaged in a revision of the constitution which he had advocated in a work published the year before, and which consolidated, as it were, the liberal "Thorbeckian" party which his university lectures had raised up in the previous twenty years. There are a number of examples like these, which may be pondered by those who ask themselves, "What shall I do to become a journalist?" or, "How must I prepare myself to become a statesman?" or, "How can I help to influence politics?"

—There has been much unsatisfactory speculation as to the origin of the word "Maroon"—a fugitive slave—which seems merely an abbreviated form of the Spanish-American "Cimarron," denoting the same thing (primarily an adjective signifying "wild, unruly," applied to men and beasts). Whatever be the true etymology, the maroon himself has been found wherever, in the West Indies or South America, slavery existed and its victims have had to choose between the cruelty of men and the terrors of the wilderness. As long ago as 1804, Robert Charles Dallas, uncle of our late Minister to England, could write a "History of the Maroons" in his native island of Jamaica; and those who took part in the campaigns to suppress them have also left memoirs possessing all the interest of romances. Nor have romances been wanting. What Mrs. Stowe did for the anonymous maroons of the Great Dismal Swamp, and what another novelist might have done for those of the Florida everglades, has just been done for the banditti-fugitives of Brazil by Sr. Bernardo Guimarães, in his "Lendas e Narrativas," a volume containing three tales, of which the first and much the best is "Uma Historia de Quilombolas." The quilombola and the maroon are one, but the former gets his name from the company (*quilombo*) to which he belongs. This is an association of runaways who live by plunder, but are subject to strict regulations among themselves. They used to abound particularly in the mining districts in the province of Minas Geraes, where no sooner was one suppressed than another sprang up; and though every *capitao do matto* who brought in the head of a quilombola received from the authorities fifty octaves of gold, their audacity was undiminished, and finally the miners and planters were compelled to secure themselves from molestation by a regular tribute to the quilombos. These bands dwelt in the thickly overgrown caves which the province so generously provides for all outcasts, and connected with which were natural or artificial subterranean outlets, making capture difficult. Initiation into the quilombo was attended with ceremonies partaking of fetichism—such as making an incision in the breast with a knife, and catching the blood in a leather bag filled with the trumpery of the witches' caldron, which was afterwards hung about the neck of the novice, the whole being confirmed by an oath of fearful import in cabalistic African lingo. According to the *zambi*, or chief, the discipline was more or less severe, sometimes almost monastic in its restrictions as regarded drinking, dancing, and the treatment of captured women. The rules protecting the latter were not a little remarkable for their stringency. The various quilombos were united by a sort of freemasonry, and traffic with the outer world was constantly kept up, often by means of persons who occupied a high social position. The story of Sr. Guimarães, who, by the way, is a native of Minas Geraes, and is able to pain from the life, is a tale of negro love and abduction, of which the date is 1820, or two years before the declaration of Brazilian independence. Nevertheless, many of the incidents and customs which he describes are far from being obsolete, however deserving of extinction.

MISS M. F. ROSSETTI'S "SHADOW OF DANTE."*

MISS MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI may be said to have hereditary qualifications for standing as an interpreter of Dante between our English-speaking public and the great mediæval poet. Her family, originating in Italy, has long lived in England in a not uncongenial exile; her father was an enthusiastic student of Dante, an acute and learned commentator upon his poems, and, we may almost say, a faithful disciple of the poet as a political leader; he and Miss Rossetti's brothers have been translators and explicatory critics of the poetry of Dante, his predecessors, and his contemporaries; she, her sisters, and her brothers have for their lives long breathed the atmosphere of art, and practised art in more than one of its branches; some of them, we do not know if not all of them, have been at one with the poet in faith, and partakers with him in his high desires for Italy, humanity, and religion.

That there was need of such an interpreter there can be no doubt, either in this country, where our most popular poet, a marvellously accomplished

* "A Shadow of Dante. Being an Essay towards studying Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage. By Maria Francesca Rossetti." London: Rivingtons. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

translator, has done so much to popularize the "Divina Commedia," or in England, where, if there has been much translation of Dante, there is a reading public not, upon the whole, very responsive to the lofty religious idealism and the narrow political intensity of this wonderful Italian embodiment of intellectual mediævalism. Miss Rossetti may properly hope that she has in this little volume done good service to the object of her reverent love and to the cause of poetry. To the general reader, Dante is known by the episodes of his poem; for one person who has studied the whole of his great work, for every ten who have so much as read the first third of it through, there are fifty among those who know his name who have read of Paolo and Francesca, of the everlasting gate of hell, of Ugolino and Ruggieri, and who have but very little further acquaintance with the scenes of that tremendous pilgrimage, and with its vast fabric of poetry, philosophy, theology, and science, false and true. Miss Rossetti's plan has been first to set forth briefly and in plain language, made plainer when necessary by pictures and diagrams, Dante's scheme of the universe, and to show what biography and history reveal his experience in life to have been; then, in the second place, to expound in greater detail the physical and moral basis on which he constructs his three worlds of the damned, the blessed, and the expiating, and, by way of doing this, to narrate, now in the poet's own words, now in a prose summary of her own, the course of his journey. Her main object, she adds, in adopting and carrying out this plan was to allow Dante to present the reader with his autobiography as written in his poem—a poem written from the whole brain and the deep of the heart, if any ever was; to enable us to study his character; "to be spiritualized by his spirit and upborne on his wings," and subsidiarily to exemplify his treatment of his main themes. Thus it is that what is episodical in the poem is omitted, and thus that Miss Rossetti has been careful of literalness in the choice of translated versions. One principle of translation, she holds, should govern the writer who wishes to set before the reader the thoughts of common authors, and quite another should govern him who would set before his reader a style and an author immortal and unique. She, therefore, uses Mr. Longfellow's version of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso," and her brother's, Mr. W. M. Rossetti's, version of the "Inferno."

Avowedly it is to general readers that Miss Rossetti makes her address, and it may perhaps be questioned whether such readers will not find her somewhat too reverent and submissive a devotee of the poet and philosopher, too loving and sympathetic a fellow-worshipper; and whether they will not find in her book a shadow of the man as he was, so sharply distinct and austerely true as to be repellent in much the same way as he himself. We partly think the volume would practically have been shorter had it been lengthened by more discursive comments, biographic and historic, and more of the mere poetry which keeps for Dante a place in the common heart of mankind, in spite of all that offends in him, in spite of all that puzzles, all that time has consigned to dusty death, all that transcends the possible experience of common minds and spirits, all in which the great Florentine is beneath the intelligence of to-day, opposed to the sympathies and beliefs of our age and race, obscure to our understanding, above us in rapt contemplation of heavenly things. Not many of our fellow-citizens or of their transatlantic cousins have had the training which enables them to live long at the altitudes whither Miss Rossetti eagerly and easily soars with her guide's help; not many of them have more than a faint care for the two-natured Gryphon, ruddy and white, symbolic of the central figure of Christianity; nor for the Lake of Light, effulgent with the Unspeakable Light shining upon the convex summit of the Primum Mobile; nor for Rachel, the Contemplative Life, with her mirror, and Leah, the Active Life, with her woven garlands; nor for the golden Heavenly Rose, whose petals are the saints; nor the choral dance of the three Theological Virtues in red, white, and green, and of the four Jewish Cardinal Virtues, in robes of a purple color; nor the cleansing purgations and the hopeful agony of the terraced mount. Everywhere, even in the poet's native land, it is the "Inferno" by itself that makes for him his name among all classes of his readers save the very best, and we dare say that part of the Sacred Poem may, for pleasing his English-speaking readers, have a particular aptitude. To them, as to other men, its easily apprehensible spiritual truths, the pleasure its spectacle of such torments for such crimes affords at once to man's love of exercising power, to his rude sense of justice, and to his love of strong emotion, its gloom, sometimes grand, oftener painful and mean, answering to the gloom within and around man—these qualities must make it always universally acceptable, and perhaps, as we say, to them more than to other men. But as for the "Purgatorio," it is an Englishman of a very rare sort who has done anything worth while with purgatory; it was Mr. J. H. Newman who wrote:

> "Take me away, and in the lowest deep
> There let me be,
> And there, in tears, the lone night-watches keep,
> Told out for me," etc., etc.

A soul's desire to be purged by submissive penitential sufferings such an Englishman as Mr. Newman could conceive, with a true faith and fondness, but of his fellow-countrymen, or of ours, not very many could enter heartily into his feeling. Do what you know is right and go to heaven, do what you know is wrong and go to hell, and stay there, is their simple creed. Nor do the theological abstractions or the religious raptures and intensities of the "Paradiso," any more than the remorseful supineness of the "Purgatorio" : the sense of unworthiness born of a clinging love to God, hold the average Englishman or American by any strong attraction. The cosmogony of the Mount of Purgatory answering to the hollow cone of hell, and antipodal to Jerusalem, surrounded by the nine heavens and the Empyrean in concentric spheres, have about the same charm for him as the groups of saints disposed in garlands, or the discourse of Saint Bernard concerning the Elect Babes and their degrees, or the astrological causes which make sons to be sometimes more avaricious than their fathers, or the eyes of Beatrice, or the apparition of the very Living Light

> "Of threefold color and of one dimension."

But if Miss Rossetti, in her worship of the poet, has perhaps made her "Shadow of Dante" less capable than it might be of conciliating the kindness of the general public which she wishes to bring into the true Dantean fold, there are several classes of readers who will welcome the book as a great assistance and a great means of pleasure. It is much to have a comment on Dante's poem by a well-learned writer living in our own time, and writing our own language, to whom the Gryphon is actually a dread symbol that fills the soul with adoring awe and love, whose heart stands still when the shades chant *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*, who, in short, shares all the fears and hopes of the poet, and to whom every thought of his is weighty, pregnant with meaning of utmost concern to us both in this life and the life to come; and such a commentator Miss Rossetti is. To her, as Ahithophel to the chosen people consulting him, Dante speaks as if one took counsel of the oracles of God. In his song she hears less the music than the voice declaring the nature of sin, the way of cure, the pains through which redemption is sought, the bitter and sweet of forgiveness and amendment, the bliss of reconciliation with the soul's Maker, the ecstasy of the redeemed, not "sweltering in quiet waves of immortality," but burning in love and joy ineffable, at the end of all things, at the heart of all things, content. This oneness of feeling with the poet makes of Miss Rossetti a guide through Dante who will to many be of more service than many commentators of more learning and parade of learning. In other books, provided they are numerous enough, her readers will find more knowledge explaining the intricacies and obscurities of the poems, but we believe they will nowhere else find in one volume so much help towards an understanding of the details of the poem, and at the same time towards getting into a mood of mind somewhere in the neighborhood of sympathy with the poet's religious feeling and thought. Something not contemptible the book also does towards another end, and doubtless it will avail to send readers where more will be done in the same direction—the intelligent appreciation of the ages of which Dante was the product, and of which his poem is but the principal literary expression. Miss Rossetti's strength is otherwise employed; the man, his faith, which is her faith, his religious sufferings and aspirations, are her theme rather than his poetry or the history of him and of his time; but she will point her intelligently curious reader to this fruitful field of study. Thus she speaks of it in her preface:

> "Are we of those who, deeply and intelligently interested in the past, love in every period to dive below the surface and welcome as peculiarly precious every ray of contemporary light thrown on persons and events? Dante is a focus of such rays: bask we in them, and we shall know what at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century—among the most intellectual people of the West—were the highest attainments of the highest minds in physical science; what natural and moral problems received an astrological solution; what judgment was passed at the time, or soon afterwards, on such personages as Frederick II. of Germany, Philippe le Bel, Charles of Anjou; what was the character of the petty Italian states and princes of the period; what manners and customs prevailed; what corruptions revolted dignified and pious souls; how nearly on the same level of reality mediæval habits of thought and study placed historic fact and classic fable; what were the speculations of philosophers, what the contemplations of theologians, what the general tone of moral and religious thought in those who by reason of use had their senses exercised to discern both good and evil."

And however far her readers may go in their investigations, there are many of them who will still find it profitable to return to Miss Rossetti's modest volume for a light which no critical commentator or historical biography will be likely to shed.

CALVERT'S "GOETHE."*

A BOOK on Goethe is so far from being an ordinary production of the American press that the mere fact of its appearance is noteworthy, and when, moreover, we receive one that shows a generous appreciation of much that is best in this great man, and a delicate, intelligent sympathy with his life and works, we cannot withhold praise. In this volume, Mr. Calvert gives us the fruits of careful study and of long—if anything, perhaps too long—reflection. The book is not a biography, but rather a collection of essays that treat with great fairness different sides of Goethe's complex character and varied life. This is no simple task. Goethe, who so nearly represented the civilization of two widely divergent centuries, demands more serious consideration and a broader treatment than is generally acceptable to the essayist who tries to find one word that shall be most applicable to his subject, as if, by some happy chance, the secret of the universe could be expressed in a *bon mot*. This is by no means an error into which Mr. Calvert falls; he is everywhere painstaking in his quest of accuracy, as well as generous, even enthusiastic, in his method. The very titles of his various essays show this, stating very well the salient points that need discussion. They are "Weimar and Italy," "Poetry and Science," "Schiller," "Friendships," "Loves," "Faust," and, in conclusion, a brief biographical sketch.

In every one of these essays we find proofs of Mr. Calvert's delicacy and knowledge. He illustrates all that he has to say by copious extracts from Goethe's own writings, tempering all by good, and often excellent, criticism. For example, we quote the following brief account of the "Westoestlicher Divan":

"Its origin is peculiarly characteristic of Goethe. In 1813, the translations by Von Hammer of the poems of Hafiz fell into his hands, and by these he was so affected that, in his own words, he 'had to become productive in order not to be overwhelmed by them.' The strong effect was much owing to his sympathy, especially now in his autumnal life, with the serenity and cheerfulness and wisdom of the famous Persian poet. . . .

"The poems of Hafiz moved Goethe to embody in verse, with an Oriental coloring, much that lay stored and ripened within him, waiting just for this stimulus. . . . The 'Divan,' lifted on the gradually self-refining judgments of criticism, has now taken its lasting place among the choice creations of poetic art, uniquely enjoyed because, under a captivating mask of Orientalism, it combines solidity with grace, depth with lightness, wisdom with wit. By some of Goethe's contemporaries it was disparaged as unpatriotic and far-fetched: unpatriotic, because begun during the war of liberation in 1813; far-fetched on account of its Eastern dress."

The limits of the volume forbade that everything should be said that might be said; but, this considered, Mr. Calvert offers to the careful reader a very complete impression of Goethe. In the treatment of his life, especially in the chapters upon his friendships and his loves, we think that we have the best of the book. The little sketch of his intimacy with Zelter is particularly good, in spite of its brevity. In treating of Goethe's love-affairs, Mr. Calvert is the most lenient of judges. He finds fault, very properly, with those critics who would wish to have had the power to arrange Goethe's flirtations and marriage in the way they would like to settle those of their own sons and daughters. But while Mr. Calvert is far from any such perversion of the critic's duty, and makes due allowance for Goethe's warm nature, it seems to us that he ignores one of his most prominent traits, namely, his intense egotism. This was shown most clearly in his love-affairs, but not by any means in them alone, though it is in relation to them that the world is most nearly agreed about what goes to show this fault. If this were simply a personal fault, merely affecting one in his relations with his more intimate companions, the essayist might well omit all mention of it; for who cares for Herder's irritability or Voltaire's testiness? But in Goethe this egotism was so much of the man, it was so important an element of his intellectual growth, it was indeed such an intellectual process in itself, so directly the result of his intelligence in struggle with his passionate nature, that its omission seems to be serious, although one that is due to Mr. Calvert's desire to be free from any imputations of petty fault-finding. In this chapter, *apropos* of his leaving Wetzlar, we find the following description of some points of Goethe's character:—

"A characteristic of Goethe was a demand for sensuous presence in the object of his interest. He required personally to feel, or to have felt, a passion or emotion in order to represent it poetically. And the range of his representations is so wide because the gamut of his sensibilities was so full and fine. Certain passions and conjunctions had not been deeply experienced because they had been resisted. Near enough he had calmly stood to be singed by the flame and smoke of volcanoes whose craters he would not explore to the bottom; he had gazed into abysses whose depths he withheld himself from sounding. To the poet this was enough: it gave him a clear right of usufruct. He could not rest until he had seen Italy, and had stood face to face with its bays and mountains, its sun and moon, and its marvels of art. His imagination asked for solid stuff, palpitating reality, out of which to shape its creations: it could not snatch men and women from the air. Both the perceptions and the affections of Goethe were keen and strong; and while they fed his larger faculties of thought and emotion, they upheld and strengthened each the other. He loved a person the more for seeing him or her: presence bred love, and love throve on presence. . . . Being, from the wealth of his sympathies and vivacity of temperament, very impressible, new objects made themselves readily welcome. By no means were the old lost or effaced, but for the moment their place was supplied. Add to this his joyousness, his activity of intellect, his practical sense, his self-control, and we can understand how he could, in most cases, inwardly master what he felt ought to be mastered."

The last few lines express, to our thinking, as we have implied, but part of the truth, although it is certainly an important part. The first few lines seem to express a quality of Goethe's mind which is generally neglected in the long-drawn comparisons between him and Schiller, and in the equally interminable discussion as to whether he was more a subjective or objective poet, and this is his subjectivity in the choice of a subject and his objectivity in the treatment.

While Mr. Calvert's essay can be recommended for what he says, his manner of saying it deserves a different qualification. There is hardly a page which does not contain at least one sentence, and very often more, that require to be read twice or thrice before the meaning is perfectly clear. This singular intricacy of our author's style is much to be regretted for the sake of the subject, the reader, and the author. It is unfair for all. A book thus handicapped has no chance in comparison with one of even less genuine merit. To the reader this ruggedness gives much the same impression that would be made upon him by visiting a picture-gallery in which all the pictures were hung upside down: the better the pictures, the greater would be his regret. We need give no examples of what will be plain enough to the many who, we hope, will read this excellent book in spite of its occasional difficulties. They will be well repaid. It lacks literary smoothness, but it contains the results of hard thinking and much cultivation; the faults of style to which we allude often but hide subtle thought. In conclusion, we would call Mr. Calvert's attention to the misquotation at the bottom of page 73 and the top of the next page, which could be easily corrected in another edition.

* "Goethe. His Life and Works. An Essay. By George H. Calvert." Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1872.

"PAPER MONEY THE 'ROOT OF EVIL.'"*

IT is said of a distinguished professor of mathematics that the only grades of merit he ever recognized among his pupils were the highest and the lowest. Either a pupil understood the subject, or he did not; in the former case he received the highest mark, in the latter the lowest. Writers on the currency may be classified in the same way. One who clearly sees that "dollar" is only a word which cannot change the nature of anything to which it may be applied; that stamping a piece of paper "one dollar," declaring it one dollar by act of Congress, and compelling every one to receive it as one dollar, does not give it any definite value and does not make it worth twenty-three grains of gold rather than five grains or one grain, any more than declaring a stick picked up at random a lawful yard would make it three feet long—a writer, we say, who clearly and constantly sees this may be said to *understand*, and what he has to say will probably be worth consideration. Not seeing this, he does not comprehend the elements of his subject, and all his speculations may be summarily rejected as chaff.

It is pleasant to find that Mr. Mann fully understands this fundamental principle, and has therefore produced a work which is something more than a course of visionary and impracticable speculation, and something better than we should expect from its unfortunate title. And yet we are greatly disappointed in the book. We would scarcely have believed that a writer of the class who understand could have been led into so much weak and inconclusive reasoning. If he had confined himself to showing the great wrong that was done when the legislature changed the meaning of the word dollar, so that instead of a coin containing twenty-three grains of gold it signifies only a piece of paper stamped "United States will pay one dollar," and the absurdity of the legal decisions to which this change gave rise, and to devising some practical measure for giving the dollar a fixed value, we should have commended his work most heartily. But the book would then have been a very small one, and it is apparently to fill it up that he opens with a discussion of currency, paper money, credit, banking, and other matters. The object of such a discussion should have been the refutation of the fallacies which surround these subjects. For instance, one of the most deep-seated of popular errors is that which ascribes to the kind of currency, whether paper or metallic, a controlling influence over national prosperity. This error may be met by showing that in the daily transaction of current business, the choice between metal and paper is merely one of convenience, and that, in fact, where busi-

* "Paper Money the Root of Evil. An Examination of the Currency of the United States, with practical suggestions for restoring Specie Payments without robbing Debtors. By Charles A. Mann." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874. pp. 374, 12mo.

ness is transacted on the largest scale, money is hardly used at all, its place being taken by credit. Now, when Mr. Mann tries to show that a mixed currency "lessens the share of the laborer by diminishing the purchasing power of wages, injures the agriculturist by causing him to receive a smaller quantity of the commodities he needs for consumption in exchange for what he produces, and increases the rates of interest and profits received by the capitalist," and that the same is true of the whole credit system, he shows that, far from being qualified to correct the error, he is completely under its dominion. Again, the public at large cannot see the precarious nature of that immense portion of the national capital which is invested in bank stocks, bonds, and evidences of debt of various kinds. The only right which the owner of such capital possesses is that of receiving a specified number of "dollars" at some future time. As matters now stand, nothing is more uncertain than the future dollar. It is only a few years since it took twenty of them to buy a barrel of flour. Five years hence it may take forty to pay for a dinner. If so, what will a thousand-dollar bond amount to? The man who will bring this danger clearly before the mind of the public will be a great benefactor. Notwithstanding his qualifications for the task, Mr. Mann has failed to do it.

When we reach the question how this evil is to be remedied, we again dissent from our author. He begins by asserting that the appreciation of our dollar to the coin standard will do as great a wrong to debtors as the legal-tender act did to creditors. He conceives that justice can be done only by having each creditor paid some amount which shall be the mathematical equivalent of his debt at the time it was incurred. Here he overlooks a most important feature of the case. Before 1862 every contract to pay dollars meant dollars in gold, and nothing else, these being the only kind of dollars that had ever been legally recognized. No one anticipated that Congress would change the dictionary, so that the word which formerly meant a certain weight of gold should thereafter mean only a certain piece of Government paper, or that judges would be found to decide that such a contract should be construed according to the new dictionary, and not according to the meaning of the terms at the time it was entered into. But, after the legal-tender act was passed, every one who agreed to pay or receive dollars has himself to thank if he did not know that he had to pay or receive just such dollars as Congress might legalize before the time of payment, and that he must take his chances of their value. The agreement is quite similar to one to deliver a specified commodity at a future day. It is desirable that the value of the commodity shall be the same when delivered as when contracted for; but neither party has cause of complaint if the value is not the same.

The remedy which Mr. Mann actually proposes is briefly this: gradually to withdraw the legal-tender notes from circulation entirely, to make coin the only legal tender after a day to be named, and to settle the contracts made before that day on some equitable basis. He proposes to issue treasury notes convertible into bonds for the payment of such debts, but the proposal is couched in language too vague to admit even of intelligent criticism. We can only remark, in general terms, that the great objection to this plan is the confusion it would introduce into the operations of banks and life insurance companies, whose assets consist mainly of indebtedness continually cancelled and continually renewed. To provide an equitable adjustment for every case would require a more elaborate law than can be got through Congress, and a knowledge of political economy on the part of our judges which they do not possess.

The heart of the evil consists in this, that the promise to pay expressed on the face of the greenback means nothing, and worse yet, that Congress and the country are quite satisfied that it should continue to mean nothing. The remedy consists in so correcting public sentiment that Congress and the people shall see the danger of this apathy, and the fallacy of the arguments by which it is defended, and thus be forced to give the promise some definite meaning. When the dangers and fallacies are once seen, there will be no difficulty in devising measures to meet the case. The most simple and practicable measure would be to make greenbacks redeemable in coin at par —the coin, however, being payable not on demand, but a definite length of time, say six months, after the greenback was surrendered to the treasury; in other words, to make the greenbacks convertible into bonds payable in coin without interest six months after their issue. It would probably be found that the purchasing power of the greenbacks would then be less liable to fluctuations than if they were payable absolutely on demand.

Singular Creatures, and How They were Found; being Stories and Studies from the Domestic Zoölogy of a Scotch Parish. By Mrs. George Cupples. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)—Neither the present catch-title, nor the original "Tappy's Chicks" of the English edition, has been happily selected to "accuse," as architects say, the nature of this work. It consists of a series of anecdotes, more or less connected in respect of the personages who figure in them, about the barnyard fowls of the minister's wife who writes the book, about the Tailor's Cat, the Cobbler's Terrier, the Rookery, the Poacher's Ferret, the Sailor's Monkey, the Weaver's Starling, etc., etc. They are told in a manner to charm irresistibly a nursery audience, though to be quite intelligible at all times the Scotch brogue must either be softened or interpreted; and their effect upon the observing powers of children and their treatment of pets cannot fail to be excellent. While far from being intended as a contribution to the discussion of what constitutes instinct, or whether it exists, it furnishes many effective arguments in favor of those who take the highest view of the reasoning powers of animals, and (exception made of some obviously fictitious passages) really outweighs in value almost any volume produced by doctors of divinity on the other side. The author's humor will be chiefly appreciated by the elders, but will not miss the juvenile hearers already referred to, as will be found on putting them to the test. The book, in short, commends itself highly to every household in which there are children to be entertained, and as it has a great deal of wear in it, its purchase may confidently be advised. A few extracts will serve to show that our good opinion of "Singular Creatures" is not unfounded.

The clucking-hen, Tappy, having for some reason taken a spite against one of her brood, and expelled it from the coop, Miss Tiny is made a house favorite, and has a perch assigned her on a chair in the kitchen by the maid Barbara. It is this warm-hearted Scotch girl who one day rushes into the parlor, "somewhat unceremoniously crying,

"'O, mem, what dae ye think wee Tiny did the noo (just now)?'

"'I really could not say,' I replied. 'Pushed the chicken off its perch again, perhaps?'

"'No, she just tried to craw like a cock, mem!' said Barbara, almost in a whisper.

"'Well, Barbara,' I said, 'nothing very wrong in that, I hope—though there is a saying that crowing hens are no canny.'

"'But what if she *is* a cock, mem?' said Barbara, with a gasp; 'no *hen* at a'.'

"The thought of such an idea flashed upon me for the first time, and my look of surprise must have expressed itself in my face to Barbara, who said,

"'I never thocht the crater could be onything *but* a hen. It's awfu'!'

"This was certainly a rather alarming piece of news, and what no one had ever supposed could happen; but as Tiny continued to crow every day, it became evident to all that the 'crater' was really a cock after all; and, as Barbara said, 'It was just another proof of its impudence, to deceive folk that way so long!'"

Johnnie Smith, loth to be made apprentice to the tailor, declares in favor of the ploughman's vocation. Mrs. Cupples enquires:

"'Is it because you will have horses to drive, and sometimes get a ride on their backs?'

"'Yes, but for more than the horse.'

"When pressed further, however, he seemed unable to explain, and for some minutes I sat looking as fixedly at him as little Midge, who lay watching every turn of his master's face, evidently in distress at the gloomy countenance. It was a bright spring day, one of those days when sounds are heard a long distance off, and the air is full of the sweet scents of earth and grass. A lark rose from the sprouting corn-field close at hand, up and up, with a wild, sweet gush of song. I had often listened to the warblings of a lark before, but there was something in the boy's face that made me feel its beauty in a new way. I felt keenly then, that having been brought up in a city, I had not been able hitherto to enter into the boy's feelings. I tried, therefore, to fancy myself in his place. His life, up to this time, had been as free and as joyous as the lark that fluttered above us. It was pleasant almost to listen to the harsh croak of some crows flapping in the trees of the wood surrounding an old ruin; for when he turned his head that way, I knew he was thinking of the days he had spent in climbing those high trees, to take the young birds; and when a half-smile appeared at the corner of his lips, he was no doubt recalling a time when he had perhaps outstripped all his companions, for he was known to be a fearless climber. . . . .

"Had he become a ploughman he must have given up much of this, to be sure; but there always would have been the blue sky for a ceiling, and the innumerable sounds and scents of Nature."

The old fable of the Spartan boy and the fox is brought to bear with effect, but

"If I'm to be like a Spartan laddie," said Johnnie, trying to keep his lip from quivering, "Midge wunna be like his dog, at any rate."

A Dictionary of Words and Phrases used in Commerce. With Explanatory and Practical Remarks. By Thomas McElrath. (New York: Taintor Bros.)—The reason which induced the author to add another to the not small number of commercial dictionaries, is stated in the preface to have been his experience, in the discharge of his duties as appraiser-general of foreign merchandise at this port, of "the need of some book which might be conveniently referred to for the meaning of unfamiliar terms contained in foreign invoices, and for the technical signification or import of certain words and phrases used in mercantile transactions." It will be found accordingly

that this dictionary differs from its predecessors in its compactness and its adaptation to American use, not to mention other particulars in which it shows marks of originality and labor. Some examples, chosen almost at random, will best exhibit the nature of this compilation. Under "New York" we have a description of its advantages as "the greatest emporium of the New World," a view of its foreign and domestic commerce, and the rates of commissions recommended by the Chamber of Commerce, of cartage by city ordinance, and of pilotage, wharfage, and dockage. Under "Tariff," the controversy in this country between free-trade and protection is fairly stated, and some curious abuses of the tariff instanced, as "when, the law having failed to make specific provision for Chinese fire-crackers, and having provided for non-enumerated articles, an officer of the customs, in order to take the article out of the latter provision, returns them as *manufactures of paper*"; or, again, "where shoes, subject to a duty of 35 per cent., because lined with wool waste are returned as manufactures of wool, and subjected to a duty of 50 cents per pound, and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*." The U. S. tariff as it was till recently tinkered is given in full, with blanks in which to note alterations. Under "Corner," the definition is followed by this intelligence:

"The Board of Trade at Chicago, in order to relieve merchants involved in time contracts, adopted a rule that whenever any member of their board shall claim that the fulfilment of his contract is interfered with by the existence of a 'corner,' a committee shall investigate as to its existence, and if the committee find that a 'corner' existed at the time of the maturity of the contract, such contract shall be settled on the basis of actual value as compared with other property of the same kind, but of a different grade, in other markets; such value to be ascertained as near as may be, and a price to be fixed by a majority of such committee."

Under "Photographs," we learn that "by the internal revenue laws of the United States ambrotypes and daguerreotypes, for the purposes of taxation, are considered as photographs. They are not commercially classed with engravings." Under "Peaches" we have statistics of the trade in that fruit, making nearly a page of the dictionary.

Each alphabetical section is preceded by a table more or less full of synonyms in different commercial languages, viz., English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, and Spanish. On this side it invites and will bear some comparison with the admirable "Pocket Dictionary of Technical Terms used in Arts and Manufactures, abridged from the Technological Dictionary of Rumpf, Mothes, and Unverzagt, with the addition of Commercial Terms" (in three volumes—English, German, French. New York: L. W. Schmidt. 1872). This little book must be a godsend to professional translators, and is a model of neatness and brevity, combined with fulness. One finds there the synonyms for *T-square, cradle-scythe, dish-clout (econ.), town dues, shunt* and *switch, composing-stick, polarization, Jumel cotton, repoussé, give bail, turn-table*, etc., etc. It omits, however, *gambrel (arch.)*, and speaks of *collar-beam* as being an obsolete expression, which is hardly the case; omits *day-book*, and, as does also McElrath, *tickler*, a book-keeping Americanism. The railway euphemism of *côté des hommes* is not recognized, though the vulgar designation for it in French and English is retained. A hundred criticisms of this kind would not seriously impair the value of the "Pocket Dictionary," and we can heartily recommend it along with the "Commercial Dictionary" to all whom these handy works of reference concern. They are both well printed, and the former with singular accuracy.

Autumnal Catarrh (Hay Fever). With three maps. By Morrill Wyman, M.D., late Hersey Professor Adjunct of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Harvard University. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—Dr. Wyman, who has learned in suffering what he has taught in song, was the first to describe autumnal catarrh in the year 1854, and to vindicate its claims to the dignity of an independent disease. His investigations, which have extended over many years, have now been put into a very readable book. The cause of this disease, which has not spared such shining marks as Chief-Justice Shaw and Daniel Webster, is not known; but fortunately the remedy is an easy and pleasant one: the sufferer has only to repair to a "non-catarrhal region" two days before the 15th of August and tarry forty days in the wilderness. After this he may go back to the amenities of life in the lowlands, secure from attack till the dreaded 15th of August returns. For the benefit of those readers who have not learned to map out their country into "catarrhal" and "non-catarrhal regions," we will briefly say that the "non-catarrhal regions" are high regions. Dr. Wyman has taken great pains to ascertain precisely what these non-catarrhal regions are, and has made it plain to the eye by maps. The book is a model of wary, shrewd, and methodical investigation, and is full of interest for the layman and general reader, as well as for the medical man.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Sermons, Fifth and Sixth Series, 2 vols.	(J. B. Ford & Co.) $2 50
Boston Illustrated, swd.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 0 50
Brace (C. L.), The Dangerous Classes of New York.	(Wynkoop & Hallenbeck) 2 50
Browning (R.), Fifine at the Fair, and Other Poems.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Calvert (G. H.), Goethe: His Life and Works.	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Cockton (H.), The Love Match, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
Colvin (S.), Children in Italian and English Design.	(Seeley, Jackson & Halliday)
Doehler (Dr. E.), Die Orakel, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Dumas (A.), Six Years Later, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Egli (Dr. J. J.), Nomina Geographica, final Parts 5 and 6, swd.	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Fick (Dr. A.), Der Kreislauf des Blutes, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Gray (Prof. A.), How Plants Behave.	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Hickok (Rev. L. P.), Humanity Immortal	(Lee & Shepard) 2 75
Keyes (Rev. E. R.), Wesley and Swedenborg.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Morini (A.), Life and Resources in America.	(Washington)
Music at the World's Peace Jubilee, Boston, June, 1872	(O. Ditson & Co.) 0 75
Schulte (Dr. J. F. von), Die neueren Katholischen Orden und Congregationen, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Spectrum Analysis Discoveries, swd.	(Lee & Shepard) 0 75
Stickney (W.), Autobiography of Amos Kendall.	" "
Story (J. P.), Cholsy: a Tale.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Thackeray (W. M.), Christmas Books, Ballads, etc.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
History of Henry Esmond, and Memoirs of Barry Lyndon.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Turgenef (I. S.), Smoke: a Russian Novel.	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Wasserschleben (Dr. H.), Die deutschen Staatsregierungen und die katholische Kirche, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde zu Berlin: No. 37, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1872.

The Week.

MR. GREELEY has been formally notified of his nomination by the Democrats, and accepted without many words, referring the committee and the party to his letter accepting the Cincinnati nomination. His managers are full believers in the doctrine held by many of our statesmen, that good and available candidates among us masses must either be born naturals, or are at once, on nomination, stricken by heaven with such imbecility that they must at all costs keep their mouths shut. The candidate was, however, allowed to say a few words to the committee on the following day when they visited him, but the speech was about farming at Chappaqua, and vindicated the Sage from the charge of wasting money in fancy farming. He said his wife wanted him to get a place with a cascade and a spring, and that was why he purchased in that vicinity, and not because he calculated on making money. The *Times* correspondent who was with the party says that when the committee came up to the spring to drink, a man had to be stationed there with a stick to drive away the bull-frogs, which abound; but the *Times* is prejudiced in these matters.

That the Greeley strength has increased until it is now absolutely overwhelming, so that only obstinacy and a dogged and blind desire to be unbeneficent to the South keep Grant still in the field, we have the authority and evidence of the *Tribune*. Everybody is for Greeley and Brown, the *Tribune* says, except the office-holders and the enemies of their brethren. It is preparing its readers, we see, for a possible defeat in North Carolina by articles which declare that although Grant men are demoralized, the Greeley men enthusiastic, the Administration pouring in money by the hundred thousand dollars, every Southern State but South Carolina sure for Greeley and Brown, yet it may nevertheless be that local issues may so govern the people's political action in August that North Carolina may go for the Republicans now, though certain to go against them in November. We ourselves cannot tell our readers how much money has gone into North Carolina. We advise them to believe that less has gone in than the *Tribune* is saying, for we are not admirers of the way in which the *Tribune* is at present conducted, and do not find ourselves believing all it says nowadays. And we advise them to believe that more money has gone there than the *Times* or Marshal Carrow would seem to desire us to suppose. Everything indicates a sharp struggle in that State and a dubious result, though, as things stand, the Regular Republicans are likelier to beat than their opponents. It is the gong that is to be beaten up here, and very thoroughly that labor is performed; down there it is the enemy in the field, and that is another matter.

Governor Gratz Brown, being at the Commencement dinner at Yale last week, was invited to address his fellow-alumni, and did so. He said that Yale must improve her methods of instruction; she needed fewer recitations and closer communication between tutors and pupils; she should go to the West to be taught how to teach; Missouri could teach her, and the West in general was further advanced than the East in matters of education; the reason of this was that the West had got ideas from Germany rather than from the Atlantic States. These remarks brought up the President, Dr. Porter, who remarked that the authorities of the college might put Mr. Brown upon one of the examining committees next spring, when he would learn what had been done at Yale during the twenty-five years since he had visited New Haven. To this Mr. Brown replied that he expected to be in other business next spring. After this Professor Sumner spoke, briefly recounting some of the changes and improvements which have made Yale so different an institution from the Yale of 1845, and the subject was therewith dropped. Considering that the Commencement dinner is an occasion when college men meet to shake hands, to remind each other of old times, to hear about the condition of the college, and devise means of increasing its prosperity—to renew their own youth and their Alma Mater's; and considering that the conciliation of the German Vote and the Hoosier Vote and other Votes is commonly tabooed at these gatherings, and thought to be not just the thing; and considering that Mr. Brown, as it appears, was but ill-informed as to the educational condition of the college, this advent of his into the canvass of the East may be called felicitous—creditable to his good sense and good information and good taste. In the evening the candidate was serenaded, and made a speech, in which he said that in the November election General Grant would perhaps not carry three States of the Union, and that Horace Greeley is the ablest man in this country. Time was, in American politics, that the man who went about with any appearance of eagerness in seeking for high office, injured his chances in proportion as he appeared to be craving and importunate. This would appear to be the case no longer. All "records," it seems, are to be forgotten, and all proprieties of time and place disregarded, in pushing one's personal claims.

Now that President Grant is up for re-election, is it too much to expect that he will pay a trifle more attention than formerly to the expostulations of people who have begged him to get rid of Mr. George H. Butler? What with his dancing girls and his capacity for brawling and drinking and slander and general indecency, he has been a disgrace to us ever since his excellent uncle secured him his position, and now, at this present writing, we have him figuring in a shooting affray in the streets of Alexandria. There appears to be a fatality attending both the Butlers, in virtue of which they are sure to bring to mortification and open shame all who have anything to do with them except in the way of opposing them, and the younger one in particular has had a career of unredeemed scandals. For the information of Greeley journalists, for whom we foresee great anguish of mind when they read of this last brawl, we would remind them that at the time of the unsavory McFarland mess, when Mr. A. D. Richardson of the *Tribune* was shot, and Mr. George Butler had just got his appointment, a supper was given at the Astor House to the new consul-general. His character was just as well known to New York journalists then as it is now; he was notorious as a blackguard; and nobody who had the opportunity of knowing him thought him anything but a most unfit person for the place. Yet the most noted gentleman who was present at the "ovation to a distinguished journalist" and who, we think, presided for a part of the time at least, was the present Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He wouldn't make any such appointments. Butler at Alexandria is not a pleasing spectacle, we agree; and we can all agree, we trust, that Butler receiving complimentary suppers in New York with Mr. Greeley in the chair or at the table is not very pleasing either; nor one that need elate the Reformer.

The canvass in the Northwest has been opened by Ex-Governor Blair, of Michigan, in behalf of Greeley and Brown, and in the Central West by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, in behalf of Grant, Mr. Blair being a "Great War Governor," and Mr. Bingham an impassioned orator, fairly "magnetic." Governor Blair brought out some facts which have been singularly overlooked thus far, and which the future historian of the Cincinnati movement will do well to make a note of. He said that Greeley's nomination "fell upon the country as a surprise. Nobody expected that a man like Greeley would get the nomination. They expected that a few political bummers and tricksters would go down there and nominate one of their number," instead of a great and good man. Governor Blair himself shared the general incredulity. When told by some person before the Convention met that Greeley was the best candidate and would stand a good chance, "Why," says he, "I looked

on that man with surprise—just as if he had come along with some circus or show." So did we, we remember, though some of our political friends in this city advised us to bet our money on Greeley and the Hutchins delegation. While Greeley has been "a Reformer from the day he began life, and a powerful reform writer," Charles Francis Adams, says the Governor, "has not the hold on the hearts of the laboring classes of the country," and his "whole family is a family of office-seekers," one of the sons "wanting to be Governor of Massachusetts" and "to be President as soon as he gets old enough." Turning to the Administration, Governor Blair said that, "as a whole, it is simply damnable." He was especially severe on the Postmaster-General, and announced his intention "to meet the people face to face, and ask them whether they will be *particeps criminis* with this scoundrel Cresswell." He quoted with satisfaction from Daniel Webster the sentiment that "we want a change for the sake of a change," and concluded by crying "Down with the corruptionists! Perish all rings! Hurrah for Horace Greeley!"—words which find an echo in the hundred-gun salute fired last week in the City Hall Park as "Tammany's response to the Baltimore nominations." On the whole, if the Governor is as good a prophet as he is an historian and observer, he will sweep the Northwest like a prairie fire, and Greeley and Brown will be elected long before November.

Mr. Bingham spoke the simple truth when he said that "Horace Greeley was not selected by his party as their standard-bearer because he possessed any eminent fitness for the Presidency of the United States," and that it was the South which nominated him at Baltimore. He reviewed effectively, though he mentioned but a tithe of them, the errors of judgment and of conduct by which Mr. Greeley's war record stands fatally disfigured, and held him up as the Southern favorite on account of his early admission of the right of secession. He made a good point in saying that "nothing has been taken back by the Democratic party by accepting the Cincinnati platform," and that what is wanted of the Democrats is that they shall expressly "reject the principles heretofore announced and acted upon by themselves"—not merely give in their adhesion to principles against which they have up to this time contended, and avowedly give it because "with Greeley we can win." Mr. Bingham was less happy in his defence of Grant and his Administration; indeed, it is not unfair to say that he made a very poor fist of it. Grant's nepotism was reduced to his having kept his aged parent in a small post-office, and then justified by this piece of unseemly puerility: "The President has respect for that law given of God to man, and of universal and perpetual obligation: 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'" "The law given of God to man" also tells man that gift-taking corrupts a ruler, and that Eli lost his office because he would not rebuke the bad conduct in office of his relatives Hophni and Phinehas, and tells him many other things useful to be remembered but which it is best to keep off the stump. As for San Domingo, Mr. Bingham wisely made no allusion to it, though in speaking of the administration of foreign affairs he had the fatuity to praise the negotiation of the Washington Treaty.

One passage in Mr. Bingham's speech may have been misreported, but it would still be false in its intention, and deserves to be exposed. It is the one in which he is represented as having asserted that "during the four years of Andrew Johnson's Administration, with taxation at the rate of nearly $100,000,000 a year more than at any time since Ulysses S. Grant entered upon the duties of his office, he only made out to pay $13,000,000 of the principal of the funded debt." Now, Mr. David A. Wells showed in these columns, only three months ago (*Nation* of April 18), on the testimony of the Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell and Secretary McCulloch, that while Grant's Administration had in the three years March 1, 1869–1872, paid off $299,649,762 of the national debt, the Johnson Administration reduced the debt in three years and seven months by the sum of at least $470,236,000. Mr. Bingham, bringing down the reduction to the first of the present month, puts the Grant reduction at only $333,000,000 in three years and four months, and would have us believe that "it is without a parallel in history." He should reflect that if he continues to repeat this fable, he is likely any day to be put to shame by some one of his listeners; and if he persists in giving Grant all the credit of reducing the taxes, he may be confronted by the fact (to quote Mr. Wells again), that "by far the greater proportion of the reductions of the war-taxes made since 1865 was the result of legislation before Grant assumed office." So we should hear no more of this sort of thing:

> "When he [Grant] came to the chair in 1869, a great debt, a part of the price paid for the nation's life in the struggle against the rebellion, had been incurred *and was not perceptibly reduced*. . . . The problem to be solved was, how to reduce the burdens of taxation upon the people and reduce at the same time the debt of the nation, and thereby maintain its credit. He set himself quietly to the work without noise, without parade," etc., etc.

The fact is it is the American Congress that plans our taxation—not very wisely; and it is the American people—which does not grumble enough—that pays them.

Throughout this last three or four months of political conventions, explanation of records, changing of sides, and so on, Senator Sumner has occupied a position which may be described as sedulously non-committal, except on the one point of his profound dislike of General Grant and his determination not to support him. For the President he has a true antipathy, due, no doubt, to the natures of the two men, neither of whom is capable of appreciating what of goodness and greatness there is in the other, and Mr. Sumner, for one, being very much alive to the bad qualities of a man who holds Mr. Sumner in disesteem. Mr. Sumner never forgets that he is Mr. Sumner, and General Grant has on several occasions shown that if he remembered that fact, it had a different signification to his mind from that which it had to Mr. Sumner's. He now tells Mr. L. U. Reavis, that as between Mr. Greeley and "one who shall be nameless," he is earnest for Mr. Greeley. Why Grant is "one who shall be nameless," it would be curious to know. Perhaps because of a circumstance which naturally must have exasperated the Senator very much, and which he imparted the other day to Ex-Senator Shields: it is the negro for whom Mr. Sumner is anxious; it is on the negro's account that he hesitates to go over to the Democrats; the safety of the black man is with him the primary, almost the sole consideration; but the negro writes to him that with Grant he feels secure, and has recently complimented the Senator by telling him, *apropos* of some speech in advocacy of the negro's civil rights in theatres, cemeteries, and so forth, that "he must be Grant's brother," he thinks so much of the colored man. This naturally is a little too much. But probably it will not long prevent Mr. Sumner from coming out for Greeley. Grant is no different from what he was; and silence on Mr. Sumner's part is neither so dignified in him nor so efficacious against his enemy as speech will be.

The Orangemen—four or five policemen to each Orangeman—marched in procession last Friday without disturbance. All the contention was done previously, either in the office of the *Irish Democrat*, or in a convenient lager-bier saloon where negotiations looking towards peace were carried on by "General" Meany and a friend on behalf of the Ribbonmen, and an exile, Wemyss Jobson, Esq., and a Mr. Johnson, the Protestant leader, on the part of the Saxon and Far Downer. A proposal that Mr. Jobson should visit Canada for the purpose of fighting duels with the Meany faction was, if we are to believe the General, the only definite upshot of these negotiations, and he adds with great significance, in a published correspondence, that he did not observe, when this plan was broached, that Mr. Jobson showed any alacrity in putting his hands into his pockets to defray the expenses of the journey to her Majesty's dominions. The General did not advance this Canadian proposition, we should inform the reader, as being a peaceful solution of the question at issue; he simply felt compelled to come

to a rupture with a man who could stand up to his face, in his own newspaper office, and avow himself "the hired traducer and defamer of Thomas Francis Meagher"—Meagher of the Sword. That was why he challeged Jobson; and, if we recollect, he requested Jobson later in the proceedings to leave the office of the *Democrat*. As for the remark about the expenses, that, we suppose, points to lethargy on Mr. Jobson's part when the idea of the duel was brought into prominence. The Jobson side, however, say that they paid for the lager-bier which was drunk and also for the brandy, and allege that the Meany side were very weak-kneed; they not only offered to march in the Orange procession bearing a green flag in token of amity and benevolence, but, to the best of the Jobson side's knowledge and belief, if their side had stayed, and continued paying for the brandy-and-water, the Meany side would soon have been offering to wear orange sashes in the procession, and to engage themselves, by the virtue of their oaths, to applaud the tune of "Croppies, Lie Down," and request the musicians to play it over again. Each of the parties to the negotiation now represents the other as being the one that first began to knuckle, and each wishes the thought to perish that it ever entertained the idea of yielding to the other.

The Stokes-Fisk case has ended for the present in a disagreement of the jury, who, after being out sixty-odd hours, reported themselves unable to unite upon a verdict. Apparently a minority of them were not satisfied that there had been sufficient premeditation, and the prosecution certainly failed to show that there had been any such pursuit of Fisk as his friends in the newspapers asserted at the time. The trial has been of some value in showing us once more a picture of the sort of tyranny under which we have been living. Fisk's and Stokes's mistress testifies that the assault upon Mr. Dorman Eaton, a highly respectable lawyer of this city, which left him for dead, was procured by Fisk, who had failed to frighten him by blackmailing affidavits; another witness testifies that Stokes, when in his company, was dogged by roughs; Fisk tells Stokes that he "has graves for his men" when they drive him to take extreme measures with them; and that he can "railroad Stokes into State prison"; a Supreme Court judge, who no doubt is relied upon to do the railroading, sits by conversing with a woman of ill-repute when this threat is made; Fisk is shot on the public staircase of a hotel, and one doctor who attends him talks to another of "punching at him for half an hour" to find the ball; Tweed and Gould, his partners in many of his enterprises, are quick to reach his bedside in his last hours, and he is kept insensible with narcotic medicines. "Verily he died as the fool dieth," and in conformity with his life. His last moments, by the way, recall those of the late County Auditor Watson of the Ring, who, being mortally wounded in the streets, was hurried away and carefully shut up from his friends till he died, and with him much of his knowledge.

The *Herald* published on Monday a batch of letters from its correspondent Stanley, covering the period from September 20, 1871, to March 12 of the present year. They have been substantially anticipated by the telegraphic résumé previously sent from London, except in regard to the connection of Lake Tanganyika with the Nile. It now appears that it is not certain that such a connection does not exist. "The western coast has not all been explored; and there is reason to suppose that a river runs out of the Tanganyika through the deep caverns of Kabogo far underground and out on the western side of Kabogo into the Lualaba [Chambeze] or the Nile." The Lualaba Dr. Livingstone descended as far as latitude 4° S., that is, within one degree of the limit assigned by Baker to the southern watershed of the Nile. This interval, now that he has been re-equipped by Mr. Stanley, he has hopes of exploring in the course of the next two years, besides a large tract of country to the west and south of Tanganyika, offering numerous points of interest. The *Herald's* expedition has not only thus given him a fresh start, which he greatly needed, but will probably secure him hereafter a prompt and regular communication with the coast. He is described as being hale and hearty, and as capable of fatigue as ever. For six months he was laid up with ulcers in his feet, but there is no confirmation of the report that he had been crippled by a buffalo, nor of that other rumor which has obtained some vogue in London, that his unwillingness to return to England was due to his having taken for a second wife a native woman.

The disappointments of the French Right are evidently increasing. Defeated in the late elections, they have vainly applied for a kind of redress to M. Thiers. The President of the Republic has given them in his reply less than no comfort. His present interpretation of "the compact of Bordeaux" seems to imply the obligation, not of passive allegiance to the Republic, but of actively defending and maintaining it. M. Gambetta has become his eulogizer, and the *Journal des Débats* his ally. The ablest monarchical contributors to this paper, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Auguste Léo, and Eugène Dufeuille, have been obliged to announce their withdrawal from it, the first-named after forty-five years of distinguished co-operation. The birthday anniversary of General Hoche, that model of a plebeian and republican officer in the eyes of the French Democrats, being celebrated, a few weeks ago, at Versailles, near which the hero was born, the self-styled Conservatives not only had to swallow a speech of Gambetta's which extorted admiration from the *Gaulois* itself, but also a letter of the President, eulogizing the deeds and character of the Revolutionary general, and closing with these words: "They form noble examples for future generations, which will know, I trust, how to imitate the manly virtues of their fathers, and to place our new Republic on an unshakable foundation." The discussions on taxation in the Assembly have become very stormy, and graver conflicts between M. Thiers and the Monarchists are apprehended.

Indications are multiplying to the effect that the Chancellor of the German Empire, provoked by the more and more developed hostility of the Ultramontanes, has determined, and determined with his wonted energy, to carry the war into Africa—that is, into the domain of the Church of Rome—and thus to renew to a degree the conflicts to which the rival pretensions of the Papal and Imperial powers gave rise in the Middle Ages. His recent utterance, made in the Reichstag, that he and his Emperor were not going to go "to Canossa"—to do penitence before Pius IX. as Henry IV. did before Hildebrand—has been received and applauded in Germany in an aggressive sense, for Bismarck is not considered the man to boast of passive resistance. Nor have semi-official comments to the famous phrase been wanting, confirmatory of that popular interpretation. The most important of them has been furnished by the well-inspired *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. According to this paper, the new warfare foreshadowed by the powerful statesman now again rusticating at Varzin means interference, in one way or another, in the next Papal election, because this "can be no matter of indifference to any government ruling over Catholic subjects," and "such governments are bound conscientiously to examine whether they can approve the choice made," the elected person claiming "rights, which from certain points of view, approach sovereignty itself." The announced visit at Berlin of the Emperor of Austria, who is to be accompanied by Count Andrássy, is naturally brought into connection with these presumed schemes of Bismarck, but whether justly, the future must show. Meantime, the Italian Liberals view with a sort of simple amazement this serious manifestation of interest in an event which may be very remote, and which, whether near or remote, is to them a matter of almost complete indifference. Dwelling in the midst of such a feeling, they admit that the Roman Curia tends to become "more arbitrary, furious, and blind in its action," and "finds no incentive to hope for salvation in anything but war to the knife." For all that, be the new Pope a Boniface VIII. or a Benedict XIV., it is no concern of the Italian people or Government.

THE HISTORIC DEMOCRACY.

WITHOUT a natural basis and a logical development, the Democratic party could never have held power almost unbrokenly through two generations. For twenty-four years, then again for twelve, once more for four, and in its last period for a term of eight, it has been sustained by popular approval. Such vitality in a party must be fed from deep sources of sympathy in a people. It was the party of the nation's youth, born in the aurora of a new light for the world—the party of progress against tradition, of onward-looking hope against timid experience. Jefferson's famous inaugural only formulated the creed he has the credit of inventing. Condensed out of generalities, and reduced from theory to working precepts, that creed prescribes for the individual the greatest freedom consistent with others' equal freedom; for Government, distribution of power to its widest safe limit; and, as a corollary peculiar to our complex system, sharp distinction and firm conservation respectively of State and Federal authority. The political history of the country, commented by the flux and reflux of the vote for President, shows how long and faithfully the Democratic party guided its action by those principles. Its fierce revolt against Adams's alien and sedition laws, its jealousy under Jackson of moneyed power, its sturdy resistance to Clay's American system of incidentally helping the few to the harm of the many—above all, the rout of nullification and those strict constructions of the Constitution which gave effect to all these demonstrations of its power—are a few instances in the record of honorable fidelity to its ideal of the national welfare. The party has always been keen to interpret and prompt to flatter the popular wish, nor has it often wanted the leadership of eminent intellect. As its power culminated in the designation by Jackson of his successor when, enthroned at Washington, and buttressed on the one hand by the Albany Regency, and on the other by the Richmond Junta, it enlisted hard Northern sense and Southern political skill for its maintenance, its ascendancy in national politics seemed assured for many years.

It was forfeited through faults inherent in the structure of the party. It was not a want of truth to its fundamental principles that destroyed it, but the carrying out of those principles rigidly to their logical conclusion, without any allowance for the growing political intelligence of the world or for the changed circumstances of the state. The first grave mistake made by the Democratic party was a generous one, but it was fatal, because it weakened the power of correcting future missteps. It surrendered to mere numbers that control in political affairs which should have been refused to the absolutely illiterate. This extension of the suffrage was logical, no doubt, and liberal, but it was an irreparable mistake. Theorists may talk as they please of the exercise of the voting function as an education in itself. Doubtless it is, but let the ignorant master their primer first. The choice of school trustees and road commissioners in their several districts would have taught the personal meaning and local bearing of the ballot, and prepared them by sure degrees for the delicate duty of choosing legislators, which they now misperform as blind partisan proxies. And the gravest of all errors in this category, both for themselves and the state—a blunder amounting to a crime—was committed by the Democratic party when it flung the judicial office into the scramble. The increased party strength to which this just principle of individual freedom unwisely lent itself deserted the contrivers. The general suffrage weapon shows a black as well as a white edge. And such mischiefs have ensued of unprincipled combinations among electors and unworthy choice of the elected, that the shame and the loss of prestige and the abandonment of patriotic supporters far outweigh any gain to the Democratic party from this capital mistake. Again, the party has carried the policy of distribution of power far beyond its necessary or safe limits. For the selfish perfecting of party tactics, they have reduced the Executive of the General Government to a mere tool of a senatorial oligarchy. It does not excuse them that others better the bad lesson they set. In deference to a false view of equality, they have stripped the Governors of States of their useful functions, one after another, and deprived the judicial office of all its dignity. When authority is thus dissipated, what else takes its place? Obviously, allegiance to party. The mass of mankind must have some power, above themselves in some way, to respect. Above the common level to which the judicial, the executive, and the legislative seats are cast down, rises the power of party. Discipline usurps the place of reverence. Independent thought and speech are lashed as insubordination, and party cohesion is preserved by the distribution of offices, high and low, through a few political hucksters. The outcome of all this is the immoral axiom that "to the victors belong the spoils," and the counter-cry for civil-service reform, to which the Democratic party has made itself wilfully and incurably deaf. Once more, it is within the memory of all how the party has defeated its own ends and destroyed its remaining power by pushing to the extreme its fundamental doctrine of State rights. It seems scarcely credible that the statesman whose firmness extinguished the Calhoun heresy should have been the President of the same party which cheered the non-resistance palaver of its chief twenty-eight years later, while its present head was for permitting secession. It would have been impossible, in spite of the corrupting influences already noted, but for the stifling embrace of another power, hostile in its nature and ideas to true Democracy. The parasite of slavery rooted itself in that vigorous party growth, and, while lending it a false show of strength, drained away its life.

We are not among those who can look at the rosters of the Union regiments and call the Democratic party of that day, as a whole, false to the country. It had not then officially approved the disunion notions professed by the man whom it to-day hails as leader. But because as an organization it was halting and double-tongued, and but half turned its back on its revolted associates, multitudes of its strong men abandoned it for the party which gave to their love for the Union a freer and clearer voice. Then the Democratic party had outlived its time, and it has since been living on its name. The slave influence debauched it, the war dealt it a mortal wound, and it now gives its better self the *coup de grâce* and consents to an ignoble end. The last chance of revival was thrown away four years ago, when it rejected Chase with all his offered compromises as still too Republican, only to find itself driven now to the feet of a chief who refuses to hide its friends' scalps dangling at his belt, even while getting himself bedaubed with its new war-paint.

The need of a party with the principles originally professed by Democrats is as great as it ever was, but we can probably endure that need better than we could bear what they would bring us if restored to power. Their theory of State rights is belittled into plans of revenge for needed repression. Has the country any guaranty in the party's past compliance with Southern demands, that the ex-slaveholders will not ask the President for the four hundred millions once offered by the editor? Will the virtue of his bodyguard be proof against the temptation of dividing that splendid spoil, or his own credulous benevolence resist their importunity? What safety for the public credit is there in the party which once talked of nominating a repudiator, under a leader who clamors for the impossible, in instant specie payment, as a child cries for the moon? As for those who expect neutrality on the subject of free-trade from a passionate protectionist, or delude themselves with the fancy of civil-service reform while the consideration for such enormous bargaining remains to be paid, we wish experience may not come to them as a cure. And what as to the new questions which are looming up—the attack on the menacing power of corporations, and the conflict between labor and capital? We should be sorry to trust their disposal to politicians apt at buying legislatures, or demagogues eager for a promising new field.

The force of all these reasons for distrusting the new composite Democratic party is multiplied a hundredfold when we contemplate the leader they have chosen. If they take him for the sake of place, of course they are not to be trusted. If they profess to take him for principles, he does not even pretend to surrender his own, dia-

metrically opposed to theirs; he answers their nomination with the boast, "I am still a Republican." If they fail to elect him, then disheartening defeat coming upon demoralizing disgrace destroys all that remains of them. If they succeed, the irrepressible conflict between opposing ideas breaks at once the truce in which they have joined their standards. The attempt of a weak man to conduct an administration which carries an opposition within itself, must plunge the country into discord and confusion from which it will be glad to escape through the crystallization of new party forms out of the ferment and dissolution of the old.

CIVILIAN LAWLESSNESS.

IT appears to be one of the settled things of this political campaign, that to everything done during the last four years by the Radical Republican majority in Congress we are to give the name of Grant. Fair or unfair, this seems to be a fixed assumption, and, together with the statement that at all events Greeley is *personally* honest, it is not to be questioned in public, whatever one may think of it privately. Does a Senate full of educated lawyers and politicians agree to the confirmation of Mr. Alexander Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, and take a day or two before discovering that his appointment would violate an enactment? Why, then, let us oust General Grant forthwith; evidently he is disgracefully ignorant of law. Does a majority in Congress go to the President and say to him, "We, as sworn conservators of the law of the land, have deliberately decided that we must endow you with the power of suspending at the South the writ known to lawyers as the writ of *habeas corpus*," and does it straightway confer that power upon him? Of course, then, our duty becomes plain; let us visit the righteous punishment of so shameless an assault on our liberties upon President Grant; in his youth he was trained in the West Point Military Academy; he has had no familiarity with writs of *habeas corpus* and the other legal safeguards of civil liberty; the best five years of his mature manhood he spent in the field, where he became accustomed to the use of military methods; when there is question of setting aside civil methods, he is obliged to look to the jurists of the Senate and House for advice, and does look to them; clearly, now, such a man is unfit for the office of executing the laws; let us put him out; Mr. Shellabarger's bill for carrying "the Nation into the State," as Mr. Sumner says, and which it is only a pity, the *Tribune* says, that we cannot enforce North and South in every elective district, is a bill whose passage stamps General Grant as a dangerous enemy of constitutional liberty. Or does the Senate, following, with just one dissenting voice, the lead of a statesman who has "sat at the feet of Story and learned of him," and who has spent a lifetime reading the books of treaty-makers and Foreign Offices—does the whole Senate give its sanction to claims upon a foreign government which the common sense of mankind scouts as untenable and even absurd? Beyond doubt, then, such conduct of affairs is disgracefully incompetent, and Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greeley are right to ask us to come up to the punishment of General Grant as a contemner of law, a military man, a person who does not know all he ought about treaties, a man ignorant of enactments of which one senator, at least, out of seventy, has some knowledge.

Seriously, we think this question of the contempt for law, for legal methods and restraints, which is alleged against General Grant, will profitably bear pondering by every citizen who wishes to do his duty this fall, and who proposes to do it thoughtfully and conscientiously, without heed to the outcries of partisans; and perhaps as profitable a way of pondering it as any other is to reflect upon the relative recklessness of the two candidates now before the country. There is no doubt of the importance of the question, either intrinsically or as regards its relations to this contest. Senator Bayard remarks, in his published letter deploring the candidacy of Greeley and Brown, that he shall, nevertheless, support those candidates, because, bad as are the evils of our present financial policy, burdensome as they are, they are immaterial in comparison with the great evils threatening constitutional liberty itself which are involved in the continuance in power of Grant and his friends; and the Opposition, in general, appear to share the Delaware Senator's feeling, and to be willing to lose annually their hundred dollars or more a head to the monopolists, provided they can put a stop to evils which address their imaginations more powerfully than the evils of Tariff and Finance.

Now, much as has been said, much as has been honestly said, about General Grant's military disregard of law, and incompetence in civil life, which of the two men, he or Mr. Greeley, has given proof of greater lawlessness and of incompetency by reason of wilfulness and want of training? We have suggested for consideration in this light the case of the Force Bill, drawn up by Mr. Shellabarger, amended into greater rigor and centralizing harshness and unrepublicanism by Mr. Sumner, applauded frantically by Mr. Greeley in the *Tribune*. The appointment of Mr. Stewart, too, is another commonly cited case, and it is strictly fair in thinking of it to think of the connection of the Senate with that appointment as well as of the President's connection with it. And if, pursuing this train of reflection, one is led along to the President's request that the Senate should abrogate the inconvenient enactment, and to the Senate's refusal to abrogate it, and to the denunciations of his attempt to override the Senate, no harm will be done if amid the senatorial objurgations we recall this fact—that the one department of our Government which has latterly shown a disposition to devour the others is not the judicial department nor the executive department, but the legislative, and that of the legislative bodies the one distinguished for overbearing imperiousness and haughtiness has been the Senate. "I have no influence with senators," the President is accustomed to say.

The San Domingo business is another principal ground of complaint against the President. As regards this, we apprehend that the investigation into it would be none the less fairly carried on if the investigator approached it with the thought that President Grant holds very strongly the old-fashioned not very enlightened or laudable notion that it is true patriotism to extend the "area of freedom" by all decent means, and that we are greater and happier and more powerful and respected according as we fly the stars and stripes over more acres—whether the acres are "a wilderness of monkeys" or the icebergs for which Mr. Seward paid seven millions. At all events, at the same time when, according to Mr. Sumner's last speech, General Grant was committing all kinds of illegalities in Dominica, and showing himself unfit for leadership in civil life, what was Mr. Sumner doing, and doing with Mr. Greeley's very vehement approval? He was urging with all his might the passage of a law which put into the hands of this incapable and violent tyrant the power of suspending, at his discretion, the writ of *habeas corpus* throughout the Southern States. The month of last year which saw General Grant's Commissioners in Haytian waters, saw Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greeley engaged—the one at Washington, the other in this city—in the business of reducing our Constitution, so far as the Shellabarger Bill could do it, to the level of French constitutions, and of changing the form of government under which we had been living to a dictatorial government, with Mr. Sumner's "colossus of ignorance" as dictator. And of these two law-abiding, constitution-reverencing, unmilitary civilians, so much safer men than West Point men, Mr. Greeley had the felicitous luck of agreeing with his friend the Senator in forcing the Ku-Klux bill upon the country, and of agreeing, too, with his enemy the President in that personage's fiendish subversion of a "sister republic." For the *Tribune*, which was hot for the "Cæsarist legislation" of the Radical majority in Congress, was not at all in sympathy with Mr. Sumner's San Domingo oratory of the same date; and in the very pages which lauded Mr. Sumner's "fire" in behalf of feudal government for the South, Mr. Greeley advised his friend to hold his tongue about San Domingo, and wait for the return of Messrs. Wade and Howe, and the reading of their report. So, too, we may add, a year previously, during the pendency

of the investigation into the case of Hatch, imprisoned by Baez, Mr. Greeley could see nothing wrong in the President's and General Babcock's course; and in June, 1870, declared, in so many words, that President Grant's Administration, "though that of the most successful and renowned soldier of his age, is earnestly seeking peace with all nations, and avoiding entangling alliances"; and in the same month, after the investigation had been concluded, and the Sumner side of the case had been fully presented, the *Tribune* said, by way of summing up in regard to this "conspiracy against a sister republic," that "General Grant's enemies are taking the best course to ensure his election for another term."

The President, as we all know, abandoned his plan of getting for us the Haytian island and Samana Bay, just as Mr. Seward, General Grant's exemplar in annexation, abandoned the plan for securing the Island of St. Thomas. No doubt it was with reluctance that General Grant gave up his project; a quality of his from which the country has derived some advantages and some disadvantages is his tenacity, and he submitted slowly. He submitted, however, and the scheme is dead, no doubt much to the regret of some speculators and much to the relief of all thinking men. What would President Greeley have done in such a case? We believe that among all living men, himself included, nobody can tell. As likely as otherwise, any doubts President Grant may have felt from his inexperience as a statesman, or any respect which he may have had for the opinions of better-trained civilians, would have found no place in the mind of Mr. Greeley. From the outset of his public life, he has been more wrapt in his own omniscience than is usual even with that curiously overrated product of our civilization, the self-made man. His sure insight always, in all cases, reveals to him rules as clear and unerring as those whispered into Mohammed's ear by the celestial dove. He is his own Ægeria, with the advantage of re-editing and readjusting his interpretations of law whenever his changed impressions may require. His favorite phrase, "the higher law," had a solemn meaning for the statesman who first pronounced it. It was that rule of moral conduct to which human legislation may slowly and tentatively be made to approach and conform. To Mr. Greeley's perception it apparently has meant, and still means, his own ideal, broad or narrow, of right, which must be wrought into instant practice, whatever respect of tradition or usefulness of habit or reverence for lawful authority stands in the way. He would forthwith and instanter erect sheer principles, as they show to his vague, passionate view, into institutions, without reckoning with any obstacles. His reference of things to his variable inner standard of conviction results in very lawlessness of action. It is not pure truth he worships, nor even truth as it has taken shape through experience for the wisest men, but his own shifting vision of truth, to which all must bow. And if his fetich of one week becomes a stick the next, it is not that he is inconsistent; it is merely that a new revelation of his infallible judgment guides him. When the South attempted to break up the Government, and its success through war seemed for a moment possible, he would have flung the Constitution to the winds, and bartered nationality for peace. Incapable of constant principle, he offered to buy the chattels which he had denounced their owners for treating as property. Restless under as much of law for himself as is implied in that party allegiance he vehemently imposed on others, he intrigued against Mr. Lincoln's re-election. And, the crown of inconsistent wilfulness and radical lawlessness of nature, he offers himself to govern the country as the instrument of that party which, if he has been telling the truth for thirty years, is the enemy of decency, order, and law. If this instability is unconscious, then it betrays a weakness which would be no less dangerous in a high functionary than bad intention. If it is conscious, it bespeaks a contempt for law as a power external to man which would make his oath of office as chief magistrate almost a foregone perjury. In any case, the charge of lawlessness coming from him is very curious.

Such an occupant of the White House would assuredly require as careful watching as any military man we have ever seen installed there. Looking to the high probability of a Democratic majority in the Lower House at some time during the next four years, either as the result of continued discontent with Grant's Administration, or as the fruit of the arrangement through which his opponent hopes to oust him, and remembering the present temper and the old tactics of the Southern branch of the party, we may well ask under which President the country would have the better assurance of stable and peaceful government. The present evils we can at least measure, and the Republicans will find difficulty enough in re-electing their candidate to suggest a warning not to be trifled with against their continuance. But who can sound the sea of troubles that would rush in upon us in the event of the success of the coalition?

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

BALTIMORE, July 10, 1872.

THE remark said to have been made by a Liberal Republican manager, that "the arrangements for carrying Cincinnati for Greeley were simplicity itself compared with the arrangements for putting him through at Baltimore," appeared to be verified by all the action of the Convention. If Judge Doolittle had been selected to preside solely because of his management of the Arm-in-Arm Convention called together by President Johnson, in 1866, he could not have made his management of this Baltimore Convention an exacter transcript of that at Philadelphia six years ago. It was nothing less than ludicrous to hear the Permanent President incessantly reminding the members that they were "a deliberative body" and not a mass-meeting, he all the time as resolutely applying what Senator Bayard called "gag law," as when he padlocked the mouths of the Vallandigham men at Philadelphia. It is true that the Convention helped him, appearing to desire nothing more than that refractory members should hold their peace and the business in hand be finished as soon as possible. For example, the first thing of consequence done on the second day was to act upon the report of the Committee on Resolutions. The chairman of that Committee, Mr. Burr of Connecticut, promptly came up on the stage, and announced that by direction he submitted the Cincinnati Platform in its integrity, and that upon the adoption of the report he moved the previous question. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, was on his feet and addressing the chair before Mr. Burr was down, and amid much confusion, applause, counter-applause, and hisses, endeavored to prevent the success of this motion. The theatre in which the Convention was held was, acoustically considered, execrable, and the delegations half-way up the hall could have had not the least notion of what was under discussion, and some even in the front had to be instructed by special message from the stage how to vote. What with this ignorance, and ignorance of what would be the effect of voting the previous question, and inability to hear or to understand Judge Doolittle's explanation of what would be the effect, and reiterated requests from various parts of the hall for an answer to these enquiries, the Convention was speedily in a state of great and noisy confusion. At last, it was understood that if the motion for the previous question was supported, Mr. Burr, as maker of the motion, would have one hour at his disposal which he might occupy in advocacy of his report, or might cut up and allot to other speakers. The opposition to the motion was determined, for it was known that just here, if anywhere, the fight of the Anti-Greeley men must be made; but the majority against them was overwhelming, and the previous question was ordered. Then Senator Bayard was granted ten minutes by Mr. Burr, Mr. Burr himself, by the way, having a voice which could scarcely have been heard three yards away from him. Almost every one of the speakers, indeed, was inaudible, to those of us at least who were behind them or on the right or left hand of them, and apparently to the vast majority of those in front. Judge Reagan, of Texas, for example, a burly man resembling Mr. John Morrissey in physique and countenance, made a speech which was literally so much dumb show, but which he delivered with a fortitude proof against the outcries of the sweltering delegates. General O'Connor also, a fine specimen of the flamboyant stump speaker, not afraid of spoiling his throat, made a speech at the top of his lungs which was semi-audible to people a couple of rods away.

The vote having been taken, and the previous question ordered, Senator Bayard came forward to show how strong, or how weak, were the straight Democrats, and for ten minutes spoke on the merits, protesting against cramming the words of aliens and enemies down the throats of the Democracy, and demanding original resolutions. He was listened to with some applause, and some hisses, the hisses being rebuked by the chair and the greater part of the Convention, and at the end of ten minutes Mr. Burr gave up to him ten minutes more. This was not done without protest, there

being a few irrepressible members who did not yet understand the great previous question device, and could not see how it was that "the gentleman from Connecticut held the floor" against all comers. The second speech of Mr. Bayard was less audible than the first, though delivered with equal energy and with a gallantry and a grace of demeanor which were very taking. The "Blue Hen's Chickens," as represented by the Senator, are evidently game. No man in the Convention seemed so well able to make a good impression, and his praises were freely spoken by people who were angry with Delaware's conduct, and eager for harmony and Greeley forthwith. Even the horrible, impassive, sodden visage of a notorious New York gambler and editor, who was sitting near me—Mr. Greeley's first vice-president at the Cooper Union—and the gushing countenance of another of our editors, indicated some respectful interest in the orator. Every one could afford civility, for how the thing was going was of course perfectly well known; perhaps, too, it was secretly not unpleasing to the audience to be allowed one draught of pure Democratic doctrine before the other draught was swallowed. General O'Connor followed Mr. Bayard in an oration which was thus far relevant to the point at issue, that the Senator having strongly deprecated the surrender of the Democracy, General O'Connor, coming from South Carolina, could offset the Delaware plea by an entreaty to the Northern half of the party to have mercy on the wretched condition of their Southern brothers, who desired nothing better than deliverance and forgiveness, even as they were willing to forgive and let bygones be bygones. Hon. Judge Reagan followed after a little interval of renewed explanations of the "previous question" to some of the most irrepressible delegates, who even yet did not comprehend that they were bound hand and foot, and after some confusion caused by the efforts of a much excited Tennessean, Mr. McRae, to "rise to a question of privilege." This gentleman, by the way, recalled the former days by having "a personal difficulty" in the afternoon at the Carrollton House with another gentleman, Mr. George N. Sanders I was told, the Niagara negotiator. There was a dispute between this diplomatist and Mr. McRae about some old-time difference, and McRae drew his knife and was for killing the other on the spot. "His friends restrained him," as it would have been well if they had in the morning; he so irritated gentlemen in my vicinity, especially the 4-11-44 gentlemen, that they expressed a very warm desire to have him "shut up" and "put out," and said to one another, "That feller's drunk"; "that feller'll get hit if he don't look out." Judge Reagan's speech appeared to be mainly for report in Texas, and had no effect whatever on the delegates, most of whom, I fancy, did not hear five words of it. I was going to say that I have never seen a convention which, for so willing a body of men, was so unbiddable and noisy. Continually the chairman had to admonish it and implore the galleries for quiet. The fact is, however, that it was not unbiddable; but not to know what the chairman was saying, to be addressed by speaker after speaker and to hear not a word or very few words, must have been trying; and the immense majority knowing that everything was cut and dried, and that the Convention was so far from being the "deliberative body" that Mr. Doolittle called it that it was eminently a recording body and nothing else, was all the more inclined to be talkative and careless. The heat, too, was very great; the thermometer must have stood considerably above one hundred degrees in the galleries, which were made needlessly hot by gas-lights burning away incongruously in the clear daylight. Mr. Reagan's pantomimic exercise over, the vote was taken on the passage of the Cincinnati resolutions unaltered except by a short preamble of no significance, and they were at once adopted by almost seven hundred votes out of seven hundred and thirty-two. This made it plain what was to become of the opposition, and definitely settled the practical unanimity of the nomination. Immediately a stout man, in one of the stage-boxes if I saw right, sprang to his feet and proposed three cheers, brandishing his arms to mark time. The first cheer was fairly good, the third was joined in by about thirty people, I should say; and this incident will give you a not unfair idea of the amount of "enthusiasm" that was displayed throughout.

It was the second day of the Convention when I reached Baltimore, and what enthusiasm there had been had assuredly pretty well exhausted itself on the first day. But the fact is, I take it, that the enthusiasm said to have been exhibited was a figment of the Liberal Republican brain, and had no existence. There was noise certainly, but the cheering was in rare instances more than very half-hearted, and I believe I give you the spirit of the assemblage as well as any other correspondent when I say that Mr. Vance, of North Carolina, being complimented on his story of "Old Grimes" and the hymn-book, and assured that the other delegates also as well as himself would "sing Greeley through if it killed them," said in reply that he had another story, a good deal better, which it was a pity he could not tell on the stump as illustrative of the feeling with which the North Carolina Democracy regard Greeley's nomination. It was, in fact, unrelatable; but, as Mr. Vance said, it was very expressive, and it expressed extreme and contemptuous disgust. The sharpest cheering was called out when before the call to order the band played snatches from loyal and rebel airs, such as "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," "The Bonny Blue Flag," "John Brown," "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the yelling sort of cheers greeting the Southern tunes the more heartily, and the solider hurrahs the Northern. The stage where the two or three hundred reporters and editors were seated was a principal seat of applause for the loyal tunes, and the galleries of the applause for the Southern; the pit, where the Convention was seated, was neutral, I should say, and comparatively undemonstrative. The "wild enthusiasm" on the announcement of the nomination was evidently labored, and it was something rather depressing to see the seventy New Yorkers rise in their place, hold out palm-leaf fans at the stretch of their arms, and lead off in the enthusiasm. Governor Hoffman waving a palm-leaf fan in honest enthusiasm is not a very exhilarating object. A great deal of such wild spiritual excitement he can endure, I fancy, without shortening his life. Some hearty applause, however, the Governor called forth by a speech some ten minutes long, in which an hour or so later he assured the Convention that New York would be carried for Greeley not by fifty thousand majority, as somebody had promised for Missouri, but by a majority of as many thousands as Missouri had legal voters—something like three hundred thousand, I suppose. So too there was applause when Mr. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, a recalcitrant State, with some very bitter opposition to Greeley, went forward after the balloting, in which his delegation's vote had been obstinately divided, and announced that Pennsylvania bowed to the will of the national Democracy. This by the way is the same Mr. Wallace, I believe, whom the *Tribune* charged with the wicked manufacture of fraudulent naturalization papers, and the staining of the same with a decoction of coffee to produce in them the appearance of age. But reminiscences like these were too numerous to make durable impressions; a Pennsylvania politician casting the vote of the Berks Democracy for Horace Greeley was not particularly impressive when one could see such Southern men as the Duke of Sonora, or Bradley Johnston, or Thomas Bocock fanning themselves with the "Greeley fan"—a repulsive, ghastly, flesh-colored thing, a portrait head of the candidate fastened to a stick and fringed with wool to represent white hair and whiskers.

The resolutions had been adopted—Delaware still sullen—and several delegates rose to catch the eye of the chair, there being a natural desire on the part of many gentlemen to be the person who should move the nomination of "the distinguished son of New York, Honest Horace Greeley, for the office of President of the United States." An Indiana man was very pertinacious in this respect, would not sit down, and, I believe, finally carried his point. I saw him standing some ten minutes. But meantime Mr. Doolittle recognized the delegate from New York, Governor Hoffman, who said he wished to present a memorial addressed to the Convention by German citizens of New York City. The clerk was ordered to receive it, and was given a large roll of paper with a brief heading and a long list of signatures. This memorial, in substance, informed the Convention that the German citizens of New York had been said to be opposed to the nomination of Mr. Greeley; that, on the contrary, they were not opposed to it; and that in proof of their assertion they sent up a request for his nomination, signed by more than fifteen thousand German voters. Meantime, while this had been reading, the roll was unwound and passed from hand to hand, trailing up the whole length of the central aisle of the theatre. This bit of stage effect, and the accompanying assurance of the candidate's popularity with the German voters, was loudly cheered, and was more effective than another piece of plaudit-manufacture, one in which this Convention imitated the Grant Convention last month: when the nomination was made—Delaware unreconciled still, and declining to give her vote for it—a picture was let down behind the correspondents' platform, which represented the White House. It was let down too low, however, and, as the reporters and other visitors were standing up, and did not at first sit down, the exhibition was not very successful.

Mr. Brown was nominated for the Vice-Presidency amid greater noise than ever, for the delegates soon began dropping out of the theatre. The building was full, though the insufferable heat prevented the uppermost semi-circle, away up by the roof, from being packed at any stage of the proceeding; thousands of fans were fluttering; delegates were moving about and talking; the dozen or so of telegraphic instruments, like noises in a delirious dream, were sharply clicking, constantly without a moment's cessation; the chairmen of delegations got up one after another as the roll of States was called, and cast the vote of the delegation; the motion of Judge Abbott's lips, or Mr. Ingersoll's, rather than the sound of their voices, showed that Massachusetts or Connecticut was for "B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri," and, by one o'clock, or a few minutes past, the work of the Convention, which began its session a little after ten o'clock, was complete, and the

members dispersed for dinner, and drinks, and talk, and the ratification meeting in the evening.

The Convention was not an ill-looking body of men, though to my eye it had less of a look of practical ability and responsibility than the Convention which met at Philadelphia. The Southern element was, of course, more prominent. The same sharp faces with which the war made so many Northerners acquainted for the first time; the long hair; the eccentric dress, in which the waistcoat was apt to be conspicuous by its absence; the odd intonation, were all noticeable. One could see the old politicians who have so long been absent from national conventions, famous war-horses and eaters of fire, who used to take part in the conventions of the days before the deluge, when there was no North, and Arkansas gave the law to Massachusetts, and who have since been statesmen in the Confederacy, emigrants to Brazil, residents in Canada. There were old men too, curiously dressed in black clothes, with large linen cuffs to their shirts, wearing the look of planters who have been ruined and are still somewhat in a maze over the citizenship of the negro, to say nothing of the prospect of voting for the editor of the incendiary *Tribune* instead of seeing "the boys" burn him in effigy. Many of these were victims of the carpet-bagger, apparently, and moved one's pity; and there were younger men to whom, no doubt, the carpet-bagger and his negro supporter may have now and again been victims. Perhaps the Northerners were inferior in appearance to their Southern associates, take them one with another. I believe the only out-and-out odious faces were on the shoulders of Northern men—Democrats and Liberal Republicans; and one might perhaps have proved physiognomically the position that if the most intellectual portion of the Democratic party of the North is not surpassed, and perhaps not equalled, in clear, intellectual force and keenness, by any portion of the Republican party, the rank and file of it, nevertheless, does certainly include a greater proportion of ignorance and brutality than the rank and file of the Republicans. A higher general average of intelligence and character was, I think, discernible at Philadelphia than here; and, indeed, there was no very successful representation of that intellectually able class which may be called the legal-minded constitutional Democracy, as distinguished from the negro-hating and office-seeking Democracy. Mr. Benjamin Wood and Mr. Hoffman were there; Mr. Bayliss W. Hanna, Mr. George N. Sanders, Gen. John A. McClernand, Mr. William Wallace, the Confederate ex-General J. B. Gordon, Mr. Burr, of the Hartford *Times*, Mr. John Cochrane, ex-Senator Doolittle, and other such in plenty; but Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of this city, who was an invited guest upon the platform, was the most noticeable representative of the O'Conors, Thurmans, Groesbecks, Hendrickses, Nelsons, and Churches. Very few of these were in this council.

The Convention, as I have said, was not enthusiastic; on the contrary, it was dull, but the members were confident in their assertions that the candidate was certain to be elected. New York was sure, I was told; Pennsylvania was sure, Illinois and Indiana were sure, Ohio was sure, New Hampshire was sure, Connecticut, the delegation said, would go for Greeley by from five to ten thousand; North Carolina the Administration might buy, but probably could not; Greeley would get more electoral votes than any President since Monroe; Grant would not carry four States; there never was so enormous a popular uprising. Facts in support of these views were sparingly produced; but the Connecticut men named a number of towns in which Greeley clubs had been formed, and were either mistaken in their assertions or rational in believing that if the State were to vote now, Grant and Wilson could not carry it; and not irrational in supposing that the Greeley party will be larger yet in November than in July.

The Democrat with whom I had any conversation of much interest was a gentleman from Georgia, not a delegate, who had been sent up here by a number of Straight-out Democrats to look on and report. According to him, a great deal of the disaffection in Georgia was due to a belief that the Greeleyite movement was simply an attempt of a disappointed faction of the Radical party to get control of the Government; and good-will towards the South, and a desire to relieve her and welcome her home again, were believed to be as far from Greeley's thoughts as from Grant's or Sumner's. This view seemed the more reasonable, because Ben Hill and Joe Brown at once became Greeleyites, and these two gentlemen are utterly distrusted by the true white men of Georgia, because they have been partakers with the Bullock Ring, against whom the honest white men are now every day finding true bills in the courts as thieves and swindlers. It was thought that a movement could not bode good to the Southerner in which these friends of the carpet-bagger were prominent; hence much of the Georgia reluctance to accept Greeley and Brown. My informant, however, was convinced by what he had seen that these candidates might safely be accepted, thought he should recommend them to his fellow-citizens, and thought the State could be carried for them. I was surprised to hear him speak with so little of certitude on this last point, but he had only been converted about twenty-four hours, and was still a little ashamed at finding himself under conviction. The ground of his dubiety appeared to be that the whole employers of the Black Belt, or cotton region, might be so disgusted with Greeley's nomination that they would refuse to do what they had done before, and would not use their influence to keep their negroes away from the polls. It was negro abstention, he said, which had given them so large a majority in Georgia. Still, he thought Mr. Stephens and Mr. Toombs would withdraw their opposition as soon as they understood the true disposition of the Liberal Republicans, and that the State was safe.

This gentleman was full of stories about the rascality of the carpet-baggers and about the Ku-klux, whom he had several times seen, and who, he declared, were a necessity. They were originally called into existence, he said, in Tennessee, where he then resided, to put down stock-thieving, and not to burden their Northern friends and themselves with the accusation of Ku-kluxery. They had to his knowledge refrained far more than could have been expected of them from punishing the scoundrelism which had been robbing and ruling the South since the war. What are you going to do, he said, when one carpet-bagger gives his note of hand to another, making it, almost in so many words, payable "after the next steal"? "Is not it a credit to us that we do not Ku-klux them? What does a carpet-bagger deserve who, for the sake of the nine or ten dollars a day salary, procures his election for a county which he never saw in his life, and which he actually leaves Georgia for good without ever having seen?" To these questions it was hard to find a reply; yet I could recollect another phase of recent Southern history which had passed under my own observation, and did not respond warmly to the gentleman's invitation to myself and the friend who was with me, to go down and settle in Georgia and be welcomed.

ENGLAND.

London, June 28, 1872.

WHEN I last wrote to you, the Geneva arbitration had been given up for lost by the most experienced doctors. Directly afterwards, the bulletins showed a visible improvement, and last night the favorable reports were confirmed by ministerial announcement in the two Houses of Parliament. What is to be said except that all's well that ends well? Even the Conservative organs can only get up a feeble growl, and try to make out that in some way or other the result is altogether in favor of the United States. As the arbitrators have rejected part of the claims, they will be all the more ready to concede the others. The Americans, with their usual supernatural cunning, foresaw this; they saw that, having gratified England by the rejection of one unfounded claim, the arbitrators would be anxious to prove their impartiality and gratify the United States by admitting another though equally baseless. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has all along shown a singular bitterness against the Treaty, which some people set down to personal hostility to Mr. Gladstone, tries to make out even now that the question is not settled, and that we are once more entering a fool's paradise. In spite of these arguments, there can be no doubt that the settlement, real or fancied, is received with general satisfaction, except by those patriotic persons who hold that everything which strengthens the Government weakens the country. There is some satisfaction in seeing the end, or supposing one's self to see the end, of so wearisome a controversy; but, on more reasonable motives than this, I do not think that anybody with a soul above that of a petty politician can be otherwise than gratified. Mrs. Ward Howe is at present in this country, and is going to hold a great meeting in London next week to induce women to put an end to war. I hope that she may succeed; but I confess that, with all its drawbacks, the prospect of finally settling the outstanding differences between ourselves and the United States gives me more hope than a great deal of enthusiastic oratory; and with that remark I dismiss the subject, as I fondly hope, for ever.

Meanwhile, Government is of course materially strengthened, or at any rate relieved from a pressing danger. The probability now is that, in spite of the various blows it has received, Mr. Gladstone's administration will have a tolerably easy time for the rest of the session. We are about, indeed, to have one more repetition of the rather dreary farce that has been played so often of late years. The House of Lords, not having the courage to reject, has attempted to emasculate the Ballot Bill. It has passed amendments making the secresy optional; and, according to our constitutional doctors, that is no better than having no secresy at all. The amendments will be considered this evening by the House of Commons. They will all be rejected with the exception of two or three, which are to be accepted by way of compliment, as it is supposed that they have no practical importance. Then a

match at brag will take place. Liberals will announce that the House of Lords must be bullied, and that if it cannot stand bullying it will have to be radically reformed. Conservatives will declare the constitution in danger; Lord Salisbury will be eloquently indignant; and Lord Granville will be amiable but firm. After a good deal of talk, the House of Lords will either collapse at once—which is perhaps the most probable result—or it will stand its ground and be contented with collapsing next session, after a few more months of wearisome repetition of old arguments. It is not very interesting to look on at a play when the catastrophe is foreseen and the only question is whether it is to be reached in the fourth act or the fifth. However, that is the task before us, and I am rather inclined to hope that we may be put out of our misery as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, a war is breaking out which interests the inhabitants of London a good deal more keenly. There is a strike in the building trade on a scale which bids fair to make it one of the most prominent events in the history of the great war between labor and capital. Wages have been rising for a long time, and the watchword of the men is now nine hours and ninepence an hour, which would raise the weekly wages by about four shillings. A great deal of discussion has taken place as to the rights and wrongs of the question; the most conspicuous result being that no one outside the trade is competent to form any trustworthy opinion on the subject. It is obvious that at the present moment trade is unusually flourishing. In many districts of London houses are rising at a rate which reminds one of New York, if not of Chicago. In the west, for example, a whole quarter has sprung up within the last few years, and the picturesque old suburb of Kensington is being swallowed up in rectilinear lines of bricks and mortar. There is something almost pathetic in the sight of the poor little suburban villas which are everywhere being engulfed in the advancing deluge; and where, by some accident, they have escaped demolition, they remind the wandering Cockney how recently green fields have been swallowed up by the monstrous metropolis. In many districts, it is true, the houses thus rapidly springing up stand empty, and there has been decided overbuilding. But on the whole we may safely assume that the trade is prosperous, and that the artisans have a fair chance of insisting upon a share of the extra profits. That is, of course, the simple state of the question, though some attempts were made to put the demand for shortened hours on a sentimental ground distinct from that which supports the demand for more money. The battle will doubtless be to the longest purses and the greatest obstinacy; but at present no one seems to know which way victory is likely to incline. The masters made an attempt at securing arbitration, and proposed to leave the question to Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury. The men objected to the names, and urged that a joint committee of masters and men would form the only proper tribunal. On that point the negotiation broke off; though indeed there does not appear to be on either side a very strong disposition towards conciliation. If the masters give in, the effect will of course be to raise the price of houses, and, considering the rapidly-increasing difficulty of obtaining houses in London, and especially houses for the poor, at anything like moderate terms, the results to the working-classes will by no means be of unmixed benefit. Indeed, the effects of a general rise in the prices of labor are already making themselves felt. The price of coal has risen in an unprecedented manner, in consequence, partly, of the difficulties with the pitmen; and the increase in the cost of living for the poorer classes keeps pace very unpleasantly with the increase in the rate of wages. However, we are just now on a general flood of prosperity. The taxes increase so fast that Mr. Lowe will probably find himself burdened with an unprecedented surplus. Pauperism declines steadily, whilst, at the same time, it is curious to remark that emigration has made a corresponding start, and for the first time for very many years the English exceeds the Irish exodus in absolute numbers, though, of course, not in proportion to the population. That wages should rise under such conditions is inevitable, but it seems that, in this instance at any rate, the concession will not be made without a very obstinate struggle. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to remark that the question is discussed with a very observable diminution of bitterness. The working-classes are not treated to arrogant doses of political economy with the same freedom as formerly, and indeed the tendency is perhaps to pay too little regard to such important considerations. On the other hand, they seem to be more ready to accept arbitration as a peaceable solution of the questions at issue; and there are still hopes that in some form or other it may be adopted by the building trade.

One little incident which occurred in the House of Commons last week deserves a few words in this connection. The people of Birmingham, which has now a population of 350,000, are suffering, like the rest of us, under the difficulty of disposing of their sewage. They accepted a plan for buying a waste piece of land in the neighborhood, which was to be made into a sewage farm according to the most approved precedents. The bill which was necessary for effecting a compulsory purchase of the land in question was unanimously approved by a committee of the House of Commons. The ordinary course of affairs is that a bill which has passed that ordeal is accepted as a matter of form. The land, however, belonged to Sir Robert Peel, who has inherited some of the talents, but very little of the discretion, of his eminent father. Although it was at a distance of three or four miles from his house, he chose to consider that it would be an intolerable nuisance for him to have the sewage of so large a town coming between the wind and his nobility. Accordingly, he opposed the third reading of the bill, and, to the general surprise of the persons concerned, it was thrown out by a very small majority. The moral appears to be that, in the opinion of a House consisting chiefly of landholders, it was considered better that a population of 350,000 people should be prevented from getting rid of their sewage than that the same unsavory article should be in the smallest danger of offending the nostrils of a country gentleman and a Member of Parliament. Obviously, so long as there is sewage, and the resources of science have not as yet enabled us to do without it, it must be put somewhere; and unless, according to our present most uncivilized plan, it is used to defile our rivers, poison our fish, and waste its agricultural powers, it must be put upon land. It will be very difficult to select land for the purpose without some chance of its being occasionally perceived by the nostrils of a local magnate, and quite impossible to dispose of it without more or less annoying somebody. The action of the House of Commons, therefore, strikes most outsiders as singularly unreasonable, especially when the plan had been approved by their own committee; and there is not the smallest reason to suppose that any of the gentlemen who voted with Sir R. Peel had given the smallest attention to the subject, or, in fact, knew anything except that Sir R. Peel objected to the scheme. It is bad enough for Parliament to take matters out of the hands of those members who have been specially directed to examine them, and in such a case as this it amounts to a scandal. There are undoubtedly worse forms of jobbery from which the House of Commons is happily free; but the practical objection to jobbery of this kind is that it is jobbery in the interest of a small dominant class, whose supremacy is already the object of much jealousy and may at any moment be seriously threatened. If, in short, landholders choose to use their power for such purposes, it is not improbable that they may before long have more of that agitation for a land law which has often been threatened, but which has hitherto produced little result.

Meanwhile, as I have said, the political atmosphere will probably be calm for some time to come. Government will drift quietly on its path with a certain amount of friction and disturbance, but without any serious opposition; and though Mr. Disraeli took occasion to speak more confidently than usual of the contempt which they had incurred, and the strength of the rising tide of Conservative reaction, there seems to be no immediate prospect that we shall have an opportunity of testing the reality of the feeling.

Correspondence.

HOW TO PRODUCE A RESPECTABLE TEMPERATURE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: It seems extraordinary, that although it is some thousands of years since men began to moderate by artificial means the cold of winter, we still lack appliances for reducing the sometimes more intolerable heat of summer. Especially wonderful does it seem that such a want continues in the United States, where, on the one hand, we have a climate with a greater range of temperature from winter to summer, and consequently more debilitating in the latter season than that of any other wholly civilized country, and on the other hand, the population is one which has shown itself more than ordinarily ready and able to provide for new emergencies.

As this subject is an interesting one (will seem unusually so, indeed, to many of your readers, should the weather of early July hold until this communication comes before them), perhaps you will permit me to confide to you my feelings with reference to it, and just what for my own part I propose to do. I shall thank you heartily if I can obtain any practical suggestion in return. This weather is too hot to work in, and by rights, therefore, too hot to live in. I have waited every summer since many years for some inventive genius to furnish me an apparatus to cool my office and my house. Neither he nor it has appeared. I have passed in consequence many sleepless nights and—what has been still more trying—many almost workless days. And now I am going to try to help the matter myself. May I tell you how I propose to do it? I ask because I hope to get some hints from some of your readers as to how I may do it better.

I shall try to cool air down to 60° or 65°. I think there will be no difficulty in effecting it in the following manner:

I mean to lead a considerable number of small air-pipes several times

through a very large box or bin, which is to be packed full of some light substance—moss, for instance—through which air could easily find its way. Water from above will be suffered to drip all over the top of this moss and will trickle through it to the bottom of the bin. Through the moss, from the bottom upward, I shall force a current of air, and thus produce rapid evaporation. And this will cool the air-pipes, and they will cool the air which passes through them. To force a current through these pipes, and to force another one through the moss, I shall use a very large, but light, pair of bellows; and the bellows will be worked by a sort of clock arrangement, in which the immediate motive power will be a heavy weight. I calculate that a horse will with ten or fifteen minutes' heavy pull (once a day or once a week, according to the heat of the weather) wind this clock affair. It shall [illegible] pendulum, and be started or stopped at pleasure, and by altering the length of the pendulum, will run fast or slow according to the heat. The cold air which the air-pipes furnish will be led through cheap wooden pipes to the various rooms of the house, always near the ceiling, and be turned on or off like the hot air of ordinary furnaces. My doors and windows will be kept closed in the hottest weather as carefully as in the coldest. I shall have no flies nor mosquitoes nor dust. My blinds will be open and my rooms light. The air will be as dry as that outside, and the temperature of it will be between 60° and 70°, according to my belief as to what degree may be the healthiest. I have not carefully estimated the expense of this machine, but I am sure it will not cost much, and am equally sure that the extra work it will enable me to do in the hottest weather will soon repay me for the outlay.

I believe that in future, as soon as good and cheap cooling machines shall have been invented, and the public shall begin to appreciate their usefulness, we may reasonably expect to find one in every respectable dwelling both in cities and in the country. In cities, such machines could easily be "wound up" from the outside of the house by means of movable steam-engines travelling from door to door. Whenever this shall be the case, our churches and theatres will, even in the hottest weather, be delightfully cool. Patients in hospitals will not be lost merely through the "unfavorable heat of the weather." Offices and workshops will not be too warm for active mental or physical labor. Throughout the summer we shall dine in comfort and sleep soundly. If we go to the country, it will be for the sake of its attractions and not because we are driven thither by the heat. And the early decay of our women will be a matter of the past, I might almost say. M. N.

[We wish all success to every honest device for any sort of evaporation that shall be in the interest of cool weather. Whatever may be the result of our correspondent's scheme, everybody will admit that he shows the right spirit.—Ed. Nation.]

NOVEL-READERS AND OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The report of the well-known and accomplished librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library, which has recently been published, and noticed in many of the papers, contains an able discussion of a question which was the subject of a recent paper in the *Nation*—namely, the character of books most in demand in public libraries. The Cincinnati librarian takes the same view of the matter that the writer in the *Nation* seemed forced to, and considers the large popular demand for the lightest and most sensational kind of fiction legitimate and justifiable; and mainly on the ground that this demand comes from a class of minds unfitted by education, or by the reaction of severe bodily effort, for anything higher in the scale of literary values. Thus far I can perfectly agree with both these writers, who so well agree between themselves. But in the experience of the public library of which I know the most, it has been found that the demand for this literary confectionery (highly colored with poisonous drugs) proceeds not from the class of readers above referred to, but from all classes, excepting the genuine students. That is to say, a very large proportion of all who read for general entertainment prefer Southworth, Hentz, Stephens, Holmes, *et id omne genus*, to Scott, Dickens, Muloch, Macdonald, or even George Eliot. The ladies of leisure, the pupils of both sexes in our High School, are with few exceptions included in this class. No one can say of these, as of the poor laboring man or woman, that nothing better could be expected of their literary taste. So that while the great popularity of Mrs. Southworth is owing largely to the low culture of the laboring classes who patronize our library, it is owing no less to the want of a refined taste and a correct mental ambition among those who ought to have them. There is, therefore, need of whatever effort can be made to form the tastes of the people, and so manipulate the public library that the readers shall be led on from lower to higher levels. The supply of trashy reading (which is doubtless indispensable in a free library) can be limited, so that its more eager devourers shall be brought to the end of it often, and in waiting anxiously for additions may be enticed into taking up something better.

Again, the public library ought to advertise its good books. There is this in favor of a general alphabetical catalogue, as opposed to the "subject" system, that those who are looking for novels are constantly seeing the titles of other and better books. Give the people a catalogue of the fiction by itself, and they will forget that there are any other books. But more than this, the readers ought to have placed in their hands from week to week such a statement of the additions to the library as shall effectually inform them of the merits and excellences of the books; a statement prepared by the librarian, or other competent person, not as a piece of literary criticism, but purely as an advertisement—not simply of the titles, but of the contents of the books. Where there is a local newspaper, it can well be made the medium of such information in case the library is unable to afford the issue of a "Bulletin" from week to week.

Other means of informing the public of the merits of good books, and inciting a love for them, can be found in lectures and "readings"; and the time cannot be far distant when the library, the lyceum, and the public schools shall be so arranged as to work harmoniously together as parts of a system for the higher education of the whole people, and then we may hope for the restoration of the kings and queens of literature to the place in the popular heart which is so foully usurped by the nitro-glycerine school of novelists. F.

Waterbury, Conn., July 12, 1872.

Notes.

Figuier's "Insect World"; Flint's "Physiology of Man"; "Doctor Vandyke," a novel, by John Esten Cooke; "Life-Lessons from the Book of Proverbs," by Rev. E. H. Chapin; "Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "Forms of Water," by Prof. Tyndall; "The Vine-Dresser's Guide"; and the "Coal Regions of America," by James MacFarlaine, are among the works in preparation by D. Appleton & Co.——"A Constitutionalist" has undertaken a "Review of Stephens's 'War between the States,'" a task which one would hardly propose to himself in the hot weather. It will be published by Lippincott.

—Governor Gratz Brown's absurd performance at Yale in asserting the marked superiority of the West over the East in the means and methods of education, is in noteworthy contrast with the report which the curators of the State University of Missouri have just addressed to him. It is true that the President of the Board says that the "University is rapidly taking position as one of the great seats of learning in the nation"; while the President of the University thinks "it has attained a most honorable position among the educational institutions of the highest grade in our country," and that "its rank as one of the leading institutions of the nation is everywhere recognized." But the report proves this to be rather the language of hope, based on very recent progress, than an exact representation of all the facts in the case. Up to the summer of 1866, the "University" had been twenty-five years in existence, and had graduated but about 200 students; it had no other department but the academic; it received no State aid till 1867. It expects to have during the present year 300 students in all its departments (including the Preparatory and the Normal), of which the Mining School is but a year old, and the Scientific and Law Schools will be opened for the first time in the fall; the Congressional land-grant for the Agricultural and Mechanical College was only secured in 1870. In view of these facts, it is clear that a little modesty in regard to "means and methods" of instruction in Missouri, at least, would have been becoming in Governor Brown when speaking before so venerable and thoroughly appointed a foundation as Yale. The curators, for their part, allude always with respect and deference to Harvard, Yale, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Cornell, and say expressly, in comparison with the first-named, "We, with a lower grade of scholastic education and discipline" (p. 22), while on p. 9 occurs this admission, which Governor Brown appears to have overlooked:

"The first class, consisting of two members, graduated in 1843. Although the institution was reasonably flourishing, few students reached the attainments required for graduation. This is, in fact, a usual condition in our Western institutions for higher education; nor is the amount of good which they accomplish to be measured by the number of those who complete the full course and attain graduation."

—We hasten to explain that in pointing out these shortcomings our object has been, not to disparage the University itself, but to hold the most convenient mirror up to the gentleman who expects to have engage-

ments next spring which will prevent his serving as one of the examiners at Yale. For the University we have no words but those of encouragement. There is abundant reason for the confidence in its growth and future usefulness expressed by its officers. It labors under a great disadvantage in being situated in Boone County, one of the unwhipt and therefore irreconcilable rebel communities, in which the dark and "bloody chasm" gives no sign of closing, as may be seen by the delicate allusion to it on p. 11: "The successful party [in the Civil War] was in special political antagonism to the majority of the people where the University was located." Perhaps Messrs. Greeley and Brown will change all that, however. The University admits women on equal terms with men, and the report states a fact which we have not had brought to our attention before, that "not an Agricultural College in the West excludes females," and names specifically Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, and California. That Missouri easily surpasses these States in liberality is proved by the plan of the University campus prefixed to the report. Two references are made to its having been improved and beautified by Major McMurray, which will, "it is believed, produce an excellent influence upon the moral and æsthetic culture of the students" (p. 21); and (p. 4) afford "a delightful retreat," and an aid to "the culture of good manners and good taste." This desirable end is to be reached, so the uncultivated Eastern mind discovers, not only by an agreeable treatment of a happily diversified surface, but by such a nomenclature as would turn the stomach even of the principal of a girls' boarding-school. One enters the campus by "Emma Gate," and has his choice between "Ida Way," and "Flirtation Walk" (!), and before he completes the tour of the grounds, he crosses "Bettie's Bridge," "Nettie's Bridge," "Bertie's Bridge," "Victoria Bridge," "Mary's Bridge," winds around "Lake Saint Mary," and traverses "Anna Dale," "Camilla Dale," "Minnie Dale," "Ada Avenue," and "Flottie Way." There are just seven other names of paths which are not borrowed from the female sex. "Flirtation Walk" leads from "Via Curatorum," the main avenue, to the President's house! How long will it be before it is extended to "Elopement Gate"?

—Among the educational statistics of the month just elapsed, we do not know of any that surpass in interest those which are contained in the report of the Committee on Education and Agriculture in the Ockmulgee Council, Indian Territory. The various tribes which inhabit this reservation tax themselves annually to the amount of $140,000 and upwards for schools attended by some five thousand children, the Choctaws having ten of their youth at college in the States, and the Chickasaws sixty, whose education in similar institutions outside the Territory is provided for at the rate of $350 each per annum. It is, doubtless, from among these that the ranks of the teachers will be recruited when they return; and already there is a fair proportion of Indian teachers. As for the agriculturists, they are all prosperous, and many can afford to own and use the most improved machinery. By way of stimulus, however, the formation of agricultural societies is recommended. They would certainly mark, in the strongest way, the progress from nomad life to civilization. Encouraging as these facts are, the Cherokees are perhaps wise in opposing the movement to establish a regular Territorial government, as the associated tribes certainly are in not pushing the measure regardless of such weighty dissent. They can doubtless dispense with the costly forms of administration for a long time to come, better than risk anything by having their attention called away from the cultivation of the soil and the improvement of their minds, on which they must depend to maintain themselves aloof from the savages of the Plains, and in the "struggle for existence" with their white countrymen and fellow-citizens.

—Last year it was the Howes and Lymans, this year already the Mansfields have had their family gathering in Massachusetts, at which part of the attendance was from California and Louisiana. Evidently these reunions are going to form a fixed feature in the physiognomy of the New England summer, answering to the homeward flight at Thanksgiving, but commemorating a broader relationship. The intensity of this family feeling among New Englanders and their descendants is not generally realized even by those who are favorably situated for observing it. We have been forcibly impressed by a "List of American Families whose genealogies are being investigated, either in whole or in part, with a view to publication," which appears in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record* for July, where it occupies ten pages. The number of families enumerated in it is 308, concerning 168 of which the purpose of the compilers is to publish separate genealogies, the remainder being for the most part incidental to the chief object of research. The investigations which relate to New-England families number 185, or nearly two-thirds of the whole; 60 have regard to non-New-England families; and 63 are undesignated. This aggregate is greatly increased, if it be not doubled, by the fact that more than a dozen town, county, and State histories are in preparation, involving more or less complete genealogies: Wallingford, Conn., for example, reckons 37. Any one who has ever been led into enquiries of this nature, knows by experience the value of co-operation, and can appreciate the service rendered by the *Record* in preparing this list. Probably almost every one of the investigators whose labors are here noticed will find some one engaged on a line which comes in contact with his own, with whom he can at once open a correspondence.

—From a rough comparison we judge that four-fifths of the names in the above list occur in the Catalogue of Harvard University (Triennial of 1872), the Index to which is a very interesting study. One may take about equal pleasure in the names which occur with the greatest frequency and those which have been borne by a single graduate of the University. If the first show the depth and solidity of New England culture, generation after generation returning to the source from whence its fathers had drawn their nourishment, the latter—the *novi homines*—show how widely beneficent the college has been and still is, more than ever. This distinction, however, is relative and not absolute. In several instances we have noticed that the *novus homo* of a century ago, having been reinforced of late, has become the leader of a line that may stretch out indefinitely. The Bowditches offer one of the most remarkable examples of a full list monopolized by a single family of the name; but they were new men in 1822, while the Saltonstalls—a still more remarkable example—show a period of two hundred years between the oldest and the latest graduate (1642–1848). So, among the more numerous, we have the Russells (1645), Phillipses (1650), Parkers (1661), Winthrops (1668), Adamses (1671), Allens (1689), Perkinses (1695), Gardners (1696), Parsonses (1697), Quincys (1699), who were ancients in respect to their successors the Otises (1707), Appletons (1712), Putnams (1717), Lowells and Parkmans (1721), Cabots and Holmeses (1724), Warrens (1725), Bartletts (1747), Bigelows (1766), ancients in their turn to the Lymans (1806)—names which are all identified with the best blood of Massachusetts. An examination of the classes that have graduated from the Academic Department in the five years 1867-71 (varying in strength from 77 to 155), gives an average of almost exactly twenty per cent. of the graduates per annum with whom the editor of the Catalogue has to open an account, as it were; the class of 1870 showed 20·4 per cent. of names unknown to the (Academic) Catalogue, yet, if we are not misinformed, six of its members (or about five per cent.) were sons of former graduates who were all classmates of each other.

—Some elaborate investigations on the origin of the population of Bremen are given in a new journal, the *Zeitschrift für deutsche Kulturgeschichte*, by the distinguished geographer and traveller, Mr. J. G. Kohl, whom some readers of the *Nation* must have met in this country years ago. Bremen was not, like Lübeck and many other German towns to the eastward, a German colony on a foreign, that is to say, a Slavic or Scandinavian, soil. The original settlers were fishermen, traders, sailors, etc., from the immediate neighborhood. Charlemagne probably introduced priests, officials, and nobles from the western countries. To the court of the puissant Bremen archbishops—the "little Rome of the North"—the nobility and gentry were attracted from all parts of Lower Saxony, and their descendants became a permanent part of the population. Commerce throve apace under the privileges accorded to the city by archbishops, kings, and kesars; emigrants came in from far and near, so that, by the middle of the thirteenth century, Bremen was a pretty populous and substantial town, and some time after became a member of the Hanse. From this time regular archives were kept, in which emigrants were registered as "New Burghers." The oldest Bremen "Burgher Book" begins 1289 and runs to 1519; it contains the names of all persons—some 13,000 in number—who presented themselves in that period before the Council "with sword and pike," afterwards "with musket and side-arms," attended by a "fidejussor," and swore allegiance to the city of Bremen. The proper names in the "Burgher Book" are instructive, as showing the gradual introduction of family names. No family names are found in the thirteenth century; in the fourteenth they are still uncommon; more common in the fifteenth; in the sixteenth universal. In the first part of the "Burgher Book" only Christian names occur, as "Henrich," "Ludolf," etc. But to distinguish people of the same baptismal name, an epithet was added, as "Gottfried parvus" (Godfrey Little), "Wilhelm kloke" (William Wise); or the occupation was mentioned, as "Alexander schomaker" (Alexander Shoemaker), "Peter tegeler" (Peter Tyler), "Rudolph sartor" (Ralph Taylor). In a great many cases the birthplace of the "new burgher" is given by the Latin *de*, as "Rotger de Wildeshusen" (Roger of Wildeshausen), and it is principally from such hints that Mr. Kohl has drawn his deductions. We cannot undertake to give the details and statistics of Mr. Kohl's paper, only mentioning that the American colony in Bremen—Bremen has long prided herself on her connection with America—numbered 259

in 1864 and 333 in 1867. But his monograph shows in an ingenious and authentic way from just what quarters the ravages of war, pestilence, and other destructive forces constantly making havoc in city life have been compensated in the particular case of Bremen. The "Burgher Books" may obviously yet be a mine of information to the philologian and the student of manners and morals. The state of the arts and trades, and the time when any particular luxury was introduced, might often be learned from the proper names. And, beside that, peculiarities of diction and dialect, local proverbs, customs, and laws, in short much of what gives a place its distinctive character, might by the aid of these registers be traced back to the original sources. Mr. Kohl has the material and the ability to make a very instructive book on his native city of Bremen.

—"Is there," writes a correspondent, "a more conclusive proof that a true equivalent to our 'listener' is unknown to the French than is given in the story of Madame de Staël? Her conversation was so invariably a brilliant monologue, that to decide a wager a dumb man was introduced into her presence. When asked how she had liked the gentleman, she replied that he was one of the most agreeable persons she had ever met. It seems clear, then, that 'les écouteurs sont bien rares.'" To be just—in a discussion in which we have not meant to have a *parti pris*—we must state that we are told that Balzac (in "César Birotteau," for example) clearly uses *écouteur* for "listener," while Victor Cherbuliez has, in his "Prosper Randoce" (p. 120 of the Paris edition), the following sentence: "Notre liaison lui plaît; il en sent le prix: je suis son écouteur d'office." This last we take leave to translate (in the interest of *Blackwood*), "I listen because I must."

—There were books of reference, short-cuts to knowledge, long before the hurry of our modern life began; but they have multiplied greatly of late. In what may be called chronological biography, in which hardly any facts in a man's life are thought worth recording except birth, marriage, and death, we have works of all sizes—from the little handbooks of Hole and of Martin to the great *Moniteur* of Oettinger, "contenant un million de renseignements." In general chronology there is no such leviathan as Oettinger, and the works are of such parity of merit that it is difficult to choose among them. Munsell's "Every Day Book of History" (1858) we have found unreliable; Putnam's "World's Progress" (1851), supplemented by his "Ten Years of the World's Progress" (1861), needs another decennial supplement; so does Rosse's "Index of Dates" (in Bohn's Scientific Library, 1858–59), but for all history previous to the middle of this century, Rosse's is the most convenient manual we know; for a supplement one can use Ewald's "Last Century of Universal History" (1767–1867), or Irving's "Annals of Our Time" (1837–1871); but if one must have all in a single volume, Townsend's "Manual of Dates" (2d edition, 1867), contains a vast deal of matter and printed in very small type, and Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" (13th edition, 1868, and short supplement which can be pasted in, 1871), has less matter, in larger type, and rather clumsily arranged. A new dictionary, calling itself an "Encyclopædia of Chronology," has just been published by B. B. Woodward, late Librarian of the Queen, and editor of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and W. L. R. Cates, already favorably known as the editor of a good "Dictionary of General Biography" (1867). Mr. Cates says that their encyclopædia is the result of twenty years' labor, and that it surpasses its competitors in accuracy as to dates, and in the judicious selection of articles. It certainly surpasses them in typographical appearance. The surviving editor, Mr. Cates, has adopted the practice first introduced by the Germans, and rapidly becoming common in grammars, dictionaries, catalogues, and other works intended not for continuous reading, but for hasty reference—of distinguishing the prominent words by heavy-faced type. The condensation, too, is satisfactory. One does not find, as in Allibone and in Thomas's Biographical Dictionary, sentence after sentence from which one longs to expunge words that would be well enough in an essay, but are utterly out of place in a work whose object is to furnish the utmost amount of information that can be packed in a manageable volume. Only by long use can one judge of the skill with which events have been selected for chronicling; from a short comparison we should think that the Encyclopædia excels its predecessors in this point also.

AN ENGLISH TOURIST AT THE SOUTH.*

PROBABLY there is no community in the world which presents social and political problems of such magnitude and difficulty as the reconstructed States of the South. The ruin and devastation of war they share with France; but France is a homogeneous nation, whose rapid and violent political changes have been in the form of the supreme government, hardly at all in the administrative institutions with which the citizens come immediately in contact. The immense body of emancipated slaves they share with Russia; but Russia has a strong central government, its freed people are of the same race as its nobles, its changes are purely social, and, serious as are the difficulties which attend the disposition of landed property and local administration, its embarrassments are at any rate confined to these. Like Germany, they have upon their hands the organization of a new government; like Austria, they are distracted by conflicts of race and nationality; their finances are more hopelessly confused than those of Italy; brigandage and violence are more rife than in Spain; not even England has more to apprehend, although in a different shape, from the antagonism of labor and capital. Add to all these misfortunes which they endure in common with other countries, these which are peculiarly their own: that they find themselves in unwilling union with a nation from which they strove to be severed; that even in the management of their own affairs they are deprived of the co-operation and counsel of that class of citizens which has been most closely identified with their interests; and that they are subjected to a government probably the most sordid and vulgar that has ever ruled on so large a scale. We do not say that the South has not brought all these evils upon itself, or that it has not deserved them all, but it is for us to recognize in them the problem of our politics on the whole most urgent.

A study of the situation by an impartial and intelligent foreigner is therefore heartily to be welcomed; and we can find little to criticise in the spirit of Mr. Somers' book, or the diligence and accuracy of his observations. It is perhaps fair to infer from one or two casual expressions that he was a "Southern sympathizer" during the war; but we have met with nothing with which any candid friend of the North need quarrel. His strictures upon "carpet-baggers" and their misgovernment are mild compared with our own; he is as ready to look hopefully upon the future of the negroes as that of the Southern whites. The few expressions which might seem directed against the North as such are nearly all in reality based upon the Protective Tariff; and there is no want of readiness to give credit to the North for whatever it is doing in the regeneration of the South. He takes care to give praise to the Northern Mayor of Wilmington, and to tell us that it was a Bostonian who established the model hotel he found at Atlanta; and, while laughing good-humoredly at the innumerable Yankee notions and useless patents, he adds (p. 102): "Let a want, or a semblance of a want, be felt throughout the circumference of the Union, and 'a young man from the North' will immediately appear and fix it all up to satisfaction." Nay, he even enters, on p. 282, upon an elaborate apology for the financial policy of the United States, which he does not profess to defend, but does not feel disposed to censure too harshly.

It may be that Mr. Somers is of a sanguine temperament, or it may be that he was ready to be pleased. However this may be, it is satisfactory to find that his report is on the whole encouraging. He does not appear to ignore the many unfavorable signs—the ignorance and viciousness of the blacks, the defects of the labor system, the corruptions of politics, the general disorganization of society—all these are discussed at length, but the signs of promise are dwelt on with greater satisfaction and emphasis. And what is significant is, that nearly all these appear to be in themselves the results of the war and the abolition of slavery. The free schools established in all parts of the country, the freedmen's banks, the introduction of Northern and English machinery, the impetus to every branch of industry in respect as well to methods as to activity of industry, the elevation in the morals of the community, especially in the increased respect shown to the marriage relation, not only among the blacks, but also among the poor whites—all these are the direct results of emancipation. Even the immense beds of marl, which he thinks are the great financial resource of the seaboard States, would never have been discovered or utilized under slavery. And on the other hand he shows how, in more than one instance, the better classes have, by a vigorous effort, shaken off the rule of the corruptionists, and established a sound and efficient government.

The "Southern Question," as it now rises before our statesmen, consists of three principal elements—government, education, and labor. Education is gradually finding its own solution through the ambition of the blacks, the good sense of the whites, and the liberality of the North, as exhibited in the Freedmen's Bureau, the education societies, and the Peabody Fund. The Government, too, it may be hoped—from "carpet-baggism" on the one hand to "Ku-kluxism" on the other—will come to some definite issue as soon as the election is over. But the labor question is mainly social, and depends much less than either of the others upon institutions and legislations. Time and general laws must do most of the work in this field. It is here, therefore, that the observations of our author are most accepta-

* "The Southern States since the War. 1870-1. By Robert Somers." With Map. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 8vo, pp. 286.

ble and instructive, and we will repeat in a few words the substance of his testimony.

As to the efficiency of negro labor he appears to have no question, and frequently repeats the emphatic testimony of the planters; as, for instance, p. 76, on the sea-islands of Georgia, "planters have declared to me that they could not do without the 'darkies' in the field, so superior are they to any white laborer that has yet been tried." Much, however, depends upon the mode in which the labor is employed and paid, and he frequently discusses the relative advantages of the wage and share systems, with a more and more decided leaning toward the former. "One may understand," he says, "how an agricultural communism among a group of people on a farm might be carried out; but the project would require an economy and mutuality of arrangement betwixt the members of the group to which there is no resemblance in the existing conditions of a Southern cotton plantation," p. 280. On p. 128 we find described in detail the "share system" generally prevailing in the Southern States, and it is not hard to recognize its unfairness. For, besides his half the crop, his cottage, wood, pasturage, and other privileges, the negro has exemptions which are fairly equivalent to a considerable gross sum. "Though entitled to one-half the crop, yet he is not required to contribute any portion of the seed, nor is he called upon to pay any part of the taxes on the plantation." But what is of even more importance is the indifference of the laborer to anything but his own immediate profit. He enjoys all the advantages of ownership, with none of its burdens. "The negroes will do nothing but the work immediately about the crops in which they have a share. If cattle stray into the corn and cotton fields, the negro will often only drive them from his own part of the crop into that of the neighboring squad. As for fences in general, they are allowed without remorse to go to wreck," p. 146. He closes his discussion of the system with the remark that "its incompatibility with progress will be seen more and more clearly as the Southern farmers proceed to keep live stock, to introduce deep and steam ploughing, to diversify their crops, or to carry out any improvement on their lands," p. 281.

We are surprised, seeing the fulness with which the labor question is discussed, that we have very little information as to the change in the distribution of land since emancipation. One would hardly gather from these pages that there were any negro *proprietors* in the South; are we to conclude that these are so few as to escape notice? As to the wealth and abundance of land in the market, it is amply testified to. Further, we find gratifying witness to the advance made by "poor whites" in industry. To small farms, he thinks, rather than to large plantations, is due the recent increase in the cotton crop. "The hilly districts have long been inhabited by a poor white population, who have always produced more or less cotton. But the high value to which cotton was raised by the war, and the 'labor difficulty' of the larger plantations, have inspired them with new hope, life, and industry; and this class of growers have swelled considerably of late years the deliveries of cotton at the railway depots," p. 117.

So careful a writer ought not to be guilty of the inaccurate statement that "Columbia was completely burned down by Sherman in the war, the State House being almost the only building that was spared," both clauses being incorrect, and some "unrepentant" person—Sapphira, perhaps, though Ananias will do it too—having, we fear, relieved his spirit at the expense of exactness of statement. The description of "American" railroads, too, on p. 82, may be correct for the South; in the North it is not true that the conductor is, as a rule, called "Captain," or that "the habit of paying fares to the conductor has so grown that, even in the larger towns, nearly as many pass into the cars without tickets as with them." What are we to understand, moreover, by "There is seldom more than one newspaper editor 'on board'"? Does the "Greeley man" early kill the other? Or does he call the other a liar and get shot and thrown off?

The careful and often graphic descriptions are marred and deprived of their full effect by want of style and a very clumsy rhetoric, as shown in such expressions as the following: "By the war the South was peeled to the bone" (p. 40); "the negroes following up the childlike instinct of former days that Charleston was the El Dorado of the world" (p. 37); "a fatly protected class of Northern manufacturers" (p. 91); "criminals taken 'in' *flagrante delicto*" (p. 154). The following sentences will probably appear entirely without meaning, taken apart from the context; the author is speaking of the privileges of freedmen's labor, as compared with labor in the Old World: "The soul is often crushed out of labor by penury and oppression. Here a soul cannot begin to be infused into it through the sheer excess of privilege and license with which it is surrounded" (p. 129). The meaning at the best is to be got at only with difficulty.

Apart from the rhetoric, we have little but praise for the book; it will be found an interesting description of the state of society in the South, and a valuable collection of facts.

OURSELVES AS THE HEATHEN SEE US.*

OUR first obligation to Mr. Lanman is for the amount of information which his book contains concerning Japan—that sort of living Pompeii in its interest for us—although more definite particulars of the recent revolution by which feudalism was abolished and the country prepared for the rapid strides forward which it is now making would have added not a little to our indebtedness. Besides, we have from him a full account of the aims of the Japanese embassy, whose visit is certainly one of the most remarkable occurrences of the day; and, in addition, sundry essays written by different Japanese students in this country, which will measurably satisfy any curiosity we may entertain in regard to what other people think of us.

Every one will remember that common device of the last century of employing imaginary Persians and Chinese to scourge the follies of the day—a sort of literary masquerading that may be compared with the now fashionable whim of creating new and fantastic worlds. In those letters what was most foreign was the names they assumed; the eighteenth-century satirist was not hidden by his attempt at disguise. In these few essays, however, all of which were written by very young men, we find the judgments of foreigners, whose early education, whose cast of mind, whose prejudices are as different from ours as can well be imagined. Their work gives us very much the impression that we should get if we could dig up some ancient Roman—say Cicero, as an excellent specimen of an intelligent and cultivated man and a gentleman—should take him in a close carriage to "Oak Hall," or some other clothing "emporium," should there get him some modern raiment to replace the crowd-attracting toga, and then, in the new Pre-Raphaelite Latin, should explain to him, as best we might, the construction of the steam-engine, the *modus operandi* (as we should of course call it) of the telegraph, at the same time giving him a concise account of the history of America, the names of the Presidents, a discussion of the relative merits of Grant and Greeley, with a word or two about Europe, and should listen to his opinion of it all. The essays do not cover the whole ground, but not one of them is dull reading. The English is extremely good, and we shall quote below some specimens of the Japanese humor, of which the reader may also find some examples in Mr. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." The first essay, by Mr. E. R. Enouye, is entitled "The Practical Americans." Thus he lashes a not unknown class:

"Christianity teaches them that their souls live after their bodies, and therefore they must better the condition of their minds by the cultivation of virtues in this world. The money-loving Americans are doing just the opposite of this. . . . Without sympathy, without frankness and generosity of feeling, despising human nature, they have no more use for their riches than the Peruvians had for theirs before the Spaniards came to rob them. Some men find delight in the fine arts, in philosophy, in science, in the exercise of the benevolent and social affections; but they have no relish for these. They can no more detect beauties in them than a savage can appreciate all the intricate combinations of harmony in music. As to religion, they consent to pay their pew-tax and to be bored by an occasional sermon on Sunday for appearance' sake; but their real churches are their counting-houses, their real Bible their ledger, and, last of all, their real God is not Almighty God, but 'the almighty dollar.'"

In the introduction to this essay the writer says:

"Japan, before the late revolution, was undoubtedly the most aristocratic nation in the world. As is usually the case under such circumstances, the down-trodden mass of the people strikingly manifest that characteristic which is the subject of my present essay—namely, an acquaintance only with those ways of life which relate to the supply of the actual wants and necessities of mankind. . . . I, like any other thoughtless born aristocrat, despised this tendency of the commons. I acknowledge now that this was very unjust, but still something of this spirit will no doubt influence me in the decision of the great question now before us [Is it a disgrace to the Americans that they are a practical people?], and I request my kind readers to bear in mind this circumstance."

In no way could he better show his true aristocracy than by just this statement. Not all young men, even of civilized nations, are so ready to temper their denunciations. Shioji Takato favors the coeducation of the sexes, and supports his views by parables, as follows:

"Some say, the wives of officers have nothing to do in the offices, and the wives of merchants do not interfere in the business, consequently for women there is no need of such an education as that required for man. The opinion is worthy of the farmer in the old story, who, thinking that the trees and not the ground bore the fruits, scattered the fertilizers over the leaves and boughs of the trees, and left the ground unenriched and uncultivated. But ere his boast of the new economical invention spread to his neighbors, all his trees had died. If we are able to make the world fruitful by cultivating man only, leaving woman a desert, the trees of the farmer should have borne the fruit."

"When a tree is young it easily bends; a pin for a post and a thread for a rope are enough to twist it into any shape. A small rivulet can be stopped or led in any direction without difficulty, even by a single hoe in the hand

* "The Japanese in America. Edited by Charles Lanman, American Secretary of Japanese Legation in Washington." New York: University Publishing Company. 1872.

of a child. But after a tree has grown into a towering trunk, with its boughs mingling with clouds, or after a rivulet has become a mighty river with billows on its surface, and carrying millions of tuns of soil every year, nothing in the world can either stop the one or bend the other. . . . It seems, then, to me, very foolish that men should attempt to prevent the occurrence of injuries by keeping their children separated closely one sex from the other. Two country people once caught two young foxes, and brought them home to domesticate; A put his fox into a yard with domestic fowls, while B kept his closely hidden away from the sight of fowls, fearing that the fox would catch them. But to the surprise of B, A's fox did no harm to the fowls, but played with them and slept with them, though it grew big and strong. So B, following the example of A, let his fox loose and free among the fowls that had been kept away from its eyes. But again, to his surprise, his fox caught one of the fowls and fled away with it. If we coeducate the sexes from their youth, as A did his young fox and fowls, I am certain that they will agree and dwell in concord, and no trouble will occur, provided the rules in the school are perfect and carefully observed. But if we should follow the policy of B, I am afraid, or rather sure, that at the time when the sexes reach their full age and are set free, the picnic and the party will become a scene of wrong and a field of shame, as when B's fox ran at large among the fowls of the yard."

Under the title of "The Chinese Ambassador in France," Mr. Toyama roundly abuses M. Thiers for the loftiness of his tone in addressing the Chinese Ambassador, and tries not to defend, but to explain, the ill-treatment that foreigners so often receive in that country. The essay is very well worth reading. In his admirable book, Mr. Pumpelly maintains the same side of the question, and this additional evidence only strengthens his position. For example:

"Thiers might say that the French have a great deal of prejudice against the Prussians; so the Chinamen have many prejudices against those nominal Christians who might be called the Shylockian Pecksniffs. . . . The hatred of foreigners occurs in two cases: when the people have mere prejudice against them, and when they have real cause of hatred on account of their haughty or impudent conduct, their disrespect to the natives, their disregard of the laws of the land, and, most of all, their violation and ridicule of their most sacred customs, which drive sometimes even the more civilized people into madness. . . . The conduct of the foreigners, excepting some of the better class of the missionaries and a few laymen, is a very shame to the name of Christianity and civilization, and retards the progress of both. They do not pay the prices of things they buy, and even the boat-fares required of them; but no sooner do they observe a shadow of discontent in the face of the person who demands it than the heavy cane is over his head. . . . It is in vain that some really good Christians try to persuade the natives that Christianity is the true religion of God while they are beset on all sides by these splendid specimens of nominal Christians; and when they look back at their conduct they would not find any reason why they should feel particularly ashamed before Christians."

More we need not quote to show the intelligence of these young men, the interest of their views to us, and the excellent way in which they express what they have to say. The last of the essays contains some translations of Japanese poems, about forty in number, which alone would make the book worth having. They are all short, some in their form resembling Greek epigrams and others common proverbs. The following was written by one of the emperors in a time of famine:

"I climbed the mountain, and, looking down, I saw the smoke rising from unnumbered dwellings, and so I was glad to believe that my people were in comfort, for I love them as a mother loves her children."

There are others of various sorts:

"When the moon is shining, the receding waves of ocean collect its light, and picture it in its fulness upon their bosoms, but soon they dash it upon the rocky shore, shattering it into unnumbered fragments."

"I do not know when my heart first began to love, but I do know that it is now yearning towards one of whom I have heard, but have never seen."

"Mournful to my heart are the sounds of autumn, as I hear them at the twilight hour passing over the thatched roof of my house, and the rice-fields growing near."

"Long a wanderer from my early home, I returned only to find that my friends did not remember me; but I remembered with rare pleasure the fragrance of the spring flowers."

"I did not wish to hear about the troubles of life, and so I fled far away to the distant hills, but even there I heard the painful cry of the wounded deer."

Of the proverbial phrases we find, for example:

"Although the walk of a cow is slow, she can, by perseverance, reach the distance of a thousand miles."

All of these short poems are familiar to the Japanese, high and low. We hope before many years to see a completer translation than this or Mr. Dickens's, which appeared about six years ago. The last half of the book contains the English translation of an account of America, prepared by Mr. Mori, the *chargé d'affaires* from Japan, for the use of his fellow-countrymen. It is interesting, concise, and, generally, very accurate. It contains a surprising amount of information in very little space.

How the World was Peopled. Ethnological lectures by Rev. Edward Fontaine, Professor of Theology and Natural Science; Member of the New York Historical Society, and the Academies of Sciences of New Orleans, Baltimore, etc. (New York: Appleton & Co. 1872.)—"By a diligent and reverent study of theology," begins our author, "and careful researches in archæology, ancient and modern history, and every department of natural science, I was convinced that they (the races of men) were all descended from one original pair of parents." No one who has ever studied anything need be told that the man who could accomplish such a work must have the genius for omniscience of an Aristotle and the antiquity claimed for Old Parr. As might be expected, therefore, the writer shows himself profoundly ignorant on all the topics of which he treats. The absurdities of his book even reach the point where the whole thing becomes grotesque and amusing. He starts out to consider the objections to the "commonly-received theory that all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve," but says: "Among these objections I will not include the *theory of development, or the transmutation of species*, advocated by Lamarck, Darwin, and others." He thinks the absurdity of the matter has been sufficiently exposed by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists. His treatment of the little that is left of his subject after this all-including exception is made, is beneath criticism. The book might well be left silently to find its way back to the proper *nirvana* of such wretchedness—the paper-mill, were it not for a single consideration, viz., that it is not singular in its important characters; it is one of a class. It is a painful fact, but one that needs in the interests of the race to be frankly told, that whenever a clergyman writes a book on science the chances are immensely against our finding in it any trace of real scientific training, or even a conception of what constitutes scientific methods and work. He is likely enough to have read without discrimination few or many of the popular treatises by men of well-known names, but he is nearly sure to be as far away from the spirit and the important results of investigations as a Camaldoli monk. Whether this is something which our divinity schools might correct if they would, we cannot now stop to enquire; but if theologians feel that they must descend occasionally into the scientific arena, it is not too much to ask that they should prepare themselves. The reconciliation of science and religion in the clerical mind, before the attempt is made to bring it about in the lay understanding, is certainly the logical order of things.

The Picture Gallery. (London: Sampson Low & Co.; New York: Brentano.)—This work, of which six parts have thus far been issued, is a collection of photographs from engravings of the pictures, and in some cases of the pictures themselves, by English and American-English painters, which appear to the publisher the most likely to hit the taste of the so-called cultivated public. Each of the first three numbers contains four photographs—three from pictures and one from a statue; but the numbers for April, May, and June contain only three photographs each, and one of those in the April number is of a statue, so that, at the present rate, a good many numbers must be issued before the public that purchases the "Picture Gallery" will be able to form a reasonably thorough notion of contemporary and recent English art. We speak of this publication rather as thinking it a useful one in its intention, than as wishing to convey the notion that it is a conception well carried out; for English art, either of the present day or of the beginning of the century, is by no means the feeble, purposeless thing that it would appear to one who had nothing but this publication to judge it by. Nor would it have been ill advised to correct, as far as it is possible, the prevailing impression of the worthlessness of English sculpture, but such statues as "The Picture Gallery" gives us, F. M. Miller's "White Doe of Rylstone," Westmacott's "Elaine," can only serve to confirm it. The pictures in the "Picture Gallery" have been better selected than the statues, and with Landseer's "Shoeing the Bay Mare" and "Dignity and Impudence"; Maclise's "Preparing Moses for the Fair"; Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb"—a very clear and satisfactory photograph from the late J. H. Robinson's excellent engraving, and the same artist's "Choosing the Wedding Gown"; Leslie's "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," with Sir Joshua's "Puck," and, perhaps, Lawrence's "Princess Charlotte," the purchasers of the "Picture Gallery" ought to be content. We should like, however, to have our own Stuart Newton better represented than by "The English Girl," a picture which is made to seem more insipid than it really is by having appended to it, by way of illustration, Wordsworth's lines, "She was a phantom of delight," etc. This is a very good example of what is known as the "Keepsake" style of beauty—a style once much in demand, but of which it is difficult for us in these days to understand how any one out of England, more especially if that any one were a Frenchman, and that Frenchman named Balzac, could ever have written, "La vue de son cousin fit sourdre en son cœur les émotions de fine volupté que causent à un jeune

homme les fantastiques figures de femmes dessinées par Westall dans les keepsakes Anglais, et gravées par les Finden d'un burin si habile, qu' on a peur, en soufflant sur le vélin, de faire envoler ces apparitions célestes." But "Eugénie Grandet," from which we quote these words, was written in 1833, when England and the English and English ways were the rage in Paris, for it was the era of good feeling.

Station Life in New Zealand. By Lady Barker. (New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co. 1872.)—We can recommend this book as being very lively and entertaining reading, which, without giving any statistics at all, succeeds not only in imparting a good deal of valuable information about New Zealand, but also in producing in the reader's mind a very clear impression of what life must be like there. It is in the form of letters written to friends at home by the wife of a New Zealand sheep-farmer. They are genuine letters, unlabored and informal, which, though they read pleasantly in print, need never have suggested to their original recipients that they were ultimately designed for that purpose. They record the various experiences of three years in the island, from 1865 to 1868, and give a very good idea of the climate and the scenery, of the risks run by the sheep-farmers, of the comforts and discomforts of domestic life, and are very well fitted to displease the reader with the commonplaces of ordinary civilization, and to make him long for the freedom and freshness of life under the less hackneyed form in which it is found in new countries. Not all colonists, however, have the gay cheerfulness which Lady Barker exhibits, nor her courageous determination to see everything on its bright side. With such "interior dispositions," it would be necessary for no one to leave home for pleasure nor old associations for freshness. Each of these letters is complete in itself, and presents a definite picture of domestic life, or of slightly hazardous adventure, in language so simple and precise that we should advise any one who has in hand the work of compiling new school-readers to include in his selections almost any half-dozen chapters of Lady Barker's volume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Aytoun: A Tale, swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) $0 40
Browning (E.), Laws of Marriage and Divorce.	(William Rideway)
Cooper (J. F.), The Pathfinder, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 75
Curteis (Rev. G. H.), Dissent in its Relation to the Church of England.	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 25
Dumas (A.), Countess of Charny, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Eassie (W.), Healthy Houses.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Forrester (Mrs.), My Hero: a Tale	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Grier (J. B.), Studies in the English of Bunyan.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hammond (Mrs. A. F.), Josephine Eloise: a Tale, swd.	(Baltimore News Co.)
Hinsdale (B. A.), Genuineness and Authenticity of the Gospels.	(Bosworth, Chase & Hall) 1 25
Kavanagh (Julia), Sybil's Second Love	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Kingsley (H.), Old Margaret: a Tale.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
"Pennsylvania Dutch," and Other Essays.	" "
Pierce (G. A.) and Wheeler (W. A.), The Dickens Dictionary.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 3 00
Ruskin (J.), Aratra Pentelici.	(John Wiley & Son) 3 00
That Convention: or, Five Days a Politician, swd.	(F. G. Welch & Co.) 0 75
Whyte-Melville (J. G.), Cerise.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Satanella: a Tale.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Vaux (R.), Origin and History of the State Penitentiary at Philadelphia.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

Fine Arts.

THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, BY J. Q. A. WARD.

MR. WARD'S idea in modelling his statue of Shakespeare for Central Park, New York, seems to have been to take the Stratford bust for a point of suspension, attach members to it in its own proportion and temperament, endow it with indications of brain, and repose in the result.

Mr. Ward is a man of originality and genius, and he has hardly faults enough for a sculptor to whom committeemen may give occasional commissions. His talent is very direct and manly, and when he has been allowed to follow the bent of it, or when his orders have fallen into the vein, he has produced those successes which are milestones in the history of our sculpture. His best work is the Simon Kenton model; with this one of his commissions, the Seventh Regiment soldier, affiliates; his Indian Hunter must, on the whole, be regarded as a success, though the pose is said to be borrowed, and the muscles are not savage muscles; the Bondsman has great merit, too, though it is a thing of squares and corners, and though it seems to be eternally saying, with a negro's importance, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order." Looking over this little list, we see a procession of attitudes and conceptions, all stamped with a kind of rugged novelty, and already a fine capital for any artist. It is observable that a kind of frieze-like order runs through them: each hero is a son of the soil, developed in the strength and ingenuity of the natural man, and engaged with circumstance in some kind of battle or self-assertion; the successive attitudes would do for a bas-relief around a gladiator's shield. Arguing from their merit, and recollecting that human power runs in channels, we should begin to doubt whether the artist would prove equally inspired in every kind of subject. We should have doubts of him in his conception of female beauty. Mr. Ward, in effect, after a lifelong hesitation in exhibiting a female figure, accepted from an insurance company here an order for a feminine subject, one of those beneficent angels or allegories of Average so familiar to the survivors of the insured. And he has produced a goddess of whom we will only remark that we always fancy his own Indian Hunter saying his prayers to it in a rapture, as savage tribes do to the figure-heads from shipwrecked vessels. Another kind of tentative before which Mr. Ward would have appeared to us as a problem would be the incarnation of contemplative intellect. In the presence of Shakespeare Mr. Ward is solved and Shakespeare—is not.

Mr. Ward's Shakespeare is a stout, large-headed, broad-shouldered man, in a simple doublet and hose, without a hat, yet draped in the short Elizabethan cloak, which depends from one shoulder, and passes under the other to be caught on the forearm. So far there is an agreeable show of placing before us a live, conceivable human being, in the proportions and habit of ordinary existence. The figure walks with a free and nimble motion for so heavy a man, bends its head forward on its chest, swings its mantle with a kind of romantic wave of its hips, and catches its gait with a break in both knees, often used on the theatrical stage to express meditation. And it is here, in the posture, the presence of the figure, that the disappointment occurs. The proportions are the unidealized ones of a class of heavy, ruminant men. It is conceivable enough that Shakespeare was one of that sort of men; but persons of such a build have a set of motions of their own, in which directness and brusquerie play an eternal part. It is only on the stage that actors who have in their day been lighter, teach themselves to advance from the wings with a graceful dawdle, and vacillate upon their hinges with self-repentant motions. In truth, the movement of the statue is that of an actor training himself to portray deep thought. The handsomely-modelled hands are disposed about the upper part of the person; one has the fingers plunged here and there in the leaves of a book, so as to mark several places at once; the other, less expressive, applies its knuckles to the crest of the iliac bone. The whole figure, very heavy in the torso, from the accumulation of so much drapery, and both the elbows, is poised upon the left heel, which seeks its proper place beneath the head; but the right leg is thrown so far out, to assist the artist's desired expression of a walking action, that the mass seems decidedly to lean over the base towards the left, creating an irresistible impression of tumbling. The flexed and actively-bending legs, on whose treatment so much depends, are not altogether just in movement; the calves are rather swelled than hardened by the effort, and have a blistery look; while, especially on the right side, the broken line of both limbs, uncorrected by any skilful evidence of muscular action, weakens the pose very considerably.

The whole statue (measured from the photograph, which would never magnify the proportions of the upper part) is six-and-a-half of its heads in height—a ratio that would have made an old Greek faint.

The large head is powerfully treated, and is nearly a grand work. The look of introversion in the eyes, and the spaciousness and modelling of the forehead, are successful. The bulbous look of the muscles of the brow is probably not directly a fault of the modelling, but an exaggeration of the high-lights on the glossy bronze; it was less apparent in the plaster state of the work. Concerning the nose, it is a creation of Mr. Ward's own, differing from all the portraits. He has the opinion, which he demonstrates very convincingly, that the sculptor of the Stratford head broke the tip of the nose by some accident, and then mended his job in the best way he could, shaping the wings very high up against the cheek, rounding the point, but leaving the insertion of the dividing cartilage on the lip in its first position, and a great deal lower than the wings. These signs may be seen on any of the plaster masks exported from Stratford. Mr. Ward has, perhaps, overcorrected the accident. The profile has a decidedly nutcracker appearance, and the peak of the nose prolongs and attenuates itself into the atmosphere in a way which is mysterious and threatening in a twilight view.

We have done this statue the justice to criticise it from a high standpoint. Among the hosts of bad Shakespeares contributed to art—Faed's Shakespeare pointing to its temples, Kaulbach's Shakespeare chewing its gums, the ordinary statuette folding its legs in a superior manner before a pedestal—the present work's eminence is very great. It is expressive, ardent, and romantic, and the technical touch is beautiful. We are only waiting for a Shakespeare to seize the chisel!

When the critic approaches the present statue with compasses, he cannot make it add up right. When he covers it with one of those deliberate, considerate, half-winks of the eye which are so simple and so irrefutable in criticism, he finds it a good Shakespeare, but somewhat poetic, somewhat *bourgeois*, somewhat in the spirit of a celebration ode or a dinner-table panegyric.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1872.

The Week.

POLITICALLY, this has been a week of speeches, Mr. Voorhees, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Morton, Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Wilson, Governor Oglesby, Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Schurz, General Butler, Mr. Trumbull, Secretary Delano, Mr. Fenton, and many other politicians and statesmen, having addressed their constituents or the North Carolinians. In none of the speeches is there anything that is new or important, but on account of the previous position of the two men the utterances of Senator Schurz and Mr. Voorhees were awaited with expectancy and read with interest. Heard with interest we may suppose them all to have been, as the voters have not been giving to politics that attention which newspaper-men and active politicians have now for months been giving, and the old story is to the average elector a new one. The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, as Mr. Voorhees is known to his friends, among whom he is very popular, came out for Greeley and Brown. Thirty days ago he used to say that fire and water might better be asked to mingle than he to support Horace Greeley as a Democratic candidate. But the National Convention decreed his candidacy, and now all its members must submit; such was the law and custom. Yet it was as absolutely certain thirty days ago that Greeley was to be put on the ticket at Baltimore as it is certain now that he is on it, and one would have supposed that Mr. Voorhees would perceive this, and save himself from his present queer position. It is not so surprising, however. Of an easy-going politician, and a Democratic politician, and a Democratic politician in Indiana, it would be exacting to expect much in the way of consistency or even of sense. Mr. Voorhees has been renominated in his district, a close one, and this will help to make the contest in Indiana a regular old-time Republican and Democratic contest. We should suppose it might help the Greeley ticket in the State.

Mr. Schurz's speech had for its principal new feature a charge against the President in reference to the San Domingo business. An interviewing reporter of the *Herald*—not, we should say, a personage whose tale-bearing any one need regard overmuch—the other day represented himself as having had a talk with the President at Long Branch. Indeed, he may have. Among other things confided to him by General Grant was that Senator Schurz was disgusted with the Administration simply because he could not have as much patronage as he wanted, and that if he had been satisfied in this respect he would not have turned reformer. This is the report which we presume the senator to have seen in print, and as to which he says that had not "a published report" been set afloat, he would have still withheld a charge which he thereupon proceeded to make. It was to the effect that two gentlemen, one of whom afterwards admitted that he acted with General Grant's consent, waited on him and offered him all the patronage he wished if he would support the annexation project. This is perfectly in key with General Grant's conduct in the San Domingo affair. There is no doubt that he was curiously and foolishly and obstinately desirous of that island, and used all the means and appliances at his command to get it. There is just precisely as little doubt, either, that this sort of truck and dicker of patronage, ineffectually attempted in Senator Schurz's case, has been done by every American President for the last thirty or forty years who lived long enough to deal in offices. Lincoln did it, Buchanan did it, Pierce did it, Fillmore did it, Tyler did it—they all did it; some for their own personal benefit, some for their party's. The speech, good, though not new, as an attack on the Administration, was of no great value, we should say, as persuading dissatisfied people to take Mr. Schurz's two candidates.

Whether or not Mr. Greeley would be without sin in patronage-trading we leave to the judgment of our readers. If the smell of fire is on his garments after his being active in our delightful New York politics ever since he was a youth, we may no doubt trust Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and Mr. James M. Ashley, Mr. Mattoon and Mr. Littlejohn, to warn us. All these gentlemen, we observe, are now impressed with the need of his election as a means of purifying our politics. Mr. Greeley's own letter to Mr. Schurz, which the senator read to his audience, is not a reassuring document, we should say. Mr. Schurz expected, at the close of the Fifth Avenue conference, that he would be able to get from the Cincinnati candidate a definite promise as regards reform. It was already then evident that "the bloody chasm" was to be the Greeleyite campaign cry, the white hat having called out so little genuine fire, and reformers were face to face with the question of how they could support such a candidate. This letter was the result of Mr. Schurz's effort, and we beg for it the attention of every believer in the guileless simplicity of the Cincinnati and Baltimore nominee. We think that an equally transparent case of whipping the devil round the stump we have seldom known attempted, and it will be curious to see how numerous the people are who will be gulled by it, and to watch the Greeleyites professing a belief in it. "It is said you have bad men around you, and will not be at all a reformer of the civil service or of anything else," Mr. Schurz says. "Is the charge true? Please tell us what you do think of civil-service reform?" "The charge about my friends," says our Honest Uncle, "is so vague that I do not care to answer it." One should lay bodily eyes on him in company with Nephew Cochrane and Nephew Fenton and Mr. Theodore Tilton and "Lord" Gordon and Honest Jay Gould and the statesman Kilpatrick, to appreciate this part of the correspondence. "As for the other matter," he goes on to say in substance, "if any Free Trade Congressman or Democratic Congressman thinks that, in case of my election, he is not going to get his fair share of patronage, he is mistaken: 'a President should fully realize and never forget that Congress, in its own sphere, is paramount and nowise amenable to his supervision, and that the heartiest good-will to his Administration is perfectly compatible with the most pointed dissent from his inculcations on the very gravest questions of finance and political economy.'" The rest is like this: "Grant pretends to be for civil-service reform, and is not." "A one-term President is sure to use his patronage for the purest purposes." But as for a plain answer to a plain question, not one word of it.

Mr. Boutwell, in his speech at Greensboro, N. C., yesterday week, selected for comparison between General Grant's administration of the finances and President Johnson's the year 1868, which he called the last fiscal year of Johnson's Administration, but which was not the "last" fiscal year, unless four months of the succeeding year—during which there was no essential change of policy or of minor officers—belong to the first fiscal year of General Grant's. But this year 1868 was the year in which the expenses of the Government were extraordinarily increased by the payment of extra bounties—a measure strenuously opposed by the Administration of Mr. Johnson as an inexpedient and unnecessary use of the public money, but which Mr. Wilson especially engineered and Mr. Boutwell voted for, and which both these gentlemen now indirectly treat as a matter financially discreditable. The amount thus disbursed during the year 1869 for these extra bounties was reported at $43,476,549. There was also disbursed during the year 1869 $3,905,396 on account of the Freedman's Bureau, an expenditure for which there is no longer any occasion. Mr. Boutwell was equally disingenuous—we think we might be justified in using a stronger term—when he made this statement to his North Carolina auditors:

The total revenue derived from distilled spirits during the last three

years of Mr. Johnson's Administration was $93,454,054, and for the first three years of General Grant's Administration $151,935,618, showing a gain of $58,481,564, equal to 64 per cent. increase, and this in view of the fact that the duty was $2 a gallon during a large part of the first period, and only about 75 cents during the second period."

Now Mr. Boutwell, if he knows anything about the subject, knows very well that the main reason why the attempt to collect revenue from distilled spirits previously to 1868–9 was a failure, was the imposition of a tax so high as to offer an almost irresistible temptation to fraud, coupled with a notoriously inefficient and imperfect law. He also knows—or if he does not the public does—that when Congress adopted, in 1868, a lower rate and a new law distributing the tax and providing for its collection by means of stamps, from the very day (August 1, 1868) when the law went into operation the revenue began to increase; and during that year (eight months Johnson and four months Grant, but practically all Johnson) went up from $18,655,630 to $45,071,000. During the next year the revenue from distilled spirits increased to $55,606,000, but Mr. Boutwell took very good care not to tell his auditors that for the year 1871, when every vestige of Johnsonism had been weeded out; when there was complete accord between Congress and the Executive; and when the population had increased by more than two millions, the revenue from distilled spirits fell off $9,323,000, or 17 per cent., a result, taking the increase of population into consideration, not so creditable as that attained during the last year of Mr. Johnson.

Again, the annual charge for interest on the public debt for the year 1868 was $140,424,000; but for the year 1872, in consequence of the reduction of the public debt, through the continuance of war-taxes (with the enactment of which the Administration of General Grant had no concern), the average annual interest has been reduced to the extent of at least $30,000,000. The aggregate of these several items is $77,481,000, which reduces Messrs. Boutwell and Wilson's balance of one hundred millions to $22,519,000. But for even this amount the existing Administration is in no fair sense entitled to any credit; for during the last year of Andrew Johnson's Administration (1869), the expenses of the navy, by reason of the general national policy adopted after the close of the war, were reduced $5,775,000; and those of the army, exclusive of the final payments for extra bounties, by at least $20,000,000 additional ($13,410,000 having been paid for bounties under Johnson during the first four months of the fiscal year 1869). If General Grant, therefore, immediately after his inauguration, had gone off to Alaska and taken Mr. Boutwell with him, or if both had gone to sleep, the one at his cottage by the sea, and the other on his farm at Groton, and had allowed the Government to be run by the heads of Bureaus, in pursuance of general laws, this saving in expenditures of one hundred millions and more in 1872, as compared with 1868, would have occurred all the same. The statement in question, therefore, of General Wilson and Mr. Boutwell, respecting the comparative decrease of the public expenditures, while technically true, is, in the sense in which it has been presented to the people, not true; and as the Secretary, unless he was merely crammed by some Treasury clerk, must have known all the circumstances, the act is, to say the least, discreditable. It might also have occurred to him, we should think, that on the same basis of comparison he might as well have gone back to the year 1866, in place of 1868, and claimed for General Grant's Administration in 1872 a saving of $235,000,000; or to 1865, and claimed $1,200,000,000; for the right to make such claims is as legitimate in the last-named years as it is in the one selected.

Trusting to our recollection of the facts, we said in last week's *Nation* that when, two or three years ago, a congratulatory dinner was given to Consul-General Butler, then newly appointed, Mr. Greeley was present and, as we thought, presided. We called attention to this fact because we knew that the Greeley organs would set down Butler's last disgraceful performance to the discredit of the Administration, as they ought; because we knew that they would assert directly or by implication that were Greeley only in the White House no such appointments would be made; and because we thought his "record," not only in general but in regard to this particular case of Butler's appointment, was not such as to warrant decent men in hoping for anything a bit better from Greeley than we have had from Grant. Upon this the *Tribune* observed that it did not like to say we had told "an unpardonable lie" for fear we should think it unmannerly, but it felt free to say that we had in this instance varied our usual "chatter of inuendoes" by "a plump falsehood"—which remarks, by the way, we do not think very mannerly either. However, manners are of less consequence in such matters than substantial accuracy, and the *Tribune*, if it values accuracy, will be compelled to revise its criticisms, as may be seen from the following paragraph which we take from the eighth page of the *Tribune* of Dec. 2, 1869. The italics are ours:

"DINNER TO GEORGE H. BUTLER, CONSUL-GENERAL TO INDIA.

"Last evening, a dinner of more than usual charm was given to Mr. George H. Butler, on his appointment as Consul-General to India, by his brother journalists and friends. The dinner was served in the style for which the Astor has both an American and a European fame. The critical condition of Mr. Richardson gave a certain subdued feeling to the delight of the occasion, as it prevented the presence of Mr. Greeley; and the announcement of the hope of Mr. Richardson's recovery conveyed during the evening by Mr. Stetson was received with the most enthusiastic joy by a gathering numbering representatives of every journal in New York. Mr. Greeley, *owing to the critical condition of Mr. Richardson, was unable to preside, and sent a note of apology, expressing his regret and his entire sympathy with the object.* Mr. John Swinton, formerly of the *Times*, one of the old editors (though by no means one of the old men) in the city, took his place, and Mr. William Stuart acted as Vice-Chairman. There were present, Chief-Justice Barnard and Judge McCunn of the Supreme Court, Recorder Hackett, the Hon. John Develin, Messrs. Hatch, Van Schoickt, Hugh Hastings, Howard, Cummings, Wm. Winter, E. H. House, Wheeler, Schuyler, and Kirwan, and representatives from every journal in New York. The evening was enlivened by many brilliant speeches, and crowned with many good wishes for the new Consul-General to Calcutta."

The Springfield *Republican* completed the true history of Mr. Greeley's behavior when, in its issue of Saturday last, it enquired as follows: "Did he not foolishly agree to preside, and back out because some of his friends objected to the scandal of his presiding at a dinner in favor of so base a notoriety, and because poor Richardson was at the very hour dying in the same hotel?" Our readers will now see just how far we misled them in telling them, as our recollection told us, that Mr. Greeley made one in this precious company of McCunns, Barnards, Proclamation Howards, Stuarts, and Butlers, and how far the *Tribune* is justified in its charge that we wilfully deceived them in making them think that Mr. Greeley would "endorse" such a person as Mr. Butler. We leave them with the *Tribune* of December 2, 1869, and we imagine that further remark from us is unnecessary. Everybody, we suppose, can see where, as between the *Nation* and the *Tribune*, the ugly names which the *Tribune* has brought forward are justly to be applied.

It was to such performances that we referred last week when we advised our readers not to believe firmly in all the statements made nowadays by the *Tribune*. From the beginning of the campaign till now it has exhibited an ingenuity, so to speak, in its treatment of the news and of the journals opposed to it which have been anything but creditable to it. Its treatment, the other day, of *Harper's Weekly*, for example, was such as to show as plainly as any recent event in journalism that even yet the conductors of our newspapers may do things in the exercise of their profession which, if done in private life, would very speedily remand the man who did them to his own society. The facts are these: *Harper's Weekly*, a fortnight or three weeks ago, declared that Mr. Greeley, in November, 1860, printed in the *Tribune* some very savage words about the South—words which, we dare say, multitudes of us subscribed to in the succeeding days of bitterness, but which, nevertheless, were barbarous and unrestrained, and the republication of which, both on account of their barbarity and their headlong unrestraint, is calculated to injure Mr. Greeley's chances of election. This the *Tribune* saw, and it saw, too, that the *Weekly* had made a mistake as to the date of the original publication. What does the

reader suppose that the *Tribune* did? Behave with candor and sense? It took courage when it saw the wrong date, said that it could endure a good deal, but that "forgery" was a little too much for it, talked of "this pretended extract," and then, without blushing, it roundly swore that the *Tribune* of such and such a date contained no such language as was quoted. No more it did; and the object of the writer was to make the public believe that the *Tribune* of no other date contained any such language. Yet word for word the passage can be pointed out in the columns of the *Tribune* for May 1, 1861, instead of November 26, 1860. So, too, the *Evening Post* has been treated with the same dishonesty—there is no other word for it. Ours is a great profession.

The Bar Association has much reason to be gratified at the sight which they see at Saratoga; and the profession in general, which has not been too ready to support the Association with evidence given in public, though it has been lavish of privately-spoken stories of all sorts of rascality on the part of the accused judges, owes a debt of gratitude to the prosecutors. They have well bestowed much hard labor and much valuable time, and we now have as a result, about a twelvemonth since their attack was begun, Cardozo off the bench and in social disgrace among those of his own faith; McCunn off the bench, and dead of anxiety and chagrin; and Barnard in the seventh day of his trial; and his recognized abilities, his many "friends," his money, his brazen impudence, and his evil courage, will, there is probability amounting to moral certainty, all be of no avail to save him from disgraceful retirement. It is a hundred years, Mr. Van Cott pointed out in his excellent address to the Court, since such a trial had occurred in this State, and New Yorkers who have had litigation during the past ten years in some of our courts know whether or not that is a statement which speaks our praise or our disgrace. The senators who constitute the greater part of the court are not all in attendance, but the judges of the Court of Appeals, who constitute the weightiest part of the court, may no doubt be relied upon to ruin this one of our late masters; and, indeed, there is little expectation that it will be worth the while of any, even of the senators who are known to be corrupt, to endeavor anything in Barnard's interest, ready as he is to pay.

The *Times* may fairly be said to have reduced the death-rate of the city within the past two weeks. The unprecedented heat of the month just gone forced upon everybody the thought of guarding against its effects, and by-and-by there was as much talk of the foul atmosphere and deadly nights of the tenement-house region as there is of charity-soup and coal in the hardest weather of our winters. This feeling the *Times* set itself to concentrate and crystallize into definite action, and its good thought has had a great success. Large and small sums at once began coming in, the latter in great part from the children of well-to-do people who have been made to take an interest in their unfortunate little contemporaries, and who gave freely, as indeed it is found that a good number of them constantly do, for the benefit of small waifs and strays in the permanent hospitals and homes near the city. At this present writing, about ten thousand dollars have been subscribed, several picnics have given some thousands of street children a day or two in the country, and some hundreds their first sight of it, and many cases of wretched destitution and distress have been relieved among our more than three hundred thousand tenement-house population. It is not unlikely that the movement may be continued next year, for no summer is healthful and invigorating by the time it gets into Cherry-Street cellars, and the public seldom needs much more than to be reminded of its duty in such respects, and set going in the performance of it, to perform it well and with alacrity.

Three weeks ago we laid before our readers "the main stipulations" of the new agreement between France and Germany as to the payment of the war indemnity by the former, and the evacuation of the French territory by the latter—as they were telegraphically "reported to be." Having now the text of the treaty before us, we find that the Cable report was very incomplete, some important points in favor of the French being omitted. It was correctly stated that France bound herself to pay one-half of the third milliard francs ($100,000,000) two months after the ratification; the second half of that milliard early in 1873 ("March 1," however, was a mistake for February 1); the fourth milliard March 1, 1874; and the fourth and last, with the interest accrued on the indemnity, March 1, 1875; and correctly, also, that the Germans obliged themselves to evacuate the Departments of Marne and Haute-Marne on the payment of the first half-milliard, Ardennes and Vosges on the payment of the fourth milliard, and all the rest of the occupied French territory on receiving the last instalment. But what was not reported is, that France is entitled to anticipate, at her will, the payments of Feb. 1, 1873, March 1, 1874, and March 1, 1875, and Germany bound to execute the corresponding evacuations of territory without regard to the dates fixed; and also that France, after paying the fourth milliard, has the right to give "financial guarantees," instead of cash, for the fifth milliard and the interest, which, if found satisfactory, are to relieve her of the further burden of "territorial guaranty"—that is, of all further occupation. Thus France gains immediate relief for two departments, and can deliver the others as speedily as she can pay or get satisfactory security. The advantage is now apparently all on her side, and M. Thiers and M. de Rémusat try to make the most of it before the Assembly and the nation; but, in fact, Bismarck too is a gainer to a great extent. He gets money faster than the treaty of Frankfort entitled him to, gets rid of troubles arising from garrisoning places remote from the German frontier, has the undiminished army of occupation concentrated, and conciliates France by a display of good disposition, as far as conciliation in this case is possible.

The Archbishop of Naples's circular directing the priests of that city to urge their parishioners to go to the polls and take part in the municipal elections, is an event of the first importance in Italian politics. For a dozen years the Catholic party has adhered inflexibly to its motto, "Nè elettori, nè eletti," and totally abstained from exercising the privileges and performing the duties of citizenship. The "new departure" is attributed to the personal decision of the Pope, against the wishes of Cardinal Antonelli, and against the protests of many clerical newspapers. These have even gone so far in their opposition as to suppress part of a speech made by the Pope to the priests of Rome, advising the same course as that recommended at Naples, but without interposing any delay. However, the Catholic voter, anywhere, who acts under instruction has no need of open circulars or the public prints to learn what is expected of him, and the Pope and the Archbishop together have sent a large flock of the faithful to register themselves on the electoral lists, with the undisguised encouragement of the priests. The Roman municipal elections take place next week, and what effect on them the clerical vote, if polled in its full strength, might produce, may be inferred from the fact that 20,000 pupils of both sexes are taught in schools directly controlled by spiritual directors. The movement is viewed with no little anxiety by the secular press and the politicians, but it is difficult to estimate its probable bearing on national politics. A violent dispute has raged in the clerical camp over the question not only whether to abstain or to vote, but whether the return to political activity should extend beyond municipal affairs and include participation in the election of deputies to Parliament. The Jesuits have found here a nice field for their casuistry, following the lead of the Archbishop of Naples, who undertook to show that the one act would not, while the other would, be a recognition of the legitimacy of the present Government. Success in local elections may do much to remove the scruples against a wider use of the suffrage, and in the interest of the country itself it is to be hoped they may be removed. The Liberals and the Radicals would then be compelled to unite against the common enemy, and we should have a beginning of something like genuine parties in Italy.

THE INDIRECT CLAIMS—IS OUR GOVERNMENT LIABLE?

IT becomes apparent that the course pursued by the American Government in regard to the "consequential damages" will occasion, in all probability, a sequel to the history of the Treaty in the form of claims upon itself for having first approved and then abandoned the demands of its citizens upon Great Britain. A correspondent, on another page, brings these claims to our notice, and it will be observed that he grounds the liability of our Government upon the conjoint folly of Congress in refusing to American shipowners a register of vessels that had been protected during the war by a transfer to British owners, and of the Administration in presenting claims in which it did not believe to the tribunal at Geneva. If the American Government did really believe in these claims, what legal right, the claimants ask, had it to abandon them in the interest of peace, except by itself assuming them? If it does not believe in them, does not its conduct appear too much like that of a sharp attorney who has brought an action which he knows can never be maintained, and, when it comes to a hearing, seeks to save his own reputation by winking to the court, and intimating that the proceedings are merely to amuse the client? If Congress, on the one hand, would not sanction the transfer of American ships to British owners, and, on the other hand, would not grant to the ships a sufficient convoy to keep them out of the clutches of Semmes, ought not Congress to be at the expense of the extra insurance, and, since it would have sentimental music, have the decency to pay the piper?

When the claims of a citizen against a foreign government are claims founded upon contract, his own government is not bound to press them. It can say to him, "This is merely the quarrel of two contractors who voluntarily dealt with each other, though one happens to be a government; you should have looked to your remedy before you made your bargain; we do not owe you protection here." But when the claims of the citizen were caused by the act of the foreign government, the rule is different. He cannot right his own wrongs. Society will not allow him to wage a private war, but will adjudge him an outlaw or a pirate if he attempts it. Society, therefore, as represented by Government, owes him protection; and when a government, as has often been the case, for public reasons, refuses to prosecute such claims, and relinquishes them to the foreign power, it is morally bound, if the claims be just and legal, to pay them itself. And it is this principle of constitutional and international law that our correspondent seeks to invoke.

However plausible this reasoning may seem, we are inclined to think that such claims can never be maintained, though they will doubtless be pressed and cause much loss to many in time and money and temper. In the first place, there is the same objection to them, as against our Government, that has been urged all along as against their presentation at Geneva—they are speculative and intangible, and cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. It is true that the rebel cruisers of British build advanced the rate of insurance, that American shipowners paid the advanced rate and suffered loss; but these were not the only rebel cruisers. As a matter of fact there were the *Sumter* and the *Lady Davis* and the *Florida*, and there were war risks and war rates of insurance before any Confederate vessel had run out of an English port. *How much these rates were advanced* by the complicity or negligence of Great Britain, it is absolutely impossible to say. If the Confederates had failed to get vessels from British waters, it does not follow that they would have had none. They might have—it is morally certain that they would have—procured them elsewhere; and another system might have been even more effective. In fact, they did acquire other vessels by capture—the *Harriet Lane* and the *Morning Light*, the *Clifton* and the *Sachem*, among the number. They were never without the means of creating a maritime war risk, and of forcing on the American shipowner an advanced rate of insurance.

That American shipowners have suffered, and suffered severely, and that their losses have been aggravated by the folly of their own Government, we are not disposed to deny. But this is not enough. The whole American people are sufferers not only through the mistakes and blunders of Congress, but through its downright voluntary ignorance and its inexcusable, unjustifiable negligence and recklessness. Each of us can prove some positive unquestionable loss from which ordinary legislative intelligence and fidelity would have saved us. It is not enough that we are losers, but our losses must be injuries when weighed in the balances of the law. The damages complained of here are not only remote, conjectural, speculative, but they also are, in a legal sense, of the claimants' own making. He was not compelled to insure his vessel. He voluntarily preferred a certain, limited loss to the risk of greater loss by capture and the contingent risk of holding the offending Government liable. If his ship had been captured, the insurance company would have been the loser and not he. From the loss which would have brought him into contact and conflict with the Government, he chose to escape by paying a price, and it is merely that price which, under the name of enhanced insurance, he seeks to recover. He says in effect to the Government, "Repay me the money which I paid that I might be free of ever having a cause of action against you." It is true that prudent men resort to insurance, but the Government does not insure its own ships; it prefers to be its own insurer and take those risks which a merchant seeks to evade. The law in certain peculiar cases may hold the Government to be the insurer of its citizens' vessels, but it can never be that it will allow those citizens to carry the Government to any insurance company that they select, and make it pay the premium upon whatever policy they choose to take out. There is in this world loss and hardship and injustice that human law cannot reach. Thousands of men have gone into courts and proved their cases, and then have been met, to their astonishment, by *damnum absque injuria*. Thousands of men, too, have established their cases to the satisfaction of courts, and then learnt that the measure of damages was but a thousandth part of what they expected.

What can be harsher than the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the old and celebrated Meade case? The treaty with Spain in 1819 provided that it should be ratified within six months after signature by both governments or be at an end. The American Government ratified it; the Spanish Government refused to do so. Then Mr. Meade, who was one of a great number of American citizens having claims against Spain, with the knowledge and express assent of his own Government, proceeded to prosecute his own claims in Spain. Convinced of their justice, the Spanish Government submitted them to the arbitration of a royal junta or special legal tribunal, and Mr. Meade recovered a judgment amounting to nearly $400,000. Of this the American Government was notified, and it congratulated Mr. Meade on so fortunate a result. Subsequently negotiations about the treaty were resumed, and it was ratified by Spain and re-ratified by the Senate. By the terms of the treaty the one government ceded the Floridas and the other agreed to advance $4,000,000 to pay off all American claims against Spain. It was also provided by diplomatic correspondence that Spain should annul certain grants of lands in the Floridas made by it to its own citizens, and this annulment was withheld until the Cortes received from the American Minister at Madrid positive assurances that the judgment recovered by Mr. Meade would be paid by his government.

Now comes the tragical part of this story. First, before the Senate acted finally upon the treaty, Mr. Meade notified it of his judgment, and demanded that specific provision be made for payment of it, or that it be specifically excluded from the benefits of the treaty and he left to prosecute it against Spain. The Senate refused to accede to either part of the request. Next Mr. Meade applied to the Government for payment out of the fund of $4,000,000. But the Government still refused to pay, and sent Mr. Meade before a Commission to prove his claims anew and take his *pro rata* share of the fund with a hundred persons holding unliquidated claims that Spain had never acknowledged. When Mr. Meade

reached the Commission and presented his judgment, the Commissioners told him that they could not recognize it, and he must produce his original proofs and vouchers. These proofs and vouchers the Spanish tribunal had retained and ordered to be filed in the "Department of Finance." But there chanced to be a provision in the treaty to the effect that if any proofs of any claim were in the possession of the Spanish Government they should be furnished to the American Government when applied for. Under this provision Mr. Meade invoked the aid of his Government, and by it a demand was made on Spain for the required proofs. Spain promptly replied that the vouchers were merged in the judgment; that the judgment was final and conclusive, and the highest evidence of indebtedness; and that the vouchers were a necessary part of their own financial archives. Spain also said that the treaty had been ratified and the private grants annulled on the express assurance of the American Minister that Mr. Meade's judgment should be paid; and that it did not lie in the mouth of the American Government to question its validity or strive to reduce its amount. More diplomatic correspondence followed; but Spain did not give up the vouchers, nor did America attempt to force her to do so. While the two Governments were thus amusing themselves, the three years to which the Commission was limited expired. The Commissioners made their report distributing the entire fund among the claimants whom Spain had never acknowledged, and Mr. Meade, who alone had exercised superior diligence, was left without a dollar and without a remedy. Upon these facts the Supreme Court has decided (9 Wallace Reports, p. 691) that the Government is not liable for the loss of the claim; and Congress, notwithstanding that one of the beneficiaries would be a soldier to whom the country owes so much as it does to General Meade, has never had the grace to pay the claim. A powerful railway company could get from the present Congress a gratuity of land in the city of Washington worth as much as the amount of the Meade claim, but there is as little chance of the equities of an individual citizen being investigated and paid for merely because they are right and just, as there is of his catching larks by the good old remedy of getting the sky to fall. It will, therefore, we think, be best for the claimants whom our correspondent represents to understand that the legality of their claims is at best questionable, and that Congress never pays for its own obstinacy or for the blunders of the Government from any mere sense of justice, equity, or right.

"THE PEOPLE."

WE are sure it is the experience of every man who thinks upon politics, that nothing is more bewildering and unsatisfactory than the expression so common in the newspapers and on the lips of orators, "the people." We all know that "the people" exist. We know that this is "the people's" government, and that what they will to be must be. But when we are told that "the people" think this or that, or desire that this shall be done and that the other thing shall not be done, the mystification and bewilderment commence. "The people have taken charge of this campaign," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "and want Greeley"; we hear elsewhere that "the people" care nothing for civil-service reform. Now, plainly, some of "the people" want Greeley and some do not; some are interested in civil-service reform and others care nothing about it. We must know first, one would think, who are "the people" before we can discern their wishes and opinions. The meaning of the expression varies greatly. In one sense, and perhaps the commonest, it indicates pretty much all the inhabitants of the country. In this sense, we may be pretty sure that "the people" are the apothecary at the next corner, the dry-goods clerk, the grocer opposite, the truck farmer at the market. It will be tolerably safe to conclude that "the people" the country through are not unlike these citizens. But when we come to interrogate them on questions of the day, it really looks as if "the people" had no opinions at all. We may go first to the dry-goods clerk, and then to the apothecary, and then to the truck farmer, and, so long as we do not advocate arson or monarchy, we may announce any one of a half-dozen opinions upon any topic of the day with almost a certainty either of his assent or of his indifferent silence. The taciturn, greedy man opposite us at the restaurant, who looks morose enough to die for his principles, we find, upon politics at least, to be very nearly destitute of principles. Yet the theory of our government is that the apothecary and the dry-goods clerk and uncommunicative person with his feet up in the smoking-room of the hotel, are the rightful and actual authors of all that is done by Congress and the President. Manifestly, this is not the case.

There are questions, indeed, upon which these persons have opinions. Of course one would not think of approaching the average man of the people with advanced views on cumulative voting or compulsory education. In the matter of rotation in office, if one asserted either that "a man should hold his office so long as he fills it satisfactorily," or that "every dog should have his day," he would recognize a semblance of reason and fairness in either opinion, and would good-naturedly respond, "That's so." But if he were told that Jeff. Davis or Mrs. Cady Stanton should be sent to the Senate, he would be ready enough with his opposition and his ridicule. There are questions, then, in which all the people are interested. All are not interested in civil-service reform, though there are many who are greatly interested in it. A yet smaller number care, say, for cumulative voting and compulsory education. We think we may here venture a classification which, albeit rough, is yet real. There is, separated from the mass of the people by superior education, in part, possibly by the nature of their employment, but more certainly by individual intelligence and force of character, a small class who watch politics with an eagerness and interest which the rest do not possess. Upon questions of a technical and non-essential character the people relegate to these the final judgment. A large proportion of the people felt the necessity of having some guarantee for the protection of the negro when the rebel States were readmitted. Only a small portion, however, gave their active assent to the amendment limiting the basis of representation to the voters instead of the number of inhabitants. Perhaps not half "the people" knew what the amendment was; but the end was one which "the people" thought a right one, and they left the means to that minority among themselves who are given to thinking upon technical matters of politics. This intelligent minority, it should be remarked, is a very fluctuating one. It varies according to the popular nature of the question to be decided, and there is every variety of question with every degree of capacity for popular interest and comprehension.

Some qualifications should be made, however. The grocer, apothecary, and dry-goods clerk to whom we have referred are instances chosen from the city. Persons who live in cities and whose field of observation is limited to them are apt to underrate the interest of the average man in politics. It is undoubtedly true that the villager and the agriculturist are warmer politicians than the city tradesman and mechanic. They have more leisure and fewer objects with which to amuse and occupy it. Moreover, they are known and their "antecedents" are known; they are usually committed. Opinions with them are hereditary. On the other hand, the man who has just moved into the street or who does not know his next neighbor is under no such stress. He may change his opinions if he chooses, or, which is easier, he may cease to have any.

We are apt also to underrate the intensity of resistance in the people to a change to which they do not consent. There is an inertia in large bodies of men which is surprising when we examine its exceeding lightness in the minds of individuals. San Domingo is a case in point. Very few people held strongly the opinion that San Domingo should not be annexed. The whim of the country was to humor Grant, and for a time the people permitted themselves to toy with the idea. But consent was withheld. An ordinary observer would have thought that if they coquetted with and talked favorably of it to-day, they would approve to-morrow. But the approva

was delayed. That is precisely the condition of the woman suffrage question at the present time. The people simply do not consent, the politicians abandon it, and the agitators talk against the wind.

We were started upon this train of reflection by the remark of the Chicago *Tribune* that "the people" want Greeley. Now, manifestly, if they want him, they will have him. The whole people are interested in a Presidential election. The issues may be such as to enlist the attention only of the intelligent minority; but all vote. If opinion does not decide their preference, some other consideration will. As far as principles go, both the candidates profess to do the same thing, and each claims that he will do it better than the other. Custom in such a case will, we may be sure, go far to decide the action of the average vote. It will be more in accordance with a Republican's custom to vote for Grant than with a Democrat's to vote for Greeley. Between the two men and upon their comparative fitness for the place the average voter will perhaps go through no course of reasoning, but, as we have said, he has a way of talking of the latest political novelty in a complacent, good-natured manner, and then, when the time comes, of refusing to move because he does not understand it. Thus he may play for a while at supporting Greeley, but when the time comes we think it likely that he will do just what he has done with the San Domingo question and the woman suffrage question—simply withhold his consent.

Mr. Greeley received a nomination from two conventions, to both of which he was objectionable. At Cincinnati he was the aversion of many, the fourth, fifth, or sixth choice of most, and the afterthought of all. His nominators meet again in council and conclude that while he is personally objectionable to most of them, it is expedient to adhere to him. Another convention meets, candid members of which find him personally objectionable. All wish that some man whose experience was more in accordance with their own could be had. Now, politicians are compelled from ulterior views to do this and that and the other thing which they would rather not do; but "the people," having no ulterior views, have only to please themselves. If the candidate is personally objectionable to the mass of them, they need not vote for him. That anybody can tell before election whether he is or is not objectionable to them, we do not believe.

ON THE RATIO OF INCREASE IN OUR NATIONAL EXPENDITURES.

ON the 23d of January, 1872, General Garfield, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, in introducing the "Civil Appropriation Bill," took occasion, in a financial speech of very great originality and ability, to call the attention of Congress to the circumstance that while the increase of the public expenditures in England (Great Britain!) "during the last fifteen years of peace had been only one and three-quarters per cent., compounded annually," those of the United States, under similar circumstances of peace, had increased in a much greater ratio; and that an opinion had been given him, by one who had investigated the subject, that this increase was equal to about *eight per cent.*, compounded annually. General Garfield did not give the name of his authority or the data which may have warranted the expression of such an opinion; and he furthermore expressed a modified dissent from it in the following language:—

"I can hardly believe it; yet I am sure that somewhere between that (eight per cent.) and the English rate (one and three-quarters per cent.) will be found our rate of increase in times of peace." And, again, after calling attention to the fact that the ordinary movement of our expenditures depends upon the action of two forces, the natural growth of population, and the extension of our territory (the latter now possibly at an end), he continues: "No doubt the expenditures will always increase from year to year; *but they ought not to increase by the same per cent. from year to year; the rate of increase ought gradually to grow less.*"

Now, whether General Garfield, in these expressions, meant to hint at a condition of things which had come to his knowledge as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and of which, as a supporter of the Administration, he did not care to speak openly, I know not; but as every person in the country interested in the reduction of taxation, and in the consequent cost of production, must be also interested in knowing the exact truth in respect to our national expenditures, I propose to take up the figures of the most recent official statements, and, as a matter of public interest, simply enquire, What inferences are fairly deducible from their examination? And this more especially, because elaborate financial statements, prepared in the Treasury Department, have recently been put forth by Messrs. Dawes of the House and Logan of the Senate, which, whether so intended or not, have most unquestionably the effect of leading the public to believe that the national expenditures, instead of increasing, are rapidly diminishing, and that therefore all conclusions, like those before noticed as arrived at by the present Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, must of necessity be erroneous.

And in entering upon this examination, I find, first, that the expenses of the National Government for the fiscal years 1869, 1870, 1871, exclusive of interest, premiums on the purchase of bonds, and payments on the principal of the public debt, were as follows:—

1869, Eight months Johnson and four months Grant,	$190,496,000
1870	161,421,000
1871	165,861,000 *

There is thus an apparent decrease in the national expenditures for the fiscal year 1871 of $25,075,000 as compared with the expenditures for like purposes for the fiscal year 1869. But on the 30th of June, 1870, the requirement for expenditure for interest on the public debt was $7,180,000 *less* than it was on the 30th of June, 1869; and on the 30th of June, 1871, this charge had been further reduced by the sum of $13,772,000. Assuming $10,661,000 to represent the average diminution of the interest charge for the entire fiscal year 1871 (the reduction having been progressive by months), this $25,075,000 reduction of the national expenditures would be reduced to $14,414,000. On the other hand, there must be carried to the credit of expenditures the sum of $5,967,000, the amount disbursed from pensions during the year 1871, in addition to the amount similarly disbursed during the year 1869; inasmuch as this payment, like the interest account, is one which may be regarded as not included within the list of ordinary or controllable expenditures. Making these allowances in the nature of credit and debit, the expenditures of the National Government for ordinary purposes were *apparently* $20,381,000 less for the fiscal year 1871 than they were for the fiscal year 1869.

We use the word apparently. For this there is a good and sufficient reason, as will appear evident when it is remembered that in order to demonstrate an actual *bona-fide* reduction of expenditures, the basis of comparison should, as far as possible, be made the same in both instances. Let us endeavor to establish such a basis, and then see what results are afforded.

The largest single items of the yearly national expenditures, excepting interest and payments on the principal of the public debt, have, since the close of the war, been those returned under the respective heads of the Army and Navy. What these have been since and including the last year of the war, 1865, is shown by the following table:

	ARMY.	NAVY.
1865	$1,030,690,400	$122,617,434
1866	283,154,676	43,285,662
1867	95,224,415	31,034,011
1868	123,246,648	25,775,502
1869	78,501,990	20,000,757
1870	57,655,675	21,780,229
1871	44,080,093	19,431,027

A glance at this table will show that during the Administration of Andrew Johnson, the reduction of the annual expenditures on account of the army was wonderfully rapid and continuous, and that the expenditure for the year 1869 under this head was $204,652,000 less than it was in the year 1866, the first fiscal year after the close of the war, and after the general disbanding and paying-off of the troops had taken place; the only exception to a continuous reduction in this period being due, in 1868, to extraordinary disbursements on account of bounties. From 1869 to 1871 inclusive, the reduction of this same class of expenditures, through the influence of the same causes, has also continued, but not to such an extent as to make them exceptional or worthy of being brought forward as matters of special credit or notice.

In the case of the expenditures on account of the navy, the table shows that almost the entire reduction effected since the war under this head took place within the period of Mr. Johnson's Administration; and that since the control of the national affairs by the Administration of Gen. Grant, there have been no material reductions of expenditure in this department of the Government.

Another point. It would also seem clear that, concurrent with a diminish-

* In this year the expenditures of the War Department are returned in their proper place at $35,799,000; but in a note to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury (p. v. 187!) the reader is informed that this return does not include the expenditure of $8,280,000 derived from the sale of arms, and that the true expenditures on account of the War Department were really $44,080,000.

ed necessity for the expenditure of money by reason of a transition of the military and naval departments of the Government from a war to a peace basis, the other expenses of the nation, exclusive of what may be involved in the payment of interest and the funded debt, should also be reduced in a corresponding ratio. Whether and to what extent this has been done will be shown by the following table:

TABLE SHOWING THE EXPENDITURES OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, EXCLUSIVE OF INTEREST, PREMIUMS, AND PAYMENTS ON THE PRINCIPAL OF THE PUBLIC DEBT, FROM 1867 TO 1871 INCLUSIVE.

Years.	Aggregate Expenditures, exclusive of interest, premiums, and principal of the debt.	Army and Navy Expenditures.	Pensions.	All other Expenditures.
1867	$202,946,000	$126,258,000	$20,936,000	$55,752,000
1868	221,912,000	149,021,000*	23,782,000	57,109,000
1869	190,494,000	98,502 000	28,476,000	63,516,000
1870	164.421,000	79,437 000	28,340.000	56.644,000
1871	165,861,000	63,511,000	34,443,000	67,907,000

By the above table, therefore, whose figures are a transcript of the official records (see Report Sec. of the Treasury, 1871, pp. 18, 19), it appears that what may be termed the miscellaneous or ordinary expenses of the Government, *i.e.*, the executive, legislative, judiciary, and Indian, or those which may be regarded as more especially within the control of an Administration, have increased annually during the last few years as follows:

From 1867 to 1868 (the last full year of the Johnson Administration), the increase was $1,357,000, or at the rate of 2.43 per cent. per annum.

For the fiscal year 1868-9 (eight months Johnson and four months Grant), an increase of $6,407,000, or at the rate of 11.2 per cent. per annum. The expenditure this year, however, includes $7,200,000 gold, on account of the purchase of Alaska.

For the fiscal year 1869-70, *a decrease* of $6,872,000, or at the rate of 10.8 per cent per annum.

For the fiscal year 1870-1, an increase of $11,263,000, or at the rate of 19.8 per cent. per annum.

The above table also demonstrates that the increase of the civil, miscellaneous, and Indian expenditures of the general Government for the year ending June 30, 1871 (the second full fiscal year of Gen. Grant's Administration), over the corresponding expenditures of the year ending June 30th, 1868 (the last full fiscal year of the Johnson Administration), has amounted to $10,798,000 or 18.9 per cent.—an average of 4.72 per cent. per annum as compared with an average increase of the peace expenditures of England of 1.75 per cent. The extent of the increase in this class of the national expenditures may be furthermore realized, by recalling to mind that while the entire expenditures of the Government in 1859-60 for the army, navy, Indians, pensions, miscellaneous, and civil service was but $60,054,000, the expenditures for miscellaneous and civil service alone for the fiscal year 1870-71 exceeded this amount by $427,000.

It would, however, be unjust to convey the impression that for this extraordinary increase of expenditures the existing Administration is solely or mainly accountable. On the contrary, the increase in question commenced during the last year of Mr. Lincoln's Administration—the year in which the war was brought to a termination, and when all other expenditures, except for pensions, began rapidly to diminish. Thus, previously to the war, the maximum amount ever expended in one year for civil service, miscellaneous, and Indians, was $32,919,000, namely, in 1857. From that date, these expenditures diminished to $27,287,000 in 1859; $23,711,000 in 1862; and $30,200,000 in 1864. The first fiscal year after peace, 1866, showed, however, a very large increase, namely, $43,900,000; and from that time, as shown by the following table, the increase has been singularly rapid, and, with the exception of a single year, continuous.

TABLE SHOWING THE INCREASE IN THE NATIONAL PEACE EXPENDITURES FOR CIVIL SERVICE, MISCELLANEOUS, AND INDIANS, FROM 1866 TO 1871 INCLUSIVE.

1866	$43,900,000
1867	55,752,000
1868	57,109,000
1869	63,516,000
1870	56,644,000
1871	67,907,000

Average annual increase 9.09 per cent.

If we assume, therefore, this class of expenditures as typifying more than any other the fiscal policy of the Government in time of peace—an assumption every way legitimate, inasmuch as these expenses more than almost any others are more under control and less subject to unlooked-for contingencies—then the intimation made by Gen. Garfield in his speech as chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations in January, 1872, that the current increase of our expenditures in time of peace was at the rate of *about 8 per cent. compounded annually*, was almost strictly in accordance with

* Bounty disbursements included.

the truth; and as it seems very unlikely that so important a matter should escape the attention of so keen an observer as Gen. Garfield, we are almost warranted in inferring that the reason why he hinted at the fact instead of speaking openly, was a natural apprehension lest the revelation made public through an official channel should result in serious detriment to the existing Administration.

It is very easy to say, as Senator Wilson, Mr. Dawes, and others have said, that all this increase of expenditure comes out of the war and is unavoidable; but do the facts warrant such assertions? Let us see.

Although there were probably much fewer Indians to take care of in 1871 than there were in 1866 (44,021 by census of 1860, and 25,731 by census of 1870); though the existence of railroads across the plains has diminished the cost of transportation, and the appreciation of the currency has increased the purchasing power of money; yet the expenses of the Indian Department have increased from $3,295,000 in 1866 to $7,426,000 in 1871; or in the ratio of 125 per cent. It is certainly difficult to see what the war, or rather its termination, has had to do with this result.

Again, for the fiscal year 1866, "the expenses *incident* to the assessment and collection" of an internal revenue of $310,906,000 were returned at $5,800,752. In 1871 "the expenses of assessing and collecting" a similar revenue of $144,011,000 were returned at $7,075,000. In 1866 the expenses of the officers and clerks of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington, superintending the assessment and collection of an annual revenue of $310,000,000, were returned at $277,672; in 1871 the expenses of the officers and clerks of the same bureau, superintending the assessment and collection of an annual revenue of $144,000,000, were returned at $380,922.

On the 1st of March, 1869, the number of gaugers in the Internal Revenue service is reported at 742; and on the 1st of December, 1871, at 986; but while the receipts from the taxation of distilled spirits for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1870, amounted to $55,606,000, the receipts from the same sources for the succeeding year 1871, with the above-noted increase of officers, with the taxes and laws remaining in every particular the same, and with no noteworthy depression of business or increase in temperance, fell off $9,325,000, or to a total of $46,281,000. Now it may be that the war had really something to do with these results, but if so, it is certainly not easy to discover the connection.

The comparative expenditures and work of the mints and assay offices of the United States are also, under this head, matters of interest. Thus in 1858 the coinage operations were reported at 56,491,655 pieces, having a value of $61,357,088, and the expenditures at $613,487. In 1866 the account was 38,427,923 pieces; value, $39,672,647; expense, $664,504. In 1871, 16,758,458 pieces; value, $40,187,409; expenses, $954,043. In short, an impartial, unpartisan review of the Administration of General Grant in respect to the national expenditure shows that it has been of the most ordinary, average character, and that it has really made no successful effort to resist the constant tendency experienced since the war to increase the cost of the Government to the people; certainly not in all those departments over which the Executive and his officers have the greatest control and influence. It has reduced, it is true, the national debt, but not to so great an extent as was effected in an equal time under the Administration of Mr. Johnson; and in both cases the means of reduction were due to the retention by Congress of taxes imposed originally for war purposes, and in the enactment of which neither the Administration of Mr. Johnson nor of General Grant had the slightest participation.

With the reduction of the debt, which could not be avoided unless the surplus revenues derived from war taxes were misappropriated or stolen, has come also necessarily and without the special effort of any one a reduction of the annual interest.

Again, by reason of laws enacted after the close of the war, providing for the disbanding and reduction of the army, the expenses of the War Department have also been reduced under the Administration of Gen. Grant from $78,000,000 in 1869, to $44,000,000 in 1871; but in accordance with the provisions of these same laws, the expenses of the army were reduced under the Administration of Mr. Johnson from $283,000,000 in 1866 to $95,000,000 in 1867 and $78,000,000 in 1869. In like manner, the expenses of the navy, which have been reduced under the Administration of Gen. Grant from $20,000,757 in 1869 to $19,431,000 in 1871, were cut down under the Administration of Mr. Johnson from $43,000,000 in 1865 to $20,000,000 in 1869. On the other hand, the cost of the civil service, miscellaneous, and Indians, as already shown, has increased under the administration of Gen. Grant at an average of nearly *five* per cent. per annum.

It ought also to be borne in mind in instituting these comparisons of expenditures, that the purchasing power of the dollar made use of by the Government was always much less, as measured by gold, under the Johnson Administration, than it has been under that of Gen. Grant; the average

premium on gold for the year 1866, when the civil service and Indians cost $43,000,000, having been in the neighborhood of fifty, while the premium for the year 1870, when $67,000,000 were expended for like purposes, was not in excess of *fifteen*, per cent. Comparing like things with like, therefore, the accounts of the Johnson Administration as officially stated are really made to appear larger than they ought to be, while for similar reasons those of Gen. Grant's are made to appear smaller. How much this difference operates in the comparison to the disadvantage of the former, of course cannot be accurately stated; but that it constitutes a not inconsiderable item, as far as the purchase of army and navy supplies, Indian goods, building material, paper, and the like are concerned, cannot be doubted.

The attempt, therefore, to make out a claim for Gen. Grant's Administration that it has conducted the affairs of the Government with extraordinary and unparalleled economy is simply a piece of political chicanery and trickery, unworthy alike of those occupying high public station who prefer the claim, and of those who without investigation allow themselves to be deceived by it; and which cannot for one moment withstand the test of an impartial examination. To establish the converse of this proposition furthermore would be equivalent to imparting to the Administration of Andrew Johnson a character for great financial achievements and economy, beside which neither the Administration of Gen. Grant, nor hardly any which is likely to succeed it, could be mentioned in comparison.

DAVID A. WELLS.

THE PROTESTANT SCHISM.

PARIS, July 1, 1872.

WHAT I had foreseen has happened. The Synod, after a discussion of more than a week, which became warmer day after day, has adopted the confession of faith proposed by the Orthodox party, by a majority of 62 votes against 46. This confession proclaims "the sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures on points of faith, and salvation by faith in Christ, the only Son of God, who died for our sins, and rose from the dead for our justification." The Reformed Church of France announces also in this confession of faith "that it will keep and maintain as the basis of its teaching, of its service, and of its discipline, the great Christian facts represented in its sacraments, celebrated in its religious ceremonies, and expressed in its liturgy, especially in the confession of sins in the symbol of the Apostles (the Apostles' Creed), and in the liturgy of the Holy Supper." Such is the formula which has been adopted, and it will be found very binding by all those who know the liturgy of the Reformed Church and the text of the Apostles' Creed and of the confession of sins. While the discussion on these points was going on in the Synod, I read in the paper published by M. Coquerel, the *Renaissance*, an article written by him, in which he called the Confession of Sins a Huguenot prayer, which it certainly is; but I wondered that this term could be employed disdainfully by a French reformer. M. Coquerel also said that the whole confession of faith was *baroque*, a word which is almost the equivalent of comical. He maintained also that the so-called "Apostles'" Creed was not the work of the Apostles.

In the Synod the greatest speech against the confession of faith was made by M. Colani, who was some time ago professor of theology at the Faculty of Strasbourg. He has edited for some years a theological review, and is considered one of the most learned exegetes of the time. He spoke with much moderation, and first attacked the scholastic character of the declaration of faith. In his opinion it was not religious enough. "Such a declaration could never come to the lips of a dying man; it is not made for the people; it is made by theologians against theologians." M. Colani did not acknowledge the right of the authors of the declaration to consider themselves the heirs of the Huguenots of La Rochelle. For, in fact, they have abandoned the great tradition of the school of La Rochelle in not mentioning the Trinity, nor the absolute divinity of Christ himself, and they have made this renunciation only in order to swell the majority. They have equally been unfaithful to the radical principles of Calvinism, as they recognize the freedom of the human will, and they limit the sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures to matters of faith. The author of "Christian Meditations" would have been considered a heretic by the old Synods. M. Colani made a review of the "great Christian facts" (such are the words of the declaration) enjoined by the sacraments, the ecclesiastical ceremonies, the liturgy, and the Apostles' Creed. He discussed freely all the events of the life of Christ. Orthodoxy has a tendency to bring all the discussions concerning the life of Christ to this one point: What has become of the body of Christ? "You calumniate yourselves," said M. Colani, "in proclaiming before the world that on that point rests the foundation of your faith, for I believe you to be religious. Vote as you please; we will appeal from your glorified Christ, whom we do not know, whom we do not understand, to the historic and authentic Christ who told us, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' We refuse him the pompous titles you give him, for the only title which we would give him, that of Good, he has refused: 'Why callest thou me good?' We believe in the forgiving of God, without believing in the expiation. We call ourselves Christians, without believing in a supernatural history of Christianity, for Christ himself attached no religious value to miracles. Your declaration could be signed by Catholics; the Protestant note is wanting in it. What spirit has come over you that you cannot mark the difference with your eternal enemy? You are the church, you say; but this Protestant people whom you represent, our old Huguenot populations, what will they say when they find nothing Protestant in your declaration? Our Protestant people will have no schism. We will remain in the church, as we remain in our own family. We will not be silent. You must keep us or turn us out. If the people itself, the Protestant people, turns us out, we will go with a depressed heart; but not before."

M. Guizot answered M. Colani. He began by saying that the Synod had no intention of turning anybody out of the Church; on the contrary, the Church would do all there was in its power to keep all its flock. But when it comes to the elders of the Church, to those who have functions in it—pastors, deacons, even electors—the Church must ask from them some token of their fidelity to its own doctrines. The Church ought to be neither tyrannical nor anarchical; she must, with all the moderation she is capable of, maintain a tradition. "The great evil in the Church is a certain expression of incredulity, of impiety, or gross materialism, and of learned and scientific materialism." He spoke of the German doctrines; they are nothing better than a renovation of paganism. He does not approve any more of pantheism than of the schools of historical criticism which have attacked all the Christian facts, one after the other, contained in the Holy Scriptures. The Church is patient and indulgent; but she cannot help seeing those who attack the miraculous birth and the resurrection of Christ. Science has enlarged the limits of human knowledge; but science cannot satisfy the religious appetite of human nature, taken individually or taken collectively. Is there a philosopher who has been the founder of a religion? Socrates? Plato? No; the impious word of Laplace, "I have no need of the hypothesis of God," is the best image of to-day's materialism. All those who are still Christian, and believers in a supernatural life, must become more united against the invasion of materialist doctrines.

The question is now settled. The Declaration of Faith has been adopted by the Synod. It will not have the binding character of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Adherence to the principles of the declaration will not be proved by a solemn oath; the ministers themselves will not be called upon to give an explicit pledge on the subject.* It will be a point of honor for those who do not share the principles of the Declaration to leave the Church. It is to be expected that the majority of the members of the Church and of the ministers will remain in it: only a few probably will leave it without much noise. It will be difficult, for instance, for Coquerel, who calls Renan his dear friend, and shares almost entirely his views on the history and on the character of Christ, to remain in a church which has adopted a declaration of faith so contrary to his own principles. Time will show what will be the conduct of the most advanced liberals; the Synod is not yet ended, and many questions of detail concerning the organization of the future Synod, the election of the delegates, and so on, are discussed with much warmth. Passions run very high, and there have been some painful incidents during the last few days. Coquerel is said to have told M. Guizot, not aloud, but so as to be overheard by several people: "You killed my father." This unparliamentary and unsynodical attack produced such an effect on M. Guizot, that the next day he sent in his resignation to the Synod on the plea of old age and ill-health.

The net result of the Synod has been this: the Reformed Church of France has organized a synodical system, and will in future have not only general synods, but provincial synods. The separation of Church and State has been discussed, and the idea has been favorably received. The Protestants of France are not in a position to become persecutors; there has been no attempt to force the new declaration on anybody, and it must only be looked upon as an expression of the actual feelings of the majority of the Protestants. These feelings may change; the next Synod can add or subtract. The Church will have a permanent system of representation, and it is clear that this will help to give it more vitality and, I believe, in the long run, more influence on the community.

The general public has hardly taken a sufficient interest in the proceedings of the Synod. The political questions of the day are so heated, so engross-

* On the 6th of July the Synod voted, by the same majority as for the confession of faith, that every candidate for the ministry should hereafter, before being ordained, make a declaration of his adhesion to the faith of the church as established by the General Synod. There was a tacit understanding that ministers already settled should not be compelled to make a confession.—ED. NATION.

ing, that this is not much to be wondered at. The new negotiations with Germany for the liberation of our territory, the new taxes, the struggles between the President and the Assembly, are the theme of all conversations and the preoccupation of every mind. But nations have an inner life as well as an outer life, and I hope that the discussions of the Synod are the germ of a Protestant *renaissance* in France. The Commune has done much to disgust the public mind with anti-religious and materialist doctrines; the Catholic Church will, of course, benefit by this reaction, but it will not alone profit by it. There is in all classes, among the rich as well as among the poor, a sort of vast *residuum*, which is a ground well prepared for religious doctrines. Philosophy and Catholicism are, so to speak, extremes; between the two, the Reformed Church can find—ought at least to look for—converts. If it reduces itself to a mere sort of historical philosophy, it will find no more than if it becomes a branch of Catholicism. The country of Calvin will perhaps give us, some day, an active and energetic exponent of the moral and intellectual instincts of the masses, which are now either indifferent or stupid.

A EUROPEAN SUMMER.

II.—LICHFIELD AND WARWICK.

OXFORD, June 11.

TO write at Oxford of anything but Oxford requires, on the part of the sentimental tourist, no small power of mental abstraction. Yet I have it at heart to pay to three or four other scenes recently visited the debt of an enjoyment hardly less profound than my relish for this scholastic paradise. First among these is the cathedral city of Lichfield. I say the city, because Lichfield has a character of its own apart from its great ecclesiastical feature. In the centre of its little market-place—dullest and sleepiest of provincial market-places—rises a huge effigy of Dr. Johnson, the *genius loci*, who was constructed, humanly, with very nearly as large an architecture as the great abbey. The doctor's statue, which is of some plaster-like compound, painted a shiny brown, and of no great merit of design, fills out the vacant dulness of the little square in much the same way as his massive personality occupies—with just a margin for Garrick—the record of his native town. In one of the volumes of Croker's "Boswell" is a steel plate of the old Johnsonian birth-house, by the aid of a vague recollection of which I detected the dwelling beneath its modernized frontage. It bears no mural inscription, and, save for a hint of antiquity in the receding basement, with pillars supporting the floor above, seems in no especial harmony with Johnson's time or fame. Lichfield in general appeared to me, indeed, to have little to say about her great son, beyond the fact that the dreary provincial quality of the local atmosphere, in which it is so easy to fancy a great intellectual appetite turning sick with inanition, may help to explain the doctor's subsequent, almost ferocious, fondness for London. I walked about the silent streets, trying to repeople them with wigs and short clothes, and, while I lingered near the cathedral, endeavored to guess the message of its Gothic graces to Johnson's ponderous classicism. But I achieved but a colorless picture at the best, and the most vivid image in my mind's eye was that of the London Coach facing towards Temple Bar, with the young author of "Rasselas" scowling near-sightedly from the cheapest seat. With him goes the interest of Lichfield town. The place is stale, without being really antique. It is as if that prodigious temperament had absorbed and appropriated its original vitality.

If every dull provincial town, however, formed but a girdle of quietude to a cathedral as rich as that of Lichfield, one would thank it for its unimportunate vacancy. Lichfield Cathedral is great among churches, and bravely performs the prime duty of a cathedral—that of seeming for the time (to minds unsophisticated by architectural culture) the finest, on the whole, of all cathedrals. This one is rather oddly placed, on the slope of a hill, the particular spot having been chosen, I believe, because sanctified by the sufferings of certain primitive martyrs; but it is fine to see how its upper portions surmount any crookedness of posture, and its great towers overtake in mid-air the conditions of perfect symmetry.

The close is a singularly pleasant one. A long sheet of water expands behind it, and, besides leading the eye off into a sweet green landscape, renders the inestimable service of reflecting the three spires as they rise above the great trees which mask the Palace and the Deanery. These august abodes cope the northern side of the slope, and stand back behind huge gate-posts and close-wrought gates which seem to enclose a sort of Georgian atmosphere. Before them stretches a row of huge elms, which must have been old when Johnson was young; and between these and the long-buttressed wall of the cathedral, you may stroll to and fro among as pleasant a mixture of influences (I imagine) as any in England. You can stand back here, too, from the west front further than in many cases, and examine at your ease its lavish decoration. You are, perhaps, a trifle too much at your ease; for you soon discover what a more cursory glance might not betray, that the immense façade has been covered with stucco and paint, that an effigy of Charles II., in wig and plumes and trunk-hose, of almost Gothic grotesqueness, surmounts the middle window; that the various other statues of saints and kings have but recently climbed into their niches; and that the whole expanse, in short, is a *pastiche*. All this was done some fifty years ago, in the taste of that day as to restoration, and yet it but partially mitigates the impressiveness of the high façade, with its brace of spires, and the great embossed and image-fretted surface, to which the lowness of the portals (the too frequent reproach of English abbeys) seems to give a loftier reach. Passing beneath one of these low portals, however, I found myself gazing down as noble a church vista as any I remember. The Cathedral is of magnificent length, and the screen between nave and choir has been removed, so that from stem to stern, as we may say, of the great vessel of the church, it is all a mighty avenue of multitudinous slender columns, terminating in what seems a great screen of ruby and sapphire and topaz—one of the finest east windows in England. The Cathedral is narrow in proportion to its length; it is the long-drawn aisle of the poet in perfection, and there is something grandly elegant in the unity of effect produced by this undiverted perspective. The charm is increased by a singular architectural phantasy. Standing in the centre of the doorway, you perceive that the eastern wall does not directly face you, and that from the beginning of the choir the receding aisle deflects slightly to the left—in suggestion of the droop of the Saviour's head on the cross. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Gilbert Scott has recently been at work—to excellent purpose, from what the sacristan related of the barbarous encroachments of the last century. This extraordinary period expended an incalculable amount of imagination in proving that it had none. Universal whitewash was the least of its offences. But this has been scraped away, and the solid stonework left to speak for itself—the delicate capitals and cornices disencrusted and discreetly rechiselled, and the whole temple æsthetically rededicated. Its most beautiful feature, happily, has needed no repair, for its perfect beauty has been its safeguard. The great choir window of Lichfield is the noblest glass-work I remember to have seen. I have met nowhere colors so chaste and grave, and yet so rich and true, nor a cluster of designs so piously decorative, and yet so pictorial. Such a window as this seems to me the most sacred ornament of a great church—to be, not like vault and screen and altar, the dim contingent promise of heaven, but the very assurance and presence of it. This Lichfield glass is not the less interesting for being visibly of foreign origin. Exceeding so obviously as it does the range of English genius in this line, it indicates at least the heavenly treasure stored up in continental churches. It dates from the early sixteenth century, and was transferred hither sixty years ago from the suppressed abbey of Heckenroode, in Belgium. This, however, is not all of Lichfield. You have not seen it till you have strolled and restrolled along the close on every side, and watched the three spires constantly change their relation as you move and pause. Nothing can well be finer than the combination of the two lesser ones soaring equally in front, and the third riding tremendously the magnificently enstained line of the roof. At a certain distance against the sky, this long ridge seems something infinite, and the great spire to sit astride of it like a giant mounted on a mastodon. Your sense of the huge mass of the building is deepened by the fact that though the central steeple is of double the elevation of the others, you see it, from some points, borne back in a perspective which drops it to half their stature, and lifts them into immensity. But it would take long to tell all that one sees and fancies and thinks in a lingering walk about so great a church as this. There are few deeper pleasures than such a contemplative stroll.

To walk in quest of any object that one has more or less tenderly dreamed of—to find your way—to steal upon it softly—to see at last, if it is church or castle, the tower-tops peeping above elms or beeches—to push forward with a rush, and emerge, and pause, and draw that first long breath which is the compromise between so many sensations—this is a pleasure left to the tourist even after the broad glare of photography has dissipated so many of the sweet mysteries of travel—even in a season when he is fatally apt to meet a dozen fellow-pilgrims returning from the shrine, each *gros Jean comme devant*, or to overtake a dozen more, telegraphing their impressions down the line as they arrive. Such a pleasure I lately enjoyed, quite in its perfection, in a walk to Haddon Hall, along a meadow-path by the Wye, in this interminable English twilight, which I am never weary of admiring, watch in hand. Haddon Hall lies among Derbyshire hills, in a region infested, I was about to write, by Americans. But I achieved my own sly pilgrimage in perfect solitude; and as I descried the gray walls among the rook-haunted elms, I felt not like a tourist, but like an adventurer. I have certainly had, as a tourist, few more charming moments than some—such as any one, I suppose, is free to have—that I passed on a little ruined gray bridge which spans, with its single narrow arch, a trickling stream at the base of the emi-

nence from which those walls and trees look down. The twilight deepened, the ragged battlements and the low, broad oriels glanced duskily from the foliage, the rooks wheeled and clamored in the glowing sky, and if there had been a ghost on the premises, I certainly ought to have seen it. In fact, I did see it, as we see ghosts nowadays. I felt the incommunicable spirit of the scene with almost painful intensity. The old life, the old manners, the old figures seemed present again. The great *coup de théâtre* of the young woman who shows you the Hall—it is rather languidly done on her part—is to point out a little dusky door opening from a turret to a back terrace as the aperture through which Dorothy Vernon eloped with Lord John Manners. I was ignorant of this episode, for I was not to enter the Hall till the morrow; and I am still unversed in the history of the actors. But as I stood in the luminous dusk weaving the romance of the spot, I divined Dorothy Vernon, and felt very much like a Lord John. It was, of course, on just such an evening that the delicious event came off, and, by listening with the proper credulity, I might surely hear on the flags of the castle-court the ghostly foot-fall of a daughter of the race. The only footfall I can conscientiously swear to, however, is the by no means ghostly tread of the damsel who led me through the mansion in the prosier light of the next morning. Haddon Hall, I believe, is one of the places in which it is the fashion to be "disappointed"; a fact explained in a great measure by the absence of a formal approach to the house, which shows its low, gray front to every trudger on the high-road. But the charm of the place is so much less that of grandeur than that of melancholy, that it is rather deepened than diminished by this attitude of obvious survival and decay. And for that matter, when you have entered the steep little outer court through the huge thickness of the low gateway, the present seems effectually walled out, and the past walled in—like a dead man in a sepulchre. It is very dead, of a fine June morning, the genius of Haddon Hall; and the silent courts and chambers, with their hues of ashen gray and faded brown, seem as time-bleached as the dry bones of any mouldering organism. The comparison is odd; but Haddon Hall reminded me perversely of some of the larger houses at Pompeii. The private life of the past is revealed in each case with very much the same distinctness and on a small enough scale not to stagger the imagination. This old dwelling, indeed, has so little of the mass and expanse of the classic feudal castle that it almost suggests one of those miniature models of great buildings which lurk in dusty corners of museums. But it is large enough to be deliciously complete and to contain an infinite store of the poetry of grass-grown courts looked into by long, low oriel casements, and climbed out of by crooked stone stairways, mounting against the walls to little high-placed doors. The "tone" of Haddon Hall, of all its walls and towers and stonework, is the gray of unpolished silver, and the reader who has been in England need hardly be reminded of the sweet accord—to eye and mind alike—existing between all stony surfaces covered with the real white rust of time and the deep living green of the strong ivy which seems to feed on their slow decay. Of this effect and of a hundred others—from those that belong to low-browed, stone-paved empty rooms, where countesses used to trail their cloth-of-gold over rushes, to those one may note where the dark tower stairway emerges at last, on a level with the highest beech-tops, against the cracked and sun-baked parapet, which flaunted the castle standard over the castle walls—of every form of sad desuetude and picturesque decay Haddon Hall contains some delightful examples. Its finish point is undoubtedly a certain court from which a stately flight of steps ascends to the terrace where that daughter of the Vernons whom I have mentioned proved that it was useless to have baptized her so primly. These steps, with the terrace, its balustrade topped with great ivy-muffled knobs of stone, and its vast background of lordly beeches, form the ideal *mise en scène* for portions of Shakespeare's comedies. "It's Elizabethan," said my companion. Here the Countess Olivia may have listened to the fantastic Malvolio, or Beatrix, superbest of flirts, have come to summon Benedick to dinner.

The glories of Chatsworth, which lies but a few miles from Haddon, serve as a fine *repoussoir* to its more delicate merits, just as they are supposed to gain, I believe, in the tourist's eyes, by contrast with its charming, its almost Italian shabbiness. But the glories of Chatsworth, incontestable as they are, were so effectually eclipsed to my mind, a couple of days later, that in future, when I think of an English mansion, I shall think only of Warwick, and when I think of an English park, only of Blenheim. Your run by train through the gentle Warwickshire landscape does much to prepare you for the great spectacle of the castle, which seems hardly more than a sort of massive symbol and synthesis of the broad prosperity and peace and leisure diffused over this great pastoral expanse. The Warwickshire meadows are to common English scenery what this is to that of the rest of the world. For mile upon mile you can see nothing but broad sloping pastures of velvet turf, overbrowsed by sheep of the most fantastic shagging, and ornamented with hedges out of the trailing luxury of whose verdure, great ivy-tangled oaks and elms arise with a kind of architectural regularity. The landscape, indeed, sins by excess of nutritive suggestion; it savors of the larder; it is too ovine, too bovine, too succulent, and if you were to believe what you see before you, this rugged globe would be a sort of boneless ball, neatly covered with some such plush-like integument as might be figured by the down on the cheek of a peach. But a great thought keeps you company as you go and gives character to the scenery. Warwickshire was Shakespeare's country. Those who think that a great genius is something supremely ripe and healthy, and human, may find comfort in the fact. It helps materially to complete my own vague conception of Shakespeare's temperament, with which I find it no great shock to be obliged to associate ideas of mutton and beef. There is something as final, as disillusioned of the romantic horrors of rock and forest, as deeply attuned to human needs, in the Warwickshire pastures, as there is in the underlying morality of the poet.

With human needs in general, Warwick Castle may be in no great accord, but few places are more gratifying to the sentimental tourist. It is the only great residence that I ever coveted as a home. The fire that we heard so much of last winter in America appears to have consumed but an inconsiderable and easily-spared portion of the house, and the great towers rise over the great trees and the town with the same grand air as before. Picturesquely, Warwick gains from not being sequestered, after the common fashion, in acres of park. The village-street winds about the garden walls, though its hum expires before it has had time to scale them. There can be no better example of the way in which stone-walls, if they do not of necessity make a prison, may on occasions make a palace, than the tremendous privacy maintained thus about a mansion whose windows and towers form the main feature of a bustling town. At Warwick the past joins hands so stoutly with the present that you can hardly say where one begins and the other ends, and you rather miss the various crannies and gaps of what I just now called the Italian shabbiness of Haddon. There is a Cæsar's tower and a Guy's tower and half a dozen more, but they are so well-conditioned in their ponderous antiquity that you are at loss whether to consider them parts of an old house revived or of a new house picturesquely superannuated. Such as they are, however, plunging into the grassed and gravelled courts from which their battlements look really feudal, and into gardens large enough for all delight and too small, as they should be, to be amazing; and with ranges between them of great apartments at whose hugely recessed windows you may turn from Vandyke and Rembrandt, to glance down the cliff-like pile into the Avon, washing the base like a lordly moat, with its bridge, and its trees, and its memories—they mark the very model of a great hereditary dwelling—one which amply satisfies the imagination without irritating the conscience. The pictures at Warwick reminded me afresh of an old conclusion on this matter, that the best fortune for good pictures is not to be crowded into public collections—not even into the relative privacy of *Salons carrés* and Tribunes, but to hang in largely-spaced half-dozens on the walls of fine houses. Here the historical atmosphere, as one may call it, is almost a compensation for the often imperfect light. If this is true of most pictures, it is especially so of the works of Vandyke, whom you think of, wherever you may find him, as having, with that immense good-breeding which is the stamp of his manner, taken account in his painting of the local conditions, and predestined his picture to just the spot where it hangs. This is, in fact, an illusion as regards the Vandykes at Warwick, for none of them represent members of the house. The very finest, perhaps, after the great melancholy picturesque, Charles I.—death, or at least the presentiment of death on the pale horse—is a portrait from the Brignole palace at Genoa, a beautiful noble matron in black, with her little son and heir. The last Vandykes I had seen were the noble company this lady had left behind her in the Genoese palace, and as I looked at her, I thought of her mighty change of circumstance. Here she sits in the mild light of Midmost England; there you could almost fancy her blinking in the great glare sent up from the Mediterranean. Picturesque for picturesque, I should hardly know which to choose.

Correspondence.

OUR GOVERNMENT'S LIABILITY FOR THE INDIRECT CLAIMS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The United States Government has abandoned the Indirect Claims in the interest of peace, but not from conviction. Some of those claims, however, were advocated by the Government merely as representative of its citizens. Has it a right to abandon claims which it thinks well grounded, unless it assumes them as good against itself? I refer to the claims for extra insurance, and base their justice on the following grounds. We may assume

that a shipowner during the rebellion demanded protection for his ships from the following parties:

First, from the British Government, which, in neglecting to enforce its laws, disregarded his appeal. The merchant's first claim for indemnity is therefore upon the British Government, and this has been preferred by his natural representative, the Government at home, but abandoned in the interests of peace.

Secondly, he appealed to the United States Government for protection from the rebel cruisers let loose upon him through British negligence; but our naval force was employed on the blockade, and could not convoy seagoing ships.

Thirdly, the merchant sought security, and obtained it, by placing his ships under a foreign flag; but this has received the legislative condemnation in the refusal to re-register such ships.

Lastly, the shipowner could buy protection of the underwriters, but at a price which, combined with low freights consequent on the insecurity of American ships, annihilated the profits of shipowners. Now, by the decision at Geneva, the shipowner who shunned that loss and paid no war risk will recover the value of his destroyed ships, while he who in ten voyages (*e.g.*, from New York to San Francisco) lost the value of a first-class ship in extra insurance has no claim to the British indemnity.

Such claims appear to me equally just with those for ships destroyed, and if arbitrarily classed as indirect, should not therefore be denied. Has not the Government, by abandoning these claims at Geneva and condemning the transfers to foreign flags, tacitly allowed their validity against itself? When the national legislature is consulting how to restore prosperity to our mercantile marine, ought it not especially to approve the example of those few shipowners who saved that interest from total extinction, in a far greater degree even than he who incurred the risk of insolvency by sending his ships to sea uninsured?

Your obedient servant, R. S. Perkins.

Boston, July 18, 1872.

THE CHANGE IN THE CORPORATION AT YALE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Judging by claims from time to time advanced, and by the credit accorded them, there is some confusion of ideas on the part of some persons respecting the late change in the membership of the corporation of Yale College. The history of the change is as follows:

Between six and eight years ago, President Woolsey, in an article in the *New Englander* upon a then recent change in the Governing Board of Harvard, suggested that it might be well for Yale to substitute six members of the corporation to be chosen from among the Alumni for the six members from the State Senate. The suggestion called forth no immediate action; but five years ago, at the decennial meeting of the class of '57, a committee was appointed to do what they might think wise to bring the proposed change to the notice of the Alumni. The report of the meeting named has been printed, and any one who desires to see the precise form of the action in question can obtain a copy of said report by application to the Class Secretary, Prof. D. C. Eaton, of New Haven.

The committee, as such, inaugurated no public action, but a resolution prepared by one of its members was adopted at the meeting of the Alumni, at the commencement of 1869. The resolution appointed a committee (Pres. then Prof. Porter, W. M. Evarts, C. J. Stillé of Philadelphia, Judge Taft of Cincinnati, and Prof. Fisk of Chicago) to consider the whole question of a change in the corporation, with the request that they would report at the next annual meeting of the Alumni. Two reports were then made, three of the committee opposing any change, and two favoring the one now accomplished. In the debate which followed the presentation of the reports, offence was given to many present by what was said in a speech contending for the change, and to all appearance the Alumni were not inclined to it. But its advocates, at least some of them, so believed that they were right that they proposed to continue their advocacy of it. While they were debating what to do, Governor Jewell, in his Message to the Legislature of 1871, so presented the subject that action on their part was made unnecessary, and the desired change was in a most happy way accomplished.

The above is believed to be an accurate statement of the change which promises to make the corporation of Yale more than it has hitherto been an organ of communication between the great body of the Alumni and their Alma Mater. If it were necessary, documentary evidence could be furnished of the correctness of the several parts of this statement. E. L. H.

Lenox, Mass., July 13, 1872.

Notes.

Hurd & Houghton announce "A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary, with their Later Poems," by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames. The poems will be "a choice selection not included in any previous collection," and a steel portrait of each of the sisters is promised. The same house will publish "Boarding-School Days," by "Vieux Moustache," with illustrations by Nast and Darley.

—"Carl Benson" enquires: "Can any of your correspondents tell me when the singular neologism 'different to' originated, and with what writer? I believe it is entirely English, and has not been adopted here even by our loosest writers. The earliest example I know is in Thackeray's 'Rebecca and Rowena,' date 1850." Apropos of Cruikshank's pamphlet to establish his claim to the authorship of "Oliver Twist" and the "Tower of London," he calls attention to the fact that "Mr. Ainsworth appropriated the 'Tower of London,' not only in its general idea but literally in a number of scenes and characters from a very clever but most disagreeable book, 'La Danse Macabre,' by Paul Lacroix ('Le Bibliophile Jacob')."

—Professor Winlock, of the Harvard College Observatory, has recently begun the publication of a remarkable series of astronomical illustrations. The ten numbers already issued include admirable delineations of a number of celestial phenomena as they are seen in the great refractor of the observatory when looked for with well-trained eyes. First in importance come the three remarkable plates showing the various appearances of the solar prominences in their natural colors, a brilliant sight. Some of them have all the grace of well-contrived fireworks, though the scale tells us that they have a height of from fifty to one hundred miles. A plate showing six successive views of one spot on the sun is equally interesting; every important variation of those strange rents of the photosphere is well shown here. The gray, sloping funnel with deeply channelled sides, the black bottom, the tortuous white bridges spanning the chasm, the feathery streams of gas cloud whirling up from the abyss, are all marvellously well shown. There is a plate of Jupiter which gives in *print* for the first time something fitted to convey an adequate idea of that noble form. The drawing of the cloud bands and the tint of the equatorial copper-colored zone are wonderfully well done. There are three figures of lunar craters, or rather groups of craters. One has but to compare these exquisite drawings with work which has been done before on the same objects, to see how great the advance has been. The artist has caught not only the difficult detail of the surface, but also the peculiar features of expression dependent upon the airless condition of the moon. All the drawings are by L. Trouvelot, who has brought the rare combination of an artist's skill and an astronomer's eye to the work. Now that celestial physics has come to be a part of our elementary astronomy, such drawings have a high value as teaching agents, and deserve a place in every school in the land. As graphic representations of celestial phenomena they are as much in advance of similar work as were the great photographs of the moon by Rutherford at the time of their publication, and they will, along with those admirable representations, do much to enhance the reputation of our astronomers.

—With the help of announcements of forthcoming works, it is again possible to make a tolerable list of English publications of interest. The following have either already appeared or are in such a forward state of preparation that they may be safely ordered. Beginning with the class which combines entertainment and instruction in popular proportions, we note: "Knocking about in New Zealand," by Charles L. Money; "New Homes for the Old Country," personal experience in New Zealand and Australia, by Geo. S. Baden-Powell; "My Wife and I in Queensland," by Charles H. Eden; "The Discovery, Survey, and Settlement of Port Philip," by G. W. Rusden; "Ten Years North of the Orange River," by John Mackenzie; "Twelve Months at the South African Diamond-Fields"; "Life in India," by Edward Braddon; "Under the Sun," by Geo. Augustus Sala; "Travels in Hindo-China and in China," by Louis de Carne; "Wanderings in Scripture Lands," by Thomas Robinson; "Up in the North—London to Lapland," by Thomas Shairp; "Tent-Life with English Gypsies in Norway," by Hubert Smith; "Life in Normandy," by J. F. Campbell; "Other Countries," by Maj. Wm. Morrison Bell. In history must be mentioned: "The History of Modern Servia," by E. L. Mijatorics; "The History of Canada under the French Régime, 1535–1763," by H. H. Miles; "The Retention of India," by Alexander Halliday; "The Unity of History," by Edward A. Freeman; M. Quatrefages' absurd literary "revenge," "The Prussian Race"; and a translation of William Blumé's "Campaign of 1870–71." In connection with the last should be named Boguslawski's "Tactical Deductions from the War of 1870–71"; "The System of Field Manœuvres best adapted to

enable our Army to meet a Continental Army in the Field"—a practical appendix to the Dame Europa literature, by Lieut. T. Maurice; and "The Arms and Ammunition of the British Service," by Capt. V. D. Majendie.

—The great department of biography is illustrated by Sir Francis Head's too laudatory and undiscriminating "Sketch of the Life of Sir John Burgoyne," which one will do well to pass by while waiting for the fuller "Life, Letters, and Diaries" of the Field-Marshal, edited by Col. Wrottesley; "Memoir of the Early Life of Sir W. H. Maule," by his niece; "Memoir of Thomas Brassey," by Arthur Helps; "Life of Rousseau," by John Morley; "Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with Nassau William Senior"; "Last Days of Père Gratry"; "Women of the Last Days of Old France"; "Goethe and Mendelssohn," from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn; and "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer," by John Furley. Add to the foregoing "The Miscellaneous Writings of Prof. John Conington"; and "Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and County Families of Wales," by Thomas Nicholas. The theological list embraces Döllinger's "Lectures on the Reunion of the Christian Churches"; "The Damnatory Clauses of the Athanasian Creed Rationally Explained," by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl; Father Gagarin's "Russian Clergy"; and "Welsh Calvinistic Methodism," an historical sketch by Rev. Wm. Williams. Scientific readers are provided for in Prof. Tyndall's "Contributions to Molecular Physics"; G. J. Symons's "Distribution of Rain over the British Isles during 1871"; John Evans's "Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain"; "A Manual of Palæontology"; "The Smaller Birds of Great Britain," by H. G. Adams; and Dr. Wm. Harvey's "Corpulence in Relation to Disease," in which the over-stout may probably find something to their advantage. A number of titles we will group without classification: "Essays on Eastern Questions," by W. Gifford Palgrave; "Vignettes, Alpine and Eastern," by Elijah Walton and T. G. Bonney; "Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore," by Charles Hardwick; "The Duty of the Schoolmaster in relation to the Formation of Character," by Thomas Wyles; Sydney Colvin's "Children, in Italian and English Design"; and "Examples of Modern Etching"—twelve proofs.

—Aubrey De Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick"; and Tegner's "Tale of Frithiof," translated by Captain Spalding, are the only two books of poetry needing mention after Browning's "Fifine." In regard to the last, the diversity of criticism is well shown in the following extracts from two London trade-organs. The *Bookseller's* notice (July 3) we quote entire:

"A new poem by Robert Browning, in his best manner—a manner, that is to say, which will be understood and admired by all readers; and which is not transcendental."

The *Publisher's Circular* (July 1) takes a somewhat different view:

"We may safely say that not ten readers in a hundred could understand 'Fifine,' written as it is in an ungainly measure, and being a half-thought out wonderment as to why the ragged, disreputable life of an actress has especial charms for some persons. . . . Nearly two hundred pages of such lines will be enough even for the 'deepest' critic."

—A writer in the Bangor (Me.) *Commercial* compares the popular authors of the Mercantile Library of that city with those mentioned in our recent articles on the Public Library of X. The following is the result, so far as concerns the novelists who are common to both lists:

Bangor.	*X.*
1 Mrs. Holmes.	11 Mrs. Holmes.
3 Charles Reade.	4 Charles Reade.
4 Wilkie Collins.	10 Wilkie Collins.
6 Dickens.	5 Dickens.
8 Hawthorne.	19 Hawthorne.
9 Mrs. Whitney.	2 Mrs. Whitney.
11 A. S. Roe.	8 A. S. Roe.
15 Mrs. Muloch-Craik.	19 Mrs. Muloch-Craik.
22 Lever.	17 Lever.
23 Bulwer-Lytton.	20 Bulwer-Lytton.
25 Scott.	25 Scott.

Mrs. Southworth is second on the Bangor list, but her works have not been admitted to the library at X.; and as there are other discrepancies of this sort, it is clear that the comparison is not to be relied on for determining the relative culture of the two towns. Nevertheless, it is worth while to remark, as approximately indicative of the general estimation in which they are held, the nearly identical rank of Reade, Dickens, Lever, Bulwer, and Scott, with an identical order of succession in both the lists. And it is curious to observe the position of Hawthorne and Scott as derived from the demand for all their writings, and to learn that in the Bangor library "the four most popular books are 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and 'The Wandering Jew.'" If this library has a paying membership, it should have, on the whole, a better class of readers than that of X., but we doubt if its books have been more judiciously selected.

—The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for June contains the concluding article of the series, "Les Musées, les Arts et les Artistes pendant la Commune," by M. Alfred Darcel. The most interesting portion of the article is that which relates to the destruction of the town-house of M. Thiers, by order of the Commune. The order was published in the *Journal Officiel* of the Commune of the 11th of May, 1871, the "21 *Floréal, an* 79" of these absurd masquers in the cast-off rags of a former generation. The motive for this act of ferocity towards Thiers was his attempt to notify the Parisians of the intentions of the Versailles Government with regard to them and their city—intentions whose benevolence the members of the Commune could not hope would be extended to themselves. Doubtless, they would have been glad to prevent the display of Thiers's posters on the walls of Paris; but, not having been able to prevent it, they determined to punish their author, and they made their intention known in a proclamation. This set forth in the stately form beloved of Frenchmen, whether Royalist, Imperialist, or Communist, that, "Whereas: the fellow Thiers, calling himself Chief of the French Republic, declares in his posters that his army will not bombard Paris, while every day women and children are the victims of the fratricidal guns of Versailles; and, whereas: this poster is an appeal to treason to help him to enter the city, seeing that he has learned the impossibility of vanquishing the heroic population of Paris by his guns; Therefore: the movable property of Thiers shall be seized by the Administration of Estates, and his house situated in the Place Georges shall be razed." When the proclamation had been duly issued, an invitation was given to the members of the Commune to be present at the demolition of the house, which spectacle was announced for four o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th May. This invitation having been read at the regular sitting of the Commune, there arose a discussion as to the disposition to be made of M. Thiers's collection of antiquities, reckoned by connoisseurs one of the most valuable in Europe. Citizen Courbet remarked: "This Thiers has a collection of antique bronzes; what am I to do with them?" The Citizen President: "Let Citizen Courbet give us his own opinion on the subject." Courbet: "The objects in this collection are worthy of a museum. Is it your pleasure that I should place them in the Louvre, or the Hôtel de Ville, or that I should have them sold at auction?" The Citizen Protot: "I have ordered the Commissary of Police of the ward to have the objects of art placed in the *garde-meuble*, and the papers to be sent to the *sûreté générale*. I have caused the destruction of the house to be begun at once. The papers are in our hands. As for the little bronzes you speak of, I hope they will reach us in good condition." Courbet: "I wish to inform you that those same little bronzes represent a value of 1,500,000 francs." Citizen Demay (this man was a bronze finisher): "As to the collection of objects of art belonging to Thiers, the executive commission to which Citizen Félix Pyat belongs had designated two specialists to have charge of them. These were the Citizen Courbet and myself. I request you to complete your committee. Do not forget that these little bronzes belong to the history of humanity, and we wish to preserve all that the intelligence of the past has created, in order to instruct the future. We are not barbarians." Citizen Protot: "I also am a lover of art; but I am of opinion that any of the pieces which represent any of the Orleans family ought to be sent to the mint. As to the other objects of art, it is plain that they ought not to be destroyed." Citizen Clémence: "The Thiers collection contains precious books, for whose preservation I demand a commission, and that I may be a member of it." Citizen Paschal Grousset: "There are also in Thiers's house documents that ought to be in the archives, pieces of the greatest curiosity; it would be well to have in the commission that we are about to appoint, historians, men of letters." Grousset was interrupted with cries of "Close the debate!" and the President appointed a commission composed of Courbet, Demay, Grousset, Clémence, and Pyat.

— M. Thiers had not left his most valuable possessions to be pocketed by the commissioners. Fortunately for the arts and for himself, at the very beginning of the French disasters he had packed up his beautiful collection of Florentine bronzes of the sixteenth century, together with everything else he owned of great rarity, and had sent them—according to some to England, according to others who seem better informed, to the cellars of the Institute. As for the rest of his movable property, the Commune ordered all the household linen to be sent to the hospitals and ambulances; the objects of art and books of value to be placed in the museums and libraries, and the furniture to be sold at auction after being duly exposed. A great number of articles—books, engravings, porcelains, etc., were placed in the *garde-meuble*, but the Versailles guns having reached this building, it was thought better to transport its contents to the Tuileries, to a gallery adjoining the Pavilion of Flora, and they finally perished in the flames that destroyed that building.

—Seventy letters addressed by Mazzini to one of his agents in Italy between March, 1863, and September, 1868, have just been published in Milan

by the recipient, who conceals his name ("Corrispondenza inedita di Giuseppe Mazzini con . . . "). Although designed to be a tribute of affection and loyalty to the great precursor of Italian unity, this publication will only confirm that view of his character which his later action inspired. His patriotism, self-abnegation, disinterestedness, are still visible in this correspondence; but also his inability to perceive when his work was finished, his hostility to the logical and natural results of his own endeavors, and his ill-considered scheming ending always in smoke. His ignorance of the real state of things in his native land, which would be pardonable in an exile who did not seek to intermeddle with home politics, but which with Mazzini was as much a part of his temperament as it was a consequence of banishment, and which was a principal cause of the ruin of his enterprises—this ignorance his correspondent even is obliged to point out and correct in foot-notes here and there throughout the volume. Two vain hopes and useless strivings are revealed as the occupation of Mazzini at this (for Italy) momentous epoch. In 1864 he conceived the idea of liberating Venice by means of a popular rising in the province, simultaneous with disturbances in Galicia, Hungary, and Transylvania, and assured of success by the intervention of the national army at the right moment. The Italian Government did not disdain to consider the project, which Mazzini expressly disassociated from his republican ideas because he knew that the people he sought to deliver was anti-republican; but the Prussian alliance proved to possess greater charms and much more certain guarantees. The temporary estrangement of Piedmont which followed upon the troubles in Turin, and which found a constitutional vent in the faction of the Permanente, was eagerly seized upon by Mazzini as a means of winning over to himself the whole of the noble province on which Italian unity rests and must for years depend. But again he was the victim of an illusion which was not long in manifesting itself. The editor of these letters, therefore, will not produce exactly the effect he contemplated on the convictions of the reader, while the suppression of names and dates, out of regard to the susceptibilities of the living, makes the correspondence much less attractive than it would otherwise be.

—Ninety years ago, July 1, John Henry Voss, the German poet and philologist, removed from Otterndorf to Eutin to better his fortune, with the reputation acquired for him, in addition to previous literary ventures, by his translation of the "Odyssey," which, as has been said, he first naturalized in his native land. The period of his career—the "Lehr- und Wander-jahre"—which terminated with this event, has been unfolded in the first volume of his Life by Dr. William Herbst, of Magdeburg (Leipzig: Teubner), author of a Life of Matthias Claudius, a kinsman of Voss, and otherwise familiar with the sources of the latter's biography. Voss's grandfather, John, the earliest ascertainable ancestor, was a cartwright living near Teterow; his father, John Henry, began life as a waiting-man, and afterwards became a farmer, with the privilege of brewing beer and distilling brandy. He lost his wife and four daughters, and was still unmarried when his son the poet was born at Sommersdorf, February 20, 1751, of an intimate friend of his late wife, and baptized the next day: according to the parish register, "Den 21. Februarii hat Catharine Dorothea Karstens einen *spurium* taufen lassen Namens Johann Heinrich." Wedlock followed, however, in the summer of that year, and the family removed to the little town of Penzlin, where Voss was first put to school, and distinguished himself alike at his studies and in boyish sports, pursued Latin with eagerness, and learned Greek in his spare time, carrying his grammar with him even when birdnesting. Through various removals and vicissitudes, he at last reached Göttingen, where he was matriculated student of theology in the spring of 1772, but a year later abandoned that study for languages and poetry, having Heyne for his principal instructor, with whom, however, he agreed not well, and was in turn an object of dislike, if not of jealousy. A few years later, at Otterndorf, he engaged in a bitter controversy with Heyne on the subject of the pronunciation of Greek. Meantime, as Dr. Herbst relates in detail, Voss earned a precarious livelihood with his pen, and, after numerous disappointments in seeking to obtain a situation as schoolmaster, was employed to edit the *Musenalmanach*, which made it safe for him at last to marry a pastor's daughter.

MAZZINI.*

THIS volume, consisting of passages from the writings of Mazzini in relation to his own part in the national movement of Italy for the last forty years, might properly be entitled "Mazzini illustrated by himself." It is a valuable contribution to contemporary history, revealing the aspirations and recounting the deeds of the great Agitator, and giving an authentic record of the first period of the Italian revolution, of which he was the recognized leader. Written with all the enthusiasm of the patriot and the earnestness of the reformer, this record is a defence of the policy which, from the beginning to the end of his career, he urged on his countrymen as the only one the adoption of which could give to their country her place among the nations. Italy, a republic one and independent, whose mission should be to impart new life to Europe—such was the ideal for which Mazzini lived and died. Through good and evil report, through defeat and disaster of all kinds, as a writer and a leader, he remained faithful to his principles, even when his country had achieved independence and unity by another course than that which he had marked out.

The first period of the contemporary history of Italy embraces the years from 1815 to 1848, when the country, broken up into petty states, suffered under domestic oppression and foreign domination. It was in that period that the agitation of Mazzini was both necessary and effectual. In the absence of a national hegemony, when all the Italian governments conspired with foreign powers to keep the people divided and oppressed, the individual action of patriots was alone possible, and they everywhere labored to overthrow the existing order of things, and to supplant it by new institutions more in accordance with the spirit of the time. Mazzini was early recognized as the head of this movement, and he united in himself in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary for such a mission. Endowed with rare intellect, indomitable will and self-control, with power to impart his own enthusiasm to all who approached him, he soon rallied around him the best and most daring patriots of the peninsula, and from his exile threw down the gauntlet to the oppressors of his country. For more than twenty years he was engaged in exciting popular insurrections everywhere in Italy, thus keeping alive the hopes of the people, and striking terror to the hearts of the enemies of liberty. In this long struggle he may have committed serious mistakes; he may have sacrificed lives in attempts which had no elements of success, and which brought needless suffering on his followers. But many of his schemes, though apparently futile and reckless, served their intended purpose at least indirectly; they were protests against the existing condition of things; they kept alive the spirit of resistance in the people, and made it manifest to Europe that as long as she was denied her rights, Italy would remain a centre of agitation and a perpetual menace to the public peace. The volume under examination contains the history of Mazzini's labors in that period of the Italian revolution.

In 1848 the national movement took a more practical direction under the leadership of Balbo, Azeglio, Gioberti, and Cavour. It was then that Piedmont, in defiance of Austria, placed herself at the head of the revolution, and by skilful diplomacy, alliances, war, and, above all, by the upholding of constitutional government, succeeded in expelling the foreign invader, in attracting the other states into her orbit, and finally in reconstructing the country on the basis of national unity. The action of Mazzini during that most important period revealed much obstinacy of character, and very little of that practical talent which constitutes genuine statesmanship. Fixed in the idea of a republic, he opposed the national party which had rallied around the House of Savoy, and denounced its leaders as mere utilitarians. His most influential followers—Manin, Garibaldi, Montanelli, Farini, Poerio, and a host of eminent patriots—soon abandoned him, and joined the new party; but he became more irreconcilable and more obstinate in his views. Indeed, all the hostility he had heretofore shown to the enemies of his country, he now turned against the party under whose auspices the national cause was about to triumph. He opposed all the steps which have led Italy to her present position; and because this was not accomplished through his own method, he mourned over the great achievements as if they were public calamities. In 1848 he had intrigued against the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and had thus greatly contributed to the disasters which then befell the country. Later, in 1854, he denounced the alliance with France and England in the Crimean War, the first great master-stroke of Cavour; in 1859 he declaimed against the alliance with France which emancipated Lombardy from the Austrian yoke, and established the principle of non-intervention in the affairs of the peninsula; in 1866 he opposed the alliance with Prussia, which gave Venice to Italy, and rendered the occupation of Rome possible, as before he had opposed the annexation of Southern Italy, when it was delivered by Garibaldi, chiefly through the aid of the national party under the leadership of Cavour.

"A republic or nothing" seems to have been Mazzini's motto, and only through that form of government would he accept the independence and unity of his country. Thus his action, which in the first stage of the revolution had been a powerful aid to the national cause, became now a positive obstacle to the fulfilment of the aspirations of the people. Nor would the republic of his dreams, could it have been established, have been a great boon for Italy; for he everywhere declares that that form of government should not be founded, as in the United States, on the development of individuality, which, according to him, is another name for self-interest. His republic, he

* "Joseph Mazzini; His Life and Political Principles. With an Introduction by William Lloyd Garrison." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

asserts, is to be established on a spiritual authority, nay, on a new religion, which will be the source of the moral unity of the nation, and indeed of mankind. Thus Rome, which at two different periods has been the mistress of the world, will become again the centre of a new civilization founded not on material interests but on the principle of justice. Rejecting with scorn Cavour's formula, "A free Church in a free State," Mazzini would establish a national organization, which would be at once Church and State, and while rebelling with all his soul against the authority of the existing hierarchy, he would bring about the very condition of things for which that institution has for centuries labored in vain.

An idealist and a dreamer, Mazzini held in horror all compromises in public affairs, despised analysis in political science, and sought a remedy in empty formulas and shallow generalizations for the evils that beset mankind. He was doomed to live and die disappointed. A current of profound sadness runs through all his writings, and excites deep sympathy for the fate of one so gifted and so ill-fitted for the requirements of practical life. He lived to see the unity of Italy achieved, though not according to his plan; and it cannot be denied that his efforts in the first stage of the Italian revolution contributed not a little to the accomplishment of that end. If we fail to recognize in him the statesman, we cannot but admire the breadth of his sympathies, the purity of his patriotism, and the loftiness of his character. In this respect we echo the sentiments expressed by Mr. Garrison in his eulogistic introduction, and with him we acknowledge that "Mazzini was a man of single mind, indomitable resolve, lofty aspiration, and irreproachable life; that he neither sought wealth, nor fame, nor position, nor dignity, nor even power, as an individual man; that whatever he had of his own was consecrated to the cause he espoused, whatever he received from others was devoted to the same cause; that whatever he counselled was the suggestion of a noble, though peculiar mind, and whatever he did was the dictate of a perfectly unselfish will."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

AN audacious but apparently necessary proposal is made by a review writer in the July *North American*, who is in trouble of mind about the enormous mass of matter which "the future historian" of Massachusetts will have to perform if he is to read and digest all the material annually provided for him. The Commissioners of Internal Fisheries, says the writer, lead off, first of all, with a volume of 348 pages; next come the Railroad Commissioners, with 800 pages; next the Bureau of Labor Statistics, with 598; next the Board of State Charities, with 560; next the Board of Education, with 300; next the Board of Health, with 326. Here are all but 3,000 pages of printed matter relating to this year alone, which, whether or not the legislator reads through, our future historian must examine if he is the creature we have a right to expect. Now, as last year was not more important than this year, nor this more important than others, how is the historian to get through with his preliminary preparation before old age overtakes him and gives him to the tomb? The *North American* suggests that man is as susceptible of improvement by breeding as are oxen, horses, or other beasts of the field; and that by a proper attention to genealogies we might, in a few generations, produce certain men and women from eight to ten feet high, and with advantages as regards longevity and peculiar turn of intellect as pronounced as their advantages of stature. He would have the State, then, look for outstanding daughters left by Miss Hannah More, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Markham, and other literary ladies, who should be married to the sons or other descendants of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Grote, the copious Guthrie, as Smollett says, the judicious O'Geoghegan, the learned and elegant Robertson, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive Hume. The offspring of such unions, if ten feet high and capable of spending eighty of their hundred and twenty years in perusing Reports, might, he thinks, go with some hope to the task of turning out the history of the future; but if no such vigorous course is taken, there is, in his opinion, small hope that it will ever be written. We, for our part, imagine that the difficulty may disappear, not with the apparition of our author's anakim, but with the disappearance of the epical history, and its "dignity," its rounded proportions, its omniscience. However that may be, it is certain that if General Butler's attack on the Massachusetts Commissioners frightens them into being less voluminous, that distinguished officer will have done one good action in the course of his public career. A willingness to orate and to ventilate hobbies, is a frequent curse of the Commissioner and the Permanent Secretary, wherever found; and the long-windedness of authors for whom the State foots the printer's bill, and for whom a paying audience is not a primary necessity, as it is for other authors, is one more indubitable proof of the depravity inherent in the breast of man, and of the need there is of all possible checks and safeguards upon individual activity. Our *North American* critic makes some very profitable comments upon these and related points, and what he says on his other various topics is well worth hearing. His remarks upon the Massachusetts workingman as a capitalist we commend to the attention of the true workingmen of that State, as distinguished from the political workingmen imported so numerously from Europe into New England within the last twenty years, and now under the political guidance of leaders either ill-meaning or foolish. There is a chapter or two in Professor Bowen's treatise on "Political Economy" which would teach these men more in half an hour than speeches from Cummings, Chamberlain, and Phillips in half a century; and this writer in the *North American* is in substantial accord with Professor Bowen as to the relation of the Massachusetts mechanic to the savings-bank. It may very well be the case, for instance, as this writer and Professor Bowen make plain, that the machinist in Worcester or Springfield is thus far a co-operative laborer with the very man who hires him—that the money which his employer is using in the factory consists in part of the machinist's savings borrowed from the bank where he deposited them, and on which he is receiving interest, while at the same time handling it from week to week as wages. This is plainly a form of co-operation, and should be recollected when the assertion is made that, in New England, co-operation, which is a success as regards distribution, is a failure as regards production. It is co-operation with less gain perhaps, with less risk certainly; co-operation with a share in the profits only and no share in the losses should there be any.

Another critical notice of merit is that upon Mr. Professor Chadbourne's recent book about the office of instinct and its relation to the reasoning power of man, and in this case—as we have mentioned Professor Bowen's works—the two professors are at one rather than the critic and the professors, for Professor Chadbourne's work is not tenderly handled. Of one part of it the reviewer observes that "this would make a Patagonian smile." Why, is not stated. Why not a Visigoth? We should suppose—taking the thing seriously—that barbarous man, much beholden to the mental power of his four-footed companions, and a much keener observer of them than professional metaphysicians are apt to be, might very readily hold other views than theirs as to the relations between instinct and reason.

Of the long articles in the magazine, there are two which are admirable examples of the right way and the wrong way respectively of conducting a controversy upon a speculative question. Mr. Chauncey Wright, in his article, is all coolness; Mr. J. H. Stirling, in his, is in a fume of anger and contempt; Mr. Wright is clear and forcible in statement, Mr. Stirling's style is much the same as his temper; the one writes as if a difficult subject were to be made plain to the average understanding, the other as if the obscurities and intricacies of a confused subject were best explicated by a confused and obscure treatment of it. Each appears to have a case against his antagonist, and we suppose each with equal justice entertains equal respect for the opinion opposed to his own; but Mr. Stirling succeeds in making himself almost ridiculous and his essay repellent, while Mr. Wright's entire good temper under provocation, his postponement of his feelings in the interest of his subject and the cause of fair discussion, are very attractive indeed. Occasionally he seems to find a good man's satisfaction and comfort in some particularly sharp rap over Mr. Mivart's exposed knuckles; he is not all the time so severely impersonal as he thinks it desirable that all Darwinists and all Anti-Darwinists should always be, and as he regrets deeply that Mr. Mivart is not; but considering what a world this of ours is, and considering how man is apt to conduct himself when the question of who made it, and how and when, is under discussion, the essay is a wonder of courtesy and calmness. Mr. Darwin's own excellent example has seldom been better followed among his disciples and co-workers than in this essay by one of the ablest of them. Every age has the right, we suppose, to felicitate itself on its greatness and intelligence, and we submit that our ancestors would have been wiser than they were if they had said and believed and acted upon this following view of the proper method of discussing theological problems in physics. Great would have been the reduction in the number of atheists burnt and unburnt, which alone would have been a gain:

> "Advocacy, and especially the sort that is of essential value in courts of law, where two advocates are set against each other, each with the duty of presenting only what can be said for his own side, and where the same judge and jury are bound to hear both, is singularly out of place in a scientific discussion, unless in oral debate before the tribunal of a scientific society. Moreover, there are no burdens of proof in science. Such advocacy in a published work claiming scientific consideration is almost an offence against the proprieties of such discussions. To collect together in one place all that can be said for an hypothesis, and in another all that can be said against it, is at best a clumsy and inconvenient method of discussion, the natural results of which may best be seen in the present condition of theological and religious doctrines. These practical considerations are of the utmost importance for the attainment of the end of scientific pursuit; which is not to arrive at decisions and judgments that are probably true only on the whole and in the long run, but is the discovery of the real truths of nature, for which science can afford to wait, and for which suspended judgments are the soundest substitutes."

Doubtless we shall not put to death any more of our Socrateses, nor stone any more prophets, nor incarcerate Galileo again; but it is true, too, that Mr. Mivart seems not to share Mr. Wright's opinion in this matter of scientific investigation, and that easy as the lesson looks there are ten Mr. Mivarts for one Mr. Wright. To evade the main question and seek worthless triumphs on points of no importance, to sneer, to misstate your adversaries' position, to juggle with a word, to bolt conclusions that contradict your wilfully chosen premises—this is still the way to discuss religion or politics in the most enlightened nations of the earth—the simian way, it may be called, and a way simian enough to go some length in proving the Darwinist side of the controversy between Mr. Wright and Mr. Mivart to be the correct one. One need not go to Italy and the Vatican for daily exemplifications of it.

Mr. Stirling is a metaphysician better known to English than American audiences, but of generally recognized ability in a school which cannot be said to be on the road just at present to increased favor. He is naturally, and, as we think, very properly, displeased with the late Mr. Buckle for that writer's *de haut en bas* fashion of speaking about metaphysical thinkers whose works he had perhaps read but certainly had not mastered, and for whom, even if he had mastered all their philosophy instead of carrying off but a smattering of it, good taste and proper modesty would alone have demanded more civility than Mr. Buckle showed. Mr. Stirling makes pretty thorough work with him, and convicts him of haste, insufficient information, and failures in reasoning, but after a fashion which we should say is better adapted to a Scotch audience than to any other, the essay being contentious, acrid, abusive, contemptuous, and other agreeable things which we are accustomed to think characteristic of the true Scots polemic. At the end we feel a sort of want of the derisive whoop and the splash of dirty water from the top story. It begins by remarking, in substance, that it is a hard job to know what it was that Mr. Buckle wanted to say, and what his problem was. His book is an enormous mass of chaffy declamation, out of which we may here and there pick a grain of meaning and so find out little by little what the man would be at. Painfully articulating the scraps which we thus gather, we find that Buckle was born with a dream in him of literary glory; "something," as his introduction says, "it seemed desirable should be done, and on a scale far larger than has hitherto been attempted." There you have him. "Something" is to be done by Mr. Buckle, on a big scale; in short, vagueness, bombast, overweening conceit, and ambition make a great part of the man and his works. What should the "something" be? Mr. Stirling tells us; but he would probably dislike to make affidavit to his account of the workings of Buckle's mind while it was deciding this question. The end of the matter was thus:—

"Why, the spot the highest in the universe was still left vacant, virgin for the gigantic tread of Buckle! Here, both theoretically and practically,—here were consummation. *Finis*, at last! Bacon brought in nature, and Smith the manipulation of nature; but Buckle—Buckle it would be said—brought in mind, Buckle brought in the manipulation of mind, Buckle brought in and united all! The Wealth of Nations was much, but what were a Wisdom of Nations?"

We cannot follow Mr. Stirling through his acute and trenchant article, which readers with a taste for metaphysics will enjoy at the same time that they are amused by its aggressive spirit and hearty combativeness. What the general reader is likely to get in the way of amusement, this extract may show. It fairly illustrates the metaphysician's way of darkening counsel by clouding a simple matter with inexpressive words, upon which, by the bye, he in time comes to value himself:

"To repeat, Kant then says: 'How the *intellectual* I (that only knows intellectually or logically the bare fact *that* it is),—how this I is distinguished from, yet identical with, the *perceptive* I (perceptive as under inner affection and so knowing *how* it is), moreover, how then (as regards the latter question, my *perceivability*, my sensuous state, my *how* I am) I can know myself, not as I am to the understanding (to which I am only the I of the "I think"), but just like all other phenomena, simply as I appear to (inner) sense,—all this has no more and no less difficulty than how I can be to myself an object at all, an object that is of perception, of internal perception,' etc., etc."

The essay entitled "The Shadow of Dante" has for the occasion of its appearance Miss M. F. Rossetti's recent book, but the author speaks of it as one of the results of twenty years' careful study of the poet. It is evidently Mr. Lowell's, and contains some of his best work, though we dare say it will be found not so attractive as his best work usually is. From the same hand we have before had an essay on Dante, to which this may be taken as supplementary. The article in Appleton's Cyclopædia—one of the good articles in that uneven work—is, we believe, by Mr. Lowell, and it is full and satisfactory, though necessarily compressed, and totally without that discursiveness to which, if sometimes it is not pleasing in Mr. Lowell's essays, we owe so much delightful reading, as to the biography of the poet and the general scope of his poetry. Here, however, we have a sufficiency of treasure and pleasure for the lover of Dante. Long love of him and study of him cause the admiration of Dante's best students and lovers to be or to seem to others almost an idolatry; and Mr. Lowell's praises are very warm and high, and his admiration so great, that he leaves us doubtful whether he so much reverences any other poet. What to many is, for one and another reason, a fatal flaw in the work—the poet's peculiar religious and moral universe, the rigid completeness of his scheme, and his perfect satisfaction with it and confidence in it—all this is to Mr. Lowell acceptable, and, apparently, it is satisfying to the needs of his spiritual nature. To our mind it is here where perhaps lies the danger which threatens Dante's claim to so high a place as Mr. Lowell would award. Very great he doubtless must always be—so great that few will know his greatness aright. But the world, which is never to outgrow Priam at the feet of Achilles or Job among his counsellors, is it never to outgrow so much of this mediævalism and tenseness and definiteness as that the great Italian's place will be set lower than now? Mr. Lowell would say no to such a question. He thus ends his essay, premising that if Shakespeare's is the most comprehensive intellect amongst poets, Dante's is the purest spiritual nature:

"In the company of the epic poets there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the perilous seat, for he must combine poesy with doctrine in such cunning wise that the one lose not its beauty nor the other its severity, and Dante has done it. As he takes possession of it we seem to hear the cry he himself heard when Virgil rejoined the company of great singers,

'All honor to the loftiest of poets!'"

Perhaps as good as any other one thing in the essay is the explanation of the relation in which Beatrice stood to Dante at different periods of his life. It is one which a greater number of people than might seem credible have contrived to miss.

The remaining contents of this July number are articles by Mr. Howells, Mr. Karl Hillebrand, and Mr. Frederic Sheldon. Herder is Mr. Hillebrand's subject; Giusti, the Italian satirist, Mr. Howells's; and Crabbe, the English poet, Mr. Sheldon's. Mr. Sheldon's article is rather curious as criticism, but will for a moment recall the verses of a forgotten worthy who went decently and composedly into oblivion at his earliest opportunity, and who beyond a doubt will contentedly stay there. Mr. Sheldon's old-fashioned taste leads him into some hearty objurgation against the more whining of modern poets, whom he charges with intellectual and moral feebleness. As for him, he believes that there is something wrong in a poet who can see a locomotive rush past him at the rate of forty miles an hour without "experiencing a sensation not altogether prosaic"; and we imagine he has more sense and poetry on his side than several thousands of the mystics and "artistic" unhappy poets whom he holds in such contempt. Still, a sound digestion and a fondness for Crabbe are not the whole of the matter either, Mr. Sheldon should consider. There are such things as "sighing and grief," as Sir John tells us, though they need not "blow us all up like a bladder," as they did that stricken old gentleman, if we are to take his own word for it.

Historical and Biographical Memoirs, Essays, Addresses, etc. Written at various times during the last fifty years, and now just published in the collected form. By George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 576.)—Of the three classes of papers composing this volume, the first seems alone to contain matter of general and permanent interest. We refer especially to the chapters on the History of the University of Pennsylvania and of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

Less than two centuries ago, the only school known in Philadelphia was one kept by Enoch Flower (1683), who taught "reading, writing, and casting accounts for eight shillings and a quarter." Then came a public school, founded by the Quakers in 1749, and chartered by William Penn in 1711. The plan of an academy was drawn up in 1743 by the tireless Benjamin Franklin. Interrupted then by the French war, it was not made public until 1749, when he issued a pamphlet, entitled "Proposals relative to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania." It was well received; but there was not money enough collected to build a school-house. Just at this time, the famous preacher Whitefield, excluded from the churches of Philadelphia, was addressing immense crowds in the open fields, and a proposition was made to erect an edifice which might serve the double purpose of a school and place of worship for Whitefield. This plan was carried out, and a portion of the *academy* so built still stands in South Street, near Mulberry. The institution gradually grew into "college, academy, and charity school," and on a list of its pupils in 1757 is found the name of Lindley Murray. Of all this came the university in 1759.

The Pennsylvania Hospital made a feeble beginning in 1750, and feeble it remained until the omnipresent Benjamin Franklin took it in hand. He

obtained from the legislature an act of incorporation and a grant of £2,000, to be paid when an equal amount should be subscribed by individuals. The inside history of this act and grant is curious. Franklin, referring to it in his memoirs, says that he remembers none of his political manœuvres which at the time gave him more pleasure, or in which, after thinking of it, he more easily excused himself for a little indirectness. In the legislature, the country members stood out against the grant. The city, said they, was to be benefited—let the city pay. Franklin represented that £2,000 would be raised in the city by voluntary contributions. This the opposition refused to believe, considering, no doubt, £2,000 a very large sum of money. Franklin replied—"Then make your grant conditional upon the city subscription." To this proposition they readily acceded, certain that the money could not be raised; and, willing to gain the credit of liberality without expense, voted for the bill. But Franklin had a double object in this move. He well knew that, once the citizens were assured of a legislative grant, they would rest content with it, and hold themselves excused from subscribing. Therefore his little service for the *conditional* grant; and under this stimulus, the subscription, which was dragging its slow length along, was immediately filled up.

Ars Oratoria. Selections from Cicero and Quintilian on Oratory. With Notes. By Martin Kellogg, Professor of Latin and Greek in the University of California. (New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.)—In general we have no great admiration for Chrestomathies, Florilegia, Anthologies, Delectuses, and Elegant Extracts, except possibly for elementary purposes. Goethe thought well of them; but in his day books were scarcer and many authors difficult to get at any price. Such collections as the Teubner or the later Tauchnitz make it possible for the young scholar of to-day to buy a pretty solid little classical library for a moderate sum. One of the most thoughtful men of Germany, Von Nägelsbach, well says that, theoretically at least, the classical scholar is supposed to read ancient books as he would modern ones, *as wholes;* and though he may fall miserably short of this in practice, there is a vastly greater satisfaction in owning and handling "the authors," as old Dr. Popkin used to call them with affectionate emphasis, than in frisking along through any number of skilfully-culled excerpts. The apples of gold lose half their lustre when torn from the pictures of silver. Something of this general objection applies to Professor Kellogg's book. At the same time it must be said that any man is to be thanked who collects passages on any one subject; the ripest scholar may find some instruction and stimulus in comparing extracts. Professor Kellogg has dove-tailed the parts of his authors together with great ingenuity; but it is startling to the association of ideas, particularly in Quintilian, to find a passage from the Eighth Book, for example, followed immediately by one from the preface. As regards the text of Cicero, Baiter and Kayser would have been a better guide than Klotz; for Quintilian, Bonnell is taken as the basis. Bonnell is an industrious plodder, but a very dull man. The editor seems not to have heard of "the new departure" in Quintilian made by the revolutionizing and exhaustive text of Halm, without which Quintilian cannot be understood.

Eleonore. After the German of E. von Rothenfels. By Frances Elizabeth Bennett, translator of "Lowly Ways." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—This is a very plotty German novel, which recounts in an autobiographical form the adventures of a simple-hearted young lady with an artful stepmother and an intriguing "companion." What arts these two false women used to entrap the heroine, first into a low marriage and afterwards into a high one in which her heart was not engaged; how her father was deluded by his beautiful wife; how the stepmother exerted herself to fascinate every man of her circle; and how they one and all deserted her colors for those of the ingenuous narrator of the tale, who is, however, steadily true throughout—or, at least, with only one short interval in which she became engaged to another man—to an upright and unsophisticated admirer, who lives in the country and appears rather awkward in the company of those who surround her in her father's house—all these fine things are told in a rather lively way, and are put into readable and easy English by the translator.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Atkinson (E.), Natural Philosophy	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Barker (Lady), Station Life in New Zealand	(De Witt C. Lent & Co.) $1 50
Brooks (J.), Seven Months' Run, Up, and Down, and Across the World	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Furness (Mrs. H. H.), Concordance to Shakespeare's Poems, Part I., swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 0 75
Lever (C.) Charles O'Malley, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
My Little Lady: A Tale	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Markly (W.), Elements of Law	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 50
Only Three Weeks: A Tale	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 00
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1872.

The Week.

TO-DAY, North Carolina elects eight Congressmen, together with a Governor and a full set of State officers; but the controlling question in the canvass, which has been extremely excited, has been whether the Democratic or the Republican national tickets should get the endorsement of a majority at the polls. Down to very late advices, the probabilities all have pointed to a reasonably good victory for the Administration. A small majority for Governor Caldwell has been indicated, and a fairly successful fight in the Congressional districts, which under the old apportionment were seven in number, and of which the Democrats have been holding five. The eight districts under the new apportionment were, however, so divided by the Democrats, who had the redistricting of the State, that the chances of the Republicans for carrying them were made appreciably less; they might get but one Congressman, while electing their candidate for Governor by a good majority. This redistricting or gerrymandering is a time-honored piece of rascality which both parties practise, and at which no honest politician who is "inside" has a right to grumble. Each party has been hopeful, but on the whole the Republicans have been more confident, and the Greeley and Brown side had begun to make hedging predictions—each side of course charging the other with the most shameful fraud and intimidation, and each, we have no doubt, telling more truth while making the charges than has been told when each was engaged in hurling them back and asseverating that it never thought of such wickedness. The fact is, the campaign is everywhere marked by the sharpest kind of management, the "rolling prairie fire" of the Democratic candidate needing about as many hands at the bellows as the unalterable will of the people to support Grant seems to need persuaders and trusses to keep it unalterable. As we, for our part, suppose, there has been any quantity of the best sort of "management" known to Mr. Ethan Allen and to Mr. William Chanler, and, with the blessing of Providence, there no doubt will continue to be. The very latest advices as we write consist of warning cries from the Administration men that there is much reason to fear that the State is to be lost; that a plan has been adopted by the Democrats, under the tuition of Northern electioneering agents, by which challengers shall challenge all day if necessary in all places where the colored vote is in a majority. The Greeley and Brown men correct this last expression by making it read, "all places where you have 'colonized' negro voters from Virginia and South Carolina." The result, then, appears to be in doubt, with the chances for the Republicans.

How fast the Prairie Fire is Rolling On there is yet no very definite means of telling, but the Greeley strength appears to have not a little of the curious property also possessed by the pot of gold which is to be found at the foot of the rainbow, and which is apt to be somewhere else when you get where you were sure to find it. Among men who talk of him one finds the candidate always the second choice, or the fifth, or the twenty-five-millionth, and it is among some other men that his enormous popularity always lies. The newspapers are of not much help. The fact is, that when a candidate has no organ, it is wonderful the amount of noise that is made about him, and how soon there are stampedes to him, and with what certainty and speed he walks the course in every electoral district of this Union, and how many clubs throw out banners bearing his name and have countless hundreds of members, where usually there are not countless hundreds of voters. During the week Mr. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, has come out in a letter announcing that, while Grant's military career was a success, his civil career has been a failure, and that Mr. Greeley is preferable as a President. This is an accession of some importance, and the tenacious life of the Democratic party and the power of its discipline are made very evident when such a man as Mr. Groesbeck, in order to bring the Democracy into power, gives his assent to such a candidacy. A defection which will hardly balance the accession of Mr. Groesbeck is that of Ex-Judge Clerke, who has been a Tammany sachem since the overthrow of Tweed. He says in his letter that he, as a Jeffersonian Democrat, cannot have anything to do with Greeley, and, further, that while at first, after the downfall of the Ring, there seemed a hope of purifying the Democratic organization in this city, there is now no longer any such good prospect. He says furthermore that "the Sweeneys, Genets, Tweeds, Halls, Brennans, and Hoffmans" have at last succeeded in bringing Tammany once more into the slough of corruption. He therefore resigns his place on the Tammany General Committee, and distinctly charges that Greeley is in compact with these men. Judge Clerke is a thoroughly respectable man, one of the good judges whom Tammany had to push off the bench, and who therefore has that much of a personal grievance against the persons mentioned. But charges from such a source are worth listening to, whatever fun some of us, who are easily amused, may get out of the Binghamton *Republican* and its zealous affidavits. Senator Ferry and Judge Stanley Matthews are among the formerly doubtful and reported doubtful persons who have within the week declared for Grant as against Greeley. Evidently the Administration will need to work; it clearly has some excessively lukewarm friends when such gentlemen as these are counted as being on its side; and it has many hopeful enemies.

Mr. Greeley's letter, formally accepting the Baltimore nomination, is admirably skilful for the purpose which its author evidently had in mind—the influencing of the North Carolina election; its only defect in this regard being that it perhaps came too late for wide diffusion in that land of slow communications. It makes one point which shows controversial skill and ingenuity, when it says that North Carolina is comforted with false comfort when she is told that the passage of the Amnesty Bill left disfranchised only a few hundred elderly men no longer of much account; in reality, a majority of the voters are to-day disfranchised; they elected as the senator of their choice the Hon. Mr. Vance, and when he went to take his seat at Washington he was declared ineligible and sent back, and their wishes thwarted. This, said Mr. Greeley, was the disfranchisement of a State; and by New England. Greatly as he loved and honored his native New England, one thing she could not do wisely or well, and that was govern far off North Carolina—New England, it being worth while to note, being rather more obnoxious to the irreconcilable North Carolina Democrat, to whom Mr. Greeley is boiled crow, than she is absolute in both Houses of Congress. The letter begins by a sort of apology for its appearance: "some further and fuller response" than the speech at the Glenham House had, upon "more mature consideration," seemed to the candidate a fitter reply to the notifying committee. Very noteworthy, the candidate begins, is the fact that the Democratic party has taken as its candidate a man who for forty years has opposed it. Yet, on the other hand, that party took him as a Liberal Republican; he owed his nomination wholly to the fact that he was nominated at Cincinnati. "The Democratic party shows that it is dead," we suppose to be the meaning of this, "and Republicans need not be afraid that I am not still a Republican." Next, he remarks that the Baltimore Convention not only took its candidate from Cincinnati, but took its platform too, which is "incontestably Republican and

emphatically Democratic." So there is no longer any Democratic party. But there is no longer any Republican either. We are all united in the support of principles based on the teachings of "Jefferson and the Continental Congress of 1776."

Senator Conkling's elaborate reply to the attacks of the *Tribune* and the anti-Administration senators was delivered before a large audience, and was a success. That it will read like a success may be doubted, for it is defensive in tone, and a defensive speech is more apt to look like one-half of a whole story, especially when the details are multifarious, than an aggressive speech. And if the senator showed that there is plenty of malice, plenty of mercenary discontent and greedy self-seeking assailing the Administration, he showed also that defending it there is much that is low in motive and much partisan malice. In meeting the real objections to the Administration, the senator was least successful, but he was better in the attack on the Grecleyites in his defence of himself against Fenton and in his defence of General Grant from Mr. Sumner's charge of being "the quarreller of this age," and against the charges of pretentiousness and nepotism. But the defence itself showed how much there is to defend, and Mr. Conkling has largely himself to thank that such pitiful attacks are to be met. The performance of the Administration that should make this talk of nepotism and quarrelling ridiculous and harmless is not in existence to be pointed at, and the fault lies at the door of a senatorial cabal into whose hands President Grant suffered himself to fall, and of which our New York senator has been a leading member. That the Republican party's existence should to-day be threatened with death by Greeley and Fenton at the head of the Southern Democracy is a fine comment on Morton's, Cameron's, and Conkling's management of a party as well-meaning and patriotic as could have been desired.

Among the other matters in Mr. Conkling's voluminous oration was his account of the feud between himself and his colleague. It is plain, and has been always, that this was purely a matter of offices. Greeley would no doubt be to-day writing the regular "whereby" and "whereof" editorial against Hendricks, or Hancock, or some other Democratic candidate, in case Mr. Hiram Walbridge, Mr. Waldo Hutchins, and some fourscore more of Fenton gentlemen were down in the Custom-House instead of Mr. Thomas Murphy's next friend. Of Murphy Mr. Conkling entered into a long defence, showing how good a collector he was, and how good were the class of men who asked for his appointment. We rather wonder he did not tell, what we have been told is true, that Murphy's first acquaintance with Grant was not due to the natural "cussedness" and invincible lowness of that commander, but to Murphy's acquaintance with the late Mr. Lincoln. The story goes that Murphy wanted some bills collected in the Sangamon District in Illinois, and was recommended to secure the services of Lincoln as a good lawyer, and did so. He afterwards saw the future President at home, and, still later, Lincoln saw him here in New York. Thence contracts and an acquaintance with Grant. This is as likely as one or two other campaign tales that go about. Now, in all this defence and explanation there is a great deal which fair-minded people, however much disgusted with the condition of the civil service, may properly reflect upon, especially when they consider what the prospect is that the editor of the *Tribune* would as President do to abate the disgust which, by constant iteration, the *Tribune* has done so much to create ever since Fenton became what Conkling used to be called when Fenton was getting all the tide-waiters' places—"a figure 9 with the tail off."

Mr. Sumner has written a letter to a number of colored men who ask him whether it is Grant or Greeley whom they ought to support, and he replies to them that Greeley is the man. Grant early had patronage extended to him, and got into West Point Academy; Greeley was born in poverty, and bred in a printer's shop; Greeley became a Reformer and an Abolitionist, Grant voted for James Buchanan; Greeley always showed sympathy for the colored race, Grant never any, and never did anything for that race till the "terrible accident of war" gave him an opportunity; Grant did not wish colored citizens to vote, Greeley "championed impartial suffrage"; Greeley has "knowledge of history," abundant political knowledge, "the instinct and grasp of statesmanship," an amiable nature, a magnanimous soul, and untiring industry. Grant, Mr. Sumner continues, insulted the black Republic of Hayti. When the returned Commissioners to San Domingo were in Washington, Grant invited them to dinner, but he did not invite the eloquent colored orator, Frederick Douglass. "The capstone of political equality, the Civil Rights Bill," General Grant has never said he favored, though he could lobby for San Domingo; Grant is supported by office-holders, senatorial Rings, and military Rings; Greeley has behind him devoted and consistent Republicans; Greeley it is idle to call a Democratic candidate—he is not; he is a lifelong Abolitionist. On the whole, considering the quarter to which it is addressed, the letter is, we should say, well prepared, and likely to improve Mr. Greeley's prospects somewhat, as it will probably be useful with a greater number of the negroes than the number of Democrats who will be disgusted by it. What good it will do Mr. Sumner's reputation for fairness of mind and genuine self-respect is not so apparent; but it is a step towards getting vengeance.

The Inter-collegiate Regatta yesterday week was very successful as regards the number of contestants and the closeness of the race, and the interest exhibited inside and outside the colleges. Amid so many differences of style of rowing, make of boat, and so on, it is impossible to tell whether or not it was the best crew which won. We observe that it was the crew of greatest average age. It had in it one man of twenty-seven, one of twenty-five, two of twenty-three, one of twenty-two, and one of twenty-one—an average of twenty-three years and six months. Of the crew which, at the end of the race, was next to the winning crew from Amherst, there were two of nineteen years of age, two of twenty, one of twenty-two, and one, a late substitute, whose age is not given, and who, if set at the average age of his five companions, was twenty. We should suppose a great disadvantage to be thus imposed upon the younger crew, and one which the boating authorities of the various colleges would do well to consider carefully. It seems plain that, other things being equal, a young man is better fitted for the strain of a boat-race at twenty-four than at twenty; and now that the "fresh-water" and "hay-making" colleges, with their older sort of undergraduates, are coming into the field, this truth, if it be one, is likely to receive annual illustration in a way which will not please the salt-water rivals of Amherst and the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Especially may this turn out to be so now that the custom has grown up among these less habituated oarsmen of taking a professional waterman as a trainer, and getting in a few months an education in rowing fully as good as if the oarsman had pulled about the Charles River acquiring grace of finish while his bones were yet in gristle. It is, to be sure, rather a pity to see the old-time struggle for honor between rival crews of young fellows in college turned into a spectacle of careful and anxious calculation, which attracts professional trainers or professional boating men, of whom some are but poor associates for young men. But again, some are not bad associates for them, being honest enough men of honest callings, and it seems clear that training by professionals will be done. It may probably be said, too, that the system of practising without an authoritative critic outside the boat is in a fair way of being discarded, as reason everywhere, and experience in the natural home of boat-racing, have long been saying.

It looks as if the present season would be memorable in the history of the labor agitation in this country, for having demonstrated

the injuriousness and futility together of the measures to which trade-unionism has been resorting for several years past, with the approval of the so-called Labor Reformers. The *Evening Post* of Saturday gave a very intelligent résumé of the late formidable strikes in this city, which for a moment threatened seriously the public security, and whose temporary successes greatly elated the trade-unionists everywhere. Nobody now knows better than themselves that the artificial changes which they brought about in wages and hours of labor have almost universally fallen through, while in addition to the losses ensuing from their idleness while on strike, they have suffered, and must hereafter suffer still more, from a diminished amount of business, owing to the timidity of contractors and builders, and to the removal of the more important manufacturing interests beyond the reach of similar interference. The *Post* shows from official sources that less building by 2,300,000 dollars' worth was projected last month than in July, 1871, though this sum is not entirely, of course, to be charged to the strikers. The support which they received from other cities was not what had been counted on, and the effort to make New York a propagandist centre failed with the rest. The firmness of a few employers saved the panic which infected the rest from ending in a rout, and eventually retrieved what had been lost; while the good sense of the Brewster employees, though it came late, showed that the workingmen's mind is amenable to reason and frank dealing, and their return to duty also helped decide the fate of the strike.

A strike of the Crispins in Lynn, on account of the introduction of a labor-saving machine which involved necessarily a readjustment of prices, has revealed an unsatisfactory state of things of which it may very likely be the beginning of the end. It appears that this is the second year of an experiment of arbitration between the Crispin organization as a whole and five of the leading shoe-manufacturers, acting by committees, and fixing the rate of compensation for definite periods. This has proved mischievous for several reasons. On the one hand, the Crispins could not prevent their men from taking lower wages than those prescribed whenever so disposed, while, on the other, the manufacturers who declined to follow the example of the five in their agreement with the Crispins made no scruple of cutting under and thus injuring their business. In the next place, the Crispins have concentrated the work which used to be distributed throughout the year upon seven months of it, with the view of regulating the supply so that they may always be able to work for high wages. The consequence of this has been that the manufacture of shoes has been leaving Lynn for other places, notably the neighboring States of New Hampshire and Maine, where bounties are even offered for the introduction of this industry in the shape of exemption from taxes for a term of years. The Lynn manufacturers are therefore improving the leisure afforded them by the present strike to review the accounts of the past two years, and see how much longer they can endure treating with an organization which, like all trade-unions as now constituted, aims to confound proficiency and awkwardness, willingness to work and constitutional laziness, ambition to improve and shiftlessness and unthrift, and which, so long as they employ or do not condemn intimidation and violence as legitimate means of accomplishing their objects, will always be managed by, and for the interest of, the worst members of every mechanical or technical calling.

Barnard's trial goes on with reasonable rapidity, the prosecution confident, the prisoner, who has put in a personal appearance, impudent, and the public patient, expecting to see the man deprived of further power of mischief, though no one talks of inflicting any punishment upon him. Still, a good deal will have been gained when Barnard is no longer sitting in the City Hall Park, or at Delmonico's, or at the house of the Mansfield woman, ready to toss "writs of assistance" to his friends, to order any man's safe opened whose bank stock or railroad shares they may happen to need, or to lodge any one of us in jail at a moment's notice if the detention will give Mr. Fisk more time for a little dinner before he goes to Albany to "rescue" some of our own property from our own keeping. Barnard has signalized his presence in the court by giving an open and flat contradiction to a witness, but it was wonderfully civil; and as one more whiff of a once familiar odor almost faded away, we have the disappearance of some important evidence in the nature of the order-books of Barnard's court. They cannot be found; the lawful keeper of them, a reluctant witness against Barnard, swears that he has not seen them since the Committee of Investigation had them; and the Committee, of course, say that they left them with the witness. Barnard's cup, however, runs over, and his conviction is held to be beyond a peradventure.

Benito Juarez, President of the Mexican Republic, died a few days ago, of apoplexy, at the age of sixty-two. He may safely be said to have been the greatest full-blood Indian statesman whom the continent has produced since the time of its discovery by the Europeans. And history may possibly rank him among the foremost statesmen of his age and continent, of whatever race—such as Bolivar, Paez, and Lincoln. With the latter, Juarez shared the year of birth, and like him he was poor in his early life, self-reliant, self-taught, free from bigotry and intolerance, firm, and shrewd. Like him he first rose in his state (Oajaca), then in the republic, until he reached the highest dignity; and like him he died suddenly, at a moment when a protracted revolutionary struggle against his rule was about to expire. What the higher distinctive features of his character and long presidential career have been; whether, in his struggles with Miramon (1858–1860), against the French invasion and Maximilian (1861–1867), and finally with the supporters of Porfirio Diaz (1868–1872)—which involved more than one usurpation, the execution of the imperial pretender, and numerous acts of unmitigated rigor—he was always or chiefly led by purely patriotic motives, or more or less also by selfish, despotic, and cruel inclinations, it is probably too early to decide. His death is apparently a great blow to Mexico, which will hardly find in another man his energy, ability, and power of command—and Mexico needs a strong hand, whether pure or not. Momentarily, however, it may contribute to the purification of the country. The old rancors will be soothed, Porfirio Diaz and his fellow-refugees may return, and a general amnesty may bring about another cessation of civil hostilities—for a time.

The excitement grows in Italy over the alacrity with which the clericals are flocking to the polls, and every election, however trivial, is watched for a sign of their strength. From the latest advices, they appear to have been beaten handsomely in Venice, Verona, and other parts of the Venetian province, and to have suffered the same fate at Capua; at Nola, on the other hand, they were completely successful. It is almost safe to predict that their triumphs will be achieved outside the great cities. Rome should perhaps be excepted until the results are known of the election which was to have come off on Sunday, but which seemed likely to be postponed on account of the extra labor in registering voters. The two parties seem nearly matched, and each is doing its best to win—the one in order to confirm the plébiscite which made Rome the capital of Italy, the other to revoke or at least condemn it; so that the Government party would feel it a peculiar disgrace if the election went against them. At Florence, meantime, during the parliamentary recess, proportional representation has appeared among the topics of public discussion, and meetings have been held to debate the merits, theoretical and practical, of schemes like Mr. Hare's. The audiences, it is said, like most to whom this question has ever been presented, went away convinced of the justice of the principle and the difficulty of its application.

MR. GREELEY AND THE SOUTH.

THE prominence which the wants and woes of the South are taking in the Presidential canvass is exciting the surprise of a good many of those who remember that in the Liberal Republican movement, as first started, the Southern grievances occupied only a subordinate position. The Liberal Republicans put forward as the main, and indeed the sole, reason for their hostility to the Administration the abuses of the civil service perpetrated or sanctioned or connived at by General Grant, and they justified their secession from the Republican party by pointing out the opposition of the majority in Congress to such measures of reform as the modification of the tariff in the direction of greater lightness and simplicity, and their persistent refusal to abate or remove any of the restrictions which had delivered the South over to the government of a band of worthless adventurers supported by ignorant negroes. But the civil-service reform and revenue reform figured most prominently among the aims of the schismatics, and it was only for the former of these that they held General Grant responsible and opposed his re-election.

So far as we know, it entered into nobody's head to lay the Ku-klux legislation to his charge. We can say for ourselves that, although no journal in the country opposed this legislation more strenuously and persistently than we did, we were careful to lay it at the door of Congress, and over and over called attention to the fact that, monstrous as were the powers with which it had armed the President, he had in no way abused them. We never held out any expectation that General Grant's removal would put an end to the abuses of Southern politics. To do so would have been an attempt at imposture. Those abuses were partly the result of the upturning caused by the war, but mainly of Congressional legislation, and in so far as they were the result of Congressional legislation, Congress only could remove them; in so far as they were the sequelæ of a social revolution, nothing but time could remove them. It would, however, be the duty, and the imperative duty, of the new President, as it was of the old, to obey the law as he found it on the statute-book. To pretend that Adams, Trumbull, or Cox, or anybody else whom the Cincinnati Convention might, could, would, or should have nominated, could do anything *but* obey the law, would have been impudent and fraudulent; to pretend that Greeley could do anything but obey the law, or that his election would change or modify the law, would have been doubly impudent and fraudulent, because this gentleman himself has not only advocated vehemently all the measures of coercion put in force against the South, but expressed his great regret that some of the worst of them were not more stringent. In fact, he cannot recommend their removal, even, in his Presidential messages without a display of duplicity of which we trust he is not capable, and which we are sure would disgust all honest men.

How comes it, then, that we find Mr. Greeley put forward by his supporters as the champion of the South *par excellence*, and the great redresser of the long list of wrongs endured by that region which our upright, independent, and self-respecting citizen and statesman, Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, produced the other day? How is it that we hear constantly of the condition of the South in Mr. Greeley's canvass, and not at all, or very rarely, of any of the other reforms which brought the Cincinnati Convention together? How are we to account for that most ludicrous incident of the canvass, Senator Schurz's writing to the "reform candidate," two months after his nomination, to ask whether it was really true that he was in favor of reform and that he was not surrounded by bad men?

The explanation may be found in part, at least, in an able and interesting letter which appeared in the Hartford *Post*, from the pen of its editor, a day or two after the "Fifth Avenue Conference," and which the *Tribune* of this city reproduced. The writer gave a sketch of the history of the Cincinnati movement, and an account of its composition, which was in the main correct, though we should dissent from many of his inferences. He described accurately the consternation which Greeley's nomination wrought amongst the foremost promoters of the movement, many of whom, let us add, did not even believe in the Sage's personal honesty, and then went on to say that if they had had the presence of mind within the first few days after the nomination to repudiate it, and put another candidate in the field, Greeley would probably have disappeared rapidly from the field. As matters stood, they did not know what to do. If they repudiated Greeley, they would have been guilty of something like self-stultification, inasmuch as, having called the Convention together, and taken a prominent part in the management of it, the nomination was, to all intents and purposes, the work of their hands. If, on the contrary, they supported him, on what ground were they, as reformers, to recommend him to the suffrages of a wondering and disgusted public? He was not identified in any way with any of their principal aims or sentiments, except dislike of Grant. They could not call him a revenue reformer, and still less could they call him a civil-service reformer, for there were few abuses of the civil service of which he had not, during the whole of his life, been an active promoter, in so far as they could be promoted by the treatment of offices as party "spoils" and the proper rewards of party services. What was to be done? The situation was a cruel one. The way out of it was opened by the South, as Mr. Bromley, the writer of the letter in question, points out. The South was from the first determined to support *anybody* the Convention nominated, and, as all the evidence shows, expected to support Adams. There was in that quarter none of the perplexities by which the minds of Northern Democrats were agitated. They were frankly and fairly in favor of anything that would beat Grant and break up the Republican party, the cause of all their woes. About "reforms" they cared no more than a starving man cares about the religious creed of a person who gives him a dinner. Accordingly, they began to "go for Greeley" frantically almost as soon as the Convention adjourned; indeed, we believe the Tennessee Democrats led the way in endorsing him within a week of the adjournment. This furnished "the keynote of the canvass," and presented "the bridging over of the bloody chasm" as Greeley's mission and the great end to be attained in electing him. The relegation of the other reforms to a position of obscurity followed as a matter of course, and we now hear nothing of them. In other words, nothing is said for Greeley on any of the matters on which he could exercise a useful discretion, while lavish promises are made for him with regard to matters over which he will, if elected, have no control whatever. It would hardly do to promise that the friend and patron of G. H. Butler would reform the civil service, but is it not just as absurd to hold out the hope that he will nullify the legislation which places the South at the mercy of adventurers?

The fact is that his canvass is and must remain a tissue of evasions, double-dealings, suppressions of the truth, and suggestions of untruth. With his antecedents, his position as the candidate either of Democrats or Reformers must be a false one. He saw this himself, and pointed it out as regards the Democratic nomination, in cooler moments, a year ago. We for our part trust that we may see the wretched intrigue in which he is involved not only suppressed in November next, but suppressed with such emphasis that no attempt to renew it will be made in our time. We hope this, we repeat, not so much in consideration of what we consider Mr. Greeley's obvious unfitness for the office to which he aspires, as in consideration of the disastrous influence on all reformatory effort of such an ending to a reform movement as his election would prove. Better that a thousand honest efforts to mend the world should honestly fail, than that one honest effort should be converted into an agent of fraud and tergiversation. There is no despair like the despair which comes from the distrust of one's fellows; and if President Greeley should prove the result of the Cincinnati movement, no man would for twenty years to come be able to ask another to go reforming with him without a broad grin.

WHETHER JONES IS PRESIDENT?

"IS Jones President, or are you President?" was the remonstrance that a true and honest friend of President Lincoln addressed to him when the President had laid before him a piece of work which one Jones proposed that he, the President, should do. The piece of work which called forth this very plain admonition was this: Jones, virtuously Republican in politics, was a member of Congress from a Western State. At the beginning of Mr. Lincoln's term, Jones had been instrumental in getting one Smith appointed postmaster in the largest town in his district. Smith was a good man and a good citizen, and the appointment was a proper and indeed a creditable one. Smith, moreover, had continued to be a good man and a good citizen, efficient in his office, faithful in political matters, earnest in the prosecution of the war. His fellow-townsmen liked him, the Postmaster-General approved him, even his political opponents said that he made a good postmaster. But with all these virtues, Smith had fallen into the vice of offending Jones. He had even gone so far as to say that he disapproved of one of Jones's speeches and two of his votes, and that, while he should do nothing against him, still he could not conscientiously work for him. When this heinous conduct was reported to Jones, Jones had gone promptly to the President of the United States and demanded that this postmaster be "turned out." "And I must turn him out," said Mr. Lincoln to his conscientious adviser. "I must turn him out. I don't want to, but I must; there is no help for it." To which his friend replied, "Are you President, or is Jones President?"

An ordinary man would have answered the question by proceeding to demonstrate that he was still President, but obliged to adopt the views and conclusions of Jones *pro hac vice*. But Mr. Lincoln's nature was not one which sought or enunciated a false conclusion. With the acuteness, simplicity, and honesty that were his characteristics, he answered promptly: "Jones is President."

It is due to Mr. Lincoln to say that he had reached and adopted this conclusion as a sacrifice of patriotism. He explained regretfully to his friend that all things must yield to the war—that he could not weaken the Administration in its great work by quarrelling with Congressmen; that office-holders, like soldiers, must be sacrificed in the great emergency; and that he must surrender for the time the attributes of his office, and appear in the eyes of his countrymen to be weak and unjust, rather than divert from the Government the smallest fraction of the support it sorely needed. The great emergency is now past, but the evil which Mr. Lincoln had the acuteness to see, and the sincerity to define, remains upon us: Jones is President.

If there were only one President Jones reigning over us, he might be reached and occasionally deposed. But unfortunately he is assisted and maintained in power by nearly three hundred others. We have one nominal President whom we abuse, and a swarm of little Presidents who abuse us. The American who, returning to the port of New York, with some experience of the courteous decency of European custom-houses, finds his clothing flung out on the dock, himself insulted, his trunk roundly taxed, while his room-mate's goes through free, doubtless curses President Grant in his heart. But if he had a tithe of the discernment of Mr. Lincoln, he would aim his anathemas at President Conkling. Should he chance to be a citizen of New York, he may on some future occasion add to the powder of abuse the bullet of a ballot; but if he votes elsewhere, President Conkling will smile at his abuse; and President Conkling's custom-house officers will laugh outright, and snap their official fingers in his face. The swarm of little Presidents, directly and indirectly, do much more of the work of government than the people of the United States have yet reckoned up. *Directly*, they appoint the cadets at West Point, and the midshipmen at Annapolis; they manage the national library, and grow flowers in the national hot-houses; and they even run the national printing machinery, and compel the executive and judicial departments of the Government to come to them and get their printing done at the legislative printer's. *Indirectly*, they appoint nearly all the postmasters, and revenue officers, and clerks, and consuls, and foreign ministers.

The present method by which the United States are divided and apportioned among their many rulers we believe to be substantially this: Those parts and districts which are represented in Congress by good Republicans—meaning thereby Congressmen who support the Administration so long as the Administration supports them—belong to them. Those districts which are represented by bad Republicans or Democrats belong to the Republican Senators of the State, if there be such. Those lost districts which have neither good Republican Senators nor Representatives are waifs which belong to the President and his Cabinet. Thus the more Republican Congressmen we elect, the more Presidents we have; and the only parts of the country that can lay claim to having President Grant and his Cabinet for their rulers are those parts which, like the State of Delaware, vote solidly against them.

This system not only achieves the remarkable end of securing to everybody a President for whom he never voted and whom he does not want, but it operates and reoperates in many ways never so much as suspected. Thus, at the beginning of the present Administration Mr. Dawes made several ferocious attacks upon the Administration in Congress, averring that it was then exceeding in extravagance the profligate Administration of one Andrew Johnson—a usurper for whom the people and politicians of America were in no wise responsible, but who was forced upon them exclusively by the pistol of one Wilkes Booth. The assailed Administration did not confess its faults and mend its ways, but stoutly denied Mr. Dawes's assertions, and kept on as it had begun. The President was not at all reserved in denouncing Mr. Dawes's statements as inexcusable, unscrupulous falsehoods. Ere the end of that Congress, Mr. Dawes, as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, the future historian will be surprised to find, reported one of the largest budgets for internal improvements ever presented, and justified his recommendation of various items by the simple statement that they were requested or approved by the Secretary of the Treasury. And now, at the end of the same Administration, Mr. Dawes is travelling about the country proving by figures, if not by facts, that this, which was the worst, is the most economical Administration ever known. Between the extremes of attack and defence, of want of confidence and perfect confidence, the Administration ceded to Mr. Dawes a portion of the territory of Massachusetts, together with its public offices, and the welfare, if not good-will, of its inhabitants. Mr. Dawes will deny, doubtless, if called upon, that his motives were improper, and that his change of heart was in any way affected by the cession of territory; the Administration will doubtless be equally willing to aver that it never bought Mr. Dawes for a mess of public pottage, nor that a whisper of bargaining ever passed between them, whereby Mr. Dawes's guns were turned away from its citadel and pointed at the common enemy. But with motives and change of heart we are not at present dealing.

Within the ceded territory was a thriving manufacturing village called Westfield, and in Westfield a piece of public property known as the United States Post-Office. The postmaster was a maimed soldier who had served in the army with gallantry, and, coming home at the end of the war disabled for life, had been rewarded by the previous Administration with a respectable livelihood in the form of this public office. He was also a well-known citizen of Westfield, greatly esteemed and beloved by his fellow-townsmen, the superintendent of one of the largest Sunday-schools, and, moreover, a Republican. Finally, the inhabitants of Westfield were thoroughly satisfied with their postmaster, regarding him as the best they had ever had. These good people doubtless reasoned among themselves that neither Kaiser William nor Czar Alexander would care to disoblige a portion of their faithful and loyal subjects by turning out an honest and capable postmaster without cause; and they argued that certainly Kaiser William would not, if the postmaster were one of his old soldiers who had left no small part of

himself on one of Prussia's hard-fought battle-fields. So they plucked up courage to petition the President of the United States, with wonderful unanimity, more than two-thirds of the business men of the place signing their names to it, that this old soldier of his be retained in office. But in this they made a great mistake, for they had then been ceded away along with the post-office, and were but vassals of a new potentate. The President of the United States had no power to grant their request, and was but the agent of the new ruler and bound to carry out his wishes. The territory had not been ceded for the sake of benefiting the inhabitants, to whom the high contracting parties had never given a thought, but in order that the conqueror, like other great conquerors, might wring all he could out of his capture. The idea of improving the civil service and of keeping a disabled soldier in a public office merely because it was right and all decent people wished it, was to him an idea Utopian, ridiculous, and aristocratical. Mr. Dawes listened with profound indifference to all that was said, and answered haughtily, as becomes a great conqueror, that he didn't care what the people wanted. In a few weeks the disabled soldier was thrust out of the post-office, and a political gentleman, whose merits consisted chiefly in having been faithful to the new ruler under divers temptations, walked in. Ostensibly, this change came about by the authority of President Grant through his constitutional adviser, the Postmaster-General; really, it was ordered by President Dawes, on the advice and demand of his political retainer.

It is also a peculiarity of the system that when Jones, who considers himself a smart fellow and fit for anything, turns his hand to being President, he becomes a very poor legislator. No American ever wandered into the gallery of the House of Representatives without looking down in shame and anger upon that representative body of his country. A dim chamber, broad and shallow, half office, half bar-room, in name only a legislative hall. A disorderly crowd, reading, writing, talking, laughing, indifferent to and ignorant of the business before them. A system so intricate, jangling, and involved that on the one hand it perplexes, confuses, and renders useless every new member, and on the other enables the smallest pattern of a country lawyer to climb into its most important places through mere familiarity with its juggling hindrances. The work which this system produces is of the most wretched description, for the most part founded on ignorance of the subject-matter; the remedy half-considered, the language so ill written and obscure that every new statute is followed by confusion in the departments and litigation in the courts. The members are paid by the year, but the most of their enactments are hurried through in the last weeks of each session. The pay that they receive we do not cavil at *per se;* but measured by what they have themselves allowed to other public servants it is exorbitant. The salary of the President has not been raised; that of the judiciary has been increased but little; many of the chief executive officers are paid now in paper no more than they were paid twenty years ago in gold; yet Congressmen within that time have rated up their own remuneration *three hundred per cent.!* In return for this they give us the most slovenly laws that were ever printed, and seize upon the public service of the country as their personal political plunder.

The remedy for this was thought four years ago to be in the President. That remedy has failed. General Grant, it was believed, would bring back to the office of President its constitutional attributes and responsibilities, but the evil is greater than before. No man will ever be called to the office, in all probability, so free to fight a battle with Congress; for, first, he gave up a better office, as most of his countrymen thought, for the Presidency; and, second, there were no debts of gratitude and old political alliances hanging about him; and, third, he was a soldier trained in the reality of war to recognize official merit and promote it. What other man will ever have such great advantages, or lose so great an opportunity?

With all the disadvantages of the present season for reform, it still offers peculiar advantages for beginning the reformation of Congress. A considerable number of districts will change from the Administration to the opposition. A much larger number must be considered doubtful. Wherever change is certain or possible, the voice of those who demand Congressional reform will be listened to with unusual respect. An unusual number of new members will also be returned in all likelihood; and while the country needs experienced legislators more than it ever did, it does not need that class of minds which have grown experienced in legislative trickery and unconstitutional usurpation. "Statesmen" and "advanced thinkers," who have been in Congress sixteen or eighteen years before they discover that the civil service needs reform, and then cannot propose a remedy, would probably be unable to find the right remedy were we to give them a lease of their seats for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and wait patiently till the end of that Methusalistic term of office for them to begin.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 12, 1872.

THE political world has sunk into pretty complete quiet. It seems as if members of Parliament were already beginning to sniff the heather of the Scotch moors and dream of the grouse which have still a month's life secured to them. Our prevailing amusements savor of the open air. Though a London season prolongs itself into July, because a country life without the charm of killing something has not sufficient attractions to draw us from our dusty streets, yet we begin to feel certain stirrings of the sap and to babble a little of green fields. The whole fashionable world is to-day congregated at Lord's Ground to see the Eton or Harrow boys play their annual cricket-match. The conditions of the game do not allow the whole of London to be present, as at the University boat-race; but, on the other hand, the crowd which does gather together includes the very cream of the aristocracy. Then the miniature moor of Wimbledon is covered with the gallant volunteers, shooting innumerable matches, and competing for a strange variety of prizes. Ministers of war have of late been rather unpleasant to them; and general officers of the regular army have expressed very decided doubts as to our amateur soldiery being worth their salt. The conditions of attendance have, therefore, been rendered rather more severe, in spite of the grumbling of the persons affected. But, whatever may be the merit of the volunteers regarded as soldiers, they have certainly succeeded in producing a national taste for rifle-shooting, which may now be reckoned, alongside of rowing and cricket, as one of our most popular sports. In one way or other we are glad of any excuse to escape from this province of brick and mortar, and, to say the truth, there is little enough stirring to keep anybody here. The political campaign has been pretty well fought out. Ministers may, on the whole, congratulate themselves on the result. They are probably rather more popular than they were a few months ago, and have, at any rate, gained in prestige. Everybody, with the exception of a few bitter enemies, gives them credit for having persevered so as finally to make something of the Geneva arbitration. Considering the hopeless nature of the prospect, as it appeared for a long time, it must be admitted that they have shown both patience and skill; and the result has been to deprive the Conservatives of the most promising ground for an attack. Nothing, therefore, is left but a quiet dribble of business, some of it highly important, but all of it undeniably dull. There is, indeed, one chance of a very pretty personal quarrel. Mr. Gladstone is generally said to be defective in his judgment of men; and it is universally admitted that he has made one grievous blunder. There is probably no more generally unpopular man in official circles than Mr. Ayrton; and yet Mr. Ayrton has, for some mysterious motive, been placed in the position for which he is, of all others, the least fitted. One reason, indeed, seems to be that he made himself so intolerable in the Treasury that he had to be provided for elsewhere, and he is now making himself intolerable to all persons who have anything to do with public works. Amongst them is Dr. Hooker, the distinguished botanist, who, with extraordinary zeal and disinterestedness, has succeeded in making the gardens at Kew the very best of their kind in Europe. His merits are universally acknowledged, and he has served on a small salary, and has made large gifts out of his own private means to the public collections. Mr. Ayrton—as appears from a correspondence recently published—has been insulting Dr. Hooker in every possible way; not only has he treated him with systematic insolence in his correspondence, but he has made important alterations in the management of the gardens without consulting the responsible director, and treated his complaints with silent contempt. All the scientific world is in a state of furious indignation. Mr. Darwin, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndall, and other eminent men have remonstrated in most energetic terms, but have only succeeded in eliciting from the Treasury formal acknowledgments that their remonstrance has been received.

The matter has, however, been mentioned in the House of Commons, and it is probable that one of those personal debates may ensue which generally give such lively satisfaction to our legislators. If it should result in the censure of Mr. Ayrton, it may safely be said that men of all parties will be gratified. That more such quarrels may explode is our only hope for parliamentary amusement.

The Ballot Bill has pretty well come to an end; the House of Lords has swallowed its pill with a tolerably good grace, and has only been gratified by the agreement that the measure shall be reconsidered at the end of eight years. If by that time we find that the country has been regenerated, we shall, of course, continue the experiment; if not, we shall probably agree that it makes very little difference whether the experiment is continued or not. Perhaps it would have been just as well not to make two bites at a cherry; but one is thankful that the discussion of two years may now come to an end. When this matter is settled, we have another of the same kind coming up for decision. The little knot of gentlemen who take a pride in calling themselves philosophical radicals, and who may be said to acknowledge Mr. Mill as their intellectual leader, are beginning to air Mr. Hare's scheme of personal representation. The special patron of this panacea for all the evils of parliamentary corruption and incapacity is Mr. Morrison, a very sound, steady, and intelligent member of the school, with a powerful appetite for statistics, blue-blooks, and useful information generally. He made an hour's speech to a rather limited audience on Wednesday last, and was supported by Mr. Thomas Hughes and Sir Charles Dilke. The reply made was substantially that we could not be bothered with the question at present; but, on the whole, I think that the adherents of the proposal might be very fairly satisfied with the result. My own belief in the efficacy of any such electoral devices is, I must confess, of the very slightest. It seems to me to be infinitely less important to make parliament a "mirror of the nation," as we are assured that this scheme will make it, than to make it the representative of the best elements of the nation; and I cannot see that the two objects would necessarily coincide. An accurate mirror of the nation would, in Mr. Carlyle's language, be a mirror of some thirty million people who are "mostly fools"; and in that respect I fear that the representative body is a sufficiently accurate reflection of its constituents. Be that as it may, this last new crotchet of our theorists is generally spoken of respectfully by the newspapers, much, I fancy, on the same principle as sporting correspondents generally speak respectfully of a horse from a well-known stable. It has been introduced to the public under the auspices of the party which has been generally getting its own way in politics, and therefore has a certain prestige derived from the recollection of the triumphs of free-trade, extension of the suffrage, the ballot, and other matters for which we are indebted to the Radicals.

This reminds me, by the way, that we have once more this morning the pleasure of reading a speech from Mr. Bright, conceived just in his old spirit, and once more putting the old contrast between the England of thirty years ago and the England of to-day—a contrast, I need hardly say, entirely to the advantage of the latter, and attributed, as may very fairly be done, to the exertions of Mr. Bright's own friends and allies. The occasion of the speech was the presentation of a testimonial which seems to have been a very wonderful work of art according to the description in the papers. I can quite understand, of course, why the muse of history should be represented as pointing to a scroll on which are inscribed the dates of Mr. Bright's speeches in the House of Commons. The poor lady has often enough occupations of a less agreeable character. But why Mr. Bright's portrait should be represented as suspended by two Cupids, and why, in another place, a maiden should be dividing her heart between another pair of Cupids, is, I must confess, rather a puzzle to me. Perhaps I am a little blind to the charm of allegory. Otherwise I should doubtless be more impressed by the gorgeous memorial to the Prince Consort which has lately been thrown open to the public in Hyde Park. The chief statue has not yet been finished; but there are ornaments enough to dazzle and confuse the public mind, and force us to admit that the monument must be exceedingly beautiful—if it is worth its cost. There are the four quarters of the globe, each sitting on a characteristic beast, and commerce, and manufacture, and agriculture, and engineering, and a whole series of distinguished persons of all ages in white marble, and a number of other people in bronze, and any number of angels in gilding; all interspersed with precious stones and metal-work and stuccoing, with a cross rising above them to a height of 180 feet, which is intended, possibly, to express the enthusiasm with which the memory of a very able and virtuous man is regarded after his death. The inscription informs us that the honor is bestowed "for a life devoted to the public good," to which it might more appropriately have been added that it was also devoted to the good of his family and himself; for, excellent as he was, Prince Albert had not the chance of sacrificing himself very seriously. The whole affair is exceedingly gorgeous, but somehow seems to strike most people as unimaginative and heavy. Just now it attracts a great many sightseers. Meanwhile, an object much more deserving of interest is to be found in the remote east. Sir R. Wallace, the inheritor of the vast accumulation of artistic treasures made by the late Lord Hertford, has lent them to the public for a year, and they are to be seen at a new museum—a branch of South Kensington—opened at Bethnal Green. The collection is said by artists to be one of the finest ever made by one person; and, as much of it has been practically inaccessible for many years past, the labor of a visit is well repaid. Besides which, the visitor will have an opportunity of seeing a part of London which is far less known to most Londoners than, I will not say Paris, but St. Petersburg or Madrid. It is not a very pleasant sight, it may be; but yet it is instructive in its way.

I have not much space left; but I have enough to say all that can be said on one other topic. Lord Shaftesbury has been getting up a movement to abolish the Athanasian Creed; or, at least, to bring about a compromise which will allow all those persons to use it who like it, and those who do not like it to let it alone. Some seven thousand signatures have been obtained, many of them from distinguished persons; and it is therefore not improbable that the clergy may begin to think a little more seriously than before, whether it would not be worth their while to submit with a tolerably good grace to allow some of their number to give up the practice of sentencing to eternal damnation everybody who does not believe an unintelligible proposition. It will naturally require some time to familiarize men's minds to so revolutionary a change; but there is a slight prospect that it may gradually come to be regarded as not out of the question.

THE CLERICAL MOVEMENT IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, July 14, 1872.

JUST a month ago, three priests belonging to the Roman province, with their bishop's permission, accepted seats in the municipal councils of their villages, to which they had been elected by popular suffrage. The still existing congregation of the adjourned council immediately condemned them to the suspension *a divinis*, without even so much as giving them notice beforehand of the punishment which they had incurred, still less affording them means to defend themselves. These three priests proceeded to Rome in order to justify their conduct, without, however, being able to obtain justice, and, as they continued to protest, were menaced with the *excommunicatio major*. A fortnight later, a circular was addressed by Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, and another by the Cardinal-Vicar in Rome, to the clergy of both provinces, exhorting them to take active part in the elections about to take place for the municipal councils in towns and villages, in order that as many adherents of the "good cause" as possible might enter into these assemblies; and everybody is now anxiously awaiting the electoral combat of the 28th of July, in which, for the first time since the kingdom of Italy has existed, the Catholic party has deigned to measure arms with the usurpers.

How are we to account for this contradictory attitude on the part of the *Curia Romana*? Is it mere inconsistency, or is it a sign that the system of warfare till now pursued by the clerical party has undergone a radical change? From all we know of the admirable skill, discipline, consistency, and energy of this party, we are inclined to adopt the second explanation, and consider this wheeling to the front as one of the most important strategic moves yet made in the war between church and state in Italy. Till late, the Curia, and the party which dominates within it, evidently did not consider the Italian kingdom as thoroughly consolidated, and, with the sanguine imagination peculiar to parties which keep aloof from their adversaries, still hoped, by the aid of French Legitimists, and that of the fallen Italian dynasties, to be able to overthrow the whole creation of 1859 and 1866 at the very first opportunity. By persisting in not recognizing the kingdom, by continuing to stigmatize officially the government of King Victor Emanuel as the Subalpine Government, by forbidding the faithful to acknowledge or countenance its existence by taking any part in the elections either as electors or elected, they held the dignified position of defenders of right and justice against conquest, revolution, and usurpation. Things, however, seem to have completely changed since the visit paid by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Italy to the court of Berlin at the end of last month, which has proved the existence of an understanding between Italy and the United German Empire, and shown that, in case of an attempt on the part of the eldest daughter of the church (France) to restore the Pope's temporal power, the former might reckon upon the latter as a powerful ally. Besides which, the decidedly friendly attitude of Count Andrássy, the head of the Austro-Hungarian Government, toward Italy, and the solemnly announced visit of Emperor Francis Joseph to Emperor William, destroyed every remnant o

hope for aid from that quarter. Moreover, the recent visit to King Victor Emanuel, in the very Quirinal, of an Austrian archduke, the son of the late dethroned Grand-Duke of Tuscany himself, proves that even the Italian pretenders now begin to *lasciare ogni speranza*, and to acknowledge the *fait accompli*. Last, but not least, the vote of the German Parliament against the Jesuits, and the resolute proceeding of Prince Bismarck's against the *rebellious* bishops, have left no possible doubt as to the earnestness with which new Germany has taken up the gauntlet thrown to her by the new dogma which claims submission on the part of one-third of the Empire to the orders of a foreign sovereign.

Even if we did not know positively in what fiery terms the Holy Father announced his resolution to take the offensive, on the 2d of July, to the fifty-two Roman curates who had come to render him homage, and how strongly he recommended them to run to the polls, because the period of action had arrived, and how violent were the words he used on that occasion against Germany, we might have concluded from what has since happened that the Curia have deemed the moment come to change their tactics, and to proceed from an attitude of careful observation to one of aggression, by carrying the war into the enemy's country. It is true that the official manifesto limits the participation strictly to the municipal elections, and that Cardinal Antonelli's organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, as well as Monsignor Nardi's *Voce della Verità*, having engaged in controversy on the point with Don Margotto of the *Unità Cattolica*, were obliged to retract what they had said about the opportunity for the party to engage in the political elections, whilst Don Margotto, the Italian Veuillot, was complimented by the Pope for having maintained the contrary. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that, should the municipal elections turn out at all favorably, the same tactics will be subsequently adopted with regard to the election for parliament, Rome being far too prudent to venture such a move without first sounding the ground.

Now this was just the very thing the Italian Moderates have been impatiently expecting for the last thirteen years: they could not think themselves secure until the powerful and numerous clerical party should have entered the arena and accepted the battle so often offered them. Nevertheless, now that this long-hoped-for event has become a reality, the Liberal Italians seem alarmed lest they should be overcome in the struggle; for at bottom they greatly prefer their quiet possession of government and country to a warfare teeming with vicissitudes. The circular by which the President of the Council and Minister of the Home Office, Signor Lanza, calls all the Liberals to the rescue against the "enemies of liberty and civilization," and urges upon his prefects and mayors all possible zeal and care in registering the names of the Liberals in the election lists, sounds very much like an alarm trumpet. Let alone the undignified language of which he makes use in speaking of the adversaries of New Italy, which he might have left to their own organs, what an impression must be produced by such a *cri de détresse* at the mere sight of the enemy! Self-confidence, and consequently dignity, was unfortunately the one thing in which all Italian governments have failed since the death of Cavour. If the Liberals were to look the new emergency calmly in the face, they would easily perceive that, whatever the result, it can only be favorable, if not to their own party, at least to the new kingdom—and to say the truth, till now both terms have been tolerably identical. If their eyes are not sharp enough to discern their own advantage, let the wrath of their enemies teach them where it lies. The Legitimists, indeed, those of France especially, are furious to a man at the new attitude taken by the Curia. It becomes henceforward impossible for the Clerical party, on which Legitimism mainly relies, to contest the right of those institutions and laws which till now they have abused, but of which their vote is an implicit recognition. It may perhaps be too sanguine to expect from the Radical party that, rather than yield up the power to the Catholics, they should support the Moderates whom they have hitherto opposed, but it is certain that, if they do not do so, they will lose altogether the remnant of authority they still possess. The majority of Liberal electors have heretofore abstained from voting, because they felt certain that the zealous few who might be ready to sacrifice a Sunday to their civic duties would not fail to send in the candidate they themselves wished to see in the House. Now their activity will find a stimulus, stronger than Signor Lanza's desperate cry for help, in the fact that they are menaced in the possession of power and influence by the appearance of their numerous, though not overwhelming, enemy on the battle-field. The electoral law gives a decided preponderance to the small *bourgeoisie* of the towns over the peasants and workmen as well as the rich *signori*, and these small burghers are known to belong in Italy as elsewhere, *en masse*, to the Liberal party.

Finally, even in the event—in my own opinion the best for Italy's future—that the Clerical party should triumph in the elections, what would be the consequence? Most likely the same as in Belgium, where it has constantly been at the helm for the last two years without daring to abrogate one of the modern laws which have ruled the country ever since the September Revolution. The interests of the state are indeed so powerful, they are so incompatible with the pretensions of Rome, that the Clerical party itself, when it reaches the head of the state, sees itself obliged to defend these interests in sheer self-defence. I do not mean to say by this that a Catholic ministry in Italy would ever do what the Tory ministry did in England, viz., accomplish the reforms desired by the Liberals; but it would at any rate not attempt to restore the past and abolish the existing laws of the state, still less the state itself. One need only realize to one's self the situation. Would it be possible for any Catholic majority in the Italian Parliament, headed by a Catholic administration and premier, to decree, I will not say the retransferment of the capital to Turin and the restoration of the temporal power, but simply to restore to their former state of possession all those convents which have been secularized during the last thirteen years, and the *disjecta membra* of whose properties are scattered all over the kingdom in the shape of so many lilliputian estates purchased by thousands of laymen? Is it imaginable that an Italian government and parliament, however Catholic they might be, should think of restoring the Pontifical military, judicial, or school system, and, according to the precepts of the *Syllabus*, commit suicide by replacing the representative by a theocratical constitution? Belgium is justly considered in Europe as the hearth and centre of the church militant. The whole *plan de campagne* constantly followed up by that party ever since 1833, has been hatched in these headquarters; there are to be found the real chiefs of that staff the nominal heads of which have their seat in Rome, just as Louis XIV. resided at Versailles whilst Turenne and Condé fought his battles on the Rhine; there they for more than thirty years have formed a numerous as well as skilful, energetic, and passionate political party. Well, they *are* in power, they have the majority in the House, they constitute the ministry—and what has been the consequence after all? Nothing, absolutely nothing, with the exception of a change in the *personnel*. They have not dared to abolish the abhorred civil marriage; nay, they have not even mustered courage to introduce compulsory religious instruction. It was, moreover, the very government of M. d'Anethan, the chief of the Clerical party in Belgium, to whose lot it fell to appoint an ambassador at the Quirinal in Rome, and thereby solemnly recognize the government of the usurper who spoliated the head of the church and now thrones in that palace which was once the residence of the Holy Father.

Now, things are much less dangerous in Italy than in Belgium, France, or Germany. First, because the Catholic party is far less fanatical than on the other side of the Alps; and, secondly, because the universality of the national movement, the rapid sale of the church properties, the number of the "accomplices," and, above all, the really enormous rise in commerce, industry, and public wealth in general, have given every Italian, to whatever party he may belong, a personal interest in the new state of things. Ask any Clerical officer of the Italian army whether he would again become a member of the Parmesan or Modenese contingent; ask any tradesman, however pious, whether he would like to see the old barriers and custom-houses re-established; ask any superstitious, bigoted peasant whether he would sell again at the price he bought it the small parcel of land he may have purchased at the sale of the neighboring convent's property; ask the priests themselves, and especially the militant priests, such as the contributors to or editors of the *Armonia*, the *Civiltà*, the *Osservatore*, the *Unità Cattolica*, whether they would rather prefer writing under the old repressive laws to enjoying the present liberty of the press, which has become so powerful an instrument in their hands.

Besides, it cannot be sufficiently repeated that the struggle in Italy has never had the fierce character it assumes in the North. Politically enemies, the Liberal Italians continued socially living on the most friendly terms with the churchmen, meeting them in the coffee-houses and libraries, having them to dinner at their houses, appointing them as librarians and archivists, sending their children to their schools, going regularly to mass and confession, fasting on Fridays, going through the marriage rites in the church after having been married at the mayor's, etc. The priests here are not fanatical, and support the ardent Jesuits who direct the party not from a passionate conviction, but from worldly interest or timidity. As soon as they are reassured on both these points, they will give in. The laymen are almost all indifferent or lukewarm. To fight against the church like the Lutherans of the sixteenth century, you must have the faith of a Luther. Now, the Liberal Italians have in fact no faith at all. They practise the observances of Catholicism because they are brought up in it and do not think it worth while to create a sensation by quitting the church solemnly. They have modern, liberal ideas, because modern society reposes upon liberal conceptions. Moreover, the whole business is inconvenient to them. They wonder at the Germans taking the affair so much to heart. For their own part, they only wish to live from day to day, to carry on their business, politics, etc., and

are willing to remember religion on Sundays and on their death-beds, provided it do not interfere with their everyday life. Such priests and such liberals as these are scarcely likely to raise a religious war.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIANS AND MR. WELLS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A singular error occurs in Mr. Wells's article on "The Increase of Our National Expenditures," found in the *Nation* of July 25. Mr. Wells writes: "Although there were probably much fewer Indians to take care of in 1871 than there were in 1866" [44,021 by census of 1860, and 25,731 by census of 1870], "though the existence of railroads across the Plains has diminished the cost of transportation, and the appreciation of the currency has increased the purchasing power of money, yet the expenses of the Indian Department have increased from $3,205,000 in 1866 to $7,426,000 in 1871."

I am surprised that Mr. Wells should have found it possible to make a mistake of such magnitude. The number of Indians of whom Mr. Wells says the Government had to take care in 1870 is merely the number of those of whom the Government did *not* take care, or assume to take care. The number—25,731—which he cites, is the number attributed by the census to those Indians who have broken away from their tribal relations, and have entered the body of citizens. Indians in this condition are found in every state of the Union, save one. Some score of such are found in Mr. Wells's own county of New London, a dozen or two in his own town of Norwich; and he ought to know how little the Government "takes care" of them, and how little they are accustomed to participate in the benefits of Congressional appropriations, unless they be appropriations in the River and Harbor Bill for dredging the Thames channel.

The number of Indians who remain in their tribal relations, and are under the care of the Government more or less completely, according as the civil and military agencies of the Government will allow, is in the neighborhood of 275,000. It is for these Indians that the appropriations were made to which Mr. Wells refers. The Constitution excludes them from the basis of representation, and they therefore do not appear in those tables of the census by which the apportionment of representation is to be determined, but they find their proper mention and enumeration in another place.

I have no right to inflict upon you a disquisition on the Indian policy of the Administration; but pray allow me to say that one reason which Mr. Wells adduces why the expenditures of 1871 should not be so great as those of 1866, is precisely the reason why they are greater, and should be greater. I refer to the extension of railroads across the Plains. These railroads are cutting off the range of the buffalo, and threaten the speedy extinction of game. An hundred thousand Indians who in 1866 knew nothing of the white man and cared nothing for him, who never came near our settlements, but found on the great central plains a supply of food and clothing apparently inexhaustible, are now brought not only face to face with the whites, but face to face with the great food question that sometimes so infuriates classes and races of men having much less excuse for violence and rapine than the Indians of this country. These Indians are not blind. They see this thing going on before their very eyes. They understand perfectly well that the completion of transcontinental railroads means the extinction of game; and possessing no other resource, and having very strongly developed that instinct which incites wild animals to get food for their young by any means, however bloody, is it to be wondered at that these tribes, having received no particular kindness from the whites to embarrass their course in the premises, should turn at bay and stand upon their rights?

It would be too long a story to tell here how the Government, actuated at once by motives of Christian charity and by considerations of true economy, has set itself to win this people to industry, to instruct them in the arts of life, and meanwhile to help them over the long and painful transition from barbarous to civilized methods of subsistence by generous contributions out of the nation's abundance. Those who believe that, when the industrial progress of a civilized race requires, as in this case it does, that the sole subsistence of a less fortunate and favored race be cut away from them, not by slow processes, but at a blow, the higher owes it to the lower, in simple human justice, to find some equivalent for what it has destroyed; those, too, who believe that power can never be divorced from responsibility, and that the blood of this miserable race will rest upon us as a nation if we fail to give them one good square chance, with patience, forbearance, and active kindness on our part, to become reconciled to civilization, to follow a better way of life, to unlearn the sentiments of savage honor and savage revenge, and learn that truth which has made us to differ from them; and, lastly, those who know that Indian wars, shameful in their origin, shameful in their incidents, and usually not creditable even to our arms in their results, have cost the Government hundreds of millions of dollars, and settled nothing, leaving the Indians yet to be conquered, either by force or by kindness—all these classes of citizens, I venture to believe, must approve and support the Indian policy of the present Administration.

Francis A. Walker.

Washington, July 27.

MR. STILLMAN AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: On receiving the *Nation* with the note of Mr. Putnam, Secretary of the Metropolitan Museum, disclaiming the purchases made at Gillott's sale in the name of that institution, I at once went to Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods's to make enquiries into the matter, and find the facts to be these: The purchases made in this sense were by a Belgian, who distinctly declared the purchases to be for the New York Museum, and wished them to be so reported. Messrs. C., M. & W. had no previous knowledge of him which could induce them to suspect imposture, and, as he paid for the pictures he bid in, there was no circumstance to make any one suspect a false pretence. The high character of the firm, as well as Mr. Woods's assurance, makes it certain to my own mind that they did not suspect, as they had no reason to suspect, anything hidden in this transaction. The sales, as reported in the *Times* and other London papers, give the purchasers' names as furnished them, and all reported the Museum as buyer of the three pictures in question.

Yet it becomes now clear that there was a trick in the thing, though what its motive or benefit to any one it is hard to conceive. Trustworthy information which I have received assures me that the pictures were really purchased for, or at least are now in the collection of, one of the Rothschilds. The affair beyond this is a mystery to me, but of course I regret having done my part in the spread of a misrepresentation which was the basis of reflections on the discretion of the Trustees of the Museum.

Yours truly, W. J. Stillman.

London, July 13, 1872.

LATIN AND NORTHERN TONGUES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The allegation in *Blackwood* of "the total absence in French of any word equivalent to 'listen'" has called forth communications from several of your correspondents, but none of them seems to have perceived that the writer of the article in which it appears has himself, unwittingly, supplied the reason of that absence. "The French say," he tells us, "*un cheval noir*, we say a black horse. . . . If the Frenchman stops after having said '*cheval*,' his phrase is absolutely complete so far as its object is concerned; his *audience* can make no mistake as to what he means; but if we suspend our voice after saying 'black,' our *listeners* are left to guess what black thing we had in view." The words I have italicized in the last two sentences will suggest to the reader that, if the "Norman or Gascon peasant," in reply to the question of the "inquisitive traveller," why he puts the substantive first, should ask, "with a copious laugh, as if the fun of such a notion were enormous, 'How can you know what I am talking about if I don't tell you?'" the "English laborer," not to speak of "those smart school children," instead of "being rather bothered if the inverse question were submitted to him," to wit, why he put the substantive last, might answer with a sober gravity, as if there were no fun at all in the notion, "Listen, and you'll find out." It seems to me that the "immense advantage," as between "the Latin tongues" and "the Northern languages," is altogether on the side of the latter. Give me a language that compels attention rather than one "that will not trouble you to think."

While I am about it, let me add that the writer is too sweeping in endowing "all Europe" with "that adorable *tutoiement*." The Lowland Dutch hasn't even the word that would make it possible. Its only pronoun of the second person, for both numbers, is *u*, pronounced *oo*. The English-speaking child's "I love oo" can give *us* an inkling of "what *tutoiement* means" *without* our having "to live for years abroad"; but the Lowland Dutchman's *u*, being plural as well as singular, has no relish of it.

There are other points in the article—what it says about "our *shabby* system of auxiliary verbs," for instance—open to criticism had I the time or you the space for it.

E. J. Stearns.

Denton, Md., July 22, 1872.

[Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his essay "On Style," in "Essays Social, Political, and Æsthetic," has some remarks on this topic which are very well worth reading. They are not exhaustive of the question, "Why is it more philosophical to say 'a black horse' (ad-

jective first), as the Englishman does, than to say 'un cheval noir' (substantive first), as the Frenchman does?" That is not a question to be so easily answered, nor one in which agreement between French minds and English may speedily be expected; but what Mr. Spencer has to say is useful. The whole essay, indeed, would be admirable reading for people who wish to learn to write.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

D. LATHROP & CO., Boston, announce several books of travel or adventure: "In the Eastern Seas," "Among the Islands of the Pacific," "In the Wilds of Africa," "On the Banks of the Amazon"; also, as illustrated gift-books, "The Treasury of Literature and Art," "The Garland of Poetry and Prose," and "The Circle of the Year"; and "A Concise Dictionary of the Bible," with a preface by Rev. G. T. Day, D.D., and a supplement by Rev. Heman Lincoln, D.D.

—The meeting of the American Philological Association, held at Providence last week, was one respecting which not much is to be said, save that it was a very enjoyable one, in a social as well as a scholarly way, and has strengthened, or established, the Association's chances of prolonged life. There seems to be forming a permanent nucleus of men of ability and learning, as well as public spirit, who will not give up the pleasure and advantage of meeting and exchanging views once a year, and around whom will always gather enough off-and-on men to make a respectable convention. In the absence this year of the elected president, Professor Goodwin, Harvard was represented by Professor Holmes of the Law School—himself the school which believes that Bacon was Shakespeare. The valuable papers were fewer than last year; but the discussions were throughout lively and in the best spirit, and generally of a creditably scholarly tone. Professor Hadley showed from an Anglo-Saxon document that the pronunciation of Modern Greek is very different from that of the Greek even of the tenth century. Mr. Bristed railed at the errors and exaggerations of comparative philologists. Professor Evans continued his valuable contributions to Ancient Welsh philology. Mr. L. H. Morgan gave an essay (anthropological rather than philological) on the peculiar tribal usages, as regards marriage, of a certain Australian community; they appeared to him more absolutely primitive than any he had elsewhere met with. Mr. Trumbull presented two interesting papers of Indian etymologies, of which perhaps the most interesting is that of *caucus*, which every one knows as a word of greatly disputed derivation, and which many of us have used with a degree of unwillingness or mortification, because of its supposed unworthy origin. We are correspondingly relieved at finding that it is an aboriginal word of respectable connection, coming from an Algonkin root which signifies "speak, encourage, instigate." The least corrupted form of the word is *kaw-kaw-wus*, plural, *kaw-kaw-wus-sough*, "counsellors, council," anglicized into *caucussers*. The Virginians made out of the same word *cockarouse*, as the name of a leading man in a tribe, a petty chieftain. The inclination of the settlers to give native appellations to their political gatherings is well known, and, taken along with the circumstances in which *caucus* first appears, fairly makes a satisfactory etymology and settles the question. The thing and the name are of equally honest American origin, contributions from this side of the water to the catalogue of English institutions and to the English vocabulary. The second volume of the Transactions was distributed to the members, and was fully worthy of its predecessor. It contains some learned studies in Cymric Philology by Prof. Evans of Cornell University; articles on Greek and Latin Grammar by Prof. Allen of East Tennessee University, and Mr. Greenough of Harvard; and a convincing argument by Prof. Whitney in reply to Schleicher's views upon the origin of language. Three articles—by Prof. Hadley, Prof. March of Lafayette College, and Mr. Bristed—treat of Early English Pronunciation; and an article by Mr. Trumbull, "On Algonkin Names for Man," illustrates the statement that the Indians scrupulously avoided general terms, and that "*homo* is untranslatable into Indian." Certainly these papers are a credit to our scholarship; and it is a sufficient justification of the formation of the Association that it gives us the promise of a yearly volume as valuable as this. Of that ambitious spirit which wants the Association, instead of attacking single points, and discussing and comparing opinions upon them, to grapple with great truths of a general public interest and settle them out of hand, there was not much show at the meeting, although some of it got from the "reportorial" table into the newspapers. The Association meets next year at Easton, in Pennsylvania, Professor March's home.

—Dr. Livingstone's letters, printed in the *Herald* of Friday and Saturday, bear the unmistakable impress of their author, and complete the opening-up of communication between him and the outer world. The geographical details are still somewhat scanty, but they fix a little more definitely the position of the rivers and lakes whose names were first reported by Stanley. Map-making, however, in accordance with them is not yet wholly safe, and the *Herald's* map is hardly so great a triumph of American journalism as its correspondent's expedition has proved to be. The draughtsman has made a praiseworthy effort to lengthen out Tanganyika, and shape its southern end after the pattern of the Italian peninsula; but he has overlooked Stanley's assertion that Lake Bangweolo is equal in superficial area to Tanganyika—*i.e.*, belongs in the first rank with Nyassa and the two Nyanzas. Dr. Livingstone seems less anxious to connect the "lacustrine river" course of the Chambezi and its several lakes with the Albert Nyanza than to visit, in the western part of the watershed which he has been exploring, certain famous fountains, four in number, which send two rivers northward into Egypt, and two southward into inner Ethiopia. The burden of his second letter is the slave-trade in Eastern Africa, and he favorably contrasts the natives of the interior, or highlands, though cannibals, with those of the coast, debased by the unhealthy climate, by domestic servitude, and by contact with the worst classes of whites. Of the great chief Msama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, Livingstone says that "he was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles." The Manyema men, several hundred miles to the north, were "tall, strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. . . . . If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema, taken at random, placed opposite (say) the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad in kilts or grass cloth, I should like," says the Doctor, with the impunity which comes of being at Ujiji, "to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters." We shall now await with interest Livingstone's report of his doings to the Royal Geographical Society, and the conclusions derived from it by Messrs. Keith Johnston and Charles Beke in regard to the origin of the Congo as well as of the Nile.

—Not a bad specimen of the breed of men which the German emigration has been bringing into Texas, was Mr. Ferdinand Flake, the founder of *Flake's Bulletin*, who recently died in New London, Conn., while on a visit to the North. Mr. Flake, a Hanoverian by birth, took it into his head when about eighteen years of age to emigrate. In 1840, he landed at Galveston, and, in company with a Texan who needed help, betook himself, without delay, into the country, and set about planting and "merchandising," as they say in the South. He thus occupied a period of some years, at the end of which, having raised a crop of tobacco, for which there was no market in his own neighborhood, he shipped it and himself to Galveston, and there for some time pursued the business of manufacturing cigars. He seems to have gone to some exent into politics, at first municipal, afterwards State and national, his participation in national politics being first noteworthy in 1860. In 1856 he had purchased a share in a newspaper called *Die Union*, which, as its name indicates, was devoted to the perpetuation of the Union of the States, and in general to political principles which were not very popular in Texas. In 1859, for instance, when Mr. Flake was a delegate to the Democratic State Convention, and a resolution was introduced favoring the renewal of the African Slave Trade, Mr. Flake denounced it with ardor, and, on its passage, rose in his place and then and there renounced his allegiance to the Democratic party. He never afterwards acted with it. When in 1860 South Carolina seceded, Mr. Flake's paper was so bitter in opposition that the fire-eaters of Galveston rallied a mob which gutted the office of the *Union*, but failed to frighten Mr. Flake, who was, indeed, supported in his course by the better class of citizens, and whose paper continued to be issued till 1862, when, "with all the others in Galveston, it was temporarily suspended." Why, we do not know. "Extras" continued to be occasionally issued upon the receipt of important telegrams, and these it became the fashion to call banteringly "Flake's bulletins," and when by-and-by the publication of newspapers was resumed, *Flake's Bulletin* was adopted as the name of the paper, and under that name it became the best known of Texan journals, and, if we do not mistake, the most influential. Mr. Flake's political enemies—and Texan politics in these last fifteen years made political enmity bitter—praise his tenacity, firmness of conviction, clear perception, and courageous freedom of speech and action in times which "tried the material men were made of," and, so far as we have known his course by the conduct of his paper, he deserved their good word for these qualities—and for other things, among which one is that their political enemy he indeed was. Unlike many of them, he helped to make Texas the free State she is to-day, and to give her the hopeful future which lies before her. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two.

—Mr. Richard Davis Webb, of Dublin, Ireland, who died July 14, at the age of sixty-seven, will long be held in grateful remembrance by those

Americans who knew how well he loved their country, and how large a part of his life had been freely spent in its service. His attachment to it, indeed, cost him his life; for, on his first and only visit to America a few years since, he met with an accident on the Upper Lakes which permanently injured his spine, and slowly exhausted his vitality. From the year 1840, the date of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London, at which, we believe, Mr. Webb was a delegate, till the close of the rebellion, he labored incessantly, and with a knowledge of our institutions, politics, and current history such as few foreigners have ever acquired, to bring about the abolition of slavery. He was in full sympathy and the most intimate relations with the Abolitionists of the *Liberator* and the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and was for many years the Dublin correspondent of the latter paper while editing, in his own printing-office, from which it was issued, the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, organ of such of the British Abolitionists as were affiliated with the American Anti-Slavery Society. With the assistance of Miss Estlin, of Bristol, whose father, Mr. John B. Estlin, was another most efficient coadjutor of that society, he edited a "Life of John Brown," which may be said to be the only sober and respectable biography of which Captain Brown has been made the subject. In his literary labors, Mr. Webb was greatly assisted by his wife, a person of unusual intelligence, whose death preceded his. His private correspondence, which was very voluminous, was remarkable for its vivacity and humor, and for the warmth of affection which ever characterized the writer. In English politics, Mr. Webb was a progressive Liberal.

—Among recent additions to the British Museum is an undraped statue of a youth, which was discovered in the theatre of Vaison, the ancient Vasio, in France. The school of Sicyon was renowned for this class of subjects, representations of ephebi, the muscular beauties of the palæstra and gymnasium, in a variety of tryingly-graceful attitudes. The significant posture of the young athlete, who is just binding a fillet on his brow, makes it highly probable that this work is a copy of one of the masterpieces of the Sicyon school, Polyclitus's celebrated "Youth with the Fillet," the counterpiece to his "Boy with the Spear," mentioned by Pliny in such appreciative terms. Polyclitus, according to all accounts, must have had marvellous skill in catching the graces of the transition period between boyhood and manhood —so beautiful when it *is* beautiful; he made the "Youth with the Fillet" *molliter juvenem*, a man with all the lovely tenderness of a boy; the "Doryphorus" *viriliter puerum*, a boy with the thews and solidity of a man. The Youth with the Fillet" was sold for a hundred talents. The "Boy with the Spear" passed with later artists as "the canon," or rule of proportion for the human form. From the princely price paid for the "Youth with the Fillet," considerably over $100,000, it has been conjectured—rather loosely, it must be confessed—by some commentators on Pliny, that Attalus of Pergamus, who paid exactly the same price for a single picture of Aristides, the Theban artist, may have bought the original, in which case it probably went Eastward. The Vaison copy, if it is a copy, is said to be noble in design, but not of corresponding execution. We regret extremely that the very meagre notice we have seen of it—merely a line or two—gives us no hint whether the statue has the marked characteristics of Polyclitus's style. From the nature of the subject, we are perhaps justified in guessing that the centre of gravity can hardly be thrown so very decidedly on one foot as was the case with most of the works of this artist. But if the figure has that certain squareness of stature, that *corpus quadratum*, which, according to Varro, was Polyclitus's ideal of manly beauty, as it was Celsus's ideal of robust health, it would go far to prove that the new statue is a copy of the famous Diadumenus. Perhaps some friend of the *Nation* in England, who has an opportunity to inspect for himself, will enlighten us on these points.

—The Bois de Boulogne is no more a wood. First embellished by Louis XIV., greatly improved by Napoleon I., devastated in 1814–15, again restored and made one of the most beautiful public parks in the world by Napoleon III., it fell with him. In October, 1870, all the trees except the great oaks of Auteuil and a few others on the Route de Boulogne were cut down to afford play for the cannon and timber for the barricades. Fortunately, before this destruction a record had been prepared which will preserve the memory of its beauty and the method and cost of its construction and maintenance, even to the minutest details ("Les Promenades de Paris," by A. Alphand). Do the Commissioners of the Central Park wish to compare the cost at New York and at Paris of setting out a tree, a bush even, of watering a square yard of grass, of buildings, of artesian wells, of greenhouses—here are the figures, subject of course to the usual dubiousness of French finance. Here too are profiles of brooks, carriage-ways, cascades, etc., and woodcuts of all the machines used in the maintenance of the Bois. Besides these there are numerous views of landscapes, not very good, and of architecture, cut as only French engravers can cut them, with the most perfect clearness of outline and distinct treatment of material; and there are colored plates of flowers and shrubs. The maps are equally well done. The engravings are accompanied by a careful descriptive and historical sketch. The Bois de Vincennes, the other parks, and the Boulevards are treated in the same way. For so handsome a book the price is certainly not high—500 francs. With this and the excellent work of Maxime Ducamp, "Paris, ses organes, sa vie," of which the third volume, written in 1869, has just appeared, one can get a very good idea of the administrative side of the Paris of the Empire, a Paris likely to be very soon restored, with only the omission of eagles and the N's, and possibly without that omission.

—One cannot easily form an idea of the importance of the religious question which now agitates Germany without a knowledge of some of the facts contained in Professor von Schulte's work on "The Newer Catholic Orders and Congregations, especially in Germany," recently published in Berlin. He calls those the older orders which, instituted before the time of Innocent III., knew nothing of a centralizing, international organization, as each monastic establishment was governed independently by its own abbot, and there was no common head for them all. The church and not Rome was the object of service, which was consequently neither unpatriotic nor anti-national. The Dominican Order (1216) and the Franciscan (1223) were first organized on the model of the church, with their *magister generalis*, provincials, and superiors. Much further developed was the discipline of the Society of Jesus (sixteenth century), which has been copied with modifications in our day by nearly all other orders and congregations. These have multiplied incredibly in Germany since 1848, as the following statistics will show: the diocese of Cologne has 10 different kinds of male and 31 of female orders; Treves, 6 and 12, respectively; Paderborn, 3 and 13; Münster, 4 and 14; Breslau, 3 and 12; Würzburg, 5 and 7; Munich, 4 and 11; Ratisbon, 7 and 11; and Mayence, 3 and 8. The ratio of female orders is noteworthy; but what is most to be remarked is, that the majority of all the orders are governed by absolute heads who reside in countries foreign and hostile to Germany. For example, the Trappists and a large number of female orders have their superiors in France; the Dominicans, Jesuits, etc., are subject to Italian heads. Still more significant are these figures: There is, says Prof. Schulte, one priest or member of a religious fraternity in Prussia for every 584 Catholics; in Bavaria, one for every 300; and in all Germany, one for every 481. Paderborn, Münster, and Cologne furnish most of the Prussian regular clergy and nuns. In Cologne, every 313th Catholic (counting both children and adults) is a clergyman; in Aix-la-Chapelle there is one ecclesiastic to every 110 Catholics; in Münster, one to 61; in Treves, one to 56; and in Paderborn, one to 33. Or, excluding children and minors, almost every tenth adult in Paderborn, and every twentieth in Münster, is a clergyman.

RECENT TEXT-BOOKS OF HISTORY.*

MISS THALHEIMER'S "Manual of Ancient History" will be found the most serviceable work of its class within the reach of our schools. It has indeed no rival worth mentioning, for Rawlinson's Manual, with which it would naturally be compared, has a totally different aim, being a bare and compendious statement of facts, with no attempt at agreeableness of narration. The book before us, on the other hand, makes no pretence at giving the scholarly details which make Rawlinson's work so valuable; it is simply a carefully-prepared and well-written history of the ancient world. We should say that it was much too large for a school text-book, in the way such books are generally used; but, holding as we do that historical events should be learned by reading a full and interesting narration, rather than by a jejune abstract, we have no fault to find with its size, and hope teachers will profit by it to improve their style of teaching. The authoress professes to present the result of the latest investigations of great historians, "which have never, so far as we know, been embraced in any American school-book." This criticism on earlier books is certainly near enough to the truth, and the execution of the book before us on the whole justifies the author's boast. We have really here a history of the East made up from the discoveries of the present century; we have a recognition of some of the truths of comparative mythology; and we find evidence that Roman antiquities have been studied with some care. If we criticise some points, it need not affect our appreciation of the merits of the book as a whole, and of the faithful industry of which it bears marks.

* "A Manual of Ancient History. By M. E. Thalheimer, formerly Teacher of History and Composition in the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y." Wilson, Hinkle & Co., Cincinnati. 8vo, pp. 376.

"Three Centuries of Modern History. By Chas. Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"A School History of the United States. By W. H. Venable, of the Chickering Classical and Scientific Institute." Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 12mo, pp. xxx., 247.

"The United States Reader, embracing Selections from Eminent American Historians, Orators, Statesmen, and Poets, with Explanatory Observations, Notes, etc. By John J. Anderson, A.M." New York: Clark & Maynard. 1872. 12mo, pp. 414.

In regard to early chronology the author follows the English authorities, Rawlinson, Smith, etc., rather than the Continental scholars, who put the earliest Egyptian dynasties several centuries earlier. This is a perfectly consistent practice; it is hardly fair, however, to refer in the preface to no Egyptologist but Bunsen—who goes before all his fellows in the antiquity of his dates. Neither is it exactly fair to assume the parallelism of dynasties as an undisputed fact, considering that it is called in question by so good authority as Lenormant and Chevallier. Again, although Mommsen is referred to in the preface, and we can see clear traces of his influence in the body of the work, Roman history is far from being treated in accordance with his views. One constantly comes upon the relics of exploded theories. It is well enough to assume the Etruscan origin of the Tarquins, but it is certain that the Capitoline Triad was not essentially Etruscan (p. 253). The purely patrician character of the *Sex Suffragia*, on the same page, is completely disproved by Mommsen. On the next page, one would certainly infer that the Servian tribes were, so to speak, complementary to the three patrician tribes, instead of being, as they were, a new organization of the community on a wholly new basis. Again, it is not from Mommsen that the statement is taken that the twenty-six country tribes were established by Servius Tullius. What is of more importance is that we have here the old sentimental account of Servius Tullius, that his institutions were primarily political, instead of military and administrative; that he organized the *comitia conturiata* as a legislative body; and that he designed to abdicate and establish a republic, but was thwarted by the nobles and the usurper Tarquin.

We notice some defects of arrangement and proportion. For example, it cannot be called judicious, even if it follows from a generally correct arrangement, to bring in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand under Persian history, before Greece has been studied at all. Again, the earlier periods are relatively much fuller than the later, and especially the later Roman republic is treated very meagrely. Thus, less space is given to Tiberius Gracchus than to the story of Virginia; and Cicero's banishment is not even mentioned. Much space is uselessly filled with lists of kings of Lydia, Tyre, and Damascus, with all the judges and kings of Israel; and this when there are no genealogical tables at all—a most essential thing to the understanding, for instance, of the reign of Augustus. But the most serious criticism we have to make upon this book from a general point of view is that it undertakes to be a complete history, giving all facts of real importance. Now it is impossible to bring in all important facts even into a work of this rather large size, without often sacrificing ease and interest of narration to a bare catalogue of names and dates. We hold that the true method is to select only the events of first importance, relate these with graphic fulness, and let the others go entirely or give them only in the form of lists. What the reader wants is vividness of impression rather than a multitude of facts. Our author has been very successful in combining this vividness with a great amount of detail; but it would have been a better book if the same space had been devoted to half as many facts.

The geography is particularly well done; perhaps we might call it the best single feature of the book. The maps also are excellent—much better than is usual in American school-histories; even if we have a range of mountains between Tegea and Mantinea, and the omission of so important a town as Luceria. A serviceable list of books is given at the end, among which we notice "Ware's 'Zenobia,' 'Aurelian,' and 'Probus'"; the fact being, if we are not mistaken, that the book published in New York under the name "Probus" was reprinted in England with its name changed to "Aurelian," which name was then adopted by the American publishers, as being at once better and more attractive.

Professor Yonge's "Three Centuries of Modern History" has the merit which we just now found lacking in Miss Thalheimer. "It is not designed," he says, "to present a complete history of any one country, nor even of any one period in the history of any country. . . . It is here endeavored, by presenting, in a connected series, a set of sketches of some of the transactions of most conspicuous interest or importance in the annals of the different nations of modern Europe, to show how real the connection often—it may perhaps be said, generally—is between the events of one age or century and those of another" (p. 1). In following out this plan, not only is the history of England omitted altogether, but the north and east of Europe are mentioned only very cursorily until the time of Peter the Great and Charles XII. If we are not mistaken, there is no mention whatever of Gustavus Vasa, of the succession of the House of Vasa to the throne of Poland, the claims of the last kings of that House to the throne of Sweden, the consequent wars, and the important treaty of Oliva. It required great skill to omit all this and still make the career of the Great Elector, the war between Peter and Charles XII., and the last days of Poland, intelligible; but this has been done. A book written in this way needs, however, copious lists of sovereigns, tables of synchronistic events, and genealogical tables; and of these, we are sorry to say, the work before us is absolutely devoid. One can guess how clear the causes of the War of the Spanish Succession, for example, can be made without a genealogical table; and the same difficulty will be found in regard to synchronistic events. For the book is, with good judgment, composed by topics. Each chapter covers, not a chronological epoch, but a connected group or series of events. Of course these are arranged generally in chronological order, but there will necessarily be some overlapping of periods, which must, we should think, cause considerable confusion to young readers. To take one case, perhaps the worst. The first twelve chapters bring the general history down to the reign of Louis XIV.; but the thirteenth is devoted to the wars with the Turks, going back to the commencement of the sixteenth century, so that we find the battle of Mohács described four chapters after its results, in the succession of Ferdinand I. to the thrones of Hungary and Bohemia, and the battle of Lepanto eight chapters after that which tells the subsequent career of Don John of Austria. We find no fault with this; only there ought to be chronological tables which should help the student to find his way in the labyrinth.

With this drawback, the book may be pronounced more than commonly good. It does not profess originality of research—indeed, it does not profess any acquaintance with a very important class of authorities. At the end of each chapter are given the authorities *used* (not *recommended* to the reader), and these are invariably the "standard historians," English and French. No mention of contemporary authorities, no mention of Ranke, Droysen, Häusser, Von Sybel, even in German matters. It is a book for general readers, not for scholars; and aims merely to give a graphic account of the best authenticated facts in the history of modern Europe. This it succeeds in doing, and we can recommend it unequivocally as the best source from which a young person can get a general knowledge of modern history as a foundation of future study. The style, as we have intimated, is graphic; the story is told remarkably well. In the less animated pages there is occasionally some heaviness and involution, as in that we have quoted; but whenever the story begins, the style becomes simple and animated. There is an occasional queer use of the subjunctive, as that Louis XIII. was persuaded (p. 218) "that he would never be his own master till she [his mother] *were* removed from the court"; and (p. 319) "if Leopold's renunciation [of the Spanish crown] *were* invalid, the Electoral Prince of Bavaria had manifestly the preferable claim." Even worse than the absence of tables and lists is the want of an index. We trust these defects will be remedied in succeeding editions.

School histories of the United States have multiplied of late years beyond all reckoning, partly for the reason that none of those already in use have given entire satisfaction, partly because the demand is so enormous and so varied that there is still room for new enterprises. In general they may be divided into two classes, according as they are intended for high schools or grammar schools, and again according as they aim at an easy and discursive narrative, or a compact and compendious statement of facts, to be learned by heart. Thus there is room for a very considerable range on the part of the compiler, and a book is to be pronounced good only in consideration of the use for which it is designed. Venable's History is moderate in its compass, and narrative in its character. We are inclined to pronounce it, on the whole, the best of its class and size, although Barnes's, which we noticed a few weeks ago, has some points of superiority. The most striking excellence of the work before us is its maps and illustrations. The maps are far the best which we remember seeing in any American book of this class; and the numerous portraits are large enough to be real likenesses, and most of them very good ones. "Made-up" illustrations, such as deface most of our school histories, are confined to a few small and appropriate vignettes. The smaller maps and plans are of the right sort, but not quite so full as might be desired. There is no use in giving plans of battles or fortifications—such as Lossing abounds in—unless the battle or siege is described in detail, and this can hardly ever be the case in a school history. On the other hand, campaigns are always described, and need to be fully illustrated. Mr. Venable has very judiciously given only strategic plans, and we suppose it is the cost of the work that prevented him from making these larger and fuller. But surely he might have indicated lines of march even on maps of this size. The map of Central New Jersey, for instance (p. 104), ought to mark Washington's retreat, and also his subsequent advance. The book itself is very well arranged and written. It will be found, we think, attractive to pupils, and well adapted to school use. We notice two habits of style which, although by no means objectionable in moderation, must yet interfere somewhat with the directness and clearness required in a school-book. These are the absolute use of the participle and the appositive be-

ginning a sentence. For example: "Their animosity once aroused, the Indians were implacable" (p. 43). "A young and promising minister, he was for a time settled over the Salem church" (p. 41). A valuable feature is the habitual reference, in foot-notes, to the best special works upon the subjects successively treated. Here the student will find enumerated all the best biographies and special treatises in American history. There is a general spirit of fairness in the treatment of controverted points, and literary history is quite well given; but when (p. 161) Dr Channing is called the "exponent and champion" of "the Liberal sect," "Unitarian" would have been more correct, and certainly more intelligible.

Mr. Anderson is the well-known author of a series of school-histories, distinguished for clearness and compendiousness of statement rather than grace and interest of narrative. His new work, like his "Historical Reader," published a year or two ago, is of a wholly different character. It aims at presenting a tolerably continuous view of American history, in the form of extracts from standard histories, thus being at once a History and a Reader. This plan is carried out with a good deal of judgment. The extracts range from authors of the rank of Prescott, Irving, and Motley to the useful compilations of Parton and Headley. They appear to be, on the whole, as good selections as could have been made, and the book is further adapted to use as a school reader by passages of eloquence and poetry illustrative of the historical events. Among the extracts of this character are found the famous Newburgh Addresses, Franklin's speech in moving for prayers in the Convention, Webster's Address to La Fayette, Jackson's Proclamation to South Carolina, Miss Baillie's First Voyage of Columbus, Longfellow's Launching of the Ship, and Whittier's Barbara Frietchie. We should say that the best use of a book like this would be in supplementing the author's own rather jejune history, and that it would have been better to let the book be merely a collection of extracts. The author has, however, preferred—and he may be right in this—to insert between the several extracts not merely a sufficient explanation of the circumstances of each event, but a brief history of the intervening period. This work is done very well, and will no doubt be found useful. Notwithstanding the general excellence of the selections, it would certainly not have been hard to find better pieces of poetry commemorative of the late war than most of those here given. The maps, too, are coarse and inadequate by the side of Venable's. For example, in the map of Indian Nations, the Tuscaroras are put down, in their Southern residence, as an independent nation, with no intimation of any ethnical connection with the Iroquois; while Mr. Venable, in his smaller map, gives them simply as Iroquois, omitting the tribal name. Neither course is quite satisfactory; but it would have been easy for Mr. Anderson to have stated both facts. We would state that there are at least two names that we have failed to find in the "Biographical Index of Authors."

THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

"CONCERNING BŒOTIAS" is the title of some pleasant remarks in the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The writer comments upon the universal habit among all communities, ancient and modern, of picking out some neighboring community and using its name as a synonym for stupidity, and he makes the assertion that we Americans are particularly addicted to this habit—an assertion to which most of us would probably give assent. One hardly finds anywhere even a small township which does not contain some neighborhood or village which is the regular object of gibes and jests more or less witless, and stands in the same relation to the other parts of the town as that in which New Jersey, for instance, stands to the rest of the Middle States. The New Yorkers scoff at the City of Churches; the Bostonians call Charlestown Pigtown, and have a proverb, "as dead as Chelsea"; the Cambridge man refuses to believe that Old Cambridge can ever be connected with Boston by subterranean railroad, because nothing "can be lower than 'the Port,'" which refusal puts the citizen of the Port beside himself with rage; the Cincinnati man styles the Chicago man a Chicagoat, and says the town of Chicago has now become so bad and so small that the ten commandments could only be got into it by breaking them to pieces; the Chicago man thinks St. Louis may amount to something after it has had one hundred first-class funerals, such is the apathy in business of the most energetic citizens of that burgh; North Carolina is to a South Carolinian what "the State of Camden and Amboy" is to a *Daily News* reporter or a City Hall joker; the West of all sorts of fun-poking stories has in our time been in the Hoosier State, then in "Egypt" of Illinois, then in Michigan, always in Pennsylvania, where the Democracy lives that continues to vote for General Jackson at each Presidential election. A disposition towards rough jocoseness and humorous chaffing is a part of the reason for the invention of these American Bœotias; but there appears to be requisite also a comparative slowness of intellect on the part of the community derided, or rather a want of that *urbanitas* which the derider possesses, and which consists partly in urbane culture and partly in citified impertinence and conceit. Some true culture and merit, for example, but some pert "cockiness" and provincial arrogance and narrowness, must have gone to the invention of such a term as the "Hub of the Universe"; and, in general, there need be little doubt that the spirit which names our Bœotias is not more desirable or reputable than that which makes them. The Charleston fire-eater and extremist was a quicker-minded man than the conservative, easy-going "Tar-heel" of "Nawth Keliny" whom he laughed at; but, on the whole, he was not more respectable, intellectually considered, than the yeomen whom he ridiculed, nor Graham or Pearson a citizen less useful than Calhoun or Barnwell.

We are always glad of an opportunity to speak in praise of Mr. William Black's "Strange Story of a Phaeton," which *Lippincott's* is reprinting in tantalizing short instalments, that, put together, are certain to make a popular book. One would say, too, that by this time next year, or the end of September would perhaps be better, it might set a good many pleasant little vacation parties upon wheels, and emulating the drives and chance dinners of Queen Tita and her friends. "A Switchback Excursion" is some account of a vacation party by rail, and is well illustrated and interesting. So, too, is the article on the picture-galleries of Mr. Adolph Borie and Mr. J. Gillingham Fell, written as it is from a mind well stored with knowledge and guided by fine taste. Miss Kate Hillard criticises Heine with discernment and feeling; Lady Blanche Murphy, an English lady now resident in this country, describes some eccentric Englishmen whom she has had opportunities of knowing at home and abroad; Mr. Cooper Howells tells about camp-meetings fifty years ago; and there are some good critical notices, and some "Monthly Gossip" which, as literary chit-chat, is better than is common. Smokers, literate and illiterate, will feel a proper contempt for the laureate when they learn from the Monthly Gossiper his inadmissible way—not to call it a preposterous and incredible way—of taking his daily allowance of tobacco. Cigars he will not touch; and here he is not without good company, though not the best, the most catholic smoker being the most orthodox, no doubt; but for his pipe he chooses of all others the common clay, if this report is to be credited, and, as if that were not enough, each of these common clays he smokes but once: "At his feet is a box full of white clay pipes; filling one of these, he smokes until it is empty, breaks it in twain, and throws the fragments into another box prepared for their reception. Then he pulls another pipe from its straw or wood enclosure, fills it, lights it, and destroys it as before. He will not smoke a pipe a second time." This is smoking which might commend itself to Mr. Trask, the anti-tobacco apostle, sin and penalty being simultaneous. Even the wild Irishman shrinks from the "breaking-in" of the dudheen, though we have known him to praise the first smoke after the purification of an old pipe by heating it red-hot in the coals.

The ruffians who infest the selvage of our civilization have latterly had a great deal of attention from literary men, but not often have they been set before us with more reality and apparent truthfulness than by Mr. W. E. Webb in the *Kansas Magazine* for August. "Neb, the Devil's Own," is the title of the sketch, and something of what they may find in it our readers will see by this passage following. The scene is the town of Sheridan, "a barren spot near the Colorado line, surrounded by cañons, buttes, and Indians":

"At the foot of this butte lay a deep pool of water, called in grim humor Lake Como. I bathed there once, and touched my bare feet upon a cold face which slid aside in the mud. Contact with the dead under water is a sensation which lasts during life. Cold arrows are shot through you from heel to crown until the feet press dry land again. On this occasion we fished with a hooked stick for the sunken mystery, and brought up a decayed ruffian, whose pockets were loaded with rocks, and a bag of them tied to his neck. On the palm of one hand was pinned the knave of hearts, the wooden splinter which fastened it being still fast in the flesh. And we found, on enquiry, that the murderer had been a ghastly joker. The victim was a Sheridan gambler, slain by the jealous husband of his washerwoman. And the slayer had laid the dead man in his grave, and attempted a burlesque at the close of the tragedy by giving him a pocket full of rocks and a card of introduction to Pluto as a knave of hearts."

"Neb" got his first name from the frequency with which, after his little difficulties, he "took" to the prairies, thus reminding his fellow-citizens of the Assyrian monarch Nebuchadnezzar, when in the days of his trouble he ate grass. "The Devil's Own" was a *sobriquet* which Neb acquired by his action in regard to an Irish street in the town, occupied by laborers employed on the Pacific Railroad. "Look out, you there in Rat Row," he unexpectedly called out one afternoon, at the same time seizing the lever of a Henry rifle, and grinding out shots at the rate of one a second, which he distributed with impartiality into the various cabins of the Row, much to the irritation of the Irish gentlemen. "The baste! look at me breeches, will ye!" Mr. Webb heard one of them saying to another, the fusillade being then just over, and Neb

having riddled the speaker's garments. "The Devil's Own!" the other said. "Faith, an' the balls was thick as puddin' thim times." "The Devil's Own" had made his first appearance in Sheridan as a lawyer and physician:

"He was an innocent-looking, fat-faced fellow, resembling more a well-settled priest than a Plains tiger. Sheridan had just been laid out and named in honor of Little Phil, who was stationed at Fort Hays, just below, when a short and fat man trotted up to the first shanty. In two days this fat little man had a shanty of his own, with the top of a cracker-box tacked by the door bearing the legend, 'Law and Physics.' He commenced practising at once, and the range of his talents included obstetrics, divorces, inquests, anything. Two years ago a bill was up, I believe, before the Kansas Legislature to legalize sundry papers on which this much-gifted practitioner had affixed his stamp as notary."

His practice was not successful:

"Before one week's residence in Sheridan he divorced the wife of an absent buffalo-hunter, and married her again to an emigrant *en route* for Mexico. The consequence was that when the bereaved husband returned, the cutter of nuptial knots 'took' to the prairie. From exile he was called back, however, to marry the mourning bison-slayer to a woman who had come by rail in pursuit of her eloping husband, the immigrant aforesaid. And the new bride remarked, 'Dot drat him! let him go; there'll be one woman sorry I didn't catch up.' In the course of a couple of months, however, Sheridan society became settled, and a migratory drug-clerk, eclipsing the first physician in his knowledge of medicines, took his practice, while a calaboose shyster from Leavenworth, armed with the terrors of half a statute-book, drove his predecessor from the field."

Hereupon Neb gave up the attempt to move in the upper walks of society, and sank to the lowest by successive stages, becoming first a holder of four acres and a plunderer of the Philistines, then a murderer, and at last two robberies, upon which followed general outlawry, and very frequent exile to the prairie. For a criminal desirous of evading the pursuit of law, the prairie, with its immense plains, its numerous cañons and ravines, was better than a tangled forest, and for a term of years "The Devil's Own" gambled and robbed with impunity, living for the most part in a "dug-out," or cabin, a short distance from the town. But by-and-by a Government detective tracing counterfeiters found the trail led him into Sheridan, where it grew very "hot," and Neb's capture was decided upon. The dug-out was surrounded, and the capture effected, but no case was made against its occupants, who turned out to be a hag of an old woman, Neb himself, and a young girl of fifteen, his daughter. "Father didn't mean to kill her; let him go," was the daughter's appeal to the captors; and this indication of murder, together with the fact that they had him at last, appears to have settled the case adversely to Neb, albeit the detective would make no arrest:

"Next morning, as the early train bearing us out of town drew near the Jack Ketch trestle, we stood on the rear platform to get a good view. Over twenty persons had been hung from the timbers which we could hear straining under the iron foot of the locomotive as it pressed forward. An instant later, and the murder-tainted chasm yawned under our feet. The Judge, taking hold of a brake, leaned outward to get a better view, and recoiled almost into the open door. Another car's length, and we all saw it. It was Neb's body, swinging back and forth at ropes' ends like a pendulum. The hangman's knot had slipped in front and supported the chin, thus turning the hideous face directly up at us. It seemed odd that 'The Devil's Own,' in whom death had only throttled bloated and drunken vice, should ever have been loved by woman. And yet this was plainly written in the girl face which looked imploringly up from where a shrinking form crouched by a block. And the child, the one link in an unknown history which might speak of happiness and a sweet mother-face in the long ago? From the next station, our Judge telegraphed back to have the girl sent at once to Topeka, and he would assume all expenses, and her bringing up. But she never came. Six months after, I saw her upon the streets of Kit Carson, and felt that better would it have been for Mary, child of sorrow, had she died that morning with her father."

It will be seen that this writer, though not a literary artist, has some skill, and that his material has plenty of interest for any great American novelist.

In the *Atlantic*, Mr. J. A. Bolles finishes his statement of the reason why Semmes of the *Alabama* was not tried; and while he takes occasion to correct some of the assertions made by Semmes's victims and enemies as to the cruelties of the Confederate Admiral, he convicts Semmes of boastful falsification, and of conduct disgraceful to his military and naval commissions. Had it been worth while, says Mr. Bolles, Semmes could have been tried and, with manifest justice, convicted of perfidious and dishonorable conduct. He surrendered his ship and offered himself up as a prisoner of war, and then, before he had effected the transfer, made off in the *Deerhound*. When that vessel picked him up, his bounden duty was plain: whatever the owner of the *Deerhound* might propose to do, or be able to do, Semmes's duty as an officer and a gentleman was to insist on being delivered to his captor, Winslow. He was, then, in no sense "an escaped prisoner of war" when he returned to this country and received a commission in the Confederate army, and his act of perfidy, Mr. Bolles tells him, was punishable by death, and would have been so punished but for the facts that his military achievements were of no importance in prolonging the war, and that many greater persons had been allowed to escape. As an incidental effect of this excellent paper, we have one more indubitable picture of that sort of Southerner whose words allowed no one to forget how "chivalrous" a being he was, but whose actions were another affair altogether. There are still plenty such.

Other particularly readable things in this *Atlantic* are Mr. Parton's article, Mr. Aldrich's, Mrs. J. L. Hallowell's, and those of the several critical departments, while there are also the end of "Septimius Felton," and sufficiently readable articles by "K. T. T." Dr. Holmes, Mr. De Mille, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Mr. Hiram Rich, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Mr. John Hay, and one or two others. Of these, most give us poems; but we believe none has met with great success. From Dr. Holmes's towered astronomer we still may learn how Unitarian a profound person gets to be; but after a time it is not interesting any more to note the illiberality of Samuel toward Agag, or to reflect upon the federal headship of Adam. Nor will it long be necessary, as the Doctor even now can ask, with just and safe triumph:

> "Where is the Moloch of your father's creed,
> Whose fires of torment burned for span-long babes?

Et responsum est ab omnibus, 'Non est inventus.'" Mrs. Thaxter's verses have the disadvantage of being preceded by a motto which gives with impressiveness equal to theirs the whole idea of the poem.

Mr. Aldrich's "Rivermouth Romance" is very amusing and very true to the life, Mr. O'Rouke (O'Rourke?) being a gentleman of a sort known to many households and better liked than better men. Mr. Parton's "Jefferson" seems to us as good as anything he has written. We can only hope that no one will come forward with documentary proofs and play Puck with the facts, as has before now happened in his case, and that he will be as sparing of inferences as he can bring himself to be. Jefferson as the Governor of Virginia in the Revolution is his theme this time, and he sets it forth very attractively. We should have little repugnance to putting the work into any boy's hands, as a fair biography of a very distinguished American whose life it behooves the oncoming generation to study. Mrs. Hallowell talks of Quaker men and women, young and old, imputing to both women and men a share of grace and goodness which speaks well for the family into which she was born and that into which she married. Not that she is altogether indiscriminating either; she thinks that the women among the Friends are more superior to those of the world's people than the men to the worldly males of like ages—and perhaps this is so. At all events, when it shall have become so, the men will find that Friend Hallowell, if that is her right designation, has provided them with a sound and sufficient reason why so it should be. It seems, she says, as if the young-man Friend, being cut off from much of the richness and variety of active life, throws himself too devotedly into business and moneymaking, and becomes too much of a materialist, and this, modified by various causes, he is too likely to continue to be when he has grown on to age and become the elderly Friend. With the women the case is different. The larger liberty allowed them gives them but little advantage over their sisters outside the fold while both are young; but in the mature woman, free to preach, free as a sister of charity to undertake missionary work in all sorts of places, taken into council by the Society, "Quakerism seems to blossom and attain its bright consummate flower"—a parlous metaphor, we should say, for our grave-habited contributor. We do not know how correct this view may be. Fond of the Society as we are, have we not (conscience whispers to us) as one efficient cause of our liking a certain skilfulness with which the bright consummate flowers of Quakerism purvey the dainties, light and solid, for the nourishment of those of their households? In that excellently ambitious housewifely walk, we have sometimes thought they more perfectly succeeded than in Mrs. Mott's more transcendental path. But we have only slight acquaintance with the sphere of the inner light, and dare say we have been misled by seeing but half of these better halves. Then to account for it (whether or not it exists), there is the above-mentioned tendency on the part of the men towards more earthy thoughts and considerations than affect their spouses and mothers. However, it is a company that will justly bear more praise than Mrs. Hallowell in her fondness is likely to give, and the readers are few who will not heartily go along with her in all that she says.

The general magazine reader may be interested in several of the *Catholic World's* articles. Mrs. Craven's story of "Fleurange" goes on, and will doubtless repay perusal; "The Symbolism of the Church" will teach him something of the significant emblems employed in Christian art and worship; "On the Misty Mountain" is a narrative of journeying over the Western plains some years ago, and has an unusual flavor of not having been done by a magazine writer who made the trip that he might write about it; "The Last Days before the Siege" is about Paris, and has some of the merit just mentioned; "A Summer in the Tyrol" is slight but readable. For the denominational reader there is an essay on "Protestant Missions in India,"

which would seem to require attention. Its tone might be more civil—not to say decently courteous; but its statements of facts call for answer from the Board of Foreign Missions. We notice an odd mutilation of the passage from Chaucer's "Prologue," which pads p. 674.

The August *Scribner's*, like the rest of the magazines for August, is a fairly good number, but not remarkable. It has, however, one thing which deserves commendation, and that is, the impartial and sensible review of Col. Ward H. Lamon's recent biography of Mr. Lincoln. We believe we have nowhere seen so good a review of this work, which, to speak within bounds, indirectly tells us more about the character of Mr. Lamon and Mr. Herndon than it directly tells us about Mr. Lincoln's true character. As Mr. Jeremiah Black grotesquely said of a gentleman "who shall be nameless," as Mr. Sumner says, and who had attempted something in the biographical way, neither of these gentlemen ever rose high enough to get a horizontal view of their subject after Mr. Lincoln had undergone the Presidency and had become a very different sort of person from the friend of Mr. Hanks and Mr. Herndon.

"The Canoe, and How to Build It," by Mr. W. A. Alden, explains a new sport which is trying to get itself born in this country, and to which we may properly beg the attention of young men who have some leisure and a healthy taste for adventure. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner talks, more pleasantly than exhaustively or thoroughly, about the relations of cultured men to the menacing laborer, who, we assure Mr. Warner, is not going to destroy any colleges now in existence in this country. "Hebe's Jumbles" is a love-story of which we can say that it has a very great plenty of natural feeling, and that we rejoice heartily with the heroine, and believe everything that is good of her married life with the minister. We, however, advise all young ladies who are teaching classes in the Sunday-schools to look up the figures as to the average salary of clergymen in this country, and to go no further than jumbles without patient consideration of all the facts.

For the rest, *Scribner's* has a good article by Mr. Amasa Walker on "Labor and Capital in Manufactures," and once more points out that the Labor Reformers' true quarrel is with society enacting foolish legislation that oppresses us all alike, and that the capitalist is not his natural enemy. Professor Comfort reargues the question whether or not the learning of a modern language should precede that of Latin and Greek, and decides in the affirmative; Mr. W. F. G. Shanks talks, not very well, about yachting and there are various other articles from indifferent to good.

The editor of *Scribner's* (and the editors of the *Catholic World*, too) should look up Mr. John S. Barry, who seems to have more fixed views as to the morality of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland than as to his own. His article purporting to describe the Irish priest of to-day is stolen bodily, with but slight alterations, from William Carleton's sketch of "The Station." It is very impudent as a theft, and very injurious as a description.

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The sixth annual term of this Law School will commence on Wednesday, October 9, 1872, to continue for six months; exclusive of two weeks' recess for the Christmas holidays. All the members of the Faculty have long been and are now engaged on the Bench or at the Bar. Instruction is given by daily examinations and discussions upon assigned portions of standard treatises as well as by lectures upon practical topics. Moot Courts are held every week, by the Professors successively, on cases previously assigned, and each student is required in turn to present oral arguments and written briefs. During nine months in the year, besides the ordinary Municipal and Inferior Courts, are in almost uninterrupted session, the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, taking cognizance of questions in Admiralty, Revenue and Bankrupt Law, also the State Circuit and Criminal Courts, and the Supreme (or highest appellate) Court of Missouri; in which are illustrated every department of American jurisprudence. The Law Library has been largely increased, and now contains the principal reports and treatises, besides nearly two hundred extra copies of the text-books in use. The Library is for the exclusive occupation of the students, and is open every day and evening, except Sunday. Applicants for the Junior class must be at least nineteen years of age, of good moral character, and must have received a good English education. Applicants for the Senior class must pass a satisfactory examination in the studies of the Junior year. The Tuition fee for the first year's attendance in either class will be $80; and for the second year $60, payable in advance. No extra charge. For Catalogues and information, address GEORGE M. STEWART, *Dean of Law Faculty, 208 North Third Street, St. Louis, Mo.*

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1872.

The Week.

THE North Carolina election, which some Republicans had been expecting to carry by from five to ten thousand majority, the Republicans have probably carried, though an official count of the vote may very likely be necessary before the size of the majority, be it Republican or Democratic, can be ascertained. The Northerner who has not travelled through the State cannot conceive of its primitiveness, the sparseness of population, the solitude, the want of telegraphs, railroads, and roads. As we say, the closeness of the vote has not been generally expected among Republicans, the Administration managers having felt a degree of confidence not shared by outside observers who have been watching the course of our politics since January last. That it is a Republican check is, we think, not to be denied—if for no other reason, for this, that the number of people is this year unusually large who will let their political action be decided by their fellow-citizens of other States; and this class of voters must be held for Grant and Wilson by the spectacle of State after State pronouncing for them in preference to Greeley. A defeat in Maine, for example, would take thousands of the pusillanimous sort of Republicans, not to mention the greedy and unprincipled, straight into the Democratic ranks. There is a natural flabbiness and cowardice in the average man which prompts voters to get themselves on the winning side, and in the present campaign this feeling has the support of feelings more respectable, and of a condition of affairs well fitted to perplex the intellect of voters not very discerning. But the stupid cunning of the Greeleyites has done something to counteract the effect of the partial Democratic success. Taking election returns from their hopes, and pretending to have information which by no possibility they could have, the Greeley managers played once more, and more conspicuously than before, their favorite trick, which is to falsify the facts of the canvass in the expectation of deceiving the unwary. The Chinese game of beating the enemy by making all the hullabaloo possible they believe in fully; so, with a sharpness which looks like being too sharp by half, they impetuously fired a hundred guns and issued a spirit-stirring "man and brother" proclamation which subsequent returns have made rather ridiculous. West Virginia is the next State to hold an election, and the contest on the 22d will be close. The Democrats have latterly been having their own way there.

North Carolina in 1870 gave a Democratic majority of nearly five thousand, and it is this vote which should be borne in mind when the present political condition of the State is studied. The vote of 1871 was not a true trial of strength, because the question at issue was whether or not the State constitution should be torn to pieces and a new one made by the Democrats. This all Republicans opposed for obvious reasons, and they were joined in their opposition by some Democrats, because cautious Democrats were frightened not only at the proposal itself, but at the threat of Federal interference and at some of the specific changes proposed. These considerations made the majority against a constitutional convention more than ten thousand larger than it otherwise would have been, as the State was then Democratic. It has become more Democratic since, because of the return to politics of men so disgusted at the downfall of the Confederacy that they would not so much as cast a vote, and because of the recent removal of disabilities from many men powerful in politics. The Administration thus had to carry a Democratic State against the Democracy allied with a certain number of Liberal Republicans, though these, we imagine, are excessively scarce in any State where Republicans are awake to the fact that the Southern Democracy's coming into power concerns them personally and very intimately, indeed. Latest advices make it probable that in this effort the Administration Republicans have succeeded, though by the skin of their teeth. But then if they moved heaven and earth to carry the State, so did their adversaries, and the result is not to be called promising for Mr. Greeley, while it undoubtedly will stimulate the Republican leaders to work. The Presidency is not a prize which falls into anybody's lap; the fight is by no means over for either side. It never is, indeed, till the last gun is fired, and that, we may be sure, will not be till November. "The country must be saved," not only in general but in every Congressional district where there are two patriots of diverse views who want to go to Congress. Everybody may confidently expect to be kept busy through the autumn, even although the September and October States should show the little game of Greeley and the Democracy to be just a trifle too much for the stomach of the American people. We fancy that when the first returns were coming in from North Carolina, and decent people were brought face to face with the fact that the candidacy of Greeley is not a huge joke to grin over, but a very serious matter, it set them to thinking. We hope they will keep on, and we have little fear as to the conclusion they will reach.

Next to the very warmly contested election in North Carolina, the principal political incident of the week has been Mr. Sumner's open declaration of his adhesion to Greeley, in a letter addressed to twenty-four colored men, who wrote to him in the beginning of July asking his advice as to the course which the colored voters had better take in the pending contest. He took three weeks to consider, and then replied, giving his opinion as to "the antecedents" and "present position" of the two candidates. The antecedents of Grant are, he says, that he started with a military commission, and was trained as a soldier, and voted for Buchanan, and never did anything for the colored race "except as a soldier summoned by the terrible accident of war," and "was on the other side," whatever that may mean, when Greeley was "ably championing impartial suffrage." This is all he has to say of Grant's "antecedents," although in the opening paragraph of the letter he declares that he will "not allow any prejudice of any kind to interfere with his advice"; "the occasion is too solemn," he says. The occasion was, however, apparently not solemn enough, inasmuch as this is put forth as a fair account to colored people of the antecedents of a man to whose victorious sword they owe their emancipation, and Mr. Sumner actually owes it that he has a seat in the Senate, and that Mr. Greeley and Mr. Sumner are not now living in obscurity in Montreal or London, with the reputation of a pair of hare-brained agitators whose gaseous speculations had brought ruin on a great nation.

Of Greeley's antecedents, Mr. Sumner says that he began life "with industry and a character," has constantly waged war against slavery, "ably championed impartial suffrage," has "a large heart, and large understanding, trained to the support of human rights"; that "he is a man of untiring industry which leaves no moment without its fruits, abundant political knowledge, and acquaintance with history, has the instinct and grasp of statesmanship, an amiable nature, a magnanimous soul, and above all, an honesty which no suspicion has touched." This Mr. Sumner calls "a brief portraiture." Considered as a statement of the comparative merits of the two men, it is perhaps as dishonest as anything we have had in the way of campaign literature, or would be dishonest if Mr. Sumner had an adequate sense of the force of language. He ought to have added that under Mr. Greeley's shirt would be found on examination a pair of wings which would do credit to a cherub of the largest size, but which the Sage, with the same modesty which has caused him to conceal carefully his "acquaintance with history," has led him to keep from the knowledge of his friends; but that

at the earnest request of that pure patriot, General Cochrane, he will now produce them, and take one fly a week in front of the Liberal "headquarters," for the benefit of colored citizens exclusively. This is sad stuff, the reader will say, and not in the least funny; to which we reply that it is about as funny and fully as serious and sensible as Mr. Sumner's "brief potraiture."

With regard to the "present position" of the two candidates, Mr. Sumner maintains that, while Greeley was nominated by a convention "of able and acknowledged Republicans," Grant was nominated by "delegates chosen largely under the influence of office-holders"; and that the Cincinnati platform was more Republican than the other. As regards the supporters of the two candidates, Mr. Sumner declares that Greeley "has among his immediate supporters in all parts of the country devoted and consistent Republicans, always earnest for reform and purity in government, and on whose lives there is no shadow of suspicion," while Grant has only "the Military Ring, the Senatorial Ring, and the Custom-house Ring." As regards the popular support behind, General Grant has only "a diversified army of office-holders, drilled to obey the word of command," and "the speeches praising him are by office-holders and members of rings." Horace Greeley, on the other hand, has at his back "large numbers of Republicans unwilling to continue the existing abuses, with them as others, a regenerated (Democratic) party." As regards the Democratic alliance, the combination is no worse, he says, than that by which he himself and Mr. Chase were elected to the Senate. After this judicial-minded and accurate account of the situation, he declares Grant deserving of impeachment, says that Greeley's nomination answers to a popular longing, and that his election will put an end to all antagonism between North and South, and whites and colored people.

Other letters have appeared from Speaker Blaine, Mr. Banks, Mr. Garrison, General Dix, and Dr. Lieber. Speaker Blaine's and Mr. Garrison's are both vehement expostulations addressed to Mr. Sumner, accusing him of perfidy towards the colored race. Mr. Blaine's is very trenchant, and shows by dates and circumstances that the Democrats in Congress with whom Mr. Sumner now proposes to act and advises the negroes to act, have solidly opposed, down to last session, every measure, great or small, which Mr. Sumner himself has introduced or declared to be necessary for the protection of colored voters' personal and political rights; and he shows that Mr. Greeley is *now* opposed to all legislation in support of Mr. Sumner's theory of the nature of the national government. Nearly every paragraph is one of the knock-down blows of which Mr. Greeley has received so many, which, in ordinary times, send honest men home to bed, but only make our "reformers" laugh. The *Tribune* wonders how so small a man as Blaine could have the effrontery to write to so great a man as Sumner. Mr. Garrison's letter is a more impassioned document, and handles Mr. Sumner's letter more in detail from the point of view of an old abolitionist. It will probably produce a deep impression on the colored voters all over the country, but especially at the North.

General Dix writes in reply to a Greeleyite manager who had the indiscretion to request him to recommend a stump speaker for the service of the movement. He expresses in very energetic language his abhorrence and contempt for the "beneficent revolution" for five reasons: (1) because Mr. Greeley is "unstable as water"; (2) because he has for twenty-five years been usually found among the most extreme ultraists on all questions of political and social duty; (3) because he has been a bitter protectionist; (4) because he is associated in relations more or less intimate with the principal political scoundrels of this city; (5) because "in the darkest hour of the country's history he counselled non-resistance." He makes some comments, also, on the perversion of the Cincinnati Convention; acknowledges that Grant has made mistakes, but says if they were fourfold more numerous he would not set him aside for an "erratic politician, untried in any important public trust." To this the *Tribune* replies that General Dix was never under fire during the war; that he "whitewashed" Tom Murphy; that he entered public life as a supporter of Adams and Clay, but, when they were beaten, went over to the Jackson party, and "clung to it" till Buchanan's time; and that he never leaves a party as long as it has control of the Treasury. One of the peculiarities of this canvass is that it is impossible to get the champions of either candidate to answer any charges against him. None of the specific objections to Greeley are ever met except by abuse of the person making them and Grant's advocates would sooner go to jail than tell why the President keeps Casey in office.

Mr. Banks's letter is a model in its way, and will repay the careful study of young politicians. It resembles as nearly as may the letter of a pastor resigning his charge for another of more labor and less pay. What causes Mr. Banks to go over to Greeley, he says, is his belief "that the perpetuation of the present policy of the Government is not for the advantage of the country, and that it will not tend to restore its former peace and prosperity, nor to promote the interest of any class of citizens." Everybody will be sorry to hear that he makes this declaration "against his inclination and his personal interest.' In other words, Banks is the protomartyr of the Greeley cause. Others have gone over because they hated Grant, or liked Greeley, or expected something from him, or for the fun of the thing; but Banks goes over from a lofty sense of duty to his country, and with loss to himself. We hope there will not be many other such cases. No Greeley, however great and good, is worth such devotion.

A sad scandal has made its appearance in the Liberal Republican ranks. It is alleged—and, as far as we can learn, with truth—that Mr. Gratz Brown, when attending Commencement at Yale College, in July, after making a foolish and ignorant speech at the Alumni dinner, had the indiscretion to get very drunk and behave in a very disorderly manner at the hotel in the evening. Whereupon the Springfield *Republican*, which is an ardent friend of the Greeley movement, indignantly and honestly demands that Mr. Brown withdraw from the ticket. Mr. Brown, however, shows no sign of doing anything of the kind, and we see no good reason, from the Liberal Republican point of view, why he should. It is true that on the surface his behavior seems odd for a "reform candidate" for the Vice-Presidency, but if he withdrew it would greatly impede the course of the "beneficent revolution," because it would be an acknowledgment that he had done wrong in getting drunk, whereas, on the theory on which this great movement has been started, the oftener he gets drunk, the fitter he is for the place to which he aspires. If Greeley be just the man to represent the views of those who seek revenue reform and civil-service reform and who are opposed to the coercive government of the South, as we are assured he is, the man to represent the views of temperance men, and of that large class of persons who desire to see decency and sobriety in high functionaries, and who were shocked by Andrew Johnson's being fuddled on Inauguration Day, is, of course, a confirmed and noisy drunkard.

The editor of the *New York Times* has at last been arrested for libel, on a criminal charge, and will be tried at the next term of the General Sessions, in case the Grand Jury find a bill against him. The prosecutor in this case is General Kilpatrick, whom the *Times* accuses of scandalous behavior while American minister at Chili, as other papers had accused him long before, but who is now one of "those devoted Republicans" "on whose lives no shadow of suspicion rests," who, according to Mr. Sumner, have joined the Greeley movement; and he has, we believe, been up in Maine lately with Theodore Tilton stumping heroically for the "beneficent revolution." One of its correspondents having advised the *Times* apropos of this to libel away, as its enemies could not get a verdict, even if the libels were untrue, the *Tribune* is moved to say that the editors of that paper "fear nothing but the cudgel

or the constable." It will thus be seen that the champions on both sides are warming to their work, and yet we are still three months from the election. The week before the Pennsylvania election, we fear ladies and children will have to be removed from the city.

The campaign work is a shower of mud to a far greater extent than that of any other campaign within our remembrance. Everybody is a liar, or a traitor, or a drunkard, or a thief, or a cotton thief, or a Tammany thief, or a common thief, or obscene in hotel offices, or a defaulter, or a fool, or a "prudent general"—that is to say, a coward, which is what our friends of the *Tribune* call General Dix—or a libeller, or a swindler, or an unconverted Know-Nothing, or a gift-taker, or a "nepotist," or personally filthy, or "a dishonor to our profession"—"we" being usually the inventors of these candid and courteous terms—or a corrupter of morals, or a butcher, or a rebel, or a Tammany Republican, or a political bummer, or "evidently a friend of Butler's who used our columns," or "the scoundrel who wrote our article," or a blaspheming atheist, or some other nice thing. But there is an occasional bit of relief for the newspaper reader, an indication now and then that we are not all in such desperate earnest as might be supposed. Here is what Doctor Livingstone says to Mr. Stanley when Mr. Stanley has told him all the news of the last five years—Austrian war, French war, Maximilian's death, and all, and finally that Greeley is a Democratic candidate:

"Hold on. You have told me stupendous things, and with a confiding simplicity I was swallowing them peacefully down; but there is a limit to all things. I am a simple, guileless, Christian man, and unacquainted with intemperate language; but when you tell me that Horace Greeley is become a Democratic candidate, I cast the traditions of my education to the winds, and say, I'll be —— to all eternity if I believe it.—(After a pause.) My trunk is packed to go home, but I shall remain in Africa—for these things *may* be true, after all; if they are, I desire to stay here and unlearn my civilization."

Nothing could well be worse than the men who stand between the landsmen and the seamen, and whose business it is to supply captains with crews from crimping houses, and sailors with drunken women and drugged rum, and themselves with about as dirty money as is earned by Christian, Turk, or heathen. "Bethels," tract societies, seamen's aid societies, sailors' homes, have for years labored to abate the horrible evils of this condition of things, and they have each and all done good; but how little, comparatively, no one knows better than those who have worked the hardest and done the most. Do what you would, a sailor coming on shore after a long voyage would spend some of his money in riotous living despite the call of religion or the offer of a quiet boarding-house, with good reading and plain meals; that course once entered upon, he was inevitably certain to end it after so many days by being dropped, dead drunk and penniless, into some vessel's forecastle by the man who had robbed him of his money, and it was the dollars of inland congregations, and not of Poor Jack, which chiefly supported the stated preaching that was done for him. The last Congress, whatever else it did, passed one law for which it should have our gratitude, and which will, no doubt, be of very great benefit to our commerce in general when the Congressman permits us to have some commerce in American vessels. By this law a commissioner is provided for each port of entry, without whose consent no sailor can be shipped and no apprentice indentured, and without the presence of whom no sailor can be paid off and discharged. One of the duties of a commissioner is to enquire of each member of a crew that is in process of being paid off whether he does not wish to lay by some portion of his pay, and each of his duties and powers make in the same general direction. The fees for the shipping of a sailor are set at $2, of which the man pays one-fourth, and the ship the rest—a cheap escape for both from the boarding-house keeper. All laws are more or less evaded, and this will not be an exception; but it cannot fail to do great good to a very much misused and unfortunate class of men. It may ultimately raise the whole character of the seafaring class, and, at any rate, that sort of men are good enough as they stand to be saved from the utterly infamous land-pirates who prey upon them. It is an example of "centralization" to which Mr. Alexander Stephens himself will hardly object.

Mr. Stanley, the correspondent of the *Herald*, who came back from the interior of Africa with the story that he had seen Dr. Livingstone, was for some weeks in danger of much the same treatment at the hands of the geographers as was given Mr. Paul du Chaillu when he brought home the news about the gorillas. The papers had begun to swarm with scientific proofs of his mendacity, when the Foreign Office published an acknowledgment of Livingstone's letters, and Livingstone's son an acknowledgment of the receipt of his father's Journal.

The foreign news of the week has been mainly made up of gossip about the proceedings of the tribunal at Geneva, which the newspapers declare on alternate days to be inviolably secret, and then report extensively. The fact seems to be that they are secret, and that they are likely to remain so, and that all published accounts of what has been done thus far are inventions. The only piece of information which has reached us about the affair is one which is now of but little value, but which we believe to be trustworthy—namely, that it was Mr. Caleb Cushing, and not Mr. Bancroft Davis, who put in the indirect claims, and that he did it to gratify Mr. Sumner.

The most prominent topic of discussion in England is still the tremendous rise in the price of coal. It has risen fifty per cent. within twelve months, and appears to be still rising, and, of course, to say nothing of the direct effects on the supply of fuel, must raise the price of nearly all commodities through its effect on iron, the great instrument of production and transportation. The cause of the rise is puzzling everybody, but its suddenness prevents any anxiety as to a decrease in the product of the mines, either through exhaustion or increased difficulty of working. The *Economist* ascribes it to the tremendous growth of every branch of industry at home and abroad within the last five years. Railroads, steamboats, and factories have all multiplied beyond example, and are all working to their utmost capacity, and the strain in the mines has at last become greater than they can bear—so the price has run up. The result will probably be, as far as regards manufactures, a great diminution of profits for a year or two, as producers will not dare at once to raise their prices to the full extent the advance in coal calls for. By that time, however, the rush of labor and capital into the mining business will probably bring the price down, if not to its old level, considerably lower than at present; but in the meantime there is much suffering in store for the large body of persons who in England live on small fixed incomes. The laborers are covered by the rise in wages, which has been very great, and the producers, even in the long run, take care of their profits, but for the annuitant there is no help. The demand for a heating agent less cumbersome and cheaper than coal grows very fierce and pressing, and must surely before long produce something.

The new loan, which is to enable the Government to clear the soil of the foreign invaders, has been such a success in France that thanks have been offered up in all the churches in Paris. The loan is over $600,000,000, and is issued at about 84½ per cent., and has to be taken up by subscribers, 15 per cent. down, and the remainder in monthly instalments extending over two years. The eagerness to get it is no proof, under these circumstances, of the abundance of capital still in the hands of the French people, but it is a proof of their wonderful confidence in the good faith of the nation towards its creditors. This is one thing which no revolutions ever seem to shake; governments come and go, but none doubt that the public obligations will be met. The public debt of France has now been increased since the establishment of the Second Empire by the enormous sum of $1,850,000,000, and there is absolutely nothing to show for it, neither internal improvements, foreign conquests, nor extended influence, and, as our correspondent points out, she is now loading herself as heavily as ever with soldiers, fortresses, and arsenals.

"FALLING INTO LINE."

THE Greeley canvass, if it serves no other good purpose, at all events supplies a very rich stock of what may be called studies in "practical politics." It is particularly useful in bringing out into sharp relief the peculiar morality of the class of men who make politics the principal business of their lives, or, in other words, govern the United States. Indeed, the revelations it is making in this field are perhaps the most startling we have ever had, and they promise to furnish food for reflection to moralists and social philosophers, long after the canvass is over, so startling that we think the moralists and social philosophers cannot begin their reflections a minute too soon. It is easy to see how an honest and intelligent man could, on a calm review of the circumstances, persuade himself that it was his duty to vote for Greeley rather than Grant. Thousands of such men will undoubtedly vote for Greeley all over the country. The case is one of those perplexing ones in which there is really no principle involved, and in which the work of choosing between the persons is surrounded with all sorts of difficulties, so that it reflects no discredit on any ordinary citizen's moral condition, however much it may bring on his mental condition, that, having four months ago determined to support Grant, he should now, either in consequence of the action of the Baltimore Convention or a deeper study of the Sage's character, determine to support Greeley—and when we say ordinary citizen, we mean a member of that vast and silent mass which, in all political canvasses, goes on spinning and weaving, sowing and reaping, thinking, listening, and reading, while others talk and write. A voter may lawfully change his mind about his vote, as he may change it about anything else, without injury to his moral constitution or the loss of his self-respect.

It is in the process known to politicians as "falling into line" that they treat us to the wonderful display of contempt for decency, and for things far more important than decency, which we are now witnessing, and it is one of the deplorable peculiarities of Greeley's canvass that the "falling into line" has revealed, and is constantly revealing, this contempt on the part of large numbers of persons who are not politicians in the ordinary and bad sense of the word, and who were actually very recently engaged in an attempt to "elevate politics to a higher plane." "Falling into line" does not mean simply voting for a candidate; it means "working" for him—that is, publicly advocating his election by voice or pen. Ordinarily, a Presidential candidate is either a man of whom nothing was known till his nomination, or a man who has long been identified in aims and ideas with the party nominating him. In either case, "falling into line" is attended with no serious moral or mental difficulties. We often have to support for office men of whom we do not altogether approve; because civil government has somehow or other to be carried on, and cannot stand still until the recurrence of such a conjunction of circumstances as will bring about the election of a genuine saint.

In Greeley's canvass, however, the candidate is not only well known, but he has been nominated by two sets of persons with whose aims and ideas he has not and never has had a particle of sympathy, and there has been between his nomination by the one and his nomination by the other an interval sufficiently long to ensure a thorough discussion of his claims and character, and to draw forth an open expression of opinion about him from nearly every leading man in the country. During this interval, as well as before it, while his success in obtaining the second nomination was still doubtful, large numbers of these leading men did express, either in public or private, opinions strongly hostile to him. Some declared their belief that he was personally dishonest; others that he was politically a cheat and impostor, an enemy of the principles he was called on to represent, and, moreover, so deficient in sagacity, firmness, executive ability, and other great qualities, that his administration of the government would be a shocking farce, and a calamity to be warded off by every attainable means. Some, of whom Mr. Voorhees of Indiana is a fair specimen, openly declared, and with all the accents, gestures, and phrases which men usually employ to convince their fellow-men that they are speaking the solemn convictions of their heart, that Greeley was one of the most objectionable of public men, and that under no circumstances would they support Greeley.

Now, since Greeley's chances of election have improved, these men have not only decided to vote for him, but they have in large numbers "fallen into line," that is, begun to compose and preach views of Greeley's character and history which they themselves do not really hold; to circulate stories to his credit of which they do not believe one word; to pretend to attach great weight to considerations affecting him which they have been long familiar with and to which they really attach no weight whatever; to profess to have got new light on his opinions, although they have known all about his opinions and have studied them day by day for ten, twenty, or thirty years, and have a thousand times expressed their hearty belief that they were absurd and detestable; to affect confidence in his personal honesty, after having for years steadily defamed him as a liar and cheat; and to put on an air of great expectation as to his wisdom and capacity, after having long used him as a standing illustration of folly, imbecility, and successful imposture. We could mention names in support of all these assertions; we do not do so because it would swell the volume of vituperation already called forth by a most degrading contest; but Mr. Voorhees of Indiana has made such a public display of his shame that there is neither danger nor indelicacy in using him as an example.

It will thus be seen that "falling into line" in the Greeley canvass means, in the case of a large number of persons, neither more nor less than deliberate entrance on a course of falsehood and evasion in their very worst form—we mean that form in which they are unattended with even the appearance of shame. Ordinarily, liars and deceivers expect, with more or less confidence, that they will not be found out; but Greeley enjoys the rare distinction of being served by a band who do not care whether they are found out or not, provided they can elect their man, and who have been drawn not from the gambling-houses, taverns, and ward meetings, but in many cases from the ranks of men ostensibly engaged in an earnest effort to make politics a pursuit in which people can engage with clean hands. Best of all, these men have been groaning much over the accursed "tyranny of party," with the clank of Voorhees's chains ringing in their ears, and the poor devil himself sweeping up offal and garbage under the lash before their eyes. Now, the question we would propound to persons interested in the future of American society is, What do you think will be the effect of this performance, and, above all, of its successful performance on the minds of the rising generation? What do you think will be its effect on the national love of truth, and respect for honesty and single-mindedness, and on the purification of politics? Do you think the spectacle of a large body of what are ordinarily considered honest and respectable men, lying about Greeley, tergiversating and equivocating about Greeley, will in any material degree differ in its influence on public morals from the spectacle of their lying, equivocating, and tergiversating about pork, or cotton, or sugar? Finally, what do you think will be the condition of this community when a man's solemn declarations on Monday morning will afford no guarantee to his fellows as to his conduct on the Saturday following, and when, on being accused of perfidy and falsehood, he will laugh and tell them that they are behind the age, and that he is engaged in a "beneficent revolution"?

THE CONVERTS.

THE conversion of Mr. N. P. Banks to the Greeley cause is one of those incidents which add to the humor of a campaign already in the highest degree comic. Mr. Banks belongs to a class of politicians—and it is a tolerably large class—who, if the members married each other's daughters, would very soon produce a new type of man. They are by no means without passions—some of them are very sensual, and not a few love whiskey dearly; but they are totally devoid of hates or prejudices. One of the very first steps in their

training is the complete putting away of all personal likes or dislikes. They have no enemies except the members of the opposite party, or citizens of foreign states. They never quarrel with anybody. They occasionally, in moments of excitement, use harsh language about each other, but it is always in a Pickwickian sense. They hardly understand the phrase "bearing a grudge." You might pursue one of them almost to death, but if you forbore your pursuit before the fatal blow was struck he would embrace you warmly, and converse with you on indifferent topics. Indignation on any subject or against any person —we mean, of course, personal, not "patriotic," indignation—is to them a curious form of folly. In short, a snake or fish is not more cold-blooded; and this cold-bloodedness is, let us add, an essential condition of their success.

But their mental condition is even more curious and interesting than their moral condition. They are, perhaps, the only civilized men of the same amount of education who succeed in avoiding the formation of all opinions of their own on public questions. An ordinary man, let him take ever so little interest in politics, from the mere habit of using his mind to frame inductions in his profession or calling, cannot prevent himself from forming conclusions of one sort or other about the men or measures on which his eye falls in the political field. In other words, he *reasons* on them, whether well or ill, through mere force of habit. But the very business of the politician's life is to refrain from reasoning, and to avoid the creation of all convictions. He is occupied solely in finding out what other people are thinking, and though this, like all other investigations, involves a certain amount of inferring, nevertheless it is hardly greater than that performed by the savage in tracking an enemy or a wild animal. There are certain "signs" of change with which he is familiar—and by which he shapes his course, but they are of the simplest kind, the articles in local papers or the talk of local leaders—which he puts through no process of weighing or analysis. The consequence is that he frequently makes horrible mistakes, as Butler and Morton did about the greenbacks, and takes the stump frantically for something which he fancies the people demand, but which he finds out, after making a few speeches, the people do not demand at all. The discovery of this fact would almost kill ordinary men with shame or chagrin; but to the politician it is simply one of the natural errors of his profession, like a grocer's mistake in adding up an account. On finding it out, instead of going into retirement, he calmly takes the stump on the other side, and announces that any man who believes what he said he believed a month previously is a traitor and an imbecile.

His own mind, or what serves him as a mind, he meanwhile is careful to keep as blank as a sheet of white paper. He lets no theories of morals, religion, or government leave the slightest trace on it. On all subjects in which "the party" is not interested, he is either mute as the Sphinx, or else talks in the most delightfully vague and discursive manner. On the labor question, the woman question, the liquor question, and the tariff, and all other subjects of human interest on which it is not necessary that he should "take ground," he "expresses himself" very much like the Philadelphia platform—that is, he makes a loud noise, composed in the main of articulate sounds. On well-recognized party questions, however, his trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound. To hear him discourse on them, one would take him for a ferocious fanatic, who would go to the stake for a point of interpretation, and nothing he delights in more than a large, comprehensive "party question," about which there can be no mistake, and in which there are no pitfalls in the shape of allowances, or distinctions, or doubts. For this reason, he revelled in the slavery question and in the war after they had fairly become party questions. There was no fear of his getting out of his depth in either of them, so he danced and tumbled about in them in every direction, and shouted to all his fellow-citizens to fear nothing and to follow him.

Since these questions have been disposed of, and "the greatest criminal of the age" has retired into private life, and other questions of a more dubious and complex kind have come up, his situation has been one of great perplexity. He enjoyed the *Alabama* affair immensely as long as it consisted simply in the denunciation of England for hostility and bad faith; as soon as it became a question of law and interpretation he lost all interest in it, and gazed at it in disgusted wonder. He has listened to the discussions about the tariff and taxation much as he would listen to the debates of the Philological Convention; but, nevertheless, none of these things called for any positive course of action. The Cincinnati Convention and the growth of the Greeley movement have, however, destroyed his peace for the first time in ten years. The Republican party is apparently breaking up, and he has to choose with which section he will go. We suppose it would be impossible to overestimate the intensity of the anxiety through which Mr. Banks and his kind have been passing during the last four months. The "signs" on which they rely as to the drift of popular sentiment have all failed them, just as the Indian's "signs" would fail him on a frequented thoroughfare. There is no broad principle at stake about which the course of honest and influential men could be watched. The two antagonists are both equally to be dreaded in their way. Grant has the patronage, but Greeley has a newspaper, and which will get the better of the other the wisest man up to this moment cannot tell. Mr. Banks has waited and suffered as long as it was safe. He would doubtless have waited longer if he had not been called on to stump for Grant. Finding himself thus driven to the wall, he has declared "on which horse he stands to win," as the betting men say, and has cast in his fortunes with "Honest Horace." There are thousands like him, though of less prominence, all over the country, who are plunged in similar perplexity, and whose bread and the continuance of whose wretched trade is dependent on their not making a mistake at this juncture. We bespeak for them the magnanimity and forbearance of both candidates. They all mean to support the man most likely to win, and if they are unable to say which this is, it is because they are human.

There is a higher class of politicians than the Banks tribe, who are joining Greeley under the influence of somewhat loftier considerations, who, however, are running risks of a similar nature. They are men who have opinions, and who would like to have them embodied in legislation, but who think there is at least as good a chance of bringing this about under Greeley as Grant, and who feel satisfied that their own chances of personal recognition will be better. That is, they are disappointed with Grant, or have given up all hope of office at his hands, or have been badly treated by him, or see no chance of entering on public life favorably, as long as he and his friends remain in power, and they therefore long, as all politicians out of office long, for a "new deal"; indeed, they would support Greeley if it was only for a "new deal."

There are one or two points connected with the Greeley movement which these gentlemen have perhaps not considered, and for which we would bespeak their earnest attention. Greeley is not founding, and is not likely to found, a new party. He brings into the arena no new principle or idea. He defends no cause. He simply proclaims the personal superiority of Horace to Ulysses. The "Greeley movement," therefore, begins, and must end, with Greeley's election. His Administration, if he is elected, will, and must under the most favorable circumstances, be a period of complete political confusion. Greeley himself will be wholly occupied, not with public questions, but with the distribution of offices among the largest band of claimants by which any President has ever been assailed. He will have to satisfy the prominent Southerners, prominent Democrats, and prominent Liberal Republicans; or, in other words, he will have more "prominent supporters" to satisfy than any of his predecessors. How he will succeed may be inferred from the fact that while he will have no more offices to bestow than any one who has gone before him, he has probably less tact, a worse temper, less firmness, and less skill in dealing with men. His last and most important appearance in official position—his service in the late Constitutional Convention—was not only a failure; it was a ludicrous fail-

ure. What kind of a figure he will cut in the second year of his Presidential term, anybody can guess. We think it not at all unlikely that he might in the first gush of enthusiasm, after his election, and before "the politicians" had time to collect in Washington and make up their "slates," appoint a good cabinet, as Grant did; but there is hardly a doubt that it would be broken up by "outside pressure" far sooner than Grant's was, for Grant had a reputation to help him in resisting pressure to which Greeley can make no claim. There is probably not a single man among Greeley's Democratic and Southern supporters who does not secretly despise and laugh at him.

His Administration would, therefore, almost to a certainty be a period of disorder, if not worse, which would leave politics in much the same condition in which they are now. That is, the parties of the future would still have to be formed, and the ideas on which they will be based would still have to be produced and defined; and one runs no risk in predicting that the "reformers," and men professing devotion to principles, who now throw them aside to follow into the White House an eccentric old man who has been all his life the foe of all that they profess to hold dearest, would find considerable difficulty in persuading the honest men, of whom the main body of all new parties must after all be composed, that they are again to be trusted.

A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

III.—NORTH DEVON.

FOR those fanciful observers to whom broad England means chiefly the perfection of the rural picturesque, Devonshire means the perfection of England. I, at least, had so complacently taken it for granted that all the characteristic graces of English scenery are here to be found in especial exuberance that before we fairly crossed the borders I had begun to look impatiently from the carriage window for the veritable landscape in water-colors. Devonshire meets you promptly in all its purity. In the course of ten minutes you have been able to glance down the green vista of a dozen Devonshire lanes. On huge embankments of moss and turf, smothered in wild-flowers and embroidered with the finest lace-work of trailing groundivy, rise solid walls of flowering thorn and glistening holly and golden broom, and more strong, homely shrubs than I can name, and toss their blooming tangle to a sky which seems to look down between them in places from but a dozen inches of blue. They are overstrewn with lovely little flowers with names as delicate as their petals of gold and silver and azure—bird's-eye and ring's-finger and wandering-sailor—and their soil, a superb dark red, turns in spots so nearly to crimson that you almost fancy it some fantastic compound purchased at the chemist's and scattered there for ornament. The mingled reflection of this rich-hued earth and the dim green light which filters through the hedge, forms an effect to challenge the skill of the most accomplished water-colorist. A Devonshire cottage is no less striking a local "institution." Crushed beneath its burden of thatch, coated with a rough white stucco, of a tone to delight a painter, nestling in deep foliage, and garnished at doorstep and wayside with various forms of chubby infancy, it seems to have been stationed there for no more obvious purpose than to keep a promise to your fancy, though it covers, I suppose, not a little of the sordid misery which the fancy loves to forget. I rolled past lanes and cottages to Exeter, where I found a cathedral. When one has fairly tasted of the pleasure of cathedral-hunting, the approach to each new shrine gives a peculiarly agreeable zest to one's curiosity. You are making a collection of great impressions, and I think the process is in no case so delightful as applied to cathedrals. Going from one fine picture to another is certainly good, but the fine pictures of the world are terribly numerous, and they have a troublesome way of crowding and jostling each other in the memory. The number of cathedrals is small, and the mass and presence of each specimen is great, so that, as they rise in the mind in individual majesty, they dwarf all common impressions. They form, indeed, but a gallery of vaster pictures; for, when time has dulled the recollection of details, you retain a single broad image of the vast gray edifice, with its towers, its tone of color, and its still, green precinct. All this is especially true, perhaps, of one's memory of English cathedrals, which are almost alone in possessing, as pictures, the setting of a spacious and harmonious Close. The Cathedral stands supreme, but the Close makes the *scene*. Exeter is not one of the grandest, but, in common with great and small, it has certain points on which local learning expatiates with peculiar pride. Exeter, indeed, does itself injustice by a low, dark front, which not only diminishes the apparent altitude of the nave, but conceals, as you look eastward, two noble Norman towers. The front, however, which has a gloomy picturesqueness, is redeemed by two fine features: a magnificent rose-window, whose vast stone ribs (enclosing some very pallid last-century glass) are disposed with the most charming intricacy; and a long sculptured screen—a sort of stony band of images—which traverses the façade from side to side. The little broken-visaged effigies of saints and kings and bishops niched in tiers along this hoary wall are prodigiously black and quaint and primitive in expression, and as you look at them with whatever contemplative tenderness your trade of hard-working tourist may have left at your disposal, you fancy that somehow they are consciously historical—sensitive victims of time; that they feel the loss of their noses, their toes, and their crowns; and that, when the long June twilight turns at last to a deeper gray, and the quiet of the Close to a deeper stillness, they begin to peer sidewise out of their narrow recesses, and to converse in some strange form of early English, as rigid, yet as candid, as their features and postures, moaning, like a company of ancient paupers round a hospital fire, over their aches and infirmities and losses, and the sadness of being so terribly old. The vast square transeptal towers of the church seem to me to have the same sort of *personal* melancholy. Nothing in all architecture expresses better, to my imagination, the sadness of survival, the resignation of dogged material continuance, than a broad expanse of Norman stonework, roughly adorned with its low relief of short columns, and round arches, and almost barbarous hatchet-work, and lifted high into that mild English light which accords so well with its dull-gray surface. The especial secret of the impressiveness of such a Norman tower I cannot pretend to have discovered; it lies largely in the look of having been proudly and sturdily built—as if the masons had been urged by a trumpet-blast, and the stones squared by a battle-axe—contrasted with this mere idleness of antiquity and passive lapse into quaintness. A Greek temple preserves a kind of fresh immortality in its concentrated refinement, and a Gothic cathedral in its adventurous exuberance; but a Norman tower stands up like some simple strong man in his might, bending a melancholy brow upon an age which demands that strength shall be cunning.

The North Devon coast, whither it was my design on coming to Exeter to proceed, has the primary merit of being, as yet, virgin soil as to railways. I went accordingly from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe on the top of a coach, in the fashion of elder days; and, thanks to my position, I managed to enjoy the landscape in spite of the two worthy Englishmen before me who were reading aloud together, with a natural glee which might have passed for fiendish malice, the *Daily Telegraph's* painfully vivid account of the defeat of the *Atalanta* crew. It seemed to me, I remember, a sort of pledge and token of the invincibility of English muscle that a newspaper record of its prowess should have power to divert my companions' eyes from the bosky flanks of Devonshire combes. The little watering-place of Ilfracombe is seated at the lower verge of one of the seaward-plunging valleys, between a couple of magnificent headlands which hold it in a hollow slope and offer it securely to the caress of the Bristol Channel. It is a very finished little specimen of its genus, and I think that during my short stay there, I expended as much attention on its manners and customs and its social physiognomy as on its cliffs and beach and great coast-view. My chief conclusion, perhaps, from all these things, was that the terrible summer question which works annual anguish in so many American households would be vastly simplified if we had a few Ilfracombes scattered along our Atlantic coast; and furthermore, that the English are masters of the art of uniting the picturesque with the comfortable—in such proportions, at least, as may claim the applause of a race whose success has as yet been confined to an ingenious combination of their opposites. It is just possible that at Ilfracombe the comfortable weighs down the scale; so very substantial is it, so very officious and business-like. On the left of the town (to give an example), one of the great cliffs I have mentioned rises in a couple of massive peaks, and presents to the sea an almost vertical face, all veiled in tufts of golden brown and mighty fern. You have not walked fifty yards away from the hotel before you encounter half a dozen little sign-boards, directing your steps to a path up the cliff. You follow their indications, and you arrive at a little gate-house, with photographs and various local gimcracks exposed for sale. A most respectable person appears, demands a penny, and, on receiving it, admits you with great civility to commune with nature. You detect, however, various little influences hostile to perfect communion. You are greeted by another signboard threatening legal pursuit if you attempt to evade the payment of the sacramental penny. The path, winding in a hundred ramifications over the cliff, is fastidiously solid and neat, and furnished at intervals of a dozen yards with excellent benches, inscribed by knife and pencil with the names of such visitors as do not happen to have been the elderly maiden ladies who now chiefly occupy them. All this is prosaic, and you have to subtract it in a lump from the total impressions before the sense of pure nature

becomes distinct. Your subtraction made, a great deal assuredly remains; quite enough, I found, to give me an ample day's entertainment, for English scenery, like everything else that England produces, is of a quality that wears well. The cliffs are superb, the play of light and shade upon them a perpetual study, and the air a delicious mixture of the mountain-breeze and the sea-breeze. I was very glad at the end of my climb to have a good bench to sit upon—as one must think twice in England before measuring one's length on the grassy earth; and to be able, thanks to the smooth foot-path, to get back to the hotel in a quarter of an hour. But it occurred to me that if I were an Englishman of the period, and, after ten months of a busy London life, my fancy were turning to a holiday, to rest, and change, and oblivion of the ponderous social burden, it might find rather less inspiration than needful in a vision of the little paths of Ilfracombe, of the sign-boards and the penny-fee and the solitude tempered by old ladies and sheep. I wondered whether change perfect enough to be salutary does not imply something more pathless, more idle, more unreclaimed from that deep-bosomed Nature to which the overwrought mind reverts with passionate longing; something in short which is attainable at a moderate distance from New York and Boston. I must add that I cannot find in my heart to object, even on grounds the most æsthetic, to the very beautiful and excellent hotel at Ilfracombe, where such of my readers as are perchance actually wrestling with the summer-question may be interested to learn that one may live *en pension*, very well indeed, at a cost of ten shillings a day. I have paid very much more at some of our more modest summer resorts for very much less. I made the acquaintance at this establishment of that somewhat anomalous institution, the British *table d'hôte*, but I confess that, faithful to the duty of a sentimental tourist, I have retained a more vivid impression of the talk and the faces than of our *entrées* and *relevés*. I noticed here what I have often noticed before (the fact perhaps has never been duly recognized), that no people profit so eagerly as the English by the suspension of a common social law. A *table d'hôte*, being something abnormal and experimental, as it were, it produced, apparently, a complete reversal of the national characteristics. Conversation was universal—uproarious, almost; and I have met no vivacious Latin more confidential than a certain neighbor of mine; no speculative Yankee more inquisitive.

These are meagre memories, however, compared with those which cluster about that enchanting spot which is known in vulgar prose as Lynton. I am afraid I should seem an even more sentimental tourist than I pretend to be if I were to declare how vulgar all prose appears to me applied to Lynton with descriptive intent. The little village is perched on the side of one of the great mountain cliffs with which this whole coast is adorned, and on the edge of a lovely gorge through which a broad hill-torrent foams and tumbles from the great moors whose heather-crested waves rise purple along the inland sky. Below it, close beside the beach, where the little torrent meets the sea, is the sister village of Lynmouth. Here—as I stood on the bridge that spans the stream and looked at the strong backs and foundations and overclambering garden verdure of certain little gray old houses which plunge their feet into it, and then up at the tender green of scrub-oak and ferns and the flaming yellow of golden broom climbing the sides of the hills, and leaving them bare-crowned to the sun, like miniature mountains—I could have fancied the British Channel as blue as the Mediterranean and the village about me one of the hundred hamlets of the Riviera. The little *Castle* hotel at Lynton is a spot so consecrated to delicious repose—to sitting with a book in the terrace garden among blooming plants of aristocratic magnitude and rarity, and watching the finest piece of color in all nature—the glowing red and green of the great cliffs beyond the little harbor-mouth, as they shift and change and melt the livelong day, from shade to shade and ineffable tone to tone—that I feel as if in helping it to publicity I were doing it rather a disfavor than a service. It is in fact a very charming little abiding-place, and I have never known one where purchased hospitality wore a more disinterested smile. Lynton is of course a capital centre for excursions, but two or three of which I had time to make. None is more beautiful than a simple walk along the running face of the cliffs to a singular rocky eminence where curious abutments and pinnacles of stone have caused it to be named the "Castle." It has a fantastic resemblance to some hoary feudal ruin, with crumbling towers and gaping chambers, tenanted by wild sea-birds. The late afternoon light had a way, while I was at Lynton, of lingering on until within a couple of hours of midnight, and I remember among the charmed moments of English travel none of a more vividly poetical tinge than a couple of evenings spent on the summit of this all but legendary pile, in company with the slow-coming darkness, and the short, sharp cry of the sea-mews. There are places whose very aspect is a story. This jagged and pinnacled crust-wall, with the rock-strewn valley behind it, into the shadow of one of whose boulders, in the foreground, the glance wandered in search of the lurking signature of Gustave Doré, belonged certainly, if not to history, to legend. As I sat watching the sullen calmness of the unbroken tide at the dreadful base of the cliffs (where they divide into low sea-caves, making pillars and pedestals for the fantastic imagery of their summits), I kept for ever repeating, as if they contained a spell, half a dozen words from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King":

"On wild Tintagil, by the Cornish Sea."

False as they were to the scene geographically, they seemed somehow to express its essence; and, at any rate, I leave it to any one who has lingered there with the lingering twilight to say whether you can respond to the almost mystical picturesqueness of the place better than by spouting some sonorous line from an English poet.

The last stage in my visit to North Devon was the long drive along the beautiful remnant of coast and through the rich pastoral scenery of Somerset. The whole broad spectacle that one dreams of viewing in a foreign land, to the homely music of a post-boy's whip, I saw on this admirable drive—breezy highlands clad in the warm blue-brown of heather-tufts, as if in mantles of rusty velvet, little bays and coves curving gently to the doors of clustered fishing-huts, deep pastures and broad forests, villages thatched and trellised as if to take a prize for local color, manor-tops peeping over rook-haunted avenues. I ought to make especial note of an hour I spent at mid-day at the little village of Porlock, in Somerset. Here the thatch seemed steeper and heavier, the yellow roses on the cottage walls more cunningly mated with the crumbling stucco, the dark interiors within the open doors more quaintly pictorial, than elsewhere; and as I loitered, while the horses rested, in the little cool old timber-steepled, yew-shaded church, betwixt the grim-seated manorial pew and the battered tomb of a crusading knight and his lady, and listened to the simple prattle of a blue-eyed old sexton, who showed me where, as a boy, in scantier corduroys, he had scratched his name on the recumbent lady's breast, it seemed to me that this at last was old England indeed, and that in a moment more I should see Sir Roger de Coverley marching up the aisle; for certainly, to give a proper account of it all, I should need nothing less than the pen of Mr. Addison.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF THIERS.

PARIS, July 19, 1872.

THE session of the French Chamber is coming to an end, and it will not be inopportune to sum up its results, in a diplomatic, in a military, in a financial, and in a political sense. A final convention has been signed with Germany, and it can hardly be called satisfactory. The Treaty of Frankfort assured the complete liberation of the French soil on the 1st of May, 1874, on the payment of a ransom of five milliards. Two milliards have been paid, and in a few days a new loan will be issued for three milliards. This loan will undoubtedly be covered, as the credit of France is still good, and its resources have shown an extraordinary amount of elasticity. But the conversion of three milliards in paper-money into gold, and the payment of this vast sum of gold at Berlin, are operations which require time; the monetary markets of the whole world would suffer too great a perturbation if such an enormous sum in specie were suddenly withdrawn from one place to another. The Government of France, instructed by the experience of the last year, has been obliged to ask for a delay of one year. It has reserved its privilege of anticipating its payments; but I have good reason to think that it will not be able to make use of this liberty; practically, the French territory will be occupied one year more than was stipulated in the Treaty of Frankfort; and Germany, in return for the delay which she has conceded to us, has exacted some new conditions, such as the neutralization of all the departments successively liberated, and the permission to keep an army of occupation of 50,000 men till the very last day, maintained, of course, by France. I am therefore obliged to consider the new treaty as an aggravation of the Treaty of Frankfort. After eighteen months, the diplomatic position of France does not seem to be as good as in the days of the Commune. Germany will keep Belfort, which is the key of Alsace, a year longer than we then hoped. The French have unfortunately a sort of Chinese wall around their minds, and will never be brought to examine what foreigners think of their affairs. But on this occasion it was hardly possible to be blind to the fact that Germany felt now more stringent, more inimical than on the day after the war, and that Europe had not tried to make an appeal to the generosity of our conquerors.

What can be the reason for this? Is it simply because the world applauds the strong and has no compasssion for the weak? Is it because the European monarchies cannot see with much satisfaction that France is still a republic, at least in name? I think not. The true reason of the coldness of Europe and of the severity of Germany must be looked for in our financial and military policy. If M. Thiers

had simply kept a nucleus of an army, let us say, 100,000 men; if the regiments, the cadres formed by Gambetta, had been broken to pieces; if the President had shown a serious desire to adopt a pacific policy, the circumstances would be different. The Chamber, during its laborious session, has voted a new military law; it was its object to adopt the Prussian system, founded on a short term of service, so as to have a small army in peace, a large army in war. M. Thiers, who is very hostile to the Prussian system, wished to have an army of old soldiers, and to have it as large as possible. The system adopted is a sort of bastard plan; the population will be divided into five-years soldiers and six-months soldiers. This is not the place to discuss its merits from a military point of view. I will only say here that it will give to the Government an army of 400,000 men on the peace footing, which involves an enormous expense. In the budget of 1872, I find that M. Thiers's army will cost the country 100,000,000 francs more than the army of Napoleon III., with its expensive Imperial Guard. Germany and Europe had no right to interfere in this work of reorganization of the French army; but, surely, M. de Moltke knows better than anybody that M. Thiers has now 150 regiments of infantry, 30 regiments of artillery, and 80 regiments of cavalry; and that his intention, often expressed in the Chamber, is never to have in his infantry regiments less than 2,000 men. For a peace establishment, this is assuredly the most gigantic that can be imagined.

As it involves great expense, and as the war and the ransom to Germany add new burdens to the country, M. Thiers had to shape his financial policy not in the direction of retrenchment and economy, but in the direction of extravagance. After the war *à outrance*, we have had taxation *à outrance*. At first, M. Thiers promised 120,000,000 of economies and asked for 420,000,000 of new taxes. This last number was swollen in several successive speeches to 500,000,000, 600,000,000, and it has now attained 700,000,000. M. Thiers has always been a protectionist, and the tax he most cherished was a tax on all raw materials, that is, on all the elements of industry. The Chamber, more imbued with sound principles of political economy, voted in January against this tax, and on this occasion M. Thiers threatened to retire. Since then, every possible tax has been tried and discussed; means have been found to put the budget of 1871 and the budget of 1872 in equilibrium, but still M. Thiers wants more money, He attacked bitterly (and it is always easy to attack a tax) all the taxes proposed by the Commission of the Budget. Now, at this late period of the session, he says he must have not only an equilibrium, but a surplus; he contests the calculations of the Commission, and he again asks the Chamber to vote the tax on raw materials. Since January last, the position of parties has been reversed; the Left is now Ministerial. As M. Thiers has gone further and further from the "pact of Bordeaux," and shown more and more determination to favor the republican solution of our political crisis, the Republicans have rallied more and more round him. They all voted in January against the tax on raw materials; now it is very probable that they will vote for it. They sacrifice their principles to a higher object; in order to save the republican form of government, they are ready to make every sacrifice to M. Thiers.

But this financial question, besides its domestic importance, has an importance abroad. The protective policy has induced M. Thiers to give notice of terminating our commercial treaty with England; and it is certain now that we shall do the same by all our commercial treaties one after the other. M. Thiers intends to reconquer what he calls the fiscal liberty of France. But will not this policy isolate France more completely in Europe? England, Belgium, Switzerland, will lose much by the adoption of a protective policy in France. Germany will do its best to draw within the sphere of its own attraction these small powers, Belgium and Switzerland, who were becoming under a free-trade policy more and more tied to our interests. The United States adopted a high protective policy at the end of a glorious war, in order to pay the interest on the national debt and to make a sinking fund. But your Republic is the undisputed master of a continent. It has enormous resources, mineral and others, to develop, and it has nothing to fear from any neighbor. And, notwithstanding these exceptional advantages, America will certainly by degrees lower its tariff, and return to a free-trade policy. The case of France is different. France is vanquished; France must consider her neighbors; France cannot afford to remain insensible to the feelings and interests of England, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. M. Thiers has, in my opinion, committed a fault of the first magnitude in going back to a protective policy, especially as he cannot plead the excuse of an immediate necessity, and as the commercial and industrial classes were ready to bear all the burdens which could be placed on them. To sum up my opinion, the military system of M. Thiers on one side, and his commercial policy on the other, have isolated France in Europe, and have rendered her position even more difficult than it was some time ago.

But, will you say, why did not the Chamber, which was imbued in its majority with sounder ideas, force them on the President? I will answer in one word: because we have not, under the name of a republic, a real republic. There is no constitution, therefore there is no higher law, which defines the powers of the executive and of the legislative power, no buffer between these two forces. M. Thiers is the chosen delegate of a sovereign house; but he does not live apart, like a constitutional king or a president. He has no responsible cabinet, and he is alone responsible. There is no real sanction to his responsibility, like the re-election and the various checks offered by the American Constitution to the excesses of the executive. His tenure of office has no limit, except the self-dissolution of the Chamber. The sovereign or pseudo-sovereign Assembly can only get rid of him by killing itself, and it dares not dissolve, because the state of the country is not sufficiently reassuring. What are the consequences of this anomalous state of things? M. Thiers comes to the Chamber, and talks and struggles. Day after day he mounts the tribune. I have heard him make three speeches in one sitting. What sort of resistance can be made to him? If there is an adverse vote, he immediately threatens to resign. He did resign once or twice, and the Chamber had to ask him humbly to remain. But, it may be asked, is M. Thiers a necessary man? I am afraid to say yes; not because he is necessary, but because he is thought necessary. He has treated with Germany, he has conquered the Commune; but this might be forgotten. His chief utility is this: so long as he is where he is, the question of monarchy *versus* republic remains in suspense. If a man is learning to swim, he will only feel comfortable where he knows that the water is not too deep; one foot further he knows he may be drowned. M. Thiers keeps monarchy and republic both above water, and though he abuses often and ill-treats every party, he never brings them where some of them are sure to be drowned. It is a curious phenomenon in history. Here is a man who, at the age of seventy-five years, is the only possible ruler of a great country which calls itself a republic. We are living from day to day. Everybody knows that when he disappears there will be something more than a parliamentary dispute.

It is very strange for those who have studied the true character of republican institutions that during this feverish agitation nobody seems to care to know what the French people want. Everybody talks of Thiers, and MacMahon, and the Duc d'Aumale. But where is the French people—the people who will pay these enormous taxes, who will give their sons for this new tremendous army? The people have no voice. The press is the instrument of personal ambitions; it does not look, like the great papers of England and of America, for public opinion. There are millions of honest men in France who are only waiting for the establishment of a definitive government to give it their allegiance. But they are unable to make this government themselves, and their representatives have confided the exercise of their own authority to an old statesman who has no monarchical or republican principles, and who only believes in himself.

THE HUGUENOTS IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, July 16.

I WITNESSED the other day a celebration, which passed off nearly unnoticed by the public of this city, but which in more than one respect deserves the attention not only of the whole Prussian people, but also of your nation. On the 10th of June it was, two hundred years since and under the auspices of the great Elector, Frederick William, that Count Louis Beauvau d'Espenses succeeded in celebrating at Berlin the first French Protestant service, for the benefit of the Huguenots who by the cruel measures of Louis XIV. were driven from their country. The second centenary return of this remarkable day was celebrated with solemn rites by the French Protestant congregation of this city. In the course of years, especially after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (April, 1685), which the great Elector answered with the Edict of Potsdam (October, 1685), inviting all Huguenots to his dominions, and securing to them protection of person as well as liberty of conscience, these first French emigrants were followed by thousands and hundreds of thousands of their brethren. Large numbers of them fled to the Netherlands or to England, and thence, or directly, to your country; but the greater part went to Germany, and about 300,000 of these settled in Brandenburg—*i.e.*, in Prussia. Here Berlin soon became their central place of residence. The electors, and later the kings, found it for their interest to attract and protect this French immigration in every possible way. They endowed it with the most liberal rights and privileges. The French colonists, as they were called, had their separate jurisdiction, their separate schools and churches. The property given to them by the government in Berlin alone, is now worth more than a million of thalers. The descendants of the Huguenots have still their college (gymnasium), where, up to the present day, the instruction in all its branches in French is obligatory; and I may say in passing that a poor enough French it is, as the teachers now are all good Berliners or Northern Germans. Of the churches of Berlin, one of

the finest, the northern one on the Gensdarmen-Markt, belongs to them. Here the sermons are not any longer delivered in the obligatory French, for the sole reason that the language has not been practised enough by the present generation.

This far-sighted policy of the Prussian rulers has been amply rewarded by the French immigrants. The new element entered into the body of the Prussian people, which had been exhausted and impoverished by long and cruel wars, like an infusion of new blood. Wherever it came, it created new life out of ruin and destruction, revived manufactures, trade, and commerce, and brought higher ideas and nobler aspirations into the intellectual life of the Germans. For these Huguenots were not only richer and more expert than their German contemporaries, but—applying a much misused term of our day—they marched at the head of civilization. To convey to you an idea of their ready means and wealth, I give you an instance, which I found in the English Parliamentary Debates. In London the French Huguenots had deposited one million of pounds sterling in the Bank of England. In order to keep the money in the country, and to attract even more capital, the English Parliament, in 1709, passed an act for the naturalization of foreigners, who, by the charter of the Bank, had thus far been prohibited from making deposits in the same. The preamble of this bill states the above fact.*

The intellectual and moral power of these immigrants, however, was of even more consequence. On the Rhine, in Magdeburg, and in the Mark Brandenburg, their skilful weavers laid the foundation of the present greatness of our silk, velvet, and cloth manufactories. The superior skill of their tanners and paper-makers gave a new impulse to improvement in these trades. Their artisans, with a developed and cultivated taste, created a superior workmanship, and that artistic fineness for which Berlin especially is justly renowned. Their high moral tone—not to speak of their more refined manners and habits—and their elevation of mind, formed and matured in their sufferings for an idea, exercised an ennobling influence on the comparatively ruder minds of the Germans, who, just emerging from poverty and prostration, were striving for higher ideas and a more civilized enjoyment of life.

The Prussian army, then just being created, gained some of its best superior officers from the French Huguenots. In consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, six hundred French officers resigned at once, a great number of whom applied for and obtained admission in Brandenburg. Their cultured manners, their high sense of honor, and their practical experience in war, made them a very valuable and beneficial acquisition. Names like those of Marshal Forcade de Biaix, Generals de la Motte Fouquet, Du Trossel, De Hautcharmoix, De Béville, Des Granges, De Chaumontet, and De l'Estocq, shine on the brightest pages of Prussian military history. Louis XIV., who pillaged and sacked the finest parts of Southwestern Germany, and who, to satisfy the lust of his priests and mistresses, made a desert of the rich and lovely Palatinate, involuntarily atoned for his sins by driving the best and most industrious part of his people into foreign exile, thus developing the resources and the slumbering abilities of his most bitter foes.

These reminiscences came to me while contemplating the insignificant and even stupid countenances of the clergy who had been invited to take part in the celebration of the day. I will not tire you by giving the details of the proceedings, which were of a rather commonplace character. Instead of following the dull sermon of the preacher, let me point out here those incidents in the history of the Huguenot emigration which have a similarity to the character and relations of European immigration into the United States. While other sciences have been furthered by a comparative study in their bearing upon each other and upon the human intellect, the history of emigration has been most sadly neglected in this respect.

I can only wonder why the thought never occurred to some young American historian to study ancient emigration, and that of the Middle Ages, and to compare it with the emigration to his own country, thereby setting the vast influence which it has exerted, and is still exerting, on the development of the American national character and history, in its proper light.

The history of the Huguenot emigration is very instructive to the American reader, as it develops the particular phases which also characterize the present European immigration into the United States. There are three periods in the history of the former. In the first of them (1685–1715) the religious interests gradually draw back, making room for the national differences; in the second (1715–1760) France loses her intellectual hold on the emigrants, as she had lost it bodily long before; while in the third (1760–1815) the Huguenots amalgamate themselves with their new country, and become Germans in heart and sentiment.

In the beginning the Huguenots believed that their stay in Germany would only be temporary. Homeward they looked for their friends and relatives, for the more genial climate and kinder associations, for all which a German who knows the political and social condition of his country at that time will be the last to blame them. In Berlin they did not build a church for fear of being retained by it when the hour of return should be at hand. In October, 1696, a commission was formed for going back to France—but in vain. Louis XIV., in the Ryswick peace, refused to grant his "disobedient" subjects the permission to return home, though the Protestant powers—England, Holland, Sweden, and Brandenburg—had joined them in the request. But, nevertheless, they did not give up the hope of a favorable change. They now waited for the death of their cruel oppressor, and continued to live in the faith of their fathers, separate from their German fellow-citizens, considering these their inferiors in every respect. Louis, however, did not die before 1715. The good French patriots, in the meantime, grew tired of waiting, settled in business or married, and finally gave up all hope and wish of return.

They now became very active and useful members of the German communities in which they lived. Forming a separate organization, and retaining their language and customs, their religious interests no longer stood in the foreground, as they could worship just as they pleased. They intermarried with Germans, entered the military and civil service of Prussia, and made themselves useful in all branches of industry, science, and art. The German who married into the "colony" derived a great many advantages from his connection with it; he became, so to say, a shareholder in its property, and obtained through his wife substantial benefits for the education of his children. For this, if for no other reason, the French girls were much courted and sought after.

During this second period, the Germanization of French names increased. Thus Le Clerc was changed into Klerike, Hennequin into Hennike, La Croix into Kreuz, Poirier into Birnbaum, Dupré into Wiese, D'Ange into Engels, Laforge into Schmidt, Hareng into Häring ("Willibald Alexis," the well-known novelist, whose real name was Häring, belonged to this family), Boutemont into Buttmann (the celebrated philologist's family), Belier into Widder. In a smaller proportion we find German names Gallicized, evidently by the Huguenots, who spelt them according to their pronunciation; thus Chenin for Schöning, Stosse for Stosch, Chendalar for Schönthaler. Of all the French colonists in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, from 1685 to 1725, out of a hundred only two or three names have a German form; from 1725 to 1730, already twenty; and from 1750 to 1800, not less than thirty. Of the one hundred and eighty-four Huguenot names which, between 1686 and 1700, are mentioned in the records of the French church of that town, only twenty-five remained between 1725 and 1730, ten between 1750 and 1800, and only three in 1853—so entirely were they gradually converted into German.

These translations are more sensible and more correct than those which are daily made by the Germans of the United States. Not to speak of the many young Jewish clerks who make out of their common German family name of Löwenstein an aristocratic American *Livingston*, or out of an ordinary Schönberger a more dignified *Belmont*, I will give you a ridiculous example, which I found, if I am not mistaken, in Mr. Friedrich Kapp's "History of German Immigration into the United States." A German farmer by the name of Feuerstein arrived in the last century in Pennsylvania. When settled, his American neighbors told him that his name was too German, and that he ought to translate it into good English, whereupon he called himself Flint. A few years later, Flint moved westward, and settled among Germans, who, in their innocence of the English language, took the English word Flint for the German word Flinte, and thereupon advised him to change it into its supposed corresponding English meaning. Flint, learning that Flinte was synonymous with fowling-piece, musket, gun, now adopted Musket as his family name. Feuerstein-Flint-Flinte-Musket, in the course of years, emigrated into another county, where his neighbors, struck with his extraordinary name, prevailed upon him to alter it into *Gun*. Although having gone through a fourfold metamorphosis, Gun's son did not stop here. Not liking the last name of his father, and taking it for a corrupted John, he transformed it into Johnson. This man is said to have been the father of Andy Johnson. Whether this genealogy of the Ex-President is a correct one must, of course, be left to the higher criticism of the American historians.

To resume the subject, it took the French immigrants more than a century to become Germans fully. The fault lay less in them than with the Germans, who but too often treated their new fellow-citizens with narrow-mindedness, jealousy, and envy. They only unwillingly acknowledged the superiority of the French in arts, manufacture, and commerce. In Prussia the emigrants were much better off than in other parts of Germany. The so-called free imperial cities, which ought to have done everything in their power to attract

* This short-lived act naturalized all foreign Protestants who chose to reside in England. It was repealed in 1711 in consequence of the clamor of the Londoners.—Ed. Nation.

the thrifty emigrants and to strengthen themselves by the accession, met them with the utmost rigor and even meanness. In Hamburg they obtained only in 1761 and in Frankfort-on-Main only in 1788 the free government of their church. In the latter city especially, a Know-Nothingism manifested itself which had its origin in the lowest possible greed, grudging them their livelihood. The Frankfort burghers apprehended that they would be outdone by the Huguenots in the pursuit of their trade, and concealed their shabby economical fears behind those religious scruples which were prevalent at that time among the followers of Luther and Calvin.

It must be said, to the great praise of the Huguenots, that their descendants in the wars against the French and Napoleon were the most enthusiastic German patriots, and that without a single exception, in 1813 and 1815, they took up arms to drive out the French invaders. Since 1815, they are Prussians heart and soul, and only here and there are we reminded by a public institution, or a French name or a celebration like the present one, that we once had a large French "colony" amongst us. It is the old law which has taken place in this instance too, a comparatively small number, the *disjecta membra* of a great nation, must dissolve and amalgamate themselves with the other great nation in which they settle. Thus the German, English, and Irish immigrants into the United States will, as the Huguenots gradually grew good Germans, also in the course of one generation or two lose their national individualities and become each a homogeneous part of the American people. All plans of establishing a German, Irish, or English State within the territory of the Union, or of retaining another language than the English, must fail; they are beforehand doomed to defeat; and those who now entertain such ideas will in a few years be the best and most earnest citizens of the Great Republic. RUECKWANDERER.

Correspondence.

THE BUTLER DINNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose that you, as well as the rest of mankind, are quite unconcerned as to who presided at that "Butler dinner," so long as it was not Horace Greeley. But, as my name has been given in the *Nation* and elsewhere as the president of an "occasion" which has again been made the subject of some newspaper gabble, will you allow me, while not proposing to apologize to anybody, or feeling the slightest twinge of conscience about the matter, to say a few words?

An invitation was received to attend the dinner to Mr. Butler, who, it appeared, was about to leave the country as Consul-General to Egypt, by Grant's appointment. The invitation came from a gentleman who is, I believe, generally recognized as virtuous and respectable, who was never, so far as I know, accused of breaking any of the commandments or laws, and whom I had known as a learned and lively writer. With Butler himself I was entirely unacquainted, never having seen him, and knowing nothing of him except that he had received an important official appointment.

On reaching the place at the appointed time, I found a company of what are called "distinguished individuals"—representatives of the bench and bar, Wall-Street men and bankers, editors and writers from nearly all the newspaper offices in the city.* You have quoted from the *Tribune* the names of a few of them; but, besides these, there were many who, I believe, pass for decent and solid men. Presently "the master of ceremonies" told me that Mr. Greeley, who had been asked to preside, could not attend, and that I must take his place.

Now, these being the circumstances, was the present editor who took part in the affair guilty of anything? Undoubtedly there are circumstances in which one should be held responsible for the character, conduct, and antecedents of those with whom he sits at table, as host or guest. Look, then, at a few experiences.

A short time before the Butler dinner I attended a public banquet at Delmonico's to Charles Dickens, at which Horace Greeley presided, and at which I found the editor of the *Nation* and many other of my editorial *confrères*. Did we, by our presence, endorse the personal or marital virtue of Dickens, or the morality or elevating influence of his works?

About the same time I attended a public dinner to a Democratic senator, from whom I differed in political views. Did I, or did Mr. Bryant and the other Republicans there, endorse by our presence Senator Casserly's politics? Certainly not in the after-dinner speeches.

About the same time I attended a public dinner to a military general for whose genius and career I had not the most exalted admiration. Did I compromise myself?

* As for two of the respectable men among these gentlemen, those connected with the *World*, they have since stated that they were not present.—ED. NATION.

In short, may not an editor or other person be often called on to take part in affairs at which he will meet all sorts of people? Could not one attend a dinner to Pericles without justifying his private life, or to Dante without accepting his religious ideas, or to Jean Paul without admiring his style, or to Captain Nolan without approving the cavalry charge into the mouth of hell which Tennyson once supposed he had made? Couldn't you accept an invitation from the Pope without being a Catholic or send one to Metternich without being an absolutist? I would not attend a fête in honor of Caligula, because I believe he was a bad man; nor in honor of George Francis Train, because I consider him a quack.

I wish I could make this note shorter; but, in closing, I must relieve the *Times* from an imputation of the *Tribune*. Before the affair in question, my editorial connection with the *Times* had been dissolved, so that it was in nowise responsible for my presence in the place previously assigned to Mr. Greeley. JOHN SWINTON.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1872.

[As a general rule, it is no concern of ours where or with whom Mr. Swinton, Mr. Greeley, or anybody else dines. But we maintain that if any person takes part in a dinner given to celebrate the entrance of a notorious rascal into the civil service, or promises or agrees to take part in it, and is only prevented from doing so by circumstances in no way relating to the rascal's character, and if he makes, or causes, or permits to be made, in his newspaper, public proclamation of his regret at not having been present, and of his admiration of the rascal and kindly feeling towards him, that person is, *ipso facto*, estopped from abusing the President for making the appointment, and likewise for failing to cancel it. Moreover, if any gentleman offers himself as a Reform candidate for the Presidency, and asks people to take his word for it that he will put none but honest men in office, and will purify the Administration of the Government, and resist the bad influences to which all Presidents for thirty years have had to succumb, we hold that the company this gentleman keeps, the kind of persons he helps to fête and recommends for office, form a legitimate subject of enquiry, as lending aid in forming a judgment as to the value of his promises. Mr. Swinton not having done any of these things to our knowledge, and having received no nomination for either the first or second place on the Presidential ticket in any of the recent distributions of this honor, we have nothing to say as to the ethics of his appearance at the Butler dinner, or any other. But we must be permitted to observe that there is an obvious defect in all the illustrations he cites. For instance, if Dickens were only known, or best known, as a man who had had serious differences with his wife, the public dinner to him would have been a very ridiculous affair; if it had, under such circumstances, been given to celebrate his appointment as a judge of the Matrimonial Causes and Divorce Court, it would have been worse than ridiculous. To celebrate by a dinner Butler's appointment to be the representative of the American people, and the guardian of their interests in a foreign country, was certainly an offence against the whole community, however harmless it might have been to give a dinner to Butler as a simple writer for the press. —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

AS a supplement to our recent article noticing President Chadbourne's work on "Instinct in Animals," we wish to say a word about a curiosity which may be seen in the Museum of Brown University at Providence, R. I. There, among other objects of interest, are several thousand specimens of birds, together with a good showing of nests, and among the latter is the curiosity of which we speak. It appears to reveal an act of intelligence and knowledge entirely above the plane of instinct so called, and to be clearly referable to reason. A bird had built her nest in a tree, hanging from a slender branch, not much larger than a pipe-stem, which grew out of a small limb about half an inch in diameter. Passing over the use of strings wound around the branch, the ends of which were incorporated in the nest, to assist in holding it suspended, and which is no new expedient in nest-building, we wish to call attention to a remarkable device of this bird to meet an unexpected emergency. After the nestlings were hatched, and had grown well towards maturity, their increasing weight revealed the weakness of the

branch, and the mother-bird seems to have become alarmed for the safety of her brood. What should she do? The case might well have seemed remediless to a creature necessitated, as we are told, to work ignorantly and blindly in a prescribed routine, over which she had no control. She had found her mistake in selecting so slender a branch to support her house and cradle, and must have been appalled by the threatened consequences. But "instinct," or else good sense, came to her assistance. She had some knowledge of the functions of a string, of its strength, of its pliability, and of the mode of attaching it to a twig by winding it round and round, and, perchance, of tucking under the end to prevent uncoiling—a convenient substitute for a knot. But it was necessary to advance a long step beyond this; and after tying one end of the string to the branch which supported the nest, to carry up the other to the main branch and tie that also, as well as stretch it tight. Could a tiny bird effect this process of reasoning? If she could, was the act itself within the compass of her physical powers, with but a beak and talons in the place of hands? This is the precise remedy the bird got at and carried into execution. The nest itself attests and records the fact. All we know of it we take from this witness. To save her little family, she sought and found a piece of twine several inches in length, wound it several times around the branch outside of her nest, and, having made it secure, then carried up the string to the main branch, over which she drew it as tight as she was able, and wound it around several times until it held firmly. Thus, as a guy, it supported the slender branch with its own strength, and prevented it from breaking under the weight of the nest and its occupants. The professor in charge of the Museum himself took the nest from a tree on or near his own premises. He should have it photographed, and send the picture to the *Naturalist*, with a precise and minute description; and this should attend particularly to the probable objection that some kind person did the mother-bird the service of making a safe nest safer.

—A Brooklyn correspondent, noticing the imposition practised upon the editors of *Scribner's Monthly* by a writer who palmed off upon them as his own one of William Carleton's sketches, speaks of a similar cheat, of which Messrs. Harper & Brothers were the victims. Any editor is liable to be so imposed upon, and it is always desirable that exposure should be thorough and punishment merciless. Our correspondent writes as follows: "In your paper of the 1st inst., p. 79, you speak of an article in *Scribner's Magazine* which 'is stolen bodily, with but slight alterations," etc. 'It is very impudent as a theft. . . . . .' This reminds me of a similar theft in the number of *Harper's Monthly* for October, 1870 (pp. 698–709), in which a piece called 'The Detective' is stolen bodily, with slight alterations, from the *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. XXX., November, 1847, pp. 526–545, where it is called 'The Watcher.' As revamped for *Harper's*, the title, place, and names are changed, and there is a little condensing done, but the theft is unmistakable by any one who will take the trouble to glance at the two stories. I do not recollect seeing any exposure of this theft. It is not a reproduction from memory, for many parts are copied with only the necessary changes of words. 'The Watcher,' by the way, is a very strongly written story, and will well repay reading. If it is not true, it is remarkably well constructed."

—The letter of our correspondent M. N., setting forth his determination to keep his house cool hereafter, and a method of his devising by which the end desired could be attained, has called out many responses, and among others one from a Philadelphian, who says that a perfect method has already been discovered by a fellow-townsman of his, and has been successfully applied in practice. "By this plan," he says, "a cargo of fresh beef was brought from Texas to Philadelphia last August—a distance of 2,500 miles, costing but a pound of ice for each pound of beef so carried. And a line of steamships especially devoted to this trade is now being built to bring beef from that remote point regularly to this and the New York market." Again he says: "Philadelphia has in use in one of her largest hotels an apartment of considerable size especially devoted to a keeping of its entire larder in a condition not surpassed in freshness by that recently culled from the gardens or brought from the market stalls. During the Republican Convention held here in June last, this wholesale refrigerator supplied all the guests of the house with provisions of all sorts, from tenderloin steaks to luscious strawberries. And, although thousands were daily fed at the table during this period, there was no occasion to go to market for extra supplies. Beef, poultry, and game, fish, butter, foreign and domestic fruits, eggs, milk, and vegetables of the most delicate nature, kept alike pure, sweet, and fresh within its walls." In a part of the city at some distance from the hotel above spoken of there is, it is stated, "an immense warehouse, capable of holding a ship's cargo if necessary, and in whose preserving rooms through all the torrid heats of July a temperature of forty degrees has been maintained." "Butter in there is solid and firm," says the correspondent of the *Bulletin*; "cucumbers are as crisp as those pulled from the vines in October," and he goes on through a list of eatable things which, as he enthusiastically declares, are "delightfully preserved and improved" by this cooling process. It is cheap, too, he asserts; nothing prevents a family even of limited means from having every room in the house, no matter how hot it is outside, at a temperature of fifty degrees if they choose, and sleeping under a blanket every night of the year. The process is, in fact, "nothing more than making an artificial winter by driving a current of air, by means of a fan, through a column or chest of ice"; and the very channels now in use in modern houses can be employed to cool them in summer as they are to heat them in winter. The order can be reversed by this mode to suit the change of season. "Place the ice chest on the upper floor, insulate it and protect it from outside radiation. Put up in its vicinity 'a clockwork arrangement' to drive the fan. Cold air, like shot, falls; and in falling, convey it by pipes to the stories below. Regulate the openings in each chamber by a series of registers, as you would heat. Keep the doors and windows closed as in winter time to exclude the outside air, and an ordinary dwelling-house can be kept at from forty-five to fifty degrees Fahrenheit as readily and at far less cost than keeping the same amount of space comfortable in winter by a heater in the cellar." A house supplied with this refrigerator would need only the next preceding "Yankee invention" to be an Earthly Paradise. Our readers have probably heard of the patent sheet-iron cat to be affixed to the roofs of houses desirous of possessing all the modern improvements. It is made of heavy sheet-iron, has an adjustable elastic tail, claws some inches in length firmly attached to legs movable by clockwork, and some internal machinery which enables it to make extremely provoking and irritating cries, which, while they insult, entice. All the natural cats in the neighborhood who happen to be at large are, upon hearing these yowls, in a manner compelled to the roof of the patent cat, and when assembled there to the number of one hundred they are destroyed in successive single combats and heard of no more. The writer in the *Bulletin* suggests that his method be tried in theatres and hospitals, and says, "Think of what a blessing such a temperature would be to the sick patient tossing with fever in midsummer," and he adds, "Besides, the air in passing through the body of ice is not only chilled but disinfected, and to take it into the lungs is like quaffing a draught of champagne or inhaling the frosty atmosphere from a mountain top in October."

—The London *Economist* (June 29) has been studying the question of the world's gold coinage during the past twenty-four years as the best measure of the total production of gold in that period, and with a view to ascertaining how far this production has caused, or if continued is likely to cause, a depreciation in the value of gold and a consequent rise in prices. In 1848, it says, the current estimate of the gold in the world was £560,000,000; since then the mints of France, England, Sydney, and the United States have coined £600,000,000 (France alone coining £260,000,000), of which at most one-third may be set down to recoinage. But along with this enormous production, due to the great gold discoveries in California and Australia, there has been "a great diminution in the rate of coinage since 1857–59, when the climax of activity, which began in 1851, was obtained"—a fact which by itself would indicate that there had been a check to production. Again, France has coined more than twice as much as England, which has a far greater trade, and virtually coins for Brazil, Portugal, and other countries. Consequently, it has absorbed a large part of the new gold, the disposition of the people to hoard having been stimulated by the disorders of 1848–52. Other circumstances that tend to neutralize the increased supply of gold are the increase of population and the increase of wealth in the countries making use of a gold coinage since 1848. Omitting France, which substitutes gold for silver, the coinage since 1848 has been £338,000,000, or an increase of 60 per cent. on the previously existing stock. Meantime, the United Kingdom has added 14.3 per cent. to its inhabitants, the United States 77.3, and the Australian colonies enough to make the average increase about 44.5 per cent. Further, in the United Kingdom the property assessed to income tax has increased 70 per cent., its exports of staple articles 100 to 300 per cent., its coal and iron products 60 and 53 per cent., its imports of cotton and wool for home consumption 72 and 167 per cent. Per contra, the spread of banking in England, and the introduction of inconvertible currencies into France and the United States, should tend to aggravate the result of an increased supply of gold. On the whole, it appears that the checks and balances are sufficient to avert the threatened disaster, or at least to prevent financiers from predicting it with any certainty; the growing intimacy and complexity of international relations almost defy their attempts to assign causes to effects or to trace exactly the effects of causes. There is no need, therefore, of being alarmed just yet about the over-production of gold, though the subject is worth all the study that can be given to it.

—Mr. Edward Whymper contributes to *Nature* (July 11) a very interesting paper on Alpine maps, which he introduces with the statement: "The

Alps are not likely to be thoroughly explored for several generations yet to come; and I doubt not that it will be possible for men half a century hence to spend their ten or twelve seasons in the Alps, and still to find at the end of their time valleys which have not been described or even visited." He praises in the highest terms the Government map of Switzerland, on a scale of $\frac{1}{100000}$ of nature, in 25 sheets, commonly called the "Carte Dufour," in honor of Gen. Guillaume Henri Dufour, under whose immediate direction all the drawings and plates, and a great part of the survey, were made. Speaking of "its almost faultless expression of every variety of mountain form," Mr. Whymper remarks: "It would be a poor compliment to it to say only that one can distinguish upon it slopes from precipices, jagged ridges from rugged ground, and the 'ice-falls' of the glaciers from the gentle undulating snowy slopes of the upper regions. . . . The mountaineer sees the Alps before him with all their marvellous diversity of architecture; nay, more, he can fix his line of assault, and will say, 'Here, if anywhere, the summit may be gained.'" Since 1860 the Swiss have undertaken a still greater map, to be complete in 546 sheets—the portion comprising the plains and the Jura on the scale of $\frac{1}{25000}$, the Alpine portion on a scale of $\frac{1}{50000}$. Finally, a reduction of the Carte Dufour is being made at Berne, on a scale of $\frac{1}{250000}$, in four sheets. It is a copperplate map, and will be sold at the low price of 10 francs, the price of the original Dufour being forty francs, and that of the monster map of 546 sheets one franc for each sheet. The French are very backward in the cartography of their own Alps, and "the greater part of the Department of Hautes-Alpes, and the whole of the Departments of the Basses-Alpes and of the Var (to say nothing of Nice) remain unmapped." The work that has been done is very inferior to the Swiss, and by no means trustworthy in the topographical details. Even Capt. Mieulet (of the Etat-Major), who surveyed the range of Mont Blanc, was anticipated if not surpassed by an English amateur, Mr. Reilly, whose map was published in June, 1865, at the expense of the Alpine Club. The Club has also published for Mr. Reilly an important map of the Central Pennines, and is now superintending a new map of the Central Alps on a scale of $\frac{1}{250000}$, extending not so far to the north, but embracing more on the south than the Swiss map of the same scale.

—The intellectual activity of Prussia is beginning to tell beyond her borders. In Austria there are calls for university reform. The universities are said to need a thorough regeneration to put them on a footing with the rest of Germany. To this end, it is urged, the old system which gives preference to Austrian-born candidates should be abandoned, and the best men from all Germany should be called to professorial chairs. "We admit," says the *Deutsche Zeitung*, a Vienna journal, with some bitterness, "that the best men cost the most. Yet one would think that a state which squanders its hundreds of thousands for strong lungs and nimble legs, and for new theatres and barracks its millions, might put by a little sum for the universities." It is further demanded that sectarian barriers should be broken down; and it is insisted on as a matter of primary importance that the rector of the university must be chosen by the professors. These demands from Austria sound a little strange in America, where professors are so jealously excluded from all share in academic elections, where calls from one university to another are infrequent, and where a man's fitness for a professorship may be decided not so much by his scholarship or science, as by his views on predestination, the Trinity, or infant baptism.

—The Vatican Library being utterly unfurnished with modern books, and very difficult of access, it has been proposed to establish in Rome a public library devoted to the collection of works on the history of that city. The foundation of special libraries has been common of late. There is a Shakespeare library, for example, at Stratford, a Dante library at Dresden, and a Russo-historical library of 30,000 volumes at St. Petersburg. There is no lack of printed books on the history of modern Rome, and if funds are forthcoming a large Roman library can speedily be formed, which would soon begin to attract to itself historical, biographical, and genealogical manuscripts, of which there is an abundant store in the archives of Italian families. A society for the publication of such materials will soon be organized. In former times Italy could point with pride to the great works of Muratori, Tiraboschi, Savioli. The present generation has done little; and with regard to Rome, Rossi's "Inscriptiones Christianæ" is almost the only late work of importance by an Italian; by foreigners we have Burns's "Rome and the Campagna," Hare's "Walks in Rome," and Wey's handsome "Souvenirs et Descriptions." It is to be hoped that native diligence and learning will rival these.

—We were in error, the other day, when we said that Ainsworth, the novelist, took his "Tower of London" from "La Danse Macabre." It was his "Old Saint Paul's" which he got from that source.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.*

MR. BALCH has applied himself to filling a gap in our Revolutionary annals for which it is not difficult to account, but which it is a little remarkable should not earlier have engaged the serious attention of a competent historiographer, either French or American. "Not only," says our author, "do we not possess a precise and circumstantial account of the French intervention in America during the War of Independence, but even the materials for it are wanting or scattered. To this day, for example, have never been published the names of the French regiments, with their list of officers, nor the composition of the squadrons, nor the exact march of the troops, nor the true order of battles, nor of the losses sustained" (p. 5). Mr. Balch has been particularly fortunate in acquiring inedited manuscripts and rare and original documents, which he catalogues in the proper place; and, to the first-rate qualification for his task of being a Philadelphian, has added long residence in France, with access to the military and naval archives of that country. The present volume is only the first part of the entire work. It treats of the causes of the Revolution, gives a summary view of events down to the year 1781, and a complete narrative of the expedition of the French corps under the command of Rochambeau (1780–83). The second part (which, to judge by the amplitude of material, might easily make two volumes) will possess a still higher interest, inasmuch as it will embrace historic notices of the French regiments which came to America, biographical notices of the French volunteers and regular officers, and "several episodes and interesting details, among which will be found an *aperçu* of American society of the epoch, as it appeared to the French officers who speak in their manuscripts and letters of the domestic life of a great number of American families of distinction." Something of this glimpse of the manners of the people, material progress of the principal towns, and the scenery of the country, we get in the volume before us—as where, for instance, we are told of the Bostonians of 1781 what we are apt to consider a traditional Philadelphian characteristic, that "the chief part of their time they devote to the table." But these touches are not more numerous than are needed to enliven the narrative, and can only be taken as samples of the good things in reserve.

Had Mr. Balch written directly for his countrymen, he would perhaps have modified his plan in some particulars. We have especial reference to Sections III., IV., and V., in which he goes back to the early settlement of America, and even to the "principles of government established by the Roman Empire, and adopted by the Romish Church," to arrive at the conclusion that, more than the greedy exploitation of the colonies by Imperial restrictions on their freedom of trade and industry, religious differences were the potent cause of their desire and struggle for a separation. The speculations on this head seem to us the least valuable portions of the work, and we seem to perceive the influence of the author's *milieu* when he indulges in such philosophizing as he treats us to in Section IV. "It may be remarked," he says (p. 25), "that the government of every people is generally the consequence of the religion which it professes"; and (p. 26) that "all forms of government may be practically reduced to three: monarchy, the immediate and necessary result of the belief in monotheism; oligarchy or aristocracy, which results from pantheism; and democracy or republic, the consequence of polytheism or of the belief in a Supreme Being fulfilling a multitude of functions." It would be curious to apply these generalizations to the map of Europe at any given period in modern history since Christianity gave us a "polytheistic" notion of the Supreme Being. They appear to us as vain as the thesis which we suspect to be implied in the titles of two pamphlets by the Rev. Thomas Smith, cited with approval by Mr. Balch (p. 27), namely: "Presbyterianism and the Revolution," and "The Real Origin of the Declaration of Independence." Published in English instead of in French, and for American readers, we doubt if Mr. Balch's judgment would have retained these passages, which now serve principally to increase the bulk of his work.

In his rapid sketch of the pioneers of French colonization in this country, he has fallen into inaccuracies which all the more disfigure a product of the French press. Those which we shall point out are found on pp. 43, 44. Father Marquette appears as "le P. jésuite Marquet," and the jolly but unscrupulous Friar Hennepin as "le père Hennequin," while the latter's companion, Du Gay, is transformed into the "sieur Dacan." Hennepin's ascent of the Mississippi is assigned to 1679 and 1680, whereas it was wholly within the second of these two years. In the next paragraph, describing La Salle's descent of the great river, it is stated that he set out from Quebec in 1682; but when that year opened he had already reached the present site of Chicago, and on the sixth of February his canoes were floating on the Mississippi. "He first betook himself," the narrative continues, "to the Illinois,

* "Les Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance des Etats-Unis 1777-1783. Par Thomas Balch." Paris: A. Sauton; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

where, with the consent of the Indians, he built a fort." But Fort Crèvecœur had been previously built, in 1680, while Fort St. Louis was not constructed till *after* his return from the Gulf in 1682. The sentence which succeeds describes what never took place: "Pendant qu'une partie de ses hommes remontaient le Mississipi en suivant la route du P. Hennequin, il descendit lui-même ce fleuve jusqu'au golfe du Mexique." The third paragraph states that in the *following* year (*i.e.*, 1683) La Salle undertook to return by way of the mouth of the Mississippi. The true date is 1684. "The smiling and fertile country in which he established himself received the name of Louisiana." La Salle had so called it two years before, though the reader might not infer this from the context. Grammatical carelessness in the passage which we here give in the original (p. 44) has made it perfectly unintelligible: "Le territoire sur lequel on établissait ces forts avait été découvert par La Salle, comme nous l'avons vu. Suivant le droit des gens de cette époque, *il* envoya un officier français, Céleron, pour en prendre officiellement possession." Here the pronoun which we have italicized has no antecedent except La Salle, while a foot-note explicitly says: "The date is Aug. 16, 1749."

All these mistakes (except the last) might have been avoided if the author had consulted Mr. Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," which appeared in 1869—in ample time, we should judge, to have reached Paris before the city was overtaken by the catastrophe of the war, though Mr. Balch may have proceeded too far with his publication to avail himself of this authority. Certainly appeared too late for him French's "Historical Collections of Louisiana and Florida" (New Series, 1870), with its translation of Penicaut's "Annals of Louisiana," referred to in the note on page 43 as a "manuscrit inédit," containing "de curieux renseignements non imprimés." The foot-note on page 59 shows that another source, also relating to his subject, was beyond the reach of our author. "The Memoirs of La Fayette," it runs, "from which we borrow this information, mentions among others the Baron de Kalb" as one of the officers who came over with La Fayette on his first voyage. Dr. Friedrich Kapp's "Life of John Kalb" (privately printed in 1870) would have rendered this fact anything but conjectural for Mr. Balch, and would probably have prevented his putting it in a foot-note as something incidental to his subject, whereas it has the closest connection with it. As he does not allude to De Kalb again, except to record his being killed at the battle of Camden, either among the volunteers who accompanied La Fayette, preceded him, or shortly followed him (p. 72), or among the "étrangers" Pulaski, Kosciusko, and Steuben, to each of whom he says he has given particular notice in his second part, we fear Kalb may not be included among the "grand nombre d'autres moins connus" whose biographies he also means to give. Dr. Kapp, indeed, has taken Kalb out of that category by the flood of light which he has thrown on his origin and career, and Mr. Balch should know that this Bavarian soldier of fortune crossed the ocean as a French officer, and as the confidant of certain ambitious designs on the part of the Comte de Broglie, and that he had previously visited America in 1767 as an emissary of Choiseul's, to inspect the state of feeling of the colonies towards the mother-country—which he did with great discretion and success. In fact, if proper account is to be made of the selfish motives which were much more the cause of the French alliance than Presbyterianism was the cause of the American Revolution, De Kalb can by no means be overlooked. Choiseul indulged no sentimentality in seeking to widen the breach between Great Britain and her dissatisfied colonies; and however much sentimentality Louis XVI. and his advisers were capable of, it did not, to say the least, blind them to the fact that in helping the revolt of the colonies they were aiming at the vitals of their natural enemy. Kalb's personal adventure, by which he hoped to win rank that would save the delay of promotion at home, was not a whit more selfish than his Government's. Mr. Balch gives quite enough credit to France for her disinterestedness.

When we come, after p. 85, to that part of Mr. Balch's work which is his own by right of discovery and hard labor, we have no longer any criticism to make. In less than 150 pages the history of the French in America during the period covered by Rochambeau's arrival and stay is unfolded in a sufficiently full chronicle, which, if it lacks vivacity and the charms of a realistic imagination, is never dull, and gives everywhere evidence of intelligent and conscientious painstaking. The great characters to whom every school-boy will acknowledge his patriotic indebtedness—La Fayette, Rochambeau, Comte d'Estaing, Comte de Grasse—are brought upon the scene, together with the less known though not in every case less great Lauzun, Choisy, Ternay, Bougainville, Deux-Ponts, and St. Simon. When they reappear in the second part, doubtless we shall become still more familiar with them, and own to them a still larger share of gratitude. On the ingeniously arranged map which accompanies the volume are traced the routes by which they sailed or marched to the relief of the feeble Continental armies. Two etched portraits of Rochambeau, a view of the Governor Nelson house at Yorktown, and facsimiles of the devices of the paper-money of the Revolution, complete the illustrations. With the unimportant reserves already made, we heartily recommend the first part of "Les Français en Amérique," and await with interest the second.

The Sixth Reader. By Lewis B. Monroe. (Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co. 1872.)—Many attempts have been made to prepare books for classes in reading which not only should practise the pupils in elocution, but also should be useful in conveying information. Thus there have been reading-books devoted to teaching history, "popular science," and other subjects, and we remember one "Instructive Reader," so-called, which endeavored to give easy lessons in anatomy, and taught the boys and girls about their livers and chilblains. We think Mr. Monroe's view of the function of a reading-book is better than that entertained by the disseminators of useful knowledge, and, indeed, the view to be preferred to all others. Most of the work done in the school-room is more or less distasteful to a majority of the scholars; it is, in fact, work, and task-work, and is done under compulsion; the arithmetic, the grammar, the algebra, the geography, which are learned are learned by labor, and labor is no more agreeable to the boy or girl than it is to the adult political economist, who knows that such men and women as work, do it for the means to be idle, and not because toil is delightful. Now the reading-book affords to the pupil a relief from severe labor, and an opportunity for indulging other parts of his nature besides his mere understanding. As Mr. Monroe puts it, "the reading-book does for the student what no other school-book can do in so great a degree. It teaches him the art of written and oral expression," and does so without his being consciously employed in learning. "It furnishes him with models of style; it gives him gems of thought and sentiment as they have crystallized in the most gifted minds; it holds up for his admiration and imitation examples of virtue, moral heroism, and self-sacrifice; it instils a love for the good, the pure, and the beautiful, in the natural and moral worlds." It is, in short, or it should be, an induction into literature—and good literature. Very properly, too, it may teach elementary elocution, though usually it does this with a pedantry and an aim at theatrical effects which make it the grief of the judicious and the fruitful parent, so far as its injunctions are heeded, of an unnatural and absurd delivery. The late Edward Everett would have been quite as useful for instruction in genuine oratory as are most reading-book introductions and prefaces for instruction in the right way of reading a poem or a narrative. As regards this portion of the work undertaken by Mr. Monroe, his book seems to us praiseworthy. We should think a teacher might well find it helpful, for we believe a class of scholars old enough to be using a Sixth Reader would find it reasonable and be disposed to follow its suggestions rather than to scoff at them as mostly unintelligible, and when intelligible rather ridiculous. But considering the book as, an induction into literature, and good literature, we cannot give it so much commendation, our taste, we find, being at variance with the compiler's. Had we to put together a book of four hundred pages which should make boys of fifteen or sixteen acquainted with the English-speaking authors of the last five hundred years, it would not have occurred to us to go to Mr. Joaquin Miller, nor to Mr. Theodore Tilton, nor to Mr. T. B. Aldrich, nor to Mr. Tennyson for his love-making "Lady Clare," nor to the late George Arnold, "widely known as the author of the 'McArone Papers.'" These are good writers if you like; but there are writers whom it is more important to introduce to our boys and girls at the age when character is forming and is tremulously susceptible to outside influences. Their love stories, and *True Flags*, and *Waverley Magazines* will give them enough and too much of nonsense of all kinds and of contemporary thought and feeling. These—to use Wordsworth's figure, as one abusing it—are scattered at their feet like flowers; the young people cannot miss them; but the authors who "shine aloft like stars," and to whom they should be pointed, they may only too easily miss, and we regret to say that Mr. Monroe is not of so much help to them in this respect as a professor in the Massachusetts Technological School ought to be. A better book than his, to our mind at least, is a Boston book, Mr. Epes Sargent's. It might profitably be revised; some of its pieces, admitted like some of Mr. Monroe's in the interest of writers who were of local or temporary reputation, might with advantage be omitted, and their places supplied by others either later or better, or both; but it is a good book as it stands, and worthy of high praise. Mr. Monroe's we think worthy of some praise, but not of very high praise.

Botany for Young People: How Plants Behave. By Asa Gray. (New York: Ivison, Blakeman & Taylor. 1872.)—It is so easy to say that plants only *grow*, while animals grow, *move*, and *feel*, that the very title of this little work is rather startling. But unless we conclude that our author has

set down things "evolved from his own consciousness," we must qualify the aphorism, and admit that some indubitable plants not only live and grow, but manifest their life and direct their growth in ways which seem to indicate their possession of the faculties of sensation and voluntary motion quite as much as do the dull perceptions and sluggish movements of many organisms which are regarded as animals upon structural features alone. However, the young people, for whom this work is specially intended, care much more for one fact than a dozen theories, while for older folks we have not only the authority of the author as the leading American botanist, but also his assurance in the preface that he "expects to treat this subject in a different way, and probably with somewhat of scientific and historical fulness, in a new edition of a work intended for advanced students."

The book opens with an account of the motions of leaves, as those of the sensitive plant, and other more striking instances of the movements which "many ordinary plants may perform with less rapidity, though none the less really." Then comes the climbing of plants, whether by roots, stems, leaves, or tendrils; and the curious fact is noted that, while the hop and honeysuckle twine with the sun—that is from right to left, many others, as the bean and morning-glory, twine in the reverse direction. Certainly these are among the distinctions among organisms most difficult to explain upon purely teleological grounds. But the most extraordinary evidence of plant perception and movement is afforded by the revolving tendrils of the passion flower. These stretch themselves out horizontally, and slowly revolve in search of support. Of course the object most easily reached is their own stem above or below; but "when a tendril comes round so that its base nears the stem rising above it, it stops short, rises stiffly upright, moves on in this position until it passes by the stem, then rapidly comes down again to the horizontal position, and moves on," one is almost ready to grant the power of vision to such organs.

In the second chapter is shown the mysterious connection between the fertilization of plants and the visits of insects. For with many flowers the "various contrivances for hindering the pollen from reaching the stigma are excelled only by those for having it done in a roundabout way." The great purpose of arrangement seems to be to secure "cross fertilization," since in many cases, even with perfect flowers, the pollen is precluded from reaching the stigma of the same flower.

The concluding chapter tells us how plants capture insects, and, in some cases, actually digest and absorb them; so that the "Venus' fly-trap," for instance, "is really carnivorous." But let us hope that this and other statements may appear sufficiently incredible to induce Mr. Gray's readers to examine for themselves into the phenomena so clearly described and elegantly illustrated in this little work.

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The Week.

THE North Carolina vote—returns of which came in with more rapidity than usual, so far as our recollection extends—turns out to have been the heaviest ever cast in the State, and among the white men of the western counties the Republicans made much of their gain. These western mountaineers are compatriots of the Governor-elect, Caldwell, and are not unlike their neighbors of East Tennessee, being leavened with a strong leaven of Unionism and Republicanism. There was some intimidation apparently, and apparently some fraud; but the voting was sharply watched, and we have no doubt that the six or seven thousand increase in the Republican vote was for the most part legitimate enough. Caldwell's majority will, it is thought, be 1,500, and there is one more Republican Congressman than before, and decided gains of Assemblymen; but the next senator will be Democratic. In the other Southern States there is great political activity. In Louisiana the confusion is complete, the Liberal Republicans having nominated a new gubernatorial candidate—the fourth or fifth now in the field. So far as we can make out, the Custom-house Republicans are as likely as any of the factions to get the vote of the State by some coalition, and give it to Grant and Wilson. In Georgia, the local Greeley Republicans have received a very severe snub, the Democracy practically telling them that it would have nothing to do with them. There are also numerous Straight-out Democrats in Georgia, who will hold a good-sized convention on the 20th, and the opposition to Grant is very inharmonious—A. H. Stephens and the Bourbons being bitter, and ready to go to Kentucky to the Blanton-Duncan Convention in considerable strength.

We suspect there is more Bourbonism in Kentucky than has yet been said. For what reason we do not know, but the *Courier-Journal*, which is rather inclined to be trustful and soft-hearted, and perhaps is not the best expositor of the true Southern Democratic feeling about Greeley, is earnest in expostulation with the political leaders of that State, and calls on them "in God's name" to make no wry faces, but to sit down to the Liberal feast, and "take it as it is," and to "bless God" that they have the chance. Again, it urges the young members of the Democracy to show activity and energy, and tells them, with a jocularity traditional in the office of that newspaper, and sometimes funny and sometimes the reverse, that it knows they are all under the Greeley white hat, for it sees "their legs wiggling" beneath it and feels sure they are there, however unvigorous may be their campaign action. The *Courier-Journal* was incautious enough to announce the local election in Louisville the other day as a test election, declaring that the "Liberals" could never afford to have their ticket beaten and the one supported by the Republicans succeed. That, however, is what happened, and the *Courier-Journal* now says that "every man elected will vote for Greeley and Brown." We dare say; all were Democrats, though nominated on a Citizens' ticket, and we believe the regular ticket was defeated because of the suspected or known dishonesty of some of the candidates; but the reputation of the *Courier-Journal* for perspicacity is of course made somewhat dubious by slips of this kind, and perhaps its statements, often reiterated, that the Kentucky Democrats are yearning lambs who wish nothing so much as white-handed peace and the embrace of fraternity, may be taken with some grains of allowance.

On the 3d of September, the Straight-outs are to meet at Louisville, in Kentucky, Mr. Blanton Duncan having come out with a call marked by a good degree of ferocity, charging the Liberal Republican Greeleyites with being the men who have done most to harry the South both by war and by carpet-bagging. There is Warmoth, he says, for instance, who "has increased the debt of Louisiana $45,000,000 in three years." "Blair," says Duncan, "came into the party to ruin it, and nobly has he fulfilled his mission." "For Grant" is the heading given this call by the Southern papers who "go in to win," and of course want no other tickets but the Grant Republican on the one side, and on the other side—the "Conservative" ticket if in Virginia, the "Democratic" ticket in North Carolina, the "Liberal" in Illinois, the "Opposition" in Indiana, the "Liberal Republican" in New England, the "Liberal Republican Democratic" and various other things in various other places. Begun in fraud, the campaign is full of inherent trickery and subterfuge.

The two most important—indeed the only important—open accessions to the Greeley forces during the week have been Mr. Jeremiah Black, Buchanan's Attorney-General, an able, bellicose person, of thoroughly Democratic antecedents, and Mr. Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, a Republican, and sometime Speaker of the House of Representatives. Black's reasons for coming over are the usual Democratic ones, while Grow's are personal admiration of Greeley and a desire "to bridge over the bloody chasm." Banks still enjoys the proud distinction of being the only man who is a loser by joining Greeley, though he has not yet revealed what it is he has lost. On a day to be fixed upon he is to address the merchants and business men in this city from the steps of the Exchange, on the probable effect of Greeley's election on trade and finance. His appearance in the capacity of an adviser of the commercial world on this subject will certainly be one of the most amusing features of the canvass. The *World*, while acknowledging mournfully that it never did think much of Greeley as an economist, begs Banks to draw attention to the fact that he has always been a fast friend of the capitalist—a suggestion which, coming from the *World*, is, if not satirical, tantamount to a request that Banks, while acknowledging that Greeley was a robber, would point out that he had always robbed the poor only. It is remarkable how few Republican politicians of national reputation who took no part in originating the Cincinnati movement, have since given in their adhesion. Sumner and Banks are the only ones of any note, and though Banks is very cute, we believe that as long as Butler holds firm the step he has taken will cause his friends serious anxiety. If Greeley fails, his position will be one of the most melancholy recorded either in the annals of philanthropy or of humbug.

One of those incidents known in the newspapers as "a question of veracity" has arisen between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Andrew D. White. Mr. Sumner, by way of illustrating Grant's hatred of the colored race, mentioned in his recent letter that not only did he try to annex San Domingo to the United States, but he failed to invite Frederick Douglass, who accompanied the Commission, to dine with him in Washington when he invited the Commissioners. To which Mr. White replied that the reason was that Mr. Douglass was not in Washington when the dinner took place, but, with General Sigel, had returned to his home. Following Mr. White comes Mr. Douglass, and says that, of all the Presidents and public men with whom he has had to do for thirty years in Washington, General Grant has been to him, except Mr. Lincoln, the kindest, politest, and most accessible, and the freest "to all appearance" from the color prejudice; and that he was not invited to the dinner because it was an informal affair, and he was not with the Commissioners (not being

a member of the Commission) when they called on the President and were invited by him; and that, in short, there was no slight whatever put upon him (Douglas). Hereupon, however, comes the remorseless Sumner, and shows, (1) by the testimony of one colored man, that Douglass *was* in Washington when the dinner was given, and (2), by the testimony of a white man, that Douglass felt hurt at not being asked, and said so, and will have it, Douglass to the contrary notwithstanding, that Douglass was offended, and had a right to be, and that the object of the President in offending him was to show his hatred to the entire negro race.

We fear that, after going carefully over the matter, millions will madly vote for Greeley. We doubt if there be, even in *Il Nepotismo di Roma*, another such case of Satanic malignity, and Douglass's willingness to be slighted shows how deep the imperial poison has penetrated. The man is actually afraid to say that he thought the despot ought to have given him a dinner, and well he may. The whole matter ought to be investigated when Congress meets; it is certainly a very much graver question than the question, "What Judge Field said at Jerry Black's dinner party," on which a Committee of the House sat for three weeks in 1867, and never solved, owing, we believe, to the corrupt disappearance of one of the waiters, who was changing Field's plate at the time the alleged language was used.

The *World* disputes our assertion that General Grant is not responsible for the Ku-klux legislation, inasmuch as he recommended it in a short message last year while the Ku-klux law was under debate. If controversies between a daily and weekly paper were not apt to be very unprofitable, we should have much to say by way of rejoinder touching the proper political sense of the term "responsibility." But we will admit that Grant urged the Ku-klux legislation with all his might, if the conductors of the *World* will answer a few plain questions in a pleasant, cheerful, and straightforward manner: 1. When Grant was advocating the coercion of the South by unconstitutional laws, what was Greeley doing? 2. If Greeley was doing the same thing, not in one short message, but in yards of frantic "editorial," what is your opinion of the propriety of presenting Greeley to the American people *in opposition to Grant* as a healer of wounds and soother of strife? 3. Knowing the history of Greeley's relations to the leading questions of the day as you know it, do you not consider the Greeley movement as on the whole a remarkable mixture of imposture and credulity? 4. Have you in your reading come across anything in the records of human delusion to which it can be fitly compared except the Anabaptist movement, the South Sea bubble, or the Mississippi scheme? 5. When you think over it all privately, does it not fill you with patriotic melancholy, broken and soothed by fits of uncontrollable laughter? 6. Do you not think that there is a peculiar appropriateness in having, as one of the chief orators and managers of the movement, a gentleman who believes, and has solemnly proclaimed his belief, that Demosthenes, the Greek orator, frequently passes the night uptown, dressed in Greek clothes of the fourth century before Christ, "talking politics" to Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull? As regards ourselves, we can assure the *World* that nothing will induce us to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. We acknowledge Grant to be the pan, but we are satisfied that we can make it at least tolerable till 1876, while the fire would finish us at once; and no declamation about the beauty of fire, or its value on cold nights to the widow and orphan, or its usefulness to the hardy blacksmith, or the service it renders in producing popcorn and roasting chestnuts, will tempt us to try it. The alternative is a wretched one, but choice to us is easy.

The troubles in Pope County, Arkansas, have been and are likely to continue a somewhat mysterious subject, and have been made more so by the appearance in the State of the Greeley movement and the opening of the Presidential canvass. At first there were only two parties trying to color the facts, but now there are three. But it was well settled before the troubles began that the friends of the Administration in the State, or, in other words, the carpet-bag interest, were a very sorry set. The disturbances now pending have arisen in this wise: Hadley, the Governor, who is an Administration man, desires, or is accused of desiring, martial law; so the Sheriff of Pope County says he has been shot at one night when going home; the Greeley men say he fired the shots himself. He thereupon accused several Democrats of doing it or conniving at it, and arrested them without warrant, carrying them along in search of a magistrate. He and his posse were waylaid, he says, by Ku-klux, after nightfall, and he thereupon turned round, and began shooting his prisoners, killing two. The survivors who made their escape maintain, on the other hand, that the attack was made by a party of his own men, detached for the purpose; that their shots were fired in the air; and that it was a deliberate plan to furnish an excuse for the slaughter of the prisoners; and appearances are certainly in favor of this view. The sheriff and his posse were thereupon arrested, and they in turn swore informations against other Democrats for having made the ambuscade, who were arrested also; but on coming in with twenty-three witnesses to prove an alibi, and finding no testimony against them, they were discharged. In the meantime, the friends of the sheriff have taken away considerable numbers of the friends of his victim, and the Governor threatens if they do not disband to declare martial law and call out the militia.

The contributions to Mr. Greeley's civil-service record during the week have not been of a kind to make one feel hopeful about his administration on this point. It appears that he warmly recommended for office Joshua F. Bailey, the defaulting revenue collector of this city, whom the *Tribune* has since been denouncing as one of the rascals for whom the Administration is responsible. It also appears that, having lent $15,000 to a son of Commodore Vanderbilt's, a shiftless and irresponsible young man, and having in vain applied to the father for payment, Mr. Greeley deliberately proceeded to recommend his debtor to Mr. Stewart (that horribly illegal Secretary) for employment as an assessor of internal revenue—young Vanderbilt's salary, got from the public treasury, being his only means of paying his confiding patron. In ordinary times, such facts as these would damn a "reform candidate" at once, but when you mention them to a Greeleyite, he smiles and begins to talk of the weather, or denounces "the tyranny of party," or wants to "clasp hands."

In addition to the rise in the price of coal in England, which is slowly but surely sending everything else up, the English are suffering severely from the high price of meat, which has at last reached a point at which it has produced indignation meetings, and led to the formation of some of those ridiculous non-consumption associations in which weak-minded people every now and then in all countries try to provide punishment for "extortionate dealers." It is true the price of prime cuts in the London market, twenty-four to twenty-six cents per pound, does not seem high to us; but, compared to the prices of other commodities in England, it is very nearly what fifty cents a pound would be to us. Strange to say, too, mutton costs rather more than beef. The cause of the trouble is said to be simple enough. The English eat great quantities of meat, about, it is said, 100 lbs. annually per head of population, which, owing to droughts and the ravages of disease during the last ten years, is more than English farms are able to supply in the required condition as to weight and fibre. The deficiency might be made up by importations of live stock from Ireland, Germany, Holland, and Denmark; but there has been so much disease of late among the cattle in these countries, and the dense packing of the animals in the transit over stormy seas does so much to develop it, and the

Government precautions against the landing of cattle supposed to be infected are so rigid, that it seems this resource too is wanting. There seems to be nothing for it but to cut down the consumption of beef and mutton, and turn again to the unfortunate hog, who may come to hold once more the proud position as food which he held in the Middle Ages. A more artistic treatment of pork, such as the French *charcutiers* are famous for, would do much to make the change less bitter.

The fears about Plantamour's comet, which were in fact a libel on Plantamour, have hardly been set at rest, when danger shows itself in a new quarter of the heavens. The London *Spectator*, which publishes articles from time to time discussing, with great interest and ability, the condition and prospects of the sun, brings out the fact, apropos of the recent tremendous heat in England and America, that the Italian astronomer Tacchini, who devotes himself to spectroscopic observations, reports phenomena in the solar envelope absolutely unprecedented in his experience. They consist in the evolution of enormous masses of vapor of magnesium, which produced on him the impression "that he could see the surface of our great source of light renewing itself." From this the writer in the *Spectator* deduces the conclusion that the sun may be using himself up, as other stars have done, and may suddenly fall off in heat and brilliancy, or may in the process of renewing the supply of heat and light suddenly increase the power of his rays to a degree that would make the earth uninhabitable. In fact, it seems as if a new and most horrible source of anxiety was about to be introduced into life. With a Greeley Administration, framed on the model of the Greeley wing of the New York Republicans, and with the sun behaving in a fitful and uncertain manner, life, in this country at least, would be to many people a very doubtful good.

Parliament has been prorogued in England, after a somewhat eventful session, of which the Ballot Act is the leading result, and leaving Mr. Gladstone stronger than anybody expected even three months ago. The extraordinary commercial prosperity has helped the ministry greatly, and so has the escape of the Treaty of Washington, through the happy interference of the arbitrators, the latter perhaps being its greatest piece of good fortune. The last debate, that on Judge Keogh's conduct in the Galway election case, which came to nothing, revealed the one standing and apparently irremediable difficulty of English politics—the ecclesiastical question in Ireland. Judge Keogh has made a great mistake, inasmuch as he has unnecessarily roused the hostility and suspicion of the Catholic population against the judiciary, and the debate in the House of Commons revealed almost frantic contempt for the priests on the part of the majority; and yet the priests are, and promise to remain, the one body of men whom the peasantry love and trust, and without whose co-operation the country can hardly be governed constitutionally.

The "news" sent by the correspondents from Geneva about the proceedings of the Conference continue to be very entertaining. Sometimes they are reduced so low as to be obliged to relate the conversations of the servants of the Commissioners, whom they evidently watch with great interest; but they more frequently fill their letters with refutations of rumors which nobody ever heard of, and which it is not uncharitable to say that they themselves invented. They assure us that there is no truth in "the story" that Mr. Adams and Chief-Justice Cockburn had high words in the anteroom, and were prevented from coming to blows by the porter; that, on the contrary, their relations have throughout been most amicable, as proof of which, he (the correspondent) may mention an incident which "transpired" under his own eyes. Both happening to come out of the Conference in a shower of rain, and Mr. Adams's carriage not being on the spot, Cockburn offered, in the politest way, to leave him at his hotel, *and insisted on Adams getting in first.* Or, he is enabled to say, on the best authority, that the Commissioners have no thoughts of adjourning for a month in order to enable Caleb Cushing to visit the Suez Canal; Mr. Cushing has too much good sense and patriotism to make any such request, and even if he had not, the Commissioners are too deeply impressed with the importance of their task to lay it aside even for one day for any such purpose. The news by Cable on Monday morning, however, on the whole surpassed in fatuity anything we have had yet. The despatch announced that the "Tribunal had required argument" on three points: the question of due diligence; the character (status) of the Confederate cruisers after receiving their commissions; and the question how far their coaling in English ports made England responsible for their acts. In other words, the unfortunate man who composed this sends as news that the Tribunal is hearing counsel on the leading points in the controversy between the two nations, and he tries to give it an air of minuteness and interest by mentioning that the counsel are Roundell Palmer on one side, Cushing, Evarts, and Waite on the other, and that "the fact that the Tribunal analyzes the cases as seen in these points, is a strongly favorable indication." What this last assertion means probably no human being knows or ever will know.

The result of the subscription to the French loan has been announced in detail in the French Chamber, and it is certainly surprising. The Government asked for $600,000,000; they have received subscriptions for more than twelve times as much. The Departments subscribed $12,000,000 on the loan of last year; they have subscribed to the present loan $492,000,000 (we give the amounts in round numbers), a striking proof of the rapid growth of confidence in the country districts. But it must be added that inasmuch as only 15 per cent. of the amount has to be paid down now, and that for this even securities may be deposited, and that two years is allowed for the payment of the remaining instalments, large numbers of persons have subscribed for very much larger amounts than they intend to take or hold, hoping to sell their rights at an advanced price as soon as the loan is closed.

There is certainly nothing so remarkable in the crisis through which France has been passing during the last two years as the small effect it has had in creating financial disturbance. In fact, it appears to be well established that the French have actually become so hardened to revolutions as to accept them as ordinary incidents in their history, in no way diminishing general security—a phenomenon perhaps without parallel, though it is true we do not know what was the effect on real estate and credit of the various convulsions at Rome from the Social War down. It is now ascertained that the events of 1871 have been followed in France by few or no failures; the price of real estate has not fallen either in Paris or in the departments; not only have wages risen, but the price of pictures and other articles of luxury has advanced. The receipts of the five great trunk lines of railway were considerably larger for 1871 than for 1869, though this is of course partly to be ascribed to the arrears of traffic caused by the siege and the military operations. Moreover, the exchange on London, in spite of the enormous sums paid to the Prussians, and largely in London bills, only rose very slightly during the past year. The imports and exports together for the year 1871 amounted to $1,251,600,000; those of 1869 only amounted to $1,244,500,000, and the gain continues in the present year. More wonderful still, throughout the whole war the salaries of all employees of the Government were punctually paid, and the operations not only of the Bank of France, but all the private banks of the country, went on with unfaltering regularity. In short, capital no longer runs away or hides itself in France on the approach of a political convulsion. It has seen so many of them that it keeps at its work and lets them blow over, and enables France "to astonish the world" by her financial integrity when she is no longer able to do it by the exploits of her armies.

THE GREELEY MOVEMENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

WE now witness nearly every day an attempt to give Grant's failures as a civil administrator a kind of retrospective action, so as to deprive him of all fame as a general. This precious device was, we believe, originally hit on by the *Sun*, which, after praising him to the skies as one of the greatest of soldiers, suddenly became dissatisfied with his civil appointments, denied that he was any soldier at all, and gave all the credit of his victories to General Rawlins. Within a few days, Mr. Charles Sumner has fallen into the same insensate mode of carrying on the canvass; and, while professing to give negroes, in a very "solemn" manner, a full and true account of Grant's "antecedents" before his election, he described these so as to leave the impression that all that was known of Grant before 1868 was that he got his education at the public expense, then voted for James Buchanan with the view of confirming the Dred Scott decision, and finally sought to prevent negro suffrage, while Horace Greeley was "nobly championing it." Read nine-tenths of the articles in Greeley papers, and you come upon the same melancholy and yet comic indifference, not to truth only, but to the dignity of human nature. Week after week we are told, either by assertion or insinuation, that a President who likes Tom Murphy, or "takes gifts," or spends the summer at Long Branch, cannot have won Vicksburg or Chattanooga, or, in other words, that, when we were all bowed down with gratitude to him in 1864–5, we were the victims of a tremendous delusion. It may have been so; but a community which confessed to a delusion of that sort would deserve to be ruled by an impostor, and could not get anybody but an impostor to rule it.

That General Grant's Administration has in our eyes been a failure all our readers know. We have changed no opinion we have ever expressed about it in these columns; but it has failed, not in that it has made things worse than it found them, but in that it has not improved them. Grant's dealings with the civil service, over which he had a large discretion, have been no worse than those of Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, or Johnson. His recommendations to Congress have been just as wise as those of any of these, except Lincoln, and even wiser. He has been about as careful of the public money, allowance being made for the greater amount of the public money which he has had to handle. But he was expected to deal with problems of a very different class from those with which his predecessors had to deal, and he has not dealt with them; he was expected to abate evils which in their day were not recognized as evils, or were not the main objects of attention, and he has not abated them. It was expected that he would surround himself with better men than surrounded them; and, after a feeble and vain attempt, he has thrown himself into the arms of as bad men as ever surrounded them. All this was very disappointing to those who hoped that he would prove a reforming President, and that the Republican party under his lead would become a reforming party. But, bad as it was, it did not produce the deep disgust which led to the Cincinnati movement, and now makes Greeley—even Greeley—a dangerous competitor, until the country saw the way in which remonstrances and attempts at reform were met last winter. A little patience and good sense, a little show of comprehension of the dissatisfaction of honest men with the state of affairs, a little candor in admitting mistakes, a little show of zeal in remedying them, would even as late as the fall of last year have made the Missouri movement harmless to General Grant's prospects. Instead of this, the smallest enquiry or complaint was met in the Senate with insolent resistance, or flat denials and gross abuse, by the brazen band whom he allowed to call themselves his "friends." Nor was this all. It might have been difficult or indiscreet in him publicly to repudiate his defenders, however unwelcome they may have been; but there was no excuse for his allowing his organ in this city to assail Senator Schurz and other leading members of the opposition with vituperation suited only to the rat-pit and the prize-ring, simply because they had chosen to exercise a constitutional right in an unhandsome way. That disgraceful episode not only plunged the New York press down into a sink of slander, personality, and filth, such as has not been witnessed since the palmy days of the *Herald*, but infused into the opposition a bitterness which, and which only, has made Greeley's success a possibility. It gave to the cry of "anything to beat Grant" a potency it could not otherwise have had, and is now actually every day driving into the Greeley ranks respectable men to whom Greeley is abhorrent, but who, struggle as they may, cannot make up their minds to help, either by vote or abstention, to leave in power such men as Grant's champions and such a man as would countenance them or keep them in his pay. In other words, such show of success as this most preposterous nomination possesses, it owes almost wholly to the folly and impudence of the President's adherents.

We feel all this as deeply as anybody. We are as sensible of Grant's shortcomings as anybody. It will certainly not be pleasant to see Morton, and Cameron, and Conkling, and their like, set up once more as the power behind the throne, and see all the abuses that we have complained of so often passed over without the rebuke of an adverse popular vote. But then politics is a practical matter, and, in dealing with its problems, one has to study, not revenge, but the public interest, and to endeavor to behave like a rational human being instead of either a lunatic, a drunkard, or an infuriated enemy.

But in choosing between Grant and Greeley there is no occasion to refuse justice to either of them. We should be sorry, indeed, to see one of the exploits which won Grant his popularity explained away or made little of. They are part of the national glory; every man who lives in the country is interested in the preservation of his fame. In like manner, we should be sorry to see it made clear that Horace Greeley had been of no use to the community. In demonstrating his unfitness for the Presidency, it is not necessary to show that his New York *Tribune* has not, on the whole, exerted an excellent influence, and has been a highly civilizing agent over a very wide portion of American soil. But when he is offered to us as a substitute for Grant, and as an improvement on Grant, by men calling themselves reformers, we can hardly help considering it one of those fits of dementia to which even whole communities are sometimes liable. That the Democrats and most of the white Southerners should desire his election is comprehensible enough; that men who are sincerely opposed to Grant because he does not reform the civil service and obey the law should desire it, is not explicable on respectable grounds. Although the opposition to Grant has largely drawn its ammunition from the record of his shortcomings with regard to the civil service, civil-service reform is hardly mentioned in the Greeley canvass—a significant fact, to which the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which supports him, has at last drawn attention. The reason is that the sole contribution which Greeley means to make, or can make, to civil-service reform, is not to be a candidate for re-election. In other words, he contributes to it "the one-term principle." But that during this one term he will have to make room in all branches of the civil service for the largest horde of hungry applicants, without other qualification than their support of him, by which any President was ever assailed, we all know. The melancholy feature of the situation is that many of his prominent supporters, who really are reformers at heart, know it as well as anybody. His appointments, too, will be made under the dictation of probably the worst set of politicians in the United States, who will laugh at the very mention of even such steps towards a change for the better as Grant has made, and he himself will be plunged into a whirlpool of intrigue, greed, selfishness, and ambition, with probably less perspicacity and less skill in dealing with men than any President who has ever gone before him. In short, there is hardly one of his intelligent supporters, who care for reform, who is not supporting him on grounds which would seem to him ridiculous in any other branch of affairs. If any of them, we venture to assert, were asked to trust a lawyer, a doctor, a broker, arbitrator, agent, or other employee, on the grounds on which Greeley is recommended for the Presidency, they would laugh heartily.

We cannot get the nation out of the mire of corruption in a day, nor in ten years. The vices of the time are too deep-seated, and its bad tendencies too strong, to allow us to hope for anything like a sudden or speedy reformation. The most we can hope is to effect now and then a step upward, and in no case to recede. Grant is pledged to civil-service reform, is somewhat ashamed of having done so little for it, and has done something for it—not much, we admit, but something. We did hope to see him succeeded next year by a man of more knowledge of affairs, of greater political experience, of more skill in dealing with politicians, and with greater horror of abuses and a more energetic determination to get rid of them. Being disappointed in this, all we ask now is that during the next four years we shall not go downhill; that the machinery of the new organization of the civil service —even if it does not work as we think it ought to work—shall not be thrown contemptuously aside; that the employees now in office, even if they are not all they ought to be, shall not be kicked out to make way for others still worse and less experienced. All this and more would in our opinion happen in case of Greeley's election, and other and worse things still in other departments; and if the persistence with which we have urged this great reform has made any impression on any of our readers, we trust they will now bear it in mind, both in the exercise of their influence and in the casting of their vote. The disregard or forgetfulness of the reforms which the Cincinnati movement was intended to bring about is perhaps pardonable, or at all events comprehensible, on the part of the regular politicians, who, having broken with Grant and the Republicans, are now swallowing Greeley as he stands, because a politician must have a party organization of some kind at his back; without it he is a voice and nothing more. Having long relied on it as his great source of strength, and long obeyed it as the only fountain of authority, apart from it he feels helpless, desolate, and hopeless. But the honest, sober citizens who make up the party organizations labor under no such necessity, and are rent by no such fears. The voter at any rate can think his honest thought, and say it out, without any detriment to mind, body, or estate, and through him reforms must be carried through all drawbacks, failures, and betrayals. Punish this Greeleyite fraud as it deserves, and the next reform convention which meets will nominate a reform candidate, and the chiefs will find better employment than putting a good face on what they know in their hearts to be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

THE working of the new School Law in England continues to furnish curious and instructive illustrations of the difficulties of having children taught in a country in which there is not only a defective appreciation of the importance of popular education, but a decided preference on the part of a considerable portion of the religious world for ignorance over knowledge, unless the knowledge is accompanied with certain religious beliefs. The law leaves it optional with the inhabitants of each district whether they will avail themselves of its provisions, and set the educational machinery in motion or not; and accordingly we find that, out of 14,000 country parishes, only 114 had, when the last returns were made during the past winter, elected school boards, and out of the 200 boroughs only 96; but, then, it must be admitted that half a dozen of the great towns, which at once availed themselves of the act, contain a third of the population of the whole kingdom. In the country parishes the poor man who has children to educate finds himself involved in a confusing struggle. If the Episcopal clergyman of the parish can command a majority of the votes of the ratepayers, as in a large number of cases he can, and the parish elects a school board, the schools and schoolmasters are certain to be in the hands of the dominant party, and the school boards are by no means unimportant bodies. They not only appoint the teachers, but they fix the amount of the school tax, and have power to borrow money, and buy and hold real estate, and can, if they please, confine the teaching to secular subjects wholly, or order religious instruction to be administered, under the conditions prescribed by the act—that is, the time at which it is to be given must be posted up, so that children who do not want it may be able to absent themselves. If the religious instruction be ordered and be administered by teachers appointed by the clergy, the Dissenters and "Secularists" fight the school board with all their might, on the ground that they are taxed either to pay for the teaching of doctrines of which they do not approve, or for religious teaching administered by persons whom they have had no hand in choosing. As a matter of fact, it is this, or something like this, which has come to pass in nearly all the country parishes in which the law is working. The school boards have fallen into the hands of the parson and his friends, and he has his own way nearly as fully as in the olden time. But as the clergy have almost everywhere the possession of the old school, they not unnaturally oppose altogether the election of boards under the new law.

In the large cities, on the other hand, where the Dissenters and Secularists are in a large majority, and counted positively on having the control, something else has happened, and something which nobody expected. The cumulative variety of proportional representation was inserted in the new law with the view of giving minorities a fair representation in the school boards. In Manchester and Birmingham, however, the minority being dexterous, and well organized and united, actually succeeded, by skilfully concentrating their votes, in securing a majority on the boards; and thus will, for three years to come, control the educational system of the district, or, in other words, will do all the things which make the system odious to the majority, and do as few as possible of those which make it desirable.

The fight over the "compulsory clause" is nearly as deadly as that over the "conscience clause," as the provision with regard to religious instruction is called. Parliament refused to make attendance at the schools compulsory, as the Radicals would have desired, but gave the school boards power to do so if they pleased. Now, one of the belligerent parties is opposed to the exercise of this power by the boards. Those who demand religious instruction at the district schools are opposed to having children compelled to attend schools in which no such instruction is given, because it deprives them of all chance of going to any other. On the other hand, the great body of the workingmen, and indeed nearly the whole of the secular-teaching party, insist upon it that without the existence and exercise of the power of compelling attendance, the schools, in the worst districts especially, will be well-nigh useless. The more ignorant parents are, the less disposed will they be to sacrifice their children's earnings in order to let them attend, and the less importance will they attach to their attendance; and besides this, whatever hostility to the schools exists in any district, on the part of the clergy or others, will find expression more frequently in dissuading parents from sending their children than in any other way. On these two points mainly, but chiefly on the question of religious instruction, the two opposing parties are making preparations, under the lead respectively of two organizations—one called the National Educational Union, the other the National Educational League—for what promises to be one of the most exciting contests in English history, because both sides feel that its results, whatever they may be, will seriously affect other things than popular education.

Should the friends of secular instruction solely succeed in carrying their points — that is, should they succeed in having the communication of religious instruction by the teacher in school hours completely prohibited and attendance made compulsory — it would either completely release the schools from the control or influence of the clergy, or deprive the clergy of all interest in them, and make the maintenance of church schools a matter of great and increasing difficulty. No matter what might be the effect of this on the faith of either children or parents, it would unquestionably take away from the country parsons one great source of their influence with the country population, and one of the strongest reasons for the connection of the church with the state.

The English clergyman would have to change greatly in many ways to make him take any part in working an organization which set aside his own teaching as of secondary importance, and the school boards would therefore pass gradually but steadily under the control either of Dissenters or sceptics; either of which results would be a serious blow to the security of the church establishment, already greatly weakened by the destruction of the sister organization in Ireland. When this is looked at, too, in connection with the rapid spread of the movement in favor of higher wages and greater personal independence among the agricultural laborers—a movement which has already assumed formidable proportions, and which, though originated by a clergyman, Canon Girdlestone, has thus far met with neither sympathy nor encouragement from the clergy in general, who feel themselves to be the natural allies of the farmers and landlords—it will be seen that the school question is but part of a very large social question.

It is, however, part of a religious question as well. There is no disguising the fact that behind the hostility to religious teaching in the schools there is a very considerable amount of hostility to *all* religious teaching, and that in the movement against it there is engaged a body of men, such as Huxley, and Tyndall, and Harrison, to whom in influence and ability we have no corresponding class here. They are as vehemently opposed to the "Bible in the schools" as the Catholics are here, but for a very different reason. They do not seek to substitute for such religious teaching as the Protestant clergy would give other religious teaching of their own; they seek a reorganization of society on a scientific basis purely, and would deny to religion all recognition in laws or institutions, leaving as its sole function the gratification of individual tastes, like poetry or music. For the creation and diffusion of scientific habits of thought there is, of course, no way so sure as the presentation of life and its problems to the young in a scientific aspect purely; and the control of the schools is therefore to them one of the most important objects of their mission, and in this mission a very large number of them begin to display an earnestness, one might almost say fanaticism, which has long been extinct among most religious sects. How it is that their attempt to exclude religious instruction from the schools excites so much more alarm in the religious world in England than it excites, or would excite, here, is explained by the fact that the state in England having for a thousand years undertaken to teach religion itself, the exclusion of its functionaries from all share in the work of education, and the relegation of the doctrines of which it has so long guaranteed the truth to the category of things indifferent, naturally assumes the proportions of a revolution. In this country, long familiarity with the spectacle of the state acting merely as the agent of the community in a small number of purely mundane affairs, has made its exclusion from the work of religious instruction a familiar and harmless arrangement, without special significance.

RAILROAD INVESTMENTS.

RAILROAD securities now constitute probably the most popular form of investment of a personal nature open to the people of the United States. A sort of mania as regards them may be said to exist. This is very clearly shown in the rapid development of our railroad system, which is now progressing with an almost incredible rapidity. As recently as the last Presidential election in 1868, the greatest amount of railroad construction in any one year had been in 1856, the year preceding the memorable panic. It then amounted to 3,643 miles, costing probably $140,000,000. It would at this time be interesting to enquire how far so great a withdrawal of the active wealth of the country from immediate circulation, and its permanent investment in a form temporarily both unprofitable and inaccessible, contributed to the crisis of 1857. In a greater or less degree, however, it was unquestionably one of the immediate causes of that catastrophe, which was at once followed by a rapid falling-off in railroad construction, until in 1861 it had almost ceased, being reduced for that year to 621 miles. From that period it gradually but slowly began to revive, until in 1869 it reached 5,000 miles, and 7,453 in 1871. The permanent investment of the last year in railroad development, and the consequent withdrawal of wealth from active circulation, can hardly be estimated at less than $275,000,000, though it must be admitted that a considerable portion of this is foreign capital.

With the columns of the newspapers crowded with advertisements of bonds pressed upon the market at rates of interest varying between 7 and 12 per cent., most people, even those tolerably well informed, would be somewhat surprised at being told that railroad securities in America are not more profitable on the whole, while decidedly less secure, than the bonds of the United States. Yet such is indisputably the fact. United States 5 per cents. (gold) are now selling in the neighborhood of par (gold). The cost of the railroad system of the country has been at least three thousand millions of money, actually expended in construction. The gross annual earnings of this system are about $455,000,000, of which not more than 33 per cent. can be set down to net profit, or a total of $150,000,000—being exactly 5 per cent. on the cost. The system is, in fact, a thorough lottery, and hence probably one great cause of its attractiveness to investors. What with dividends in money and dividends in scrip and rapid fluctuations in value; what with the noise made over a few great successes and the silence preserved as regards numerous failures, the general public is thoroughly dazed and bejuggled. Yet the figures, few and poor as they are, are inexorable. In his recent "Manual," Mr. H. V. Poor has given a table, very incomplete and far from correct, but yet sufficient for present purposes, of 364 railroads. Of these 104 only, or less than one out of three, pay any dividends on stock at all; of the 104 dividend paying enterprises, 4 pay dividends of over 10 per cent.; 30 pay 10 per cent.; 39 pay between 7 and 10; and 30 pay less than 7. The remaining 360 pay no dividends at all. Dividends on capital stock represent, however, but a small portion of the net earnings of the system, the great bulk of which is necessarily devoted to the payment of interest and to development. As regards the proportion which their reported net earnings, whether devoted to dividends or however applied, bear to the entire cost of their construction, the roads of Massachusetts appear to be the most prosperous in the country, their percentage rising as high as 8.41; Pennsylvania comes next with 8.3; Connecticut reports 7.16; New York, 7.5; while Ohio, the only other State which furnishes reliable returns, falls as low as 4.9 per cent.

It is in the extreme West, however, that the railroad development is most rapid, and that the greatest inducements are held out to investors. How far the railroad mania has there gone, and what a surprising lottery it has become, is, in the almost total absence of reliable statistics, not easily estimated. We are, however, not wholly in the dark on the subject. Take the State of Kansas, for instance. In 1864, Kansas possessed 40 miles of railroad, all newly constructed; in 1871, she boasted of 1,760 miles, having built 260 miles in that year and 570 in the previous one. She now possesses, therefore, 154 more miles of completed road than Massachusetts, and a little more than half as many as Ohio. These railroads were mainly constructed out of the proceeds of the sale of bonds, many of them, it is true, secured on valuable land grants, but all of them bearing a high rate of interest, ranging, indeed, on their cost price as originally issued at from 9 to 20 per cent. How is this interest to be earned? What burden, in other words, does a reasonable remuneration for the cost of this mushroom railroad system impose upon the people of the State? Upon this point we have the means of arriving at some conclusions—not very exact, perhaps, but withal exceedingly suggestive.

Railroads, as a matter of course, have to draw their income from the community they serve. The population of the United States, for instance, is in round numbers 38,000,000, and its railroads earn a gross annual income of $455,000,000. Upon an average, therefore, each inhabitant of the United States pays within a few cents of $12 per annum to the support of the railroad system. Few States have carried the science of railroad statistics to a sufficient degree of excellence to enable us, so far as their inhabitants are concerned,

to verify this average with sufficient accuracy. In Massachusetts—a wealthy manufacturing community, with a large suburban trade—the average payment of each inhabitant is $13 90; in Connecticut it is $12 60; in Pennsylvania, where the returns are less exact and an enormous coal traffic is carried on, it is reported at about $18; in Ohio, it falls below the average to $11 40. These are all old and wealthy communities, and two of them at least, Pennsylvania and Ohio, are States through which passes the bulk of the through or transit business of the country. With this annual *per capita* contribution these States, as we have seen, succeed in paying on the capital invested in their railroad systems a moderate annual remuneration, varying between 4.5 and 8.4 per cent. Yet Massachusetts has to-day some 10 per cent. fewer miles of railroad than Kansas, with, as nearly as may be, four times the population and seventeen times the wealth. To render the railroad system of Kansas equally remunerative with that of Massachusetts, each of its inhabitants ought to pay to its support $61 annually; to render it equally remunerative with that of Ohio, each should pay $41. Each does contribute, as nearly as can be ascertained, about $17 60, or an annual aggregate in round numbers of $6,400,000. This is the gross return, and evidently, in view of the wealth, products, and business of the State, all that its inhabitants can now pay. Meanwhile, the Kansas roads report a capital in stock and indebtedness of $95,000,000, or only a trifle less per mile than those of Massachusetts, of which amount no less than $58,000,000 is in the shape of interest-bearing securities, as against less than $18,000,000 in the older State. At present, therefore, the railroad system of Kansas would seem to be earning in gross a little less than 8 per cent. per annum on its capital stock and indebtedness, instead of 29 per cent. as in Massachusetts, or 17 per cent. as in Ohio; and its earnings on its debt alone, without allowing anything for the cost of operating, are but 11 per cent., or hardly, if indeed at all, sufficient to meet its annual coupons. Yet he would be a very sanguine man, and know but little of Kansas roads, who would as a permanence allow much less than 60 per cent. of this amount for operating expenses. There remains, then, about 4.5 per cent. per annum on the amount of bonded indebtedness alone as the total net earnings. In other words, as regards Kansas, the future has been frightfully discounted. Instead of earning the interest so liberally promised, the roads of that State are as yet realizing but a low remuneration on their actual cash cost. The process of railroad construction is, however, still going on as actively as ever in that State.

The same course of reasoning might be extended to other Western States as well as Kansas, though nowhere else, probably, has the process of railroad construction been so thoroughly overdone. The rule here applied is one of well-nigh universal application. No railroad system can be considered well established which calls upon those whom it serves for a larger *per capita* contribution than, at the most, $20 per annum. More than this no people can pay, and, under ordinary circumstances, no people should be called upon to pay so much. Where, however, the amount necessary to a reasonable remuneration greatly exceeds this sum, it is not unsafe to conclude that a long period of extreme depression and embarrassment is impending over the system involved; unless, as in 1857, a financial crisis, by sweeping away the rotten superstructure, puts railroads and community in a position to start afresh.

In these times, when it seems only necessary to buy a railroad bond to secure an annuity, it is well to remind a credulous public of these stern realities. We by no means seek to imply that much money has not been made, and will not hereafter be made, and that too in the immediate future, in railroad enterprises. In the face of existing facts, such a proposition would in no way be tenable. What we do mean to say is, that a form of investment always hazardous, and returning at best many more blanks than prizes, is at this time more hazardous than usual, and its risks are daily increasing. We see no reason to suppose that any general panic or financial crisis is now immediately impending over the country at large. On the contrary, a financial condition which stood firm under the shock of the Chicago fire cannot be otherwise than sound. But unless we are greatly deceived, within the next few years a great many very handsomely engraved railroad bonds will go to protest, and certificates of stock by the million will find their way into the hands of the trunk-makers. It is very improbable that the United States can construct for any length of time 7,000 miles of railroad a year without getting more than the people now on the soil can conveniently support. They apparently need some $10, or even $12, of railroading apiece each year; they may even tolerate $15, and perhaps $20, but when they are called on for $30, $40, or $50, it will assuredly be found that they are getting altogether too much of a good thing.

TWO DANGERS THREATENING OUR SCHOOLS.

AT this season of the year the public-school teachers, of all grades and all parts of the country, hold their annual gatherings. There are national conventions, State conventions, county conventions, of teachers and of superintendents, of common schools and of normal schools. No better season can be found for enquiring into the present condition of our public-school system—what is its promise for the future, and what are its dangers.

Our public-school system is a distinctively American one, grown up with our community and sprung from its character and needs, just as our political system has and our collegiate system. It is elastic enough to admit of almost unlimited improvement, and it is not very hard to introduce improvement; but it would be very hard to make any change in it which should materially affect its fundamental character. It is quite right that it should be so. We have a right to assume that an institution which has grown up with a community is well adapted to its needs; and although there are many features in which we could advantageously copy European models, and although we might on abstract grounds even prefer some European system as a whole if the question were to be considered *de integro*, yet it is perhaps quite as likely that our judgment is wrong as that the popular impulse is mistaken. Those reformers who wished, some years ago, to introduce the English or the German university system would, in all likelihood, have made a pretty mess of it if they could have had their way; we have waited not so very long a time, and now our oldest institutions, Harvard and Yale, are developing a real university system, which stands a chance of permanence because it has its roots in the old order of things.

When one considers the real excellence of these schools, and the degree in which they have become a postulate in American thought, it is hard to realize adequately the two perils that menace the system from entirely opposite directions. The first arises in the character of the school system itself, which is constantly tending to become more and more mechanical, and which favors an excessive routine and commonplace methods of instruction. The second is more vital, and is directed against the very existence of the public-school system.

The first tendency is natural and unavoidable, and is probably entirely within our control. The schools suffered at first for lack of organization and gradation; nothing more natural than that, in correcting this defect, too much stress should be laid upon organization, and that, as a result, most scholars should have come to look upon it as the first of all objects to get from one grade into another. In any school, exact discipline is indispensable; the teachers are few who can maintain exact discipline in a large school without the precision of a martinet; and that is what our school discipline tends to become. Methods of instruction were wretched a generation or so ago, and one of the first features of the new impulse that education then received was new and more inspiring methods. Of course, when the impulse had passed, things settled down into a routine, and the new methods became formal and antiquated, just as the old ones had been. All these results must have followed so long as the majority of teachers are not men of inspiration and genius, but honest, hard-working persons, who simply aim to do their work as well as they can, just as if it were ditching, or book-keeping, or reporting. It is *work*, after all.

This will explain the routine and the commonplace that are the worst characteristics of our public schools. These defects are aggravated by the excessive amount of labor that is imposed upon the teachers. Teachers, as a class, have a much higher ideal, or rather the ambition for a much higher one, than they are able to realize, and are mechanical and commonplace simply because circumstances will not allow them to be anything more. The result is, however, that thinking people are dissatisfied with the work done in the public schools—not with the way in which the work is done, but with the work itself. They want a different training for their boys and girls from the mechanical "high pressure" of the public schools; and this they find, or at any rate seek, in private schools.

Now, these evils are remediable, at least in a degree; but only with the increased culture of the community itself. The schools are but a reflection of the popular taste, which enjoys their big and showy mechanism, believes in this excessive amount of mathematics, and all these dreary rules of grammar and details of geography, and thinks the main object of a child's life is to get as fast as possible from one grade to another. As soon as parents realize that a girl who has been through the course, but cannot walk a mile, and never passes two days without a headache, is not precisely the highest possible product of civilization, and that the course itself is at once wofully narrow and extremely intense, they will demand a better system, and then they will have it. Even as it is, Hosea Biglow's words meet with more sympathy than is generally thought:

> "Three-story larnin's pop'lar now—I guess
> We thriv as wall on jest two stories less."

The corrective for the danger here discussed is an enlightened public opinion, and this has already begun to be formed. The evil has been often pointed out, and is widely recognized; and we think we are not mistaken in saying that it is already less threatening than it was five years ago. The other danger specified is fundamental and vital, touching not the character of the schools, but their very existence. It finds its best expression, of course, in the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which makes the church the necessary foundation of every human institution; but it exists no less in every form of Protestantism which demands to be recognized in public education. The first and most consistent shape which it took was opposition to the very existence of a free-school system, but it was soon driven to more subtle and circuitous forms of antagonism. The free school is so firmly seated in the American mind as an essential part of American institutions, that to try to overthrow it is labor wasted. Catholic schools, Jewish schools, Swedenborgian schools, German schools—every school which represents a single religious faith, or a single element of our compound nationality—are but an ineffectual protest against the system, and do not touch its vitality any more than any other private schools. Foiled in the effort to overthrow the system, it next aimed, with equal ill success, to divide it; at present the struggle, a much more perilous one, is to control. The controversy over the use of the Bible in schools is but a contest for the control of the schools—between Protestantism, which possesses this control by tradition, and Catholicism, which demands it as of right. We cannot wonder that an attempt to subvert a custom so revered, and of such historical prestige, should be earnestly resisted, and that the custom should be claimed as a fundamental and inherent part of the system. But it should be remembered that the nation is made up of those who are its citizens now, and that it is not at present—however it may have been in the past—a Protestant nation, except so far as a nation is represented by its majority. It should be remembered, too, that if the majority to-day and here has a right to insist upon the use of King James's Version, the majority next year, and in another place, will have an equal right to insist upon the Douai Version.

In view of the vital contest which has arisen upon this point, we see no hope for the maintenance of genuine public schools except in making them purely and avowedly secular. It may truly be said that the public school system serves as a moral bond for our entire community, just as the visible church did in the Middle Age. That age was essentially theological, and found its expression in an ecclesiastical unity; our age has no common ground of religious opinion, and can only meet upon the undisputed truths of science. Secular education is, therefore, the only consistent object of our public schools; theological dogmas should be left to the Church, the family, and Sunday-schools of the several denominations.

Neither need we fear that the schools will foster immorality if the formal devotional exercises of the opening hour are omitted. We have very little faith in any great good accomplished by these formal devotions, or by formal instructions in morality. It is urged that it is the well-instructed who recruit our most dangerous classes of criminals, and that this shows that we should have more religious and moral instruction in our schools. Are we to understand that the criminals in question have never been taught that there is a God, or that stealing is a crime, and that they do not know these truths as well as a professor of theology? It is not by set precepts or by elaborate lectures on morality that boys are trained to virtue, but by the daily exhibition of moral conduct, and the constant and insensible inculcation of the principles of morality in everyday relations. There is not a well-conducted recitation in any school in the land which does not teach at every step that virtue is its own reward, that honesty is the best policy, and that in the long run fraud does not pay. We beg for this view of a much-vexed and highly-important question the careful attention of every friend of the system.

THE BURIAL OF THE YOUNG DUC DE GUISE.

PARIS, July 30, 1872.

RAMBOUILLET belonged in the last century to the House of Orléans, and was for the younger branch of Bourbon what St. Denis was for the elder. The possessor of Rambouillet was at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. the Duc de Penthièvre, famous for his charity, and to this day remembered in France under the name of *le bon Duc*. Louis XVI., who was very fond of hunting, and who wished to have the forest of Rambouillet, once said to the Duc de Penthièvre: "Sire, give me Rambouillet." "It is yours, since it is your wish, but your Majesty must allow me to take away with me the bones of my ancestors." Some time afterwards, a curious procession was seen on the high road between Rambouillet and Dreux; all the coffins of the Orléans family were transported to this last place, and the old Duke, bare-headed, followed on foot the long line of carriages which bore them. The country people lined the road, and admired the filial piety of "the good Duke." He was so much beloved that he was allowed to remain in France during the Revolution, and to die in peace during the days of the Terror. This forcible usurpation of Rambouillet, and the removal of the Orléans remains to Dreux, was one of the many reasons which separated in the days of '89 the King and the Duke of Orleans, and, in this respect, it assumes historical importance.

I could not help remembering the procession of the last century as a few days ago I was going in a special train between Paris and Dreux; this train bore the remains of the young Duc de Guise, the only son, since the death of the Prince de Condé, of the Duc d'Aumale. Born in England in 1854, educated at Twickenham, this young prince had only returned to France to die there, and his unhappy father was now alone in the world, without a wife and without a child. It is almost useless to dwell on all the associations which such names bring to the miud. France has lost Metz, which was defended successfully by a Duc de Guise, and it seems now as if this name could no more be revived. Three times has the Duc d'Aumale given it to his children, but two of them died almost as soon as born; and this third Duc de Guise only grew up to eighteen years to die a sudden death, so unexpected, that his father was telegraphed for from Aix-les-Bains, where he had just gone for his health. The name of Condé died strangely enough at the antipodes, at Sydney, a few years ago. The great Condé estates, which had been left by the last Duc de Bourbon to the infant Duc d'Aumale are again in abeyance; the Duc d'Aumale will find himself as solitary in his woods of Chantilly as the father of the Duc d'Enghien. There is something almost too tragic in all these comparisons. I was making them as the train in the early dawn of morning took us through the corn-fields of the Beauce. The early peasauts in the fields turned round and wondered what this train was, full of gentlemen in evening dress, white cravat, and dress-coat, for such is the etiquette for a royal funeral.

The heat on the preceding days had been so intense that, for prudence sake, the special train had left Paris at four o'clock in the morning. In the first carriage were the Princes of Orléans and the Princess, who had had time to come back to Paris, the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville, the Count and the Countess of Paris, the Princess de Joinville, the grandmother of the young Duc de Guise, the old Princess of Salerno, a niece of Marie Antoinette, a sister of Marie-Louise, the first Emperor's second wife; the Duc de Nemours, the Duc de Alençon, his son, and his wife, the young Duchess, a sister of the Empress of Austria and of the Queen of Naples. Then came the Belgian minister, who represented the King of the Belgians, and only the most intimate friends of the Orléans. At Versailles the train stopped a moment to take about fifty deputies, who wished to go to Dreux with their royal colleague. Dreux is a small town situated in the valley of the Eure. When the train stopped, the coffin, which was covered with white cloth, was placed on a car, which stood in waiting for it at the station, and was drawn by four white horses, with white feathers on their heads. The car was also adorned with white hangings, and bore the arms of Orléans. The procession was formed immediately. The Duke followed the car, bare-headed, and after him came his family and all the gentlemen who were in the train. Though it was then only seven o'clock, the population of Dreux and the neighboring villages lined the road; every man bowed before the white coffin and the Princes; I saw many women cry. The attitude of the population was more than respectful, it was tender and affectionate. By a long and winding slope the procession arrived at the small chapel of Dreux, which is built on the crest of the valley, and surrounded by a lovely English park. Nothing could be more quiet and silent than this secluded spot. But inside the chapel the scene was almost too sad. The sound of the organ, the chanting, the black hangings, the mystic light of the candles, the solemn emotion of all the bystanders, gave to the ceremony

quite an extraordinary character. The sobs of the Princesses were heard under their long and thick black veils. The Duc d'Aumale, as pale as a ghost, as still as a statue, kept his eyes fixed on the coffin. Many old statesmen, men accustomed to the wear and tear of life, wept like children. There were united in the presence of death the remains of the oldest and greatest family of Europe, and under what circumstances! The sons of Henri IV. were almost as much exiles in their country now as they were a few years ago in England. A new France had grown, which had forgotten that their ancestors had made France the proud country she once was; the young boy who was now buried had spent his youth rowing on the Thames between Richmond and Teddington, or following the hounds in the deep fields of Worcestershire with kind farmers who knew nothing of the history of his family. The remains of Louis Philippe, of Queen Amélie, of the Duchesse de Nemours, of the Duchesse d'Aumale, were still lying in the small chapel of Weybridge.

Four masses were said at the same time, one at the great altar, two at two lateral altars, and one in the chapel in the vault. During the whole ceremony the body-servants of the Duc de Guise, dressed in black, stood by the catafalque. When mass was over, the coffin was brought down in the vault, and immediately took its place in one of the stone tombs, which are placed in a long semicircle. Only the Duc and the family were down with the masons. The bystanders in the chapel heard the noise of the stone-cutters and the plasterers in painful silence. When the royal family left the vault, all in turn went down; there was the marble statue of the Duc de Orléans wrapped up in a military mantle, and lying on his grave; several other statues of Orléans princes; one, quite lovely, by Pradier, of an infant princess, lying on her marble pillow, with a flower in her hand. Before each tomb there is a painted-glass window. One of them is quite remarkable; it is the defence of a bridge at Agincourt, painted by Eugene Delacroix. On the walls of the chapel of Dreux are eight beautiful glass windows, painted by Ingres, and representing all the kings, queens, and princes of the royal family of France who made themselves conspicuous by their piety—Saint Louis, Queen Blanche, and others.

The Duke had the strength of mind to receive for a moment all the friends who had come to Dreux. In the park of Dreux there is an old tower covered with ivy, in the centre of which is a large, bare room; the only piece of furniture is the iron bed in which Queen Amélie died at Claremont. It was in this room that the Duke shook hands with all the gentlemen who were there. Not far from the chapel is a small house still called the Bishopric, as it was long inhabited by a bishop. It now belongs exclusively to the Comte de Paris, who sometimes sends his children there for a change of air. In another house live four priests, who are attached to the chapel, and who say mass in it daily. From the terrace of the Bishopric one sees the little city of Dreux, lying at the foot of the hill, with its old church and a picturesque old tower. Not far from the park is the Forest of Dreux, which is one of the many forests which surround Paris with a girdle of woods, and are the remnants of the old Gaulish forest which extended from the Loire to the Ardennes.

While the ceremony was performed at Dreux, there were two funeral services in Paris for those who were not of the intimate acquaintance of the Princes of Orléans. At the Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, which is the Duc d'Aumale's parish, there were hundreds of distinguished people; and in the first rank I will name Mr. Washburne and your illustrious General Sherman, who has shown that he did not forget the part which the Orléans Princes have taken in the war of secession. The sympathy with the Duc d'Aumale in his great afflictions has been of a universal character. President Grévy of the National Assembly wrote to him a very touching letter. All the members of the Right, who look on the Duc d'Aumale as a prince of the blood, sent him their names and went to the funeral. The Pope sent him his benediction, and Victor Hugo wrote on his card this line:

"Flet pater viduus cum patro doloroso."

Queen Victoria, and indeed all the kings and princes of Europe, sent their telegrams, while some of Gambetta's friends inscribed their names. There are powers which survive all other powers: the common feelings of humanity have nothing to do with politics. Nothing can destroy the past, the memories of centuries, the prestige of historical names. When all the most elementary passions of mankind can unite with the poetical instinct, the effect is almost irresistible. After so many revolutions, which have shaken almost every belief, the French as a nation have still preserved a great respect for the dead. Even a Communist workingman will bow whenever in the streets he meets a funeral cortége. He salutes not the Christian faith, nor the priest: he salutes that grim king who will always be king, even in a republic—the great king before whom all are equal—Death.

NEGRO MORTALITY AT THE SOUTH.

Charleston, S. C., July, 1872.

HOUSEHOLD service in the South has always had its peculiar phases, and just now, owing to the transition state of the labor system, these phases are peculiar to an unusual degree. There was a time when, so far as *certainty* of service was concerned, the Southern matron could boast a superiority over her Northern sister, but that has now become one of the traditions of the past. The trials of to-day are a natural result of a combination of the evils of a period of transition from the old system to the new, and a very liberal allowance of time must be made for their correction. With emancipation and the influences brought to bear upon the newly made citizen—with the historic "mule and forty acres" in constant contemplation—the feeling at the close of the war, among by far the largest number of negroes, seemed to be that a change of employers was absolutely necessary. They thought, and perhaps quite correctly, that in this way only could they fully shake off old habits, and make a complete entry upon their new condition. Once realizing this power of change, a roving inclination was rapidly developed, which has since proved the bane of the planter and housekeeper. A cook recently gave notice that she would leave the place she had held with entire satisfaction upon both sides, "because, ma'am, it look like old time to stay too long in one place." It is certainly true, however, that numbers of old servants have returned to their former homes, and a very large proportion of the entire number acknowledge by word and deed the strength of the old tie. The plantation negro, for instance, makes it a point, in coming to town on a visit, to bring berries, potatoes, eggs, or chickens to "de family"; no pay in money is desired, but some suitable present in return is expected and bestowed. A country member of the Legislature being recently in town met his former mistress in the street, and was reminded that he had not been to see her: "Tell de trut', ole miss," was the reply, "ain't hab no egg an' chicken for bring." And in seasons of sorrow or of joy their claim for recognition by "old massa or miss" is immediate.

Of labor there is an abundance. The "black and colored" population of Charleston exceeds the white by about four thousand, and a walk along the streets of the city would convey the impression of a still greater disproportion. The negro women exceed the men in about the same degree as that in which both sexes outnumber the whites. All shades abound—from the blackest and filthiest representative of the "low country" to the neatly-dressed octoroon or mulatto. The latter classes—in great varieties of shade—are largely represented in all Southern cities, and are called upon to perform the neater grades of work, and those which require careful attention. That they are found in such numbers in towns is partly due to the fact that the mixture of the two races does not produce a hardy offspring. The mulattoes cannot stand the amount of labor possible to either parent, and the toil in the cotton or rice field is too severe for them. Hence they crowd into the nearest city, and from their peculiar fitness and greater aptitude find occupation as barbers, mechanics, waiting-men, ladies' maids, dressmakers, and other similar employments. Their wants are much more numerous than the negro's, and their tastes assimilate to those of the white race, thus engendering a jealousy which causes them, as a class, to hold aloof from all of darker hue. At the present moment, on the walk outside my window, a couple of ebony damsels and a mulatto boy are belaboring one another in terms more vigorous than select as to each other's claims to "respectability" on the ground of color.

There has been considerable speculation as to the effect of freedom upon the physical condition of the former slave. By many it is thought that his ultimate fate will be that of the Indian, and for this opinion there seems to be some ground. That immorality and disease are *largely* on the increase cannot be doubted: of this fact I am assured by leading physicians, and the statistics would seem to confirm the statement. The general importance of the subject has led me into an examination of the mortuary records of the city of Charleston, and the results will be found in the following tables, commencing with 1866, and giving the relative mortality of the whites and the blacks during the last six years. It must be borne in mind that the entire population in 1866 may be estimated at 35,000 to 40,000, and in 1870 the United States census shows a total of 48,956. The average surplus of "blacks and colored" over the whites during the six years may be placed at about 4,000.

The total number of deaths in each year is as follows:

	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871*
White	607	462	390	453	539	714
Black	1,164	879	818	918	1075	956

* 1871 was a yellow-fever or sickly season, and as such years are much more fatal to the whites, it can scarcely be placed on a level with the rest. The relative proportion of deaths thus far in 1872 is the same as in the first five years.

Of the entire number of deaths—9,005 in all—

7,701 are natives of South Carolina.
4 8 " " other States.
866 " " foreign countries.

The table below shows the relative mortality of children under five years of age:

	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871
White	212	319	136	181	203	191
Black	392	623	372	461	405	415

In this statement I will merely add one or two facts falling under my own observation. Of all the great contrasts between the past and the present in the South, I can truly say that *not one* has struck me more forcibly than the seeming *dearth* of negro children. It is not so noticeable in the cities and towns; but in the country it might be supposed that some new Herod had inaugurated a slaughter of the innocents. Whether this statement holds true with reference to other portions of the South, I cannot yet say from my own observation; but it is certainly so in this part of Carolina. Formerly on well-kept plantations, as soon as practicable, the mothers were relieved of the care of their offspring, and the master had them properly attended to in regular "nurseries." In fact, to the slave-owner the actual profit came from the increase, and self-interest compelled a proper amount of attention. Now, however, this care is thrown upon the mother, and the testimony is unanimous that the present startling mortality among children is due to the persistent neglect of their mothers. There seems to be an absolute indifference—a want of maternal instinct. The result of such conduct—especially where there is no proper medical attendance—may be readily imagined. Few physicians would seriously think of settling down to the practice of their profession in the country at the South, especially under existing circumstances. Here and there perhaps a planter may be found who has acquired a knowledge of medicine; but it is kept subsidiary to planting interests.

A gentleman of this character gave me an instance of his experience. A year ago, in one "quarter," there were eleven births about the same time. All these children were under his care, but with two of them he had especial trouble, and gave them especial attention. At the end of the year, these two out of the eleven were the only ones alive, and they could not live much longer. There had been no epidemic, and yet such instances are of frequent occurrence. No exact statement can be given, however, for no statistics are kept.

I have also added a table of the principal causes of death. Of course, nearly all the diseases known to the medical faculty are to be found in a city of this size, and I have merely selected those from the number of whose victims some conclusions may be reached:

	WHITES.						BLACKS OR COLORED.					
	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871
Variola	37	..	..	..	..	..	239	..	..	..	..	..
Consumption	53	44	47	38	47	53	75	85	77	94	134	135
Pneumonia	18	15	10	18	16	13	75	49	31	53	53	31
Typhoid fever	24	11	11	17	22	19	34	40	16	26	24	14
Trismus nascentium	23	16	19	11	14	14	49	73	65	47	47	80
Marasmus	19	14	9	17	15	16	25	31	48	44	59	25
Convulsions	17	22	11	23	26	16	38	27	34	49	52	40
Diarrhœa	12	20	8	9	19	11	21	25	24	26	60	34
Old age	14	12	10	16	12	18	56	45	48	19	39	21
Dropsy	17	8	9	6	10	6	71	65	53	40	42	39
Cholera infantum	20	15	19	16	12	14	18	42	45	25	39	17
Congestion of the brain	34	10	13	17	25	24	21	14	14	21	22	23
Congestion of lungs	11	2	4	10	16	13	28	3	12	26	31	27
Yellow fever	..	..	..	..	..	189	..	..	..	..	..	23

I have also added a statement of the comparative mortality of the years 1860 and 1870:

	1860.			1870.		
	No. of Population.	No. of Deaths.	Proportion of Deaths.	No. of Population.	No. of Deaths.	Proportion of Deaths.
			1 in			1 in
Whites	26,969	719	37·51	22,145	539	41·09
Blacks and Colored	21,440	753	28·47	26,811	1,075	24·94
All Classes	48,409	1,472	32·90	48,956	1,614	30·33

Correspondence.

MR. WELLS'S FIGURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Wells's article in the *Nation* of July 25. I presume his figures are correct, and very likely his argument is sound, for the most part. But unless I misunderstand him, he has fallen into *one* miscalculation. Early in his article he says, "I find, first, that the expenses of the National Government for the fiscal years 1869, 1870, 1871, *exclusive of interest*, premiums on the purchase of bonds, and payments on the principal of the public debt, were as follows: . . . There is thus an apparent decrease in the national expenditures for the fiscal year 1871 of $25,075,000, as compared with the expenditures for like purposes for the fiscal year 1869. *But on the 30th of June, 1870, the requirement for expenditure for interest on the public debt was* $7,180,000 *less than it was on the 30th of June, 1869*; and on the 30th of June, 1871, *this charge had been further reduced by the sum of* $13,772,000. Assuming $10,661,000 to represent the average *diminution of the interest charge* for the entire fiscal year 1871 (the reduction having been progressive by months), *this* $25,075,000 *reduction of the national expenditures would be reduced to* $14,414,000." Italics mine.

I do not see it at all. According to his own statement, the charge for interest—be it more or be it less—had been taken out of the budget before the comparison was made at all. The original figures for 1869 and 1871, as given by him (but omitted here), represent the expenses *independent* of payments on the public debt, both principal and interest. Hence the *whole difference* between them is a bona-fide reduction of expenditures, except so far as he is able on other grounds to show to the contrary.

If I am right in this, Mr. Wells has probably perceived the error before this. But figures are so constantly used as witnesses on both sides of every question, and are so unprincipled and mendacious, yet all the time keeping in many minds that absurd reputation that they "will not lie," that it seems worth while to trip them up occasionally, and warn them that they must learn to deserve their good name—as Mr. Wells's figures, I dare say, generally do.

LINCOLN, MAINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of the *Nation*, writing from Lincoln, Maine, calls my attention to the circumstance that in the article contributed to the *Nation* under date of July 25, "*On the ratio of increase in our national expenditures*," I have understated the apparent reduction in the national expenditures for 1871 as compared with 1869, by deducting from the amount ($25,075,000 plus $5,967,000, the increased payment on account of pensions) the average reduction in the annual interest for 1871, due to the gradual reduction of the public debt, inasmuch as the interest account was not in either year an element of comparison.

Recurring to the paragraph of the article in question, I find your correspondent to be entirely correct, and I hasten to correct the error into which, by some inadvertence, I have fallen, by restating the apparent decrease of national expenditures for 1871 as compared with 1869 at $31,042,000, in place of $20,381,000. I make the correction with pleasure: first, because I don't mean that my figures "shall lie" if I can help it; and second, because on subsequent comparisons of expenditures in the same article, the error in question did not occur or was eliminated. The article, therefore, in fact corrected itself, and in its conclusions remains now, as at first, incapable of refutation.—I am yours, most respectfully,

DAVID A. WELLS.

Notes.

A WRITER in *Hearth and Home* agrees with many philosophers of ancient and modern times that the weather is a very common topic of conversation. Repeatedly, he says, you hear the gentleman saying, "It is extremely hot this evening," and the lady replying, "Yes, I think it is hotter than it was this morning," to which the gentleman assents, and says, "But it is not so hot as it was last night"; to which the lady assents, and says, "If it is as hot to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do," to which again the gentleman gives his assent, and goes on to say, "But I don't think it is possible for it

to be hotter than it was yesterday," to which the lady gives her assent, and the subject is continued at some length. The writer thinks that for so barren a topic as this some other should be substituted, and suggests that arithmetical observations, for instance, would be better than meteorological. Evidently we can recognize in him an insidious enemy of the woman's-rights movement, and he should be minced by Mrs. Livermore or Mrs. Hooker or somebody or other. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is as gifted as most women; she is a good enough Greek scholar to explicate the text, "Let your conversation be in heaven," and show to the satisfaction of the whole Radical Club of Boston that "conversation" in this connection means "talk," and that the apostle in these words instructs us to talk always of high matters and never to gabble; but even she might readily be puzzled if asked to multiply 7 by 8, for instance, or to subtract 6 from 41, or perform any similar problem requiring that trained understanding which in all ages man, by superior brute force, has succeeded in withholding from woman. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Cady Stanton, who are mothers or sisters, but who sought in vain the educational privileges so freely offered their fathers and brothers, might, if this suggestion were adopted, be silenced for hours by a malicious request from some male to subtract one and eight-tenths from three and one-tenth, or to multiply some vulgar fraction by a mixed number. And as for the majority of young women in society, conversation, so far from being widened in its scope by the disappearance of meteorology, would practically be restricted to the table of five and the table of ten, which are the easiest but least interesting parts of the Multiplication Table. And to most men, too, making a change would bring no sensible relief, because the homage of the ladies would in that case be paid to the expert mathematician, and the proverb as to the sort of man held in most esteem by the fair sex would still be of full application: "The bigger mathematician a man is, the better the women like him," would be the new reading, or "He's a regular mathematician, but see how he goes down with the women." Everybody, then, may properly hold the *Hearth and Home* writer in enmity, and take a dig at him (if anything is left of him) after the *Woman's Journal* is done with him.

—Just before the close of the war, when the Government had become more tolerant than it ventured upon being while the issue was doubtful, a man by the name of Pomeroy, widely known as "Brick Pomeroy," published a Democratic newspaper at La Crosse, Wisconsin, called the *La Crosse Democrat*. The scurrility, which intellectually was drivel and morally was disgusting, of this vile sheet made it unacceptable to any but the very lowest of the Democrats of the Northwest: it was without influence, and had but few readers, though it was more or less quoted by the crazier of the "copperhead" editors and orators. But when the war closed, and the South was reopened to Northern publications, Pomeroy's paper, to the wonderment of all decent people who had not an acquaintance with the real South of those heated days, became a prime favorite in almost all the Southern States. The journals which urged that the body of Dr. Dostie, killed in the New Orleans riots, should be boiled down into soap-fat, out of which soap could be made for the use of Northern teachers, were unable to cope with the indecencies of Pomeroy's paper, or to cater so successfully for the taste of the average Southern young man, and the circulation of the *Democrat* was enormous. Money flowed in that year and the next and the next, and the rejoicing editor by-and-by moved his office to this city to practise "metropolitan journalism" and give New York a reliable Democratic paper. The occurrence of the Presidential campaign, with its fervors, either advanced the "red-hot" editor's fortunes, or prevented any visible decline of them, and he was extremely efficient down to election day in "nailing another lie," inventing dirty slanders, "carrying the news to Hiram," paddling in the muck of grossness, and, in general, behaving himself like a human being with some knowledge of the decencies of life, instead of like a brute with a strong spice of the low blackguard in him. But after this supreme effort at "Democratic journalism" the paper began to flag. It flourished but poorly in our Eastern atmosphere, and we are pleased to chronicle its complete collapse and death. We congratulate the public also on the extinction of the malodorous *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, which "Demosthenes" and Mr. Theodore Tilton together were, it seems, not enough to save.

—The University of California, in search of a president, has at last been successful, Professor D. C. Gilman of Yale having accepted the office. California now has a great opportunity, if she will only do three things: first, gather an ample working library; secondly, give the new president the pick of the best men in the country, by putting the professorships on a liberal foundation; and thirdly, the best men once appointed, if she will leave the internal concerns of the university mainly in their hands, throwing over as far as possible the usual incumbrances of trustees, committees, boards of overseers, and outside people in general. The Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, with whose workings and organization Professor Gilman is familiar, shows with what signal success an untrammelled institution can administer its own affairs.

—A correspondent tells us that on p. 35 (Lévy's edition) of "Cæsar Birotteau," by De Balzac, dated 1837, he finds the following: ". . . les uns recherchèrent la silencieuse approbation d'un homme censé profond, en sa qualité d'ecouteur?"

—The constantly recurring strife between capital and labor, the real hardships endured by the laborer, and the great injuries which he is every year more and more disposed to inflict upon his employer—injuries which in the end fall upon his own head; the disturbance to the whole economical world, and the not improbable dangers to the social fabric, render welcome every attempt to discover a system by which harmony can be restored and the joint earnings of the disputing partners be divided fairly and so as to satisfy both. The French, who have shown us some of the most striking examples of the evils of the conflict, have not been behindhand in attempts to discover a remedy. The very remarkable book of M. Godin, "Solutions sociales," to which we hope again to call the attention of our readers, shows how much may be done by a wise and benevolent employer for the welfare of his workmen, and how the too often hostile parties may be bound together by a solidarity of interests. M. Chaix, proprietor of one of the largest printing establishments in France, has devised and is about to put into operation a plan similar in some respects to those which have been tried successfully by some American firms—Hovey & Co. in Boston, and Brewster in this city. His desire, as stated in his "Reglement de Participation," is to ameliorate the present condition of his employees by paying to them each year a certain sum over and above their salaries or wages, and to provide for their future by laying up a capital for them or their families. He hopes that this proposed arrangement will establish a new bond, moral and material, between the house and its employees, and that the increased outlay of the house may be in some degree reimbursed by the improved quality and greater quantity of work done. The details of the plan are as follows: To participate, a workman must have served the house three years and have shown himself faithful and capable. Among workmen so qualified, M. Chaix will divide ten per cent. of his profits in proportion to the amount of their salaries; half is to be paid as soon as the year's accounts are settled, the other half to be carried to a sort of insurance and retiring fund. A man who voluntarily leaves the service during any year will forfeit his share for that year; if he is dismissed, he will receive his share up to the date of his dismissal. The retiring fund is to be further increased by a special appropriation from the profits of the business, so large as nearly to double it. No workman will be entitled to draw his share in this until he has been twenty years in the service or has arrived at the age of sixty years. When a man dies in the service, his share is to be paid to his family. The participation of profits is to be made according to the books of the house, and the accounts are to be audited by a board of nineteen, consisting of the ten oldest employees, and nine members annually elected by a general assembly of the workmen. We have given the plan concisely, yet at sufficient length to show how carefully it has been considered by its projector. It preserves to the master the control of his business, a control absolutely necessary to commercial success, and yet it gives to all the employees a share in the results of that success, and an interest in making it as great as possible. Whether the share offered them is sufficient to be a strong inducement to extra zeal remains to be proved by experience. Whether the new system of payment by the hour, lately adopted by one of our railroads, is not better adapted to our unsettled habits, is a question. M. Chaix's plan demands a length of service which is probably very much more common in France than here. At any rate, one danger is avoided on which have split some otherwise promising schemes of co-operative societies of workmen—the difficulty of finding a manager of sufficient ability to make the business pay who would not either demand a salary exceeding the profits which ordinarily fall to the share of the employer, or run away with all the funds of the enterprise.

—Of course it is perfectly proper to say all sorts of disagreeable things about Napoleon III. now; *numquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi hunc hominem;* nevertheless, among other things to his credit, things like the following should not be forgotten. When Napoleon was at the height of his power, twelve years ago, Count Bartholomeo Borghesi died at San Marino. His literary career, remarkable at once for precocity and sustained brilliancy, gave the lie to Ascham's dictum about "quicke wittes": "for this I knowe," says the author of the "Schoolmaster," "not onely by reading of bookes in my studie, but also by experience of lyfe, abroade in the worlde, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be olde, were never commonly the quickest of witte, when they were

yong. Quick wittes commonlie be apte to take, vnapte to keepe; more quicke to enter spedely, then able to pearse farre. Such wittes neuer passe farre forward in hie and hard sciences." Nobody can read Borghesi's first dissertation on a coin of the Emperor Heraclius, without admitting that it was a quick wit that could do so much at the infant age of eleven; while the productions of his manhood and old age showed that the infant phenomenon of epigraphics could also pierce far and pass far forward in high and hard sciences. On every branch of Roman numismatics and inscriptions and on antiquities of all sorts, military, sacerdotal, and political, he had his say, and somehow, whatever Borghesi had said always turned out to be right. Still, although his name had become a household word with scholars, their ideas of the man were somewhat vague and verging on the misty; many of his choicest treasures were buried in the corners of obscure Italian journals, or had been tossed out lavishly in good-natured letters to his friends, who never resorted to him for instruction in vain. There was no collective work to which his admirers could appeal, on which they could lay the finger and say confidently, "This is the man, this is Borghesi." Louis Napoleon had the sagacity to see and the energy to remedy this want, and if there was a little vanity about it, that may be overlooked. A few weeks after Borghesi's death, Ernest Desjardins was speeding over the Alps to San Marino to make preliminary arrangements, and not many months after a bulletin in the *Moniteur* announced that a commission of four Frenchmen, assisted by eight eminent foreigners, had been empowered to collect and edit Borghesi's complete works, the costs to be met from the civil list. Seven quarto volumes had appeared when the great tragi-comedy of 1870 suddenly snapped off the whole undertaking. In the present state of French finances, M. Thiers might well be looked after if he spent the public moneys of the new loan on men-singers and women-singers and the delights of the sons of men, like his predecessor. But when he jingles the national double eagles, his fingers must itch, collector and curiosity-hunter as he is, to finish this great work, which would shed lustre on the little sister-republic of San Marino, and add another enduring monument to "all the glories of France."

HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD'S ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.*

WE need a good etymological English Dictionary of convenient size for a handbook. Webster and Worcester are too large, and have too much else in them. It should be something like Scheler's French Dictionary or Weigand's German. It should have space for the history of each word, both its forms and meanings and the dates and works in which they are first found; and yet it should not be a very large book. Müller's "Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Englischen Sprache" is a fair beginning, and might be worth translating. Wedgwood is also in many respects a valuable work. It is very learned in its way, and is rich in illustrative quotations from rare old books, and in groups of words analogous in formation and connection of thought, gleaned from all the vocabularies of the world.

But it has a theory, and substitutes it for the established laws of phonetic change, and, to a great extent, for historical research. It would not be far wrong to say that it is not so much an etymological dictionary as an essay on the origin of language. An introduction of 69 pages is formally devoted to that subject, and a very large part of the rest of the book is really given to illustrating the theory by discussions of English words. This theory is that speech originates in imitation of the sounds of external objects, and of man's own natural cries. A good many able and cautious linguists hold or favor this view; but they generally say that it is a long time since speech originated, and that the languages of our day come from monosyllables which we can trace back thousands of years, and which have been used all that time without thought of their imitative sound, and have changed so much that we cannot detect their imitative origin, and ought not to expect to do so. Scientific etymology requires us to trace our words to their roots before theorizing. But Mr. Wedgwood easily recognizes imitative words as they stand; he runs them off by the dozen in his introductory essay: *bump, thump, plump, thwack, whack, smack, crack, clack, clap, flap, flop, pop*, etc., etc. In the letter B we find over 300 words traced to an imitative origin, at least half the whole number, and filling much more than half the space, for it takes pretty long dissertations to bring out the imitative element in many of the words. Many of them are derived from *bubbles; bubble* is an "imitation of the sound made by the bubbling liquid." A bubble and a lump or swelling are very generally designated by the same word, "because the same articulation is used to represent the *pop* of a bubble bursting, and the sound of a blow, from which the designation of a knob, hump, or projection is generally taken." Of *bladder*, "the radical image is the formation of foam or bubbles by the dashing of water." *Blade*, a leaf, is commonly connected with *flat*. "But perhaps a more definite origin may be found in the notion of foam or a mass of bubbles." . . . "We have in foam a most complete example of leafy structure." "*Bug* is simply an object of terror, from the cry *Bo! Boo! Boh!* made by a person, often covering his face to represent the unknown, to frighten children." *Breech* "designates the part on which a boy is *breeched* or flogged, a word, formed from the sound of a loud smack." *Burn* is from the roaring of the flame. Of *buffoon* it is said, "a puff with the mouth is probably indicative of contempt, as emblematically *making light* of an object. 'And who minds Dick? Dick's nobody! Whoo! He blew a slight contemptuous breath, as if he blew himself away,' David Copperfield." "*Bumbailiff* is from the notion of a humming, droning, or dunning noise applied to dunning a person for a debt." Each of these examples is further illustrated by apposite passages, words from other languages, and the like, sometimes to the length of a couple of columns.

This comparison of words does not follow the recognized laws of change in language; it leads the author away from the beaten track of scientific progress. The book cannot be put in the hands of a student as a trustworthy guide. But its unscientific appearance might easily lead a critic to overlook much real merit; for in fact a great deal of this matter is surplusage, going beyond the authorities; and Wedgwood agrees with them as far as they go. It is true that he confines himself for the most part to Anglo-Saxon words which have not yet been made commonplace by etymologists. If he were to treat the Latin words with the same freedom, he would have to face all the great masters of modern philology. He does it now and then as it is. It would be hard to find in any other learned book of the year a worse tangle of blunders than the discussion of *bind*, which is said to be derived from *bund, bunch*, which is described as identical with Latin *pondus*, and meaning a lump of some heavy material, named from the noise of a blow. Considered as an essay on the origin of language, the book is valuable, and will doubtless do something toward the settlement of the question. If we are to find out more about the original speech of man, and we doubtless are, it is to be by induction of linguistic facts, concentrating evidence on particular sounds, and showing first of one and then of another that it belongs to the natural speech of man. To establish this, it should be found in many diverse languages; found to grow up in nurseries; be heard from deaf mutes, if possible, from the deaf and blind; be like in kind to one of man's natural cries. Mr. Wedgwood has brought together a large body of facts going to show that certain sounds which he discusses are of this sort. It would be an advance if he were to lay down the criteria and method of proof, and arranged his material to suit them. He does not see the wide difference between words imitative of the sounds of external objects and those imitative of the voice of man. The imitation of external sounds is a comparatively strange and difficult matter. Words of that kind are rare in genuine old books; perhaps there is not one among the undoubted roots of the Indo-European parent speech. The frequent use of them has a modern aspect, and gives a comic or sensational air to any style:

"Bang, bang, bang! went the cannon, and the smoke rolled over the trenches." "Hoo, hoo, hoo! ping, ping, ping! came the bullets about the ears." "Haw, haw, haw! roared a soldier from the other side of the valley." "And at it both sides went, ding, dong! till the guns were too hot to be worked." When such extracts as these are made, it is not of Homer or Beowulf that we think. The primary speech is occupied with the vital needs of animal man, the utterance of joy, pain, surprise, love, hate, weariness, and the like, and it is in sounds naturally expressive of these that the scientific linguist looks to find the ultimate sources of language.

GUSTAVE DROZ'S LAST NOVEL.*

IT is always pleasant to watch the course of a writer when it is one of progressive improvement, when we can see him acquiring a steadier hand, a broader view of the world, and, withal, possessing the power of purging himself of his earlier errors. Droz has always been an admirable writer, his *genre* sketches, although stained by gross faults, were always cleverly done; far too much so, most of us will say, when it is seen that one of his most deplorable volumes has reached the fifty-third and another the twenty-seventh edition. In those books he showed great powers as a humorist, as a sort of drawing-room satirist, and much of what may, perhaps, be called the dramatic side of the novelist—that quality, namely, which serves to give his characters the stamp of likeness to life; although it must be said that, leaving aside the consideration of those marked faults which will disgust most

* "A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, late Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. Second edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged; with an Introduction on the Origin of Language." New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

* "Babolain. Par Gustave Droz." Paris: J. Hetzel & Cie. 1872. New York: F. W. Christern.

readers, one could not help regretting that the skill which was shown in such trifling work could not be used for some higher purpose. The frivolity of fashionable life, of women's talk at parties, is too small game for any one who can really write. It concerns itself with too unimportant a part of human existence. The question is decided before the counsel for the prosecution opens his mouth, and the more eloquent his speech, the greater is our impatience.

His two longer novels have been already discussed in these pages; they showed his desire to try some more serious work than ridiculing popinjays and flirts, and they met with considerable success—one of them, "Autour d'une Source," being translated into English and published in this country. "Babolain" is the story, told in the form of an autobiography, of a broken-hearted man. He begins with a statement of his own character, which he says is especially noticeable for being fearful of ridicule, introspective, but, above all, proud. The truth of this analysis may be seen from this synopsis of the story: His mother dies at his birth, his father, who had been professor in a college, dies when he is six years old, and he is at once taken away by his uncle, who soon sends him to school. There, being a sensitive, physically feeble, awkward, unattractive boy, he suffers all manner of torture from his schoolmates, but, notwithstanding, makes one friend, Timoléon, whose exercises he used to do for him. Afterwards he entered the *Ecole Normale*, and, by dint of much hard work, is appointed professor of mathematics, first in a provincial college and then at the Collége Saint Louis in Paris. Just at this moment his uncle dies, leaving him heir to a considerable fortune. He does not lose control of himself at this, but takes advantage of the opportunity it gives him to enter the world, to which, in his solitary, hard-working, self-denying life, he had felt strange yearnings. He is introduced to two ladies, a mother and daughter; they are both charming in his mind, and with the younger, an artistic, vague, but beautiful creature, he falls in love. He feels keenly his awkwardness and unattractiveness, and imagines that his chance of winning her is hopeless, when, to his surprise and delight, the mother tells him that he must never come to the house again—that her daughter loves him. We cannot help quoting a few lines from one of the conversations in which the avaricious mother tries to throw some light upon poor Babolain's mind. He says:

"'Are you afraid that her lungs are attacked?'

"'I am afraid of everything, my friend. Now the trouble is only mental, I am sure, judging from her sudden changes from depressing melancholy to mad gaiety, from all the unaccountable things. For example, this morning I went into her room to see her, and I found her sitting in a corner completely absorbed in a little book that I have never seen in her hand before. I go up to her. "What are you reading, my dear?" I say. Then she hands me the volume with that graceful, frank gesture that you must know.'

"'Yes, yes.'

"'Where was I? Oh! yes. I look at the book; it was a little arithmetic that she used to have at school. I said, smiling, "You are beginning your studies again, my dear?" But she answered, throwing herself into my arms, and kissing me warmly, "Oh! science is *so* beautiful, mamma, *so* beautiful!"'"

It will be remembered that he is a professor of mathematics.

These wiles are successful; he marries the young woman, and then his troubles fairly begin. She is, of course, extravagant, frivolous, and, in time, false. His eyes are for a long time closed to her folly; he is easily managed by her, for he is madly in love with her, and by her mother, a woman who, we need only say, is the model mother-in-law of fiction. An article in a paper, abusive of his wife, causes him to quarrel with some of his colleagues, and to fight a duel, in which he is badly wounded, with a journalist. On recovering from a long sickness, the consequence of the duel, he finds his wife and her mother have left him, and that he has been deprived of his professorship on account of the other quarrel. In despair he flies to a provincial town, and devotes himself to the bringing-up of his little daughter, whom the mother had not cumbered herself with in her travels. His daughter grows up, and, to her father's great grief, marries. Here the saddest part of the story begins. His daughter and her husband take him to live with them, but gradually every indignity is heaped upon him; he is thrust away into an attic; he is robbed of every luxury; hopeless misery encompasses him; but he never blames any one except himself, and then for faults which were never his. He tells the story, but he does not seem to know its horror; his only pleasure is to play with his little grandson, the only being in the world who ever loved him, for wife and child had both detested him; but he is even robbed of his grandson on some ungrounded pretext, and soon he dies. We run hastily over this account of his old age, because it is the part to which so brief a sketch can do the least justice. It is certainly profoundly melancholy, and all the more so from his apathy, under it all, from his ingenuity in devising reasonable excuses for his daughter's heartlessness, from his pitiable groping for some one thing to love him. We will quote a few lines from a scene between him and his grandson:

"Having returned home, he let me go up to my room alone, and, a few minutes later, rejoined me there. He was flushed, excited, and held in his hands a little package, which he opened at once. It was a white pasteboard box, full of papers, rolled one around the other. He began to unroll them with his impatient fingers, throwing down box and papers as fast as he had undone them.

"'What have you there, my little fellow?' I say to him.

"He was in too great a hurry to answer; but when he had finished he held out in his hand a half-franc piece and four sous.

"'There are some sous for you!' said he, looking at me with his large eyes.

"At first I did not know what to say—not that I was ashamed of taking alms; in the hearty simplicity with which he offered me all his fortune there was so much affection and delicacy! I took his head in my hands, and, kissing his blonde locks, I said:

"'Thank you, George. Keep your money. You can get something with it—you can ride in the goat-cart, you know.'

"'You don't want my sous?' said he, evidently about to cry.

"'Keep your money for yourself, my dear boy—keep it.'

"He put his money back into his pocket without saying a word, went to the window, and looked out into the courtyard; but the glass reflected his face like a mirror. It was sad, his nostrils were swollen, and he was biting his lips to keep from crying.

"'You don't deserve such kindness,' I said to myself. 'By your stupidity and foolish pride, you are going to make the only being in the world who loves you cry.' So I said aloud:

"'George, do you still want to give me your money?' He turned round, his eyes lit with joy. 'Do you want to? Very well; give it to me, my dear: it will give me great pleasure.'

"He threw his arms about my neck and, while smothering me with caresses, he slipped into my pocket the four sous and the little piece of silver.

"'You will take good care, grandpa, not to lose them,' he murmured.

"I wrapped them up in the same paper, put them in the white box, and they are there, near a lock of his mother's hair and my other relics."

There is the character of the man, sensitive, but tactless and tardy in his kindness, and humble beyond all measure. His reproaching himself with pride is not one of the least sad things in the book. Nor, on the other hand, is he made out a hero, endowed with every good quality, but who is crushed by a cold world: he is full of good qualities, he is self-denying, generous, unselfish—to a fault, for there are some virtues which need tempering as much as vices; but one can readily see how easy it would have been to misunderstand him, how hard to get on with him. He, to be sure, was treated with unwarrantable cruelty, but such mistakes may be and are made every day. The author draws a tragic picture, but he falls behind many an actual story. He might have made it worse, but he lets us see the consolations that Babolain's very kind-heartedness brought to his sufferings. He felt pain keenly, but he was in return sensitive to a few joys that a colder eye would never have discovered. By this means he redeems the blackness of his picture. We suffer more, perhaps, in reading the book, but our pity is exalted by our perception of his superiority to his woes, and to the wretched people who inflict them. His weakness, his ignorance of the world, have brought about his distress, but they are only one side of a faith which no amount of misery, or none but its extremity, can crush. In short, the author sees not merely the prose of suffering, but also its poetry, and this it is which gives the book its great merit. Many a clever man can describe domestic afflictions, but not every one can picture to us the unconscious struggle of a noble mind. This novel, and it is the only one we have ever read that did, reminds us of Turgenef; and we trust that the author may steadily go on in the higher path he has found, without yielding to the easy temptation of merely contenting frivolity by clever nonsense or worse.

Select Letters of Pliny the Younger. Latin Text with English Notes. Edited by A. J. Church, M.A., and W. J. Brodribb, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.)—Though this book can no longer be called new, it seems to be little known in this country, and we print the title in full as a general answer to persons who have enquired of us concerning it. We have already given our opinion incidentally of its quality in No. 356 of the *Nation*, and will only add here that the editors hardly appreciated the edition of Keil, 1858, which they had before them, and that their knowledge of the literature of Pliny was so limited that they took no note of Keil's dissertation "De Plinii Epistulis Emendantis," in two parts, Erlangen, 1865 and 1866; nor of Mommsen's essay, "Zur Lebensgeschichte des jüngeren Plinius," in the *Hermes*, 1869; not to speak of the less important tractate of Hugo Holstein, "De Plinii Minoris Elocutione," in two parts, Naumburg, 1862 and 1869. Perhaps the standard critical edition of Keil, 1870, with an Index Nominum by Mommsen, packed full of original and suggestive matter, made its appearance too late to be used. At any rate, it was not consulted. If the "Select

Letters" were corrected down to the present time, they might supply a temporary want; but to edit an illusive and second-hand writer like little Pliny requires a mind saturated with the sentiment of the Trajan period and the semi-poetic phraseology of the Augustan and post-Augustan time. The editors of this volume do not impress us as likely to make a permanent mark in either the text or exegesis of this author.

The Annual Register: A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the year 1871. New Series. (London: Rivingtons. 1872.)—We noticed last year the preceding volume of this series, recommending it to our readers, though at the same time pointing out some weak sides of the publication. On perusing a large portion of the volume before us, and glancing over the rest, we find that it has become easier to speak of the Register recommendingly, and harder to censure it. The "Year 1871" is decidedly more correct in its historical parts, and more instructively entertaining in its literary, than its predecessor. Its "Appendix" contains an ample series of important documents and state-papers, including a variety of diplomatic correspondence, various treaties—the Washington treaty among them—and the full protocols of the Black Sea Conference. The latter subject is, however, both too minutely, at least for non-English readers, and too diffusely treated under the head of "English History." Altogether too much space is devoted to certain points of contemporaneous history, and too little to others. But this is now, perhaps, the only defect worth speaking of in this yearly record.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1872.

The Week.

THE contest between the Grant and Greeley advocates has grown so warm that within the last fortnight they began to call in the aid of what the ecclesiastics used to call "the secular arm" against each other, or, in plain English, tried to hand each other over to the police. The Kilpatrick prosecution of the editor of the *Times* for libel was a move of this nature, but failed owing to the refusal of the Grand Jury to find a bill. This was followed up by the arrest of Mr. J. P. Lindsay, the secretary or other officer of the Greeley Committee, for fraud, at the suit of the heirs of the late Professor Morse, which caused wild rejoicing in the Grant camp, tempered, however, by threats of an indictment for "conspiracy" made by the *Tribune* against the editor and a reporter of the *Times*. No other proceedings are pending at this writing, but the air is full of "charges" and insinuations, and rumors of the existence of "papers," "letters," and affidavits are rife on all sides. The public, we think, is rejoiced by every threat of suit or prosecution, and mourns when the parties come to terms, or for any other cause the proceedings terminate without a verdict, for it desires that the magistrate shall not bear the sword in vain, and it knows that he can hardly thrust it into any group of "champions" in this city without doing substantial justice.

The greatest triumph the cause of reform has yet won was achieved at Albany on Monday last in the conviction of Barnard, followed as it was by a sentence of removal from the bench and disqualification for office. The value of the full penalty cannot be overrated. It not only drives Barnard completely out of political life, for there is in New York political life even for such as he now is, but it gives a salutary shock to public opinion, the effect of which will be felt both on the bench and at the bar. We presume even Mr. George Ticknor Curtis will now acknowledge that there was something wrong about Barnard, in spite of that eminent man's assertion to the contrary. Moreover, it finally clears the New York bench of the scoundrels. McCunn is dead; Cardozo—probably the greatest knave of all—has unfortunately escaped justice, but he is effectually shelved; and Barnard is disposed of in the most exemplary and striking manner by a fair trial and prompt conviction.

The triumph of justice and decency will not be complete, however, unless those who have borne the brunt of the battle are now remembered and honored. It ought not to be forgotten that General Barlow was the first to raise his voice in this city against the judicial iniquities in which Barnard was the chief actor, and that he was followed closely by Mr. Stickney, on whom the drudgery of this magnificent fight largely fell afterwards, and who never rested till, on Tuesday last, at Saratoga, he had fairly driven the culprit to bay, and closed the case against him in a speech which destroyed the last traces of hope. On Mr. Van Cott fell the great responsibility of the conduct of the case before the Senate, and he pursued it with remorseless vigor. We would advise those, too, who doubted whether the Bar Association would be able to do anything for reform inside ten years, to look at what it has done in the present contest. It took charge of the proceedings against the judges immediately after the election last fall, and in spite of every kind of obstacle, either drove them from the bench or got them impeached. It is safe to say that it is now a power which no judge will forget or set at defiance, and that it will supply that restraining public opinion from which the courts have for a good many years been almost completely exempt. We trust its triumph will, as soon as the hot weather is over, be celebrated by some kind of festivity.

It is to be observed that among the twenty-six articles on which the Court found Barnard guilty, are the charges with regard to the appointment of Fisk as receiver of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, the appointment of young Tweed as receiver of the Union Pacific Railroad, the appointment of W. J. A. Fuller as receiver of the Groesbeck stock, and the issue of the celebrated "writs of assistance," which formed the principal points in the controversy between General Barlow and Mr. D. D. Field and Mr. Shearman in 1871, and in which Mr. G. T. Curtis had the fatuity to mix himself up. On all these the court have found Barnard guilty of corrupt and illegal conduct, which leaves the counsel in rather an unenviable position. We may add, before passing from the subject, that, if the reporters have not been at their old tricks, the account they give of the "sympathy" expended on Barnard was somewhat odd, and indeed a little repulsive. There is nothing in Barnard's character or antecedents to make his fall pathetic or impressive. He made his appearance in city politics as a drunken Californian loafer and rowdy, and mounted the bench in that character, and has persistently maintained it. So do not let us have any weeping over him, as if it was a Kent or a Story that had come to grief. The only emotion which is now proper is shame, deep and stinging shame, that such a person as he should have for thirteen years sat on the judicial bench of a great commercial city.

General Barlow was accused by the *World*, in a paragraph which the *Tribune* ought to have been ashamed to copy, but did copy, of having compromised or abandoned the suits against Tweed and others, in virtue of an arrangement by which Tweed was to give money and support to the Grant cause—General Barlow being a Grant man. He now writes to say that the suits were postponed solely because Barnard and Cardozo were assigned to the term of the court in which they were to have been tried, and of course denies the arrangement with Tweed, by which that person was to give one million dollars to the Grant campaign fund.

The most important event of the week, if it has really happened—and we see no reason for doubting it, except Democratic and Liberal-Republican reluctance to believe it—is the decision of the Straight Democracy to nominate Mr. Charles O'Conor for the Presidency, and Mr. O'Conor's apparent decision to accept the nomination if tendered him. These Straight Democrats are in many places very sincerely irreconcilable, and will not suffer Greeley as their candidate nor submit to "Liberal" dictation. Such are some of the Southern leaders, high-spirited men, hating subserviency and with a disdain of bartering; and such, too, are some of the Northern Democratic doctrinaires and apostles, like Mr. Chauncey Burr, or Mr. McMasters, who probably can demonstrate to his own satisfaction that every father of the church was and is and will be a Democrat, because to be anything else is to be impervious to Catholic truth, "a child of the revolution," and exposed to danger of eternal darkness. Other Straight-outs, as they call themselves, or Stay-outs, as the Greeleyites call them, are in the movement because they cannot take Grant and the Republicans, and they hate the surrender of the time-honored and unterrified principles for the sake of getting office for their office-holders, for most of whom these gentlemen have no respect. A Democrat who is such because he believes in the good old days of Benton and bullion, free-trade and sailors' rights, looks with some disgust on the Hoffmans and Oakey Halls, and cares very little for assisting them into places. Scattered specimens of these—the "legal-minded" Democracy—are everywhere to be found, while the Southern irreconcilables in the States of West Virginia, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee are probably still more numerous.

Numerous also is another class of Straight Democrats, and it bids fair to play an important part in the election in case the Louisville

movement really comes to anything, as is by no means unlikely. We refer, we need hardly say, to the trading Democracy of this city and State, led by the "Apollo Hall" leaders. Greeley and Brown would go out of this county and Kings with a majority decidedly reduced from one of Hoffman's and Tweed's day were Apollo Hall, with all its constituency, American and foreign, to have the support of a national nomination and the prestige of Mr. O'Conor's name—the name of a sachem in reformed Tammany. Mr. O'Conor would also, it is probable, secure the votes of many men either Republican in politics or having hardly any politics at all, who can support neither Grant nor Greeley. This is a class quite large in this city, and it holds Mr. O'Conor in high and, as all the country knows, in thoroughly deserved respect.

On the whole, "the great tidal wave" may be said, speaking Hibernically, to hang fire a little this week, though the contest is very active in Maine, and active too in the West, where Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Morton are giving assiduous attention to their personal affairs, and with the help of the various candidates are getting the people out in large numbers at barbecues and mass-meetings. But there is a cessation of "defections" and "accessions," the truth being that the men who were in the intrigue from the first and the more incautious of the fence politicians have already announced their choice, while the cautious politicians, and that body of the rank and file which likes to be on the winning side, are waiting for decisive election returns. Then, too, a depressing effect is exercised by a letter which Mr. Greeley is charged with having written, and in which he gave it as his opinion that he could carry New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, but that the rest of the work must be done in the West. These are all November States, however, and as things look now, the contest will be practically settled in October, when elections will be held in Pennsylvania, which Mr. Greeley, it is alleged, does not claim, Indiana, and Ohio. Let these States go for Grant, and prophecy-making as to Connecticut and New Hampshire will be more feasible than necessary. As for Maine, which votes next month, and to which public attention is now directed, there is much speech-making and canvassing, Mr. Greeley having himself been on the stump in the most doubtful of the Congressional districts, and the party orators and workers orating and working their best incessantly. Both sides profess confidence, the Greeleyites in reducing the Republican majority and in securing one, perhaps two, and perhaps three Congressmen; the regular Republicans in enlarging Governor Perham's and Speaker Blaine's majorities. It is early yet to predict, but we judge that the Grant men will have votes enough; not too many, doubtless, but enough probably. It was never easier to distrust the correspondents and their figures, nor perhaps easier for them to be deceived, for there is much more than the usual muddle. We think it rational to expect a pretty close contest and a Regular Republican victory.

Mr. Greeley, after confining himself for some weeks to commonplaces, has made a set and carefully prepared speech, answering certain charges against him, and explaining his position on various points. The managers have kept him very close until now, holding him by the coat-tails or by the arms on nearly every occasion when the temptation to unbosom himself seemed strong. He denies in the broadest manner that he has promised any office to anybody, either before or after the Cincinnati Convention, in consideration of his support, or that anybody, North or South, has asked him for office, except a "few of the small fry of politicians," who have suggested that the promise of a few post-offices might help him; and he gives formal notice that he will not consider the claims of these applicants "till the more modest and reticent have been fully satisfied"; he declares, moreover, that he will not confine his appointments to Republicans, but that all who adhere to the Cincinnati platform will have a fair share. He denies also that any Southern man or woman has ever asked of him any pledge or promise with regard to the payment of the Confederate debt or the pensioning of rebel soldiers, or that he ever made any, and expresses the hope that, between November 5 and March 5, the "thieving carpet-baggers" of the South will take to flight, as Bullock of Georgia has done. Why or on what compulsion they will take to flight, or what he can do to them if elected, he does not explain. The main object of the speech seems to be to reassure those who were afraid the "new deal" would be narrow in its operation.

The *Tribune* is very hard on Senator Wilson because he was once a sort of Know-Nothing and is now ashamed of it and seeks to conceal it. The fact is, that we set apart a class of men to do the work of politics who in most cases have, at least in the early part of their career, to make a profession of it and live by it, as Senator Wilson had. Now they cannot live by it unless they can get elected to some office, and they cannot get elected to any office without being on the side of the majority. To find fault with a politician, then, for having been on the side of the majority, or what he thought was the side of the majority, is to find fault with him for following his calling. If it could be shown that Senator Wilson staid among the Know-Nothings after he had found they were losing ground, it would be a serious charge against him, as it would imply professional incompetency; but this the *Tribune* does not venture to assert. Mr. Wilson and all other politicians practise their profession under the rules prescribed by the public, and one of these rules makes a politician who has no party at his back, or only a small one, a ridiculous and helpless object—a failure, in short. We ought to add, too, that any one who formed his opinion of Senator Wilson from reading the *Tribune* during the last twelve years, would consider him one of the wisest, purest, and ablest of men. It is, therefore, confusing to learn now from the same source that he is a schemer, a hypocrite, and a foolish body.

Mr. Frederick Douglass, with a singular want of political perspicacity, persists in looking on the question whether General Grant slighted him in failing to invite him to dinner as a trifling one. He has written another letter to Mr. Langdon, maintaining with great perversity that he was not offended by the omission, and does not mean to be. Mr. Sumner, on the other hand, says that he (Douglass) *was* offended, and ought to have been. Apart from the deep political significance of the matter, Mr. Sumner's share in the controversy reminds one of the old gentleman in the "Book of Snobs," who used to go to the club for the purpose of finding fault with the cook and the waiters, and used to examine the plates of the young men whom he saw dining, to see if they were properly served. Standing over an unfortunate whom he found quietly and happily eating a chop, he would call the servant and roar, "What do you mean, sir, by giving a gentleman such a chop as that? Do you call *that* a chop, sir? Take it away, sir, instantly!"

The charge of drunkenness at New Haven against Mr. Gratz Brown, which rests on the statement of the hotel clerk, who testifies in detail to frequent consumption of ardent spirits, followed by disorderly and indecent behavior in the office afterwards, has been met by Mr. Brown in a letter, in which he says that "the statement is very erroneous, and in so far as it implies that his habits are intemperate, is unwarranted"; that while at the hotel he was suffering severely from the beginning of a disease which prostrated him on the following day in New York. "It will scarcely be considered," he then adds, "that the application of a stimulant for temporary relief would constitute a departure from that purpose to avoid social indulgence while in the discharge of public duties which has influenced him for some time past;" and he goes on to intimate that he has been a total abstainer "at various intervals" for many years. We find it a little difficult to make out the meaning of all this, but we take it to be that, while the statement of the clerk was correct as to the main fact, it was erroneous as to some of the incidents, and that what liquor Mr. Brown took during the evening he took as defence against premonitory symptoms of cholera; that when engaged in the discharge of official duties he takes nothing stronger

than water. We have no wish to press hard on him in this matter, but it is a very serious matter, and after what happened on the 4th of March, 1864, calls for plain speech. We feel obliged to say, therefore, that the frequency with which attacks of certain classes of diseases are now put forward as an excuse for intoxication, has deprived that plea of its value. A man who is liable to get drunk every time he has a toothache or stomach-ache, or a touch of neuralgia, is therefore not fit for high and conspicuous public office, and ought not to be entrusted with it; and it would be a proper and graceful thing for Mr. Brown to withdraw his infirmities from public discussion by withdrawing his name from the Greeley ticket.

The exact figures of the French Loan, which we gave last week, somewhat roughly, are as follows: The sum required was $700,000,000; the sum subscribed was $8,200,000,000, or not quite twelve times as much. Of this Paris took $2,635,000,000; the Departments $835,000,000; foreign countries, principally England and Germany, $4,730,000,000. The result, apart from the revelation it makes of the prodigious wealth of the French middle and laboring classes, is looked upon generally by European politicians as making the duration of "the Republic" certain, as it is tantamount to a confirmation by the popular vote; indeed, it is a stronger confirmation than any ordinary popular vote could give, as in reality every subscriber not only expresses his satisfaction but backs his opinion with money. Still the subscription to the loan also means, and perhaps more than anything else, confidence in the endurance and solvency of the French nation, no matter what may be the form of government; and in talking of the "French Republic," it is always well to bear in mind that there is nothing republican about it, in our sense of the word, but the absence of a king.

As regards the social future of France, the report of M. Legoyt, the well-known statistician, on "the movement of population" in that country, is again attracting attention. He says that all over Europe, but particularly in France, there has been during the last twenty-five years a steady decline in the proportions of births to marriages, and that this decline bears a certain relation to the growth of wealth and the spread of comfort. In France, however, the proportion of children born out of wedlock has during the last ten years increased, while that of children born in wedlock has diminished and is diminishing, and this last fact was accounted for, at a meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, by the growth of the practice among girls in the country districts of qualifying themselves to act as wet-nurses to the Parisian children, at the cost of their character. This brought out some curious details as to the "wet-nurse industry" (*industrie nourricière*). It appears that of 53,000 children, in round numbers, born in Paris in a year, 20,000 are sent at once to nurses in the country. Of those which are kept at home, 24 per cent. die in their first year; of those sent to the country, 20 per cent.

The tenant riot in Germany, of which our correspondent gives some account on another page, is exciting a good deal of attention and some uneasiness, as all troubles among the laboring classes now do, inasmuch as all discontent is believed, and rightly believed, to be so much gain to the socialists, who are now working harder in Germany than they have ever worked in France, and are likely, if they ever gain headway in Germany, to be far more dangerous than they ever have been in France. Moreover, emigration is reported to be assuming enormous proportions among the flower of the German country population—even the faithful and stalwart Pomeranians, who furnish the pink and pride of the Prussian army, leading the way. They are apparently unwilling to share any longer in the military responsibilities of the rising empire, and those who emigrate come from the class on whom Karl Marx's crazy theories would make least impression. These, as developed in his latest work, make all taking of interest on money and profit on capital a "swindle," six hours a natural and lawful day's labor, and treat all men who do not work with their hands as little better than sneaking rascals.

A curious and interesting contest between a politician and a man of science has just been brought to a close in England, the scientific man being, we are glad to say, triumphant. Dr. Hooker, the famous botanist, is the Superintendent of the famous Kew Gardens, near London, with their Arboretum. Indeed the Gardens, though the property of the Government, are to a great extent the creation of Dr. Hooker, and of his father, Sir William Hooker, who was his predecessor in the same position, and they both not only devoted their lives to them, but have spent considerable sums of money out of their own pocket on them, and over the gardens Dr. Hooker till recently reigned supreme. On the accession of Mr. Ayrton, however, to the position of First Commissioner of Works under Gladstone, things changed. Mr. Ayrton is an active, rather sour-tempered, and overbearing "practical man," who took it into his head that Dr. Hooker was nothing but a botanist, good enough to lecture to ladies' schools, but not to manage a public work—feeling about him, in short, very much as Sweeny and Hilton felt about Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins when the Ring came into power in this city. So he began by lecturing him in very rude fashion, then snubbed him, and finally began to give orders directly to subordinates over Dr. Hooker's head, and, in fact, virtually removed him, all the while goading him with almost insulting language. Hooker bore it as long as it was bearable, and then made known his griefs to his brethren. Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, and all the leading men of science at once came to his rescue, and wrote an indignant remonstrance to Mr. Gladstone. The press took up his cause vehemently, and his friends in Parliament, headed by Lord Derby, fell foul of Mr. Ayrton, and the poor man was fairly squelched in a few days, and a "Treasury Minute" published complimenting Dr. Hooker, and restoring him to all his prerogatives and emoluments.

The late revolution in Peru, which will probably prove a great gain to the cause of good government, furnishes a striking illustration of the thinness of the crust of civilization under which the South American Republics exist, and indeed makes their existence, troublous as it is, a matter of some surprise. The time had come for the election of a new President, and Don Manuel Prado seemed likely to be the successful candidate, his leading competitor being the actual President, Balta. Whereupon General Gutterriez, the Minister of War, after having in vain tried to induce the President to join him in a *coup d'état*, determined to make it himself, and began by seizing the President, and dispersing the Congress at the point of the bayonet, Bonaparte fashion. Hearing, shortly after, that his brother had been killed by the mob in the street, he ordered Balta, the President, to be assassinated in the barracks in which he was confined. By this time the people had recovered from their stupefaction, a counter revolution was rapidly rising, and the army began to desert Gutterriez, who attempted to escape in disguise, but was recognized in a shop, and instantly killed and mutilated; and at the date of the last advices, his body, and that of his brother, were dangling, naked and gory, from the tower of the cathedral. The affair has ended well for the cause of good government. Had Louis Napoleon's attempt in 1851 ended similarly, it would have saved France millions of treasure and torrents of blood. The strange part of the story is, however, not that Gutterriez should have tried to overturn the Government—for this was in strict accordance with Peruvian traditions—but that the people should have met the attempt so promptly and sternly. His mistake was probably the murder of Balta, which was the act of a savage, and raises another curious question of South American politics, viz., How is it that these South American politicians, most of whom have been educated abroad, and have learnt the morals and manners of the most advanced nations, and have an almost velvety softness of exterior, lose so little of their native ferocity, and carry into civil contests so much of the fierce passions of the Pampas?

THE POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF "REFORM."

WE still continue to receive letters from persons whose minds are troubled by the difficulty of choosing between Grant and Greeley. We have said all we can say to make our own position on this point clear. But one correspondent—a distinguished Pennsylvania soldier, who proved his patriotism by being crippled on the field of battle, and who says he cannot support Greeley, yet cannot see his way clear to supporting Grant—asks us a question which is somewhat novel, and which it is proper to answer at length. He wishes to know whether in our opinion, as in his, the election of Grant will not help to perpetuate the carpet-bag régime, with its attendant horrors and disorders, at the South. The answer is, that the election of Grant will not affect the South in any way, except by preventing the accession to office of a considerable number of the class commonly known as "unrepentant rebels." Upon the legal or political status of any class of citizens at the South, it can exert no influence whatever. The President cannot remove the carpet-baggers or any other class of adventurers. Their position and prospects are now controlled exclusively by the State legislatures and the popular vote. The Scotts, Parkers, and their kind hold office at the South now, and steal the public money, not in virtue of the support they receive from Washington, but in virtue of the ignorance, supineness, and connivance of the Southern constituencies. Since Congress passed the Amnesty measure at the last session, that region has, for all practical purposes, passed into the hands of its own people. Should the debased governments which have grown up there under the Reconstruction acts hereafter hold their ground, it will be a sure sign that they are the natural product of the communities whose affairs they administer; General Grant will be no more responsible for them than for the condition of the government of this city. It is true that General Grant lent his support to the Ku-klux legislation; we should ourselves have liked to see him succeeded by a man deeply enough imbued with the great principles of constitutional government to have opposed that legislation. The person who is offered us, however, by the opposition as his successor did not oppose it; on the contrary, he supported it more heartily than Grant; so that those who fear the effect on the South of the continuance of "Grant's rule" will do well to remember that there are exactly the same reasons, though in a rather stronger form, for fearing the effects of Greeley's rule. Greeley's rule will differ from Grant's, as we have said, solely in the fact that he will probably give a large number of offices to what is called "the rebel element" in Southern society.

It is true that the Cincinnati movement has done something for the South. There can be little doubt that the strong expression of opinion made at the Convention, both in the platform and in the speeches, did frighten Congress at the last hour into passing the Amnesty Act. We advocated in these columns and before the Convention met, the utterance by it of very decided opinions on the whole question of carpet-bag government—not so much in the expectation that it would produce any immediate results at the South, as in the hope that the Convention would found a new political organization which would bring the people back to their allegiance to the great principles of decentralization and local self-government, and revive in them that hearty sense of the necessity of intelligence and honesty to make any government prosperous or tolerable which the war had done so much to obscure. Had the Convention backed up such a protest by the nomination of a candidate devoted to these principles and conspicuous for his advocacy of them, we should undoubtedly be compelled to say, in answer to such questions as our correspondent addresses to us: "It is true that our candidate can exert no more direct legal influence on the condition of the South than Grant can. He must, if elected, obey the law; his election will found a party pledged to hostility to all the theories of government and morals which have brought the South to its present condition, and the elevation to the Presidential chair of a man so well known for his dislike of them as A, or B, or C, will be the best possible proof of the sincerity of the movement, and the best possible guarantee that the influence of the Administration will be used for four years at least to discourage them and to strengthen and diffuse sounder views of public policy." When, however, instead of this, the Convention nominated the most notorious centralizer in the United States, the most blatant advocate of everything in the direction of centralization which has been proposed in American politics for thirty years, and made the attempt to palm Greeley off on the public as a good antidote for Grant, of course it threw over the relations of the Cincinnati movement to the Southern griefs the air of a rather impudent farce. We therefore say to all doubtful voters, if you are troubled more about the condition of the South than about other things, there is nothing to choose between the candidates as regards the general course of reform; but if you wish to strengthen political purity and decency generally, and discountenance fraud and chicane as instruments of government in all parts of the country, you would do well to vote for Grant.

One has no sooner said this, however, than he feels the necessity of several qualifications and reservations. We do not give up the expectation—indeed, one could not give it up without despairing of the country—of seeing the movement which was perverted at Cincinnati restored to its original direction, and result in the foundation of a real reform party, headed and represented by a genuine and honest reformer. It may be in four years, it may not be for eight. That it must come, and that when it comes it must be irresistible, nobody who sees anything of the doubt, despondency, which prevail among the best men in the community over the condition of our political morals, or who listens to the wails of the better class of Greeleyites at the contemplation of their own precious candidates, can for a moment doubt. Now it would, we think, weaken the demand for reform, and the feeling of its necessity, if people were allowed to suppose that either candidate in the present contest properly represents, or is identified with, the cause of reform. We suppose there are few intelligent men who do not watch their "organs" throwing mud at each other with sorrowful disgust; but then, it is only those who read the newspapers with professional care who know the depth of the cant and humbug which their professions of political virtue and purity cover up. To illustrate this fully would need an article to itself, or indeed half a dozen articles, but we may cite a few before leaving a repulsive subject. The New York *Times*, the other day, produced with much appearance of horror an "exposure" of Senator Doolittle for having obtained a cotton trading permit for a Government clerk during the war, and having made the clerk agree, in a ridiculous letter written by Doolittle himself, to share the profits with him. On reading this, and learning that Doolittle was now a prominent Greeleyite, the simple-minded would naturally suppose that no such men were to be found on the Grant side. But the fact is that even a slight sketch of the doings of Mr. Harlan would make Doolittle's performance seem innocent and pure. Mr. J. M. Ashley was "exposed" a few years ago in the *Times* for conduct decidedly worse, while a member of Congress, and his guilt was affirmed by a committee of Congress; but this did not prevent General Grant appointing him Governor of Montana with the support of Mr. Sumner. It is true he has now gone over to Greeley, but only because the bounty of the Administration was exhausted. In like manner, although the illustrious Banks has cast in his lot with Mr. Greeley, does not General Grant receive the support of the illustrious Butler, who has been "exposed" twice for Banks's once, and who has none of that gilding on his vice which makes Banks at once a terror and a delight? Then, too, to whom is General Sickles faithful if not to his old chief, and surely Sickles's political morals will not bear examination in leaded type. He was appointed by Grant, and with the hearty approval of the stern and austere Greeley, to one of the most important positions in the gift of the Government. Moreover, General Schenck has committed in London an offence, which though not so comic as Mr. Doolittle's, is certainly darker, but General Grant has never reprimanded him for it, and the great "reformer" Mr. Greeley has stoutly defended him. For want of space, we say nothing of Mr. Casey, nor of Mr. G. H. But-

ler, nor of many other well-known characters, for whose weaknesses and errors the Administration is in a greater or less degree responsible. So when laughing over Greeley as a reformer, let us remember that in the other direction the prospect is also tolerably amusing, and that Doolittle is by no means the only sinner in the political world on whom the eye of the righteous can now fall.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND THE JAILS.

THE recent conference held in London, of persons interested in prisons and prison discipline, or "penologists," as they have begun to call themselves, was, singularly enough, originated in this country, where the management of prisons, after having at one time furnished Europe with a model, now lags behind all countries of Western Europe, at least in its management of criminals. The reason of this anomaly is that, while the number of persons among us who are sincerely interested in reforms of all kinds, and who labor for them unceasingly, increases every year, their influence on the various branches of our administrative system does not increase. Our prisons have, in other words, been handed over to politicians, to whom a jail is a place, not in which crime is punished or criminals reformed, but in which a certain number of offices can be found for "energetic workers." This is, of course, not true in the same degree of all States, but it is true in *some* degree of all of them, and there has probably been no worse or more deplorable result of the introduction of "rotation in office." So that the question of prison reform, which to every thinking man is one of the gravest questions of the day, and grows graver as population grows denser, is in reality but a part of the great question of civil-service reform, and the first and best thing for our "penologists" to do, when they come home, is to lend a hand in putting an end to the great abuse which makes even wardenships in jails one of the "spoils" of political victory.

But some good work in the direction of reform has been done in this State by our Prison Association within the last year. Dr. Harris, the Secretary, has at last succeeded in procuring the adoption by the Legislature of an amendment to the Constitution, substituting for the present three elected Inspectors of Prisons, holding office for three years, a board of ten unpaid inspectors, appointed by the Governor, and holding office for ten years, and having complete control of all the prisons of the State. Should this amendment be carried, when submitted two years hence, it will take our prisons "out of politics," and put other persons than energetic Greeley or Grant "workers" into the wardenships, and put the whole prison system of the State into the hands of men really interested in the great problems of criminal justice. Moreover, Dr. Harris has also succeeded, or almost succeeded, in making arrangements with many of the great employers of labor throughout the State by which they agree to give work to a certain number of discharged convicts on their leaving the prison, and keep their secret, and thus, in all probability, restore a majority, at least, to the paths of honesty. There is no reason why this movement should not be indefinitely extended, if the public could be got to interest itself more warmly in the condition of the prisons, or, in other words, in the machinery by which we seek to protect life and property. It is the duty of the police and the district attorney to make sure that the criminals are caught and locked up, but criminals cannot be made into honest men without the co-operation of the community at large.

We must, however, at the same time protest against the tendency which showed itself at the London conference, as it shows itself on all such occasions, and which the humanitarian view of crime, viz., that it is a disease simply, not unnaturally fosters—the tendency to treat the reformation of the criminal as the great end of criminal justice. With all due respect to penologists, this is not the great end of criminal justice. A criminal is seized and shut up, not for his own good, either primarily or secondarily, but for the good of society. We restrain him of his liberty not that we may improve him, but that honest men may live in peace and security. We have no right, or shadow of right, to lock anybody up because we disapprove of his character, and think that if we get him completely into our power we may mend it, and the preaching of any doctrine which helps to spread any such notion as to the relations of society to the individual is, to say the least, at this juncture very likely to do mischief. The only good reasons we can give a thief for carrying him off to jail are two in number—first, that we may prevent him from stealing for a greater or less period, and, secondly, that we may so associate stealing in his mind and in that of spectators with disagreeable consequences, that they may dread to steal hereafter. In other words, in all our dealings with thieves, the security of the honest and industrious ought to be our first and great concern. The anxiety about the thief's moral condition and the disposition to treat him simply or chiefly as a sick man to be doctored, and not as a culprit to be deterred, which finds vent so frequently in humanitarian literature, though it has its good side, is too often the direct product of that habit of trying to "look at the world as God looks at it," to use their own phrase, or, in other words, of considering themselves as in a certain sense divine beings, into which so many of our Sentimentalist friends have of late years fallen. Once you have worked yourself into the belief that in your dealings with a criminal you act, not as the representative of a community of hard-working human beings, trying to protect themselves against fraud and violence, but as the representative of the Creator of the universe, showing mercy to fallen man, of course the temptation to tinker the criminal's heart and try moral experiments on him, and forget all about the person whose hard earnings he filched, or whose throat he cut, becomes irresistible.

We should be sorry to have it supposed, however, that we do not think punishment, or, in other words, deterring measures, ought to be accompanied in all cases by assiduous and energetic attempts to turn the criminal out of prison a better and wiser man than when he entered it. But this, as a century of experience has shown, can only be done by fortifying him against temptation. Under lock and key, however, he is exposed to none of the ordinary temptations of life, and therefore he cannot mend and does not mend. The Irish system, which tries him by actual contact with the world, and only lets him go when he has shown by contact with the world that he can successfully resist the commoner temptations to relapse, is now almost universally recognized to be the only one which produces the smallest valuable result. But it cannot be tried here with our present civil service. It needs a trained, upright, experienced, and careful body of officials to work it, and these we have not got and cannot have until we make merit the strongest title to office and make tenure dependent on good behavior. In no field of our administration does the present system appear so badly as in our prisons, and in no department of its affairs is the responsibility of the community so great; a people who would hand its criminals over to the care of "scallawags" and adventurers certainly must sing and pray in vain. Criminals are not patients to be doctored; but they are often unfortunates to be helped; they are the stragglers and shirkers and weaklings of the great army of civilization, whom we cannot allow to maraud, but whom we have no right to sell into slavery.

A SUMMER IN EUROPE.

IV.—WELLS AND SALISBURY.

THE pleasantest things in life, and perhaps the rarest, are its agreeable surprises. Things are often worse than we expect to find them, and when they are better, we may mark the day with a white stone. These reflections are as pertinent to the fortunes of man as a tourist as to any other phase of his destiny, and I recently had occasion to make them in the ancient city of Wells. I knew in a general way that it had a grand cathedral to show, but I was far from suspecting the precious picturesqueness of the little town. The immense predominance of the minster towers, as you see them from the approaching train, over the clustered houses at their feet, gives you indeed

an intimation of it, and suggests that the city is nothing if not ecclesiastical; but I can wish the traveller no better fortune than to stroll forth in the early evening with as large a reserve of ignorance as my own, and treat himself to an hour of discoveries. I was lodged on the edge of Cathedral Green, and I had only to pass beneath one of the three crumbling Priory Gates which enclose it, and cross the vast grassy oval, to stand before a minster-front which ranks among the first three or four in England. Wells Cathedral is extremely fortunate in being approached by this wide green level, on which the spectator may loiter and stroll to and fro, and shift his standpoint to his heart's content. The spectator who doesn't hesitate to avail himself of his privilege of unlimited fastidiousness might indeed pronounce it too isolated for perfect picturesqueness—too uncontrasted with the profane architecture of the human homes for which it pleads to the skies. But, in fact, Wells is not a city with a Cathedral for a central feature; but a Cathedral with a little city gathered at its base, and forming hardly more than an extension of its spacious Close. You feel everywhere the presence of the beautiful church; the place seems always to savor of a Sunday afternoon; and you fancy that every house is tenanted by a canon, a prebendary, or a precentor.

The great *façade* is remarkable not so much for its expanse as for its elaborate elegance. It consists of two great truncated towers, divided by a broad centre bearing beside its rich fretwork of statues three narrow lancet windows. The statues on this vast front are the great boast of the Cathedral. They number, with the lateral figures of the towers, no less than three hundred; it seems densely embroidered by the chisel. They are disposed in successive niches, along six main vertical shafts; the central windows are framed and divided by narrower shafts, and the wall above them rises into a pinnacled screen, traversed by two superb horizontal rows. Add to these a close-running cornice of images along the line corresponding with the summit of the aisles, and the tiers which complete the decoration of the towers on either side, and you have an immense system of images, governed by a quaint theological order and most impressing in its completeness. Many of the little high-lodged effigies are mutilated, and not a few of the niches are empty, but the injury of time is not sufficient to diminish the noble serenity of the building. The injury of time is indeed being handsomely repaired, for the front is partly masked by a slender scaffolding. The props and platforms are of the most delicate structure, and look in fact as if they were meant to facilitate no more ponderous labor than a fitting-on of noses to disfeatured bishops, and a rearrangement of the mantle-folds of strait-laced queens, discomposed by the centuries. The main beauty of Wells Cathedral, to my mind, is not its more or less visible wealth of detail, but its singularly charming tone of color. An even, sober, mouse-colored gray covers it from summit to base, deepening nowhere to the melancholy black of your truly romantic Gothic, but showing, as yet, none of the spotty brightness of "restoration." It is a wonderful fact that the great towers, from their lofty outlook, see never a factory chimney—those cloud-compelling spires which so often break the charm of the softest English horizons; and the general atmosphere of Wells seemed to me, for some reason, peculiarly luminous and sweet. The Cathedral has never been discolored by the moral malaria of a city with an independent secular life. As you turn back from its portal and glance at the open lawn before it, edged by the mild gray Elizabethan Deanery and the dwellings hardly less stately which seem to reflect in their comfortable fronts the rich respectability of the church, and then up again at the beautiful clear-hued pile, you may fancy it less a temple for man's needs than a monument of his pride—less a fold for the flock than for the shepherds—a visible sign that beside the actual assortment of heavenly thrones, there is constantly on hand a choice lot of cushioned cathedral stalls. Within the Cathedral this impression is not diminished. The interior is vast and massive, but it lacks incident—the incident of monuments, sepulchres, and chapels—and it is too brilliantly lighted for picturesque, as distinguished from strictly architectural, interest. Under this latter head it has, I believe, great importance. For myself, I can think of it only as I saw it from my place in the choir during afternoon service of a hot Sunday. The Bishop sate facing me, enthroned in a stately Gothic alcove, and clad in his crimson band, his *manches bouffantes*, and his lavender gloves; the canons, in their degree, with the archdeacons, as I suppose, reclined comfortably in the carven stalls, and the scanty congregation fringed the broad aisle. But though scanty, the congregation was select; it was unexceptionably black-coated, bonneted, and gloved. It savored intensely, in short, of that inexorable gentility which the English put on with their Sunday bonnets and beavers, and which fills me—as a purely sentimental tourist—with a sort of fond reactionary remembrance of those animated bundles of rags which one sees kneeling in the churches of Italy. But even here, as a purely sentimental tourist, I found my account: one always does in some little corner in England. Before me and beside me sat a row of the comeliest young men, clad in black gowns, and wearing on their shoulders long hoods trimmed with white fur. Who and what they were I know not, for I preferred not to learn, lest by chance they should not be as mediæval as they looked.

My fancy found its account even better in the singular quaintness of the little precinct known as the Vicars' Close. It directly adjoins the Cathedral Green, and you enter it beneath one of the solid old gate-houses which form so striking an element in the ecclesiastical furniture of Wells. It consists of a narrow, oblong court, bordered on each side with thirteen small dwellings, and terminating in a ruinous little chapel. Here formerly dwelt a congregation of Vicars, established in the thirteenth century to do curates' work for the canons. The little houses are very much modernized; but they retain their tall chimneys, with carven tablets in the face, their antique compactness and neatness, and a certain little sanctified air, as of cells in a cloister. The place is deliciously picturesque, and approaching it as I did, in the first dimness of twilight, it looked to me, in its exaggerated perspective, like one of those "streets" represented on the stage, down whose impossible vista the heroes and confidants of romantic comedies come swaggering arm-in-arm, and hold amorous converse with the heroines at second-story windows. But though the Vicars' Close is a curious affair enough, the great boast of Wells is its Episcopal Palace. The Palace loses nothing from being seen for the first time in the kindly twilight, and from being approached with an unexpectant mind. To reach it (unless you go from within the Cathedral by the cloisters), you pass out of the Green by another ancient gateway into the market-place, and thence back again through its own peculiar portal. My own first glimpse of it had all the felicity of a *coup de théâtre*. I saw within the dark archway an enclosure bedimmed at once with the shadows of trees and heightened with the glitter of water. The picture was worthy of this agreeable promise. Its main feature is the little gray-walled island on which the Palace stands, rising in feudal fashion out of a broad, clear moat, flanked with round towers, and approached by a proper drawbridge. Along the outer side of the moat is a short walk beneath a row of picturesquely stunted elms; swans and ducks disport themselves in the current and ripple the bright shadows of the overclambering plants from the episcopal gardens and masses of purple valerian lodged on the hoary battlements. On the evening of my visit, the haymakers were at work on a great sloping field in the rear of the Palace, and the sweet perfume of the tumbled grass in the dusky air seemed all that was wanting to fix the scene for ever in the memory. Beyond the moat, and within the gray walls, dwells my Lord Bishop, in the finest palace in England. The mansion dates from the thirteenth century; but, stately dwelling though it is, it occupies but a subordinate place in its own grounds. Their great ornament, picturesquely speaking, is the massive ruin of a banqueting-hall, erected by a free-living mediæval bishop, and more or less demolished at the Reformation. With its still perfect towers and beautiful shapely windows, hung with those green tapestries so stoutly woven by the English climate, it is a relic worthy of being locked away behind an embattled wall. I have among my impressions of Wells, besides this picture of the moated Palace, half a dozen memories of the pictorial sort, which I lack space to transcribe. The clearest impression, perhaps, is that of the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, of the same date as the Cathedral, and in very much the same style of elegant, temperate Early English. It wears one of the high-soaring towers for which Somersetshire is justly celebrated, as you may see from the window of the train as you roll past its almost top-heavy hamlets. The beautiful old church, surrounded with its green graveyard, and large enough to be impressive, without being too large (a great merit, to my sense) to be easily compassed by a deplorably unarchitectural eye, wore a native English expression, to which certain humble figures in the foreground gave additional point. On the edge of the churchyard was a low-gabled house, before which four old men were gossiping in the eventide. Into the front of the house was inserted an antique alcove in stone, divided into three shallow little seats, two of which were occupied by extraordinary specimens of decrepitude. One of these ancient paupers had a huge protuberant forehead and sat with a pensive air, his head gathered painfully upon his twisted shoulders, and his legs resting across his crutch. The other was rubicund, blear-eyed, and frightfully besmeared with snuff. Their voices were so feeble and senile that I could scarcely understand them, and only just managed to make out the answer to my enquiry of who and what they were—"We're Still's Almshouse sir."

One of the lions, almost, of Wells (whence it is but five miles distant) is the ruin of the famous Abbey of Glastonbury, on which Henry VIII., in the language of our day, came down so heavily. The ancient splendor of the architecture survives, but in scattered and scanty fragments, among influences of a rather inharmonious sort. It was cattle-market in the little town as I passed up the main street, and a savor of hoofs and hide seemed

to accompany me through the simple labyrinth of the old arches and piers. These occupy a large back-yard close behind the street, to which you are most prosaically admitted by a young woman who keeps a wicket and sells tickets. The continuity of tradition is not altogether broken, however, for the little street of Glastonbury has rather an old-time aspect, and one of the houses at least must have seen the last of the Abbots ride abroad on his mule. The little inn is a capital bit of picturesqueness, and as I waited for the 'bus under its low dark archway (in something of the mood, possibly, in which a train was once waited for at Coventry), and watched the barmaid flirting her way to and fro out of the heavy-browed kitchen and among the lounging young appraisers of colts and steers and barmaids, I might have imagined that the merry England of the Tudors was not utterly dead. A beautiful England this must have been as well, if it contained many such abbeys as Glastonbury. Such of the ruined columns and portals and windows as still remain are of admirable design and finish. The doorways are rich in marginal ornament—ornament within ornament, as it often is; for the dainty weeds and wild flowers overlace the antique tracery with their bright arabesques and deepen the gray of the stonework, as it brightens their bloom. The thousand flowers which grow among English ruins deserve a chapter to themselves. I owe them, as an observer, a heavy debt of satisfaction, but I am too little of a botanist to pay them in their own coin. It has often seemed to me in England that the purest enjoyment of architecture was to be had among the ruins of great buildings. In the perfect building one is rarely sure that the impression is simply architectural: it is more or less pictorial and sentimental; it depends partly upon association and partly upon various accessories and details which, however they may be wrought into harmony with the architectural idea, are not part of its essence of spirit. But in so far as beauty of structure is beauty of line and curve, balance and harmony of masses and dimensions, I have seldom relished it as deeply as on the grassy nave of some crumbling church, before lonely columns and empty windows, where the wild flowers were a cornice and the cloudy sky a roof. The arts certainly have a common element. These hoary relics of Glastonbury reminded me in their broken eloquence of one of the other great ruins of the world—the "Last Supper" of Leonardo. A beautiful shadow, in each case, is all that remains; but that shadow is the artist's thought.

Salisbury Cathedral, to which I made a pilgrimage on leaving Wells, is the very reverse of a ruin, and you take your pleasure there on very different grounds from those I have just attempted to define. It is perhaps the best known cathedral in the world, thanks to its shapely spire; but the spire is so simply and obviously fair that when you have frankly made your bow to it you have anticipated æsthetic analysis. I had seen it before and admired it heartily, and perhaps I should have done as well to let my admiration rest. I confess that on repeated inspection it grew to seem to me the least bit *banal*, as the French say, and I began to consider whether it doesn't belong to the same range of art as the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus de' Medici. I incline to think that if I had to live within sight of a cathedral and encounter it in my daily comings and goings, I should grow less weary of the rugged black front of Exeter than of the sweet perfection of Salisbury. There are people who become easily satiated with blonde beauties, and Salisbury Cathedral belongs, if I may say so, to the order of blondes. The other lions of Salisbury, Stonehenge and Wilton House, I revisited with undiminished interest. Stonehenge is rather a hackneyed shrine of pilgrimage. At the time of my former visit a picnic party was making libations of beer on the dreadful altar-sites. But the mighty mystery of the place has not yet been stared out of countenance, and as on this occasion there were no picnickers, we were left to drink deep of the harmony of its solemn isolation and its unrecorded past. It stands as lonely in history as it does on the great plain, whose many-tinted green waves, as they roll away from it, seem to symbolize the ebb of the long centuries which have left it so portentously unexplained. You may put a hundred questions to these rough-hewn giants as they bend in grim contemplation of their fallen companions; but your curiosity falls dead in the vast sunny stillness that enshrouds them, and the strange monument, with all its unspoken memories, becomes simply a heart-stirring picture in a land of pictures. It is indeed immensely picturesque. At a distance, you see it standing in a shallow dell of the plain, looking hardly larger than a group of ten-pins on a bowling-green. I can fancy sitting all a summer's day watching its shadows shorten and lengthen again, and drawing a delicious contrast between the world's duration and the feeble span of individual experience. There is something in Stonehenge almost reassuring, and if you are disposed to feel that life is a rather superficial matter, and that we soon get to the bottom of things, the immemorial gray pillars may serve to remind you of the enormous background of Time. Salisbury is indeed rich in antiquities. Wilton House, a most comely old residence of the Earl of Pembroke, preserves a noble collection of Greek and Roman marbles. These are ranged round a charming cloister, occupying the centre of the house, which is exhibited in the most liberal fashion. Out of the cloister opens a series of drawing-rooms hung with family portraits, chiefly by Van Dyck, all of superlative merit. Among them hangs supreme, as the Van Dyck *par excellence*, the famous and magnificent group of the whole Pembroke family of James I.'s time. This splendid work has every pictorial merit—design, color, elegance, force, and finish, and I have been vainly wondering to this hour what it needs to be the finest piece of portraiture, as it surely is one of the most ambitious, in the world. What it lacks, characteristically, in a certain uncompromising solidity it recovers in the beautiful dignity of its position—unmoved from the stately house in which its authors sojourned and wrought, familiar to the descendants of its noble originals.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 26, 1872.

THE approaching end of the Parliamentary session is celebrated in England by a barbarous practice bequeathed to us from former ages. I hope for their own sakes that none of your readers ever attended a banquet, as the hideous ceremony is called, in the city of London. If such should ever be their hard fate, let them pray that it be not in the summer. For in that eminent and honorable city there linger still traditions derived from the last century. The vast eating and drinking of our forefathers is a puzzle to most modern readers. Where did the two-bottle heroes get the digestions which carried them in triumph through the swinish gormandizing represented on Hogarth's canvas? M. Taine, I believe, can explain that, and, indeed, everything else, by talking a little about the race and the climate. Something, however, might be added even to his explanations by a course of experimental enquiry in the city. The rich old companies still enjoy large revenues, into the distribution of which no human creature presumes to pry. They do not like, one supposes, to apply them to useful purposes, lest they should be appropriated by school boards, or guardians, or other diabolical inventions of the present day. Accordingly, they are obliged to eat and drink them; and human nature of the non-aldermanic variety shrinks from contemplating the scenes that are produced by a resolution to proportion a feast not to appetite or to æsthetic considerations, but to a certain predetermined and monstrous scale of expenditure. The Lord Mayor's dinners are not, indeed, regulated in this fashion, but their style savors of their place of origin. They are of the heavy and florid order; there hangs about them a kind of turtle-soup atmosphere; if wise, you should take with you a plan for picking your way judiciously through the labyrinth of dishes, for a direct assault will undoubtedly reduce you in very short space to utter prostration. When after dinner you are giving thanks for your escape from suffocation and subsiding into that stolid peace of mind which is ominous of a coming headache, Her Majesty's ministers are dragged forth to make sport for you, jaded with the cares and excitements of the session, overpowered with the heavy pomposities and elaborate overfeeding to which they have just been sacrificed. They rise and endeavor to say something which shall sound as if it had a meaning, and which shall really mean as little as possible. Of that art Mr. Gladstone is an acknowledged master; he can take as long in passing a given point as any known orator, and yet there is a fine moral unction about all that he says which sometimes leaves you with the impression that you are a wiser and a better man for having listened to him.

On Wednesday last he talked a column of good platitudes about the Geneva arbitration and the great heart of England which was admirably adapted for the occasion and brought down the cheers of the wearied guests. Upon these topics, however, I have nothing particular to say. We are all glad that the Geneva arbitration is on its legs again, and I have every reason to believe that the heart of England is in its normal condition. A speech rather more to my immediate purpose was delivered by Hon. Mr. Bruce, a gentleman whom everybody likes and respects, and who is also more unanimously denounced than any one of his colleagues, with the single exception of Mr. Ayrton. Mr. Ayrton indeed is denounced because he is always treading upon everybody's toes with obvious delight in the process; whereas Mr. Bruce is denounced because he has so great a dislike to treading on any one's toes that he is inclined to be an over-pliable minister. On the present occasion, he had to speak on behalf of the House of Commons, and he did it with much spirit. Parliament, he said, has passed some four thousand acts during the reign of her present Majesty, although complaints are made of its going too slowly. It attends to the largest and the smallest subjects; it concerns itself with the affairs which occupy two hemispheres, and with affairs which would be fitter for a vestry. It determines the fate of vast populations in India and investigates the conduct of a policeman who hap-

pens to break a man's head at Bethnal Green; it passes laws for the protection of the laboring population against themselves and their employers, and laws to provide against the extermination of sparrows. This is a very inadequate expression of the truth, and it explains, amongst other things, why the immense mass of legislation which is executed still leaves Parliament open to the charge of being behind its work. It attends, in fact, to so many things which are not its business that it has no time to spare for things which are its business.

A cry is being now raised by the Radicals against over-legislation. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who has recently developed into a very full-blown Radical indeed, has been expatiating upon this subject; he gave as an example a bill which has recently been brought in to force railway companies to provide foot-warmers for their passengers. It is, indeed, absurd that the progress of legislation—say on land-laws or education—should be stopped, as it constantly is, by such preposterous discussions about the pettiest details. And it is evident that however much Radicals may cry out, they are indirectly doing much to increase the evil. There is a constantly increasing demand from constituents that the state should extend its sphere of action. The assumption of telegraphs by the state has undoubtedly been a great success. There is a cheap and uniform tariff all over the country; the number of offices has been very largely increased; and, on the whole, the service is performed much more regularly and efficiently. Now an agitation is being set on foot for the purchase of the Irish railways by the state. If that is carried out, there seems to be no reason why the same principle should not be applied in England. Indeed, the power which is beginning to be exercised by the great companies, now that they have found out the policy of combining instead of competing, gives a very plausible reason for entrusting it rather to public officials than to private persons, whose interest is far from identical with that of the public. The lowest class of voter is much more anxious that certain things should be done than that they should be done according to orthodox political theory; and it is very natural that he should use his vote to bring about the result he desires without bothering himself by theories as to centralization and local self-government. Without going into too general a discussion, there can be no doubt that the current is setting in this direction, in spite of the occasional protests of men like Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Fawcett. The appeals for Government interference increase on all sides, and every such appeal throws more work on the already overtaxed strength of Parliament. We have just had our annual testimony to the fact in the process known as "the slaughter of the innocents." Ministers, that is, have given notice of their intention to abandon a large number of the measures which they had been sanguine enough to introduce at the opening of the session. The same ceremony takes place to a greater or less extent every year; and besides the official slaughter, private members suddenly acquire unusual power of obstruction at this period of the session. Poor Mr. Cardwell is suffering in consequence. His plan of army reform, which was received with general applause, involved, like all other plans of reform, a considerable expenditure at the outset. Besides the eight millions which had to be paid for the abolition of purchase, large sums had to be provided for the new scheme of localizing the forces. We are, as you may remember, more or less imitating the Prussian system; and the country is to be divided into a number of military districts, within each of which the army, the militia, and the volunteers are to be brought into close relations, instead of being, as hitherto, disconnected and even competing forces. This change involves the building of barracks and a preliminary expense of some three millions. Of course, the expense is only preliminary; that is always understood in all plans of reform, and, ultimately, we shall pay less for a more efficient army. Now, a few Radicals refuse to listen to the voice of the charmer. They maintain that we pay fifteen millions annually for an army too small to be of use on the Continent and too large for home purposes, and they insist upon retrenchment. Mr. Gladstone, in his great electioneering campaign before the last general election, was indeed weak enough to talk about retrenchment, and some people seem to have taken him seriously. Moreover, there is an impression abroad that his military centres will be rather nuisances than otherwise. Some of the towns in which it is proposed to place them declare that the presence of a large garrison has a demoralizing effect. Various officers and military chaplains have indeed asserted with much emphasis that the British army is the most moral part of the population, and that it exerts an elevating and purifying influence upon every place where it resides. I fear that this is pitching the note a little too high. The British army is a very excellent body of men in some ways; but anybody who knows what a young Englishman—I need not perhaps confine myself to one nationality—is between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, or thereabouts, may guess pretty well what are the ordinary consequences of bringing together some hundreds of such lads, and giving them several hours of idleness in the course of every day. I have never observed, in fact, that the British soldier, much as I respect him, generally exercises an elevating and purifying influence on the British maid-servant. Be that as it may, Mr. Cardwell's proposal, though the soundness of its principles is generally admitted from a military point of view, has given offence to a good many people, and he has unluckily been beguiled by his sense of security to allow it to be put off to the end of the session. The consequence is that its opponents can easily talk it to death, though they are in a small minority. They have allies in every private member who has some crotchet on his hands, for which he has not been able to obtain a hearing in the course of the session. Several hours, for example, were wasted last night in an utterly fruitless discussion on the propriety of capital punishment. No practical conclusion could be anticipated from it, and the bill introduced for the abolition of the penalty was of course thrown out by a large majority. Indeed, just at present, owing to Mr. Bruce's indiscreet remissions of sentences and some other causes, hanging is rather popular in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, poor Mr. Cardwell's bill is in grievous danger; and if it breaks down, the most effective measure of army reform hitherto proposed will be postponed for another year.

THE TENANT RIOT.

BERLIN, July 30, 1872.

IF the exaggerated stories with which couriers had filled the ears of American travellers just arriving at Berlin have caught the wings of the telegraph, one may expect to see in New York papers columns of enormous capitals, "Great riot in Berlin; troops called out; houses demolished; rise of the commune; war of labor and capital; international revolution." Such phrases have already begun to take shape, and they will of course grow by repetition. There has been a serious breach of the peace, which cost some damage to persons and property, and threatened to become a wild riot; but it had no political motive and no clearly defined purpose. Yet, as an accidental kindling of mob fury, it shows what combustible materials are lying loose around us.

In the region of Wallner's theatre, in the northeastern part of the city, is a densely peopled quarter, occupied chiefly by workingmen and their families. Here the pressure of rent has caused much suffering, and the dread of further exactions from the landlords has raised the question of combined resistance. Two or three incidents following in close succession last week, brought the question of tenant *vs.* landlord to a peremptory crisis. The first was a police order forbidding the erection of any more barracks outside the city. Many of the poor had become "squatters." They had betaken themselves to vacant lots, and with rejected railway wagons and loose timber had built rows of shanties, where men, women, and children were huddled together in indecent squalor. But the fire-laws and the health-laws (cholera impending) have been applied to stay such proceedings in the future, and the workman, if ousted by his landlord, sees nothing before him but the overcrowded poor-house. Of course there was the more need that landlords should walk warily.

But just at this moment came the second incident. A poor tenant sought to reduce his rent by sub-letting one of his mean apartments. Now, by law and by contract, sub-letting requires the previous consent of the landlord; and this not having been asked, the landlord proceeded to evict the chief tenant, retaining, of course, the "advance" rent. The court being appealed to, decided for the landlord. The poor tenant, finding himself upon the pavement, with his family and household goods, and no home in prospect, maddened at sight of the landlord complacently looking on, seized said landlord neck and heels, shut him up in a huge chest at hand, by his son's help lifted the chest upon the cart, and would probably have emptied the load into the Spree had not the cries and struggles of the victim brought the police to his relief. This feat caused much exultation among the *Leute* (as the common people call themselves), and I suspect that half Berlin chuckled over such an ingenious method of bringing a landlord to close quarters.

Next day, another tenant in the same region was obliged to move, through inability to pay his rent. He had gathered his effects on the pavement, when a dispute arose between him and the wagoner as to the price of transportation, and the wagoner drove away. The neighbors knew nothing of the merits of the case; the sight of a family and furniture in the open street was to them proof positive of forcible ejection; the cry, "eviction, eviction," ran through the streets; a crowd gathered and saluted the landlord with volleys of abusive cries and with threats of revenge. This was on Thursday, and continued far into the night. On Friday the crowd increased, and made such demonstrations of violence that the police, and finally the armed guard, were summoned to disperse them. To the summons of the authorities the crowd responded with brickbats, bottles, sticks, dirt, and stones. There was one attempt to build a barricade. Lamps and windows

were broken, and a guardsman and a police-lieutenant were seriously injured. Two houses, from which stones were thrown, were seized by the guards and emptied of their inmates, many being wounded in the fray. Of course the Internationals and other demagogues will seek to make political capital out of the affair; and it certainly threatens new complications between capital and labor. Workingmen will not consent to be turned homeless into the street, nor submit to see their fellows so treated. The mob reached its height on Saturday at midnight, and on Sunday the police had quiet possession of the streets.

A curious commentary upon this state of things was a great ball given on Sunday in the same neighborhood, as a jollification over the success of the recent strike for reduced hours and increased pay. And as an illustration of what comes of this new concession to the "rights of labor," I may mention that on Monday morning I had urgent need of a plumber to stop a leak which threatened mischief to my neighbors as well as myself. But the "boss" told me he could not command the services of his men till after noon on Monday. They quit work on Saturday at noon, have all day Sunday, will do nothing on Monday morning—but cannot pay their rent, and will pull down the house about the ears of the landlord if he attempts to enforce his contract. At the same time, drunkenness is fearfully upon the increase, the vilest schnapps taking the place of the comparatively harmless lager. What can be done with or for the workingman when he thus abuses and degrades himself? AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

"KEEPING THE RASCALS ROTATING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an indication of how some of the rank and file of the Republican party may look at it, I desire, as one of them, to answer a point which has been raised several times in the *Nation*.

I shall vote for Greeley without reference to the question of whether any reforms are probable under his Administration, if he should be elected. Conceding the worst which is said of him and his chief supporters, I should still vote for him on the principle—erroneous perhaps—that if we cannot have a good set of officers, the next best thing is to keep the rascals *rotating* as fast as possible, instead of confirming those in office in the opinion that they may do as they please, by the tacit approval of their bad acts indicated by re-election. A prominent part of Barnard's defence is that the people re-elected him for a second term, after a full knowledge and discussion of the charges on which he is now being tried, and thereby set the seal of approval upon his administration. My vote will not be given towards having Carl Schurz confronted with a similar argument in the Senate next winter.

The *Nation* is aware that some of the "Reformers" elected to office in this city last fall were as corrupt as any of the Tammany Ring. Was that a good reason for voting for the rogues then in power? My judgment as a simple "average voter" was, that it was best to break up the ring even at the risk of electing other rogues in the effort. A similar consideration, if none others existed, would decide my course in the Presidential contest this fall.

I cannot see what motive Greeley would have in acceding to the demands of the "horde of hungry applicants" for office, unless they were honest and capable as well as "hungry." What would he have to gain by it? He cannot possibly be a candidate for re-election, and will have no reason for propitiating them. The *Nation* has hinted that he is pledging himself to them now. He says he is not. Unless the *Nation* has incontrovertible facts in its possession, it seems a little uncharitable to make such charges even in the most indirect manner.

The *Nation* has several times charmingly admitted the possession of those little infirmities of temper and judgment from which none of us are entirely free. Will it permit me to say that one of its readers, at least—but the mote may be in his own eye—thinks he sees a slight tempering of judgment with prejudice in its remarks on Greeley's recommendation of Bailey? Men have turned out defaulters after enjoying the reputation of perfect honesty for half a lifetime. Might not the editor of the *Nation* have recommended a man who had borne a good character for years, and would it not be quite within the range of possibilities that he should become a defaulter? And if he should, would the editor's position as an advocate of civil-service reform be affected by it? Might not such a thing happen to any one? Would such a recommendation relieve the Government of its duty to exercise a careful supervision over its appointee? Is it not in the failure of that supervision, and not in the original appointment, that the fault of the Administration in this case lies? Is the *Nation* sure it has presented fairly Greeley's connection with young Vanderbilt? Perhaps it has been misled as to the facts.

Suppose Theodore Tilton does support Greeley, what does it prove against Greeley? A party large enough to carry this country must contain a good many fools as well as rascals. Do not both parties contain their share? Can we judge accurately of their comparative numbers in the two parties? and if we can, does it afford a just criterion of the qualifications of the respective candidates? As to Tilton's *prominence* in the Greeley party, if that is the point, I suppose he makes his own position. And after all, though we agree in an unspeakable contempt for some of his ideas, is he not as reputable and desirable a member of a political party as Tom Murphy and the Custom-house thieves and prize-fighters? I assure you I am not inclined to dodge any facts which I can get hold of, whether agreeable or disagreeable, and, in my anxiety to get at the facts, go even to that fountainhead of truth, the New York *Times*. I do not have to read far in that paper, however, to feel strongly drawn toward Greeley. This is a practical confirmation of the *Nation's* views on the effect of that paper's course.

These are merely the thoughts of a young "average voter," of no value except as they may be significant of the ideas of the class to which he belongs.—Very respectfully, your attentive READER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16, 1872.

[The plan of contenting one's self with "keeping the rascals rotating as fast as possible," in lieu of all positive reform, certainly would make the future of the nation seem very gloomy. As regards Mr. Greeley's relations to Bailey, the defaulting collector, all we say is that he is not in a position to abuse the President about Bailey. Mr. Greeley himself has been a prominent actor in and determined supporter of the system under which Bailey was appointed, and under which Baileys in general are not properly looked after or duly punished. As regards Vanderbilt, if our correspondent knows of any facts throwing doubt on our story, we shall be glad to publish them; we know of none. If he means to say simply that Mr. Greeley's antecedents make the story improbable, he can hardly know much about Mr. Greeley. The fact is there are two Greeleys—Urban Greeley and Rural Greeley. Rural Greeley is the person over whom the farmers in the West get enthusiastic. He is a philosophical abstraction, who writes the good editorials in the *Tribune* (the bad ones have been all written by worthless fellows no longer in the office), and who knows almost everything. Urban Greeley, on the other hand, is a *man* well known to the citizens of New York, who are not enthusiastic about him, and who laugh when you speak of him. It is this one who is running for the Presidency. He is rather an odd body, with many virtues, but egregiously vain, ludicrously incompetent in dealing with men, and generally followed by a train of scheming ne'er-do-weels, who flatter him grossly, and get money and recommendations to office out of him without stint. Many things which appear wildly improbable of Rural Greeley, who discourses so wisely in the *Tribune*, are true as gospel of Urban Greeley, who figures on committees and "confers" with Mr. John Cochrane.—ED. NATION.]

A $5,000,000 SWINDLE.—THE NATIONAL AIR-LINE RAILWAY COMPANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the most extraordinary appeal ever made to the financial world for a loan has just been made by a body of men calling themselves "The National Air-Line Railway Company" in New Jersey.

It is extraordinary, because the only security offered to the public in return for their money is a pretended charter from the Legislature of New Jersey which was never asked for and never granted.

That such a call for money is made in Wall Street and on the ignorant everywhere is the more extraordinary, because it is made after the Governor of New Jersey, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House have unitedly declared that no such charter as this, under which $5,000,000 is sought, was ever granted, and that the pretended charter now exhibited is a fraud.

It is hardly likely that any trust company of New York will connect itself as trustee with such an attempted operation, or endanger either its own standing or the moneys it holds in trust for private persons and for banks

and corporations near to or distant from New York, when the real character of this pretended charter is known.

The more railroads New Jersey has, the better it will be for her; but people will think twice before they invest under a charter which was never granted. JERSEY.

Notes.

A. DENHAM & CO. announce that they will publish shortly "The Lives of the Novelists," by Sir Walter Scott, with notes. The volume will contain the lives of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Cumberland, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Le Sage, Johnstone, Bage, and Mackenzie.

—The late Admiral Dahlgren is reported to have left behind him a very large mass of memoirs and journals of his life from the time when he was fifteen till his death. They are said to be very full and minute, and of historical value. They will be published for the benefit of the family of the admiral, who died poor after long serving the country.

—The "untamable" fly, as Shakspeare calls him, or the "undaunted," as he is called by Homer, and who is just now being execrated and poisoned by all housewives, is to be the subject of the essayists who next year compete for the Walker Prize offered by the Boston Society of Natural Science. The full wording of the title is as follows: "On the Development and Transformations of the Common House-Fly."

—The *Evening Post* makes the strange and injudicious enquiry, what the London *Spectator* means by the word "pékin," used in a recent issue. "Pékin," we supposed nearly everybody knew, is the ordinary, old, widely-spread, well-settled slang term applied by French military men to civilians. Fifty years ago, or more, it furnished Talleyrand with the materials for one of his most stinging witticisms. Hearing it used by an army officer, and, like the *Post*, not knowing what it meant, he enquired. "Oh," said the officer, "nous autres, nous appelons pékin, tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Comme nous," retorted Talleyrand, "nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil."

—Mr. Thurlow Weed has been interviewed recently by a Western writer, who found him busy in the preparation of his memoirs, which will be a mine of American political history. Among other things upon which he is reported to have talked was the late Dickens's first visit to this country, and Boston will turn in her grave—if that is the proper way of speaking about the condition of that city—when she hears why it was that Dickens's visit was not a success. Boston, Mr. Weed says, got hold of Dickens first, and so toadied him, and abased herself before him, that she perfectly disgusted the rest of the country, which was therefore disposed to take offence at him. The quarrel was at once ready, then, when the young author began his injudicious urging, in season and out of season, of an international copyright law. Thence coolness, satire in the "American Notes," and exacerbation. We dare say there is no great amount of truth in this narration, but we advise other New York journals to reiterate it for the purpose of driving the Bostonians crazy. We would add, too, that one of the Prussian Band who played at the Jubilee wrote home to a friend that the great Boston Jubilee was, to tell the truth, nothing more nor less than a great American humbug. It is a fact that the Boston press became seriously angry with the New York correspondents for jeering at that peculiar affair.

—Four years ago *Harper's Magazine* printed an article entitled "Fish Culture," which described Mr. Seth Green's system and gave an account of a pond or brook in New Jersey in which fish were artificially propagated. This account contained the following paragraph—or rather let us say that it is currently said to have contained the following paragraph. The Chicago *Tribune* would no doubt have one opinion on that matter, and the *Times* of this city would beyond question violently uphold another. The subscribers to these journals, if either of them now has any left, might refer to *Harper's* for November, 1868:

"Some of the larger fishes are marked by striking peculiarities, and have received distinguished names. One is known as 'Bartimeus,' from the fact that he is blind. A long, lean, lantern-jawed fellow is appropriately yclept 'Don Quixote,' while a huge three-pounder, who fought it on that line during the entire season, killing and devouring over a dozen large fishes, is called 'General Grant.' There was formerly, in the large pond, a curious, parti-colored fish, with irregular spots and streaks of white and black, the colors varying almost weekly, who was known to some of the numerous Democrats in the vicinity as 'Horace Greeley'; but he is now no more, having been unfortunately *killed and eaten by 'General Grant.'*"

—The attention of all legislators in all our States may well be given to the experience of Maryland in regard to divorce legislation. Settled by Roman Catholics and always conservative in all respects, Maryland for the greater part of her history gave a practical prohibition to divorce, but not long since she relaxed the rigidity of her laws and allowed it after three years' desertion. This had the effect of making applications for separation very numerous, and it has been found necessary to empower the judges to forbid the parties guilty of desertion from marrying again. This has almost stopped the bringing of suits, we are told, for in Maryland as elsewhere what a divorce suit means in very many cases is that one of two people who should be held to decency and self-restraint as severely and strictly as possible, wants to escape from obligation to his present partner with a view of taking up another. And what it means in a great many other cases, which call out an undue amount of sympathy from legislators, is that two people have carelessly or recklessly involved themselves in a partnership which has its irksomeness in one way or another, and which they wish to throw off, but which, in the interest of children and in the interest of the marriage tie, they should be compelled to put up with. Instead of leaving such people, having made their bed, to lie in it, it is usual for our easy-going legislatures and courts to let them make another, or indeed as many more as they see fit. The most rigid theory of marriage as an utterly indissoluble compact, a sacrament, could not be more pernicious in its influence upon morality than our Indiana theories have proved, and this, we think, is daily getting to be more manifest. Maryland seems to have hit upon a reasonably happy medium between the Romish view and the Spiritualists'.

—It would have been unreasonable to expect that our American public should not have had an imposition practised upon it as regards the real working of the postal telegraph system in the various countries where it has been tried; the telegraph is too valuable a property to be given up without a prolonged struggle on the part of the corporations who now monopolize the lines, and if the struggle involves a little economizing of the truth, why, we must recollect that there is a good deal of human nature in man. As a matter of fact, however, the system has by no means undergone the disastrous breakdown which has been asserted of it. In England, for instance—of which India is clearly not a part, though the "abridged" report would have us think so—the telegraph in Government hands has not been worked at a loss, but has during the last fiscal year afforded a revenue of more than a million and a half of dollars, while about five million is set down as the expected revenue for the year ending next June. And this though the expenses have been abnormally large, by reason of abnormal work of construction, and though the messages now pay very much less than when the companies were competing with each other. There is probably some truth in the complaint that Government can tamper with the political news; but to say nothing of the means of evading interference, public opinion would speedily put an end to such a practice. What is true of England as regards the benefits necessarily accruing, is true of nearly all other European countries where the system has been tried, and there is little doubt that we shall live to see it true of the United States also; only in this, as in other matters, we shall find that Senator Carpenter's views in regard to civil-service reform, or Mr. Greeley's, are not so valuable as other views. We see by the last number of *Nature* that a *Journal of the Society of the Telegraph Engineers* has been established, and that the society already numbers 230 members, among whom are some of the most eminent scientific men of the time. The same paper tells us of an interesting soirée held at the Albert Hall under the auspices of this Society and the Postal Telegraph Department. A model of every kind of telegraphic instrument which has been in general use from the beginning of commercial telegraphy was exhibited, and each instrument was put in practical use, one feature of the entertainment being the "calling" of Kurrachee Station in India, which replied, and stated that "locusts were swarming in Scinde," the message being received with much interest and pleasure. Evidently the social and commercial use of the great invention is indeed in its infancy, and the statesman who declared that he was a slave to telegrams, which everywhere pursued him, and that he prayed for the return of the mounted post, may as well retire from public life.

—"Hereditary feud with trees" has been charged upon the Yankee, and no doubt arboricide has been one of his many national sins, but already he begins to repent and amend. In the East he long since began to see "whether the town would set out shade trees or do anything in relation to the same," and if the commissioners of roads too often chose the inevitable elm, that over-graceful idler in the New England landscape, or the bourgeois maple, and if they sometimes even down to this day whitewash the trunks of the horse-chestnuts, they at all events have been "in better business," as the deacons would say, than their fathers were when of every green thing they remorselessly made cordwood. In the central States, too, and the Northwest, where the land was peeled with reckless waste, better counsels have for some time prevailed, though that necessary officer, a Commissioner of

Woods and Forests, has, we believe, nowhere come into existence. Perhaps our German fellow-citizens, recollecting his usefulness at home, may teach us the wisdom of calling him into existence. In California, as we see by an interesting paper read before the Academy of Sciences of that State, a vigorous effort has been made to increase the forest area, and if all be true as stated in the paper before us, the forest thus created will have extraordinary value. It appears that Australian forest trees propagated from the seed thrive remarkably in California—almost as well, or quite as well, as the native trees, so that it is not beyond the probabilities that the gigantic *Sequoias* native to the soil may in process of ages find themselves rivalled by the invading *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, which towers to the height of four hundred feet. And the ages need not be so very many either, for the growth of these trees is said to be fabulously rapid. Mr. R. E. C. Stearns, the writer of the article, says that he himself set out a small tree of the *Eucalyptus globula* species—the Blue Gum of Tasmania and Victoria—which, at the time of planting, was six and a half feet high and half an inch in diameter, and that in eleven months and three days afterwards its diameter was one inch and three-quarters, its height was "a trifle over fifteen feet," and its lateral growth was equally remarkable. "It was not a very good time for Blue Gums either," for very little rain fell after this tree was planted, "and furthermore, the locality was upon nearly the highest land in Petaluma." Very strong, too, is this swiftly-growing wood. "It is considered to be generally superior to American rock elm;" and "a test of strength has been made between some Blue Gum, English oak, and Indian teak, and the Blue Gum carried 14 pounds more weight than the oak, and 17 pounds 4 ounces more than teak, upon the square inch." Besides these good qualities—height so great that a whole keelson can be cut from a single tree, capacity to take a fine polish, great strength, easiness of "working," rapid growth, density of shade—the *Eucalyptus globula* has one or two more: its leaves are medicinal; in tincture they are as sure a cure for intermittent fever as quinine itself. "Dr. Lorimer gave it to fifty-three patients, of whom forty-three were completely cured. In five other cases there was a relapse, owing to a failure in the supply of the tincture. In eleven of the cases quinine had been used without effect, and nine of these were cured by the *Eucalyptus*." Dr. McLean, of Netley, England, says that except the subcutaneous injection of morphia, he knows no remedy for cardiac asthma and certain cases of chest aneurism so efficacious as to merit comparison with the tincture of *E. globula*. The German doctors use it in the form of cigars, as well as in tincture, and pillows stuffed with the leaves are held to be good in cases of sleeplessness. These trees diffuse also, we must recollect to say, an aromatic odor which causes them to be shunned by all insects save one, and he appears to have formed his character on the model of the Eucalyptus, for he spends a blameless life in excreting a sort of manna out of which the bees make excellent honey. Various other varieties of this genus of trees are now domiciled in California, and with them also several kinds of acacias, all noteworthy either for beauty or shade or flowers of which is made the dyestuff that dyes the "peculiar Chinese yellow color," by which we suppose the color of nankeen is meant. We advise our readers to procure this little pamphlet from the California Academy. It is, we doubt not, trustworthy, and it is peculiarly interesting. It is rather curious, by the way, to find Mr. Stearns protesting, at the end of his acount of the *Eucalypti*, that he "does not wish to be understood as making an unfavorable comparison as against our indigenous species"—the ignominious traitor! Wherever the *Eucalypti* can be made to grow, they certainly ought to be planted. To say nothing of their uses, the majesty of a grove of them would be half a religion to the villagers who, fifty years from now, would be enjoying their presence.

—The great age often attained by literary men has recently been made the subject of comment in England, and, indeed, despite the invasion of this class by feeble-minded persons in hectic bodies who succeed in getting themselves called literary, the poets, historians, philosophers, editors, and their brethren appear to share longevity fairly with other men who live reasonably well-ordered lives and—a great point—keep the brain in regular and healthy activity on subjects which do not too much enlist the meaner passions. Mr. Carlyle, hot-tempered and sanguinary as he is, may properly enough be ranked in this category, though if he dies within twenty years no one will be able to say that choler and turbulency have not untimely snipped his thread. Sir Charles Lyell also is aged, and the names of Sir Roderick Murchison, Victor Hugo, Savage Landor, De Quincey, Guizot, Michelet, Thiers, Milman, Humboldt, Goethe, and Wordsworth will occur to everybody as among men of our day who attained old age after long literary labor. Here in America we have a literary veteran in the person of Mr. Richard Dana the elder, born in 1787. Mr. Bryant, too, may claim that honor. So we suppose may Mr. Emerson, Professor Tayler Dr. Walker, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Whittier, and Mr. Longfellow. The two former, by the way, have had the coincident luck of losing their houses by fire this summer, the loss being not very heavy in either case, but, on the other hand, falling on men not rich.

—M. Chaix, to whom we referred last week, was not the first to give his workmen a share in his profits in addition to their wages. We learn from a correspondent that M. Lecaire, a painter and glazier in Paris, adopted the same plan in 1842, and continued it for twenty-seven years, during which the system succeeded so well in securing better work, and in elevating the moral and material condition of the employees, that he adopted the following scheme of division: 25 per cent. of profits for the capital, 50 per cent. to be divided among the workmen, and 25 per cent. for the sick and for pensions. Last year the sum to be divided was 150,000 francs. It will be seen that the proportion received by the workmen is very much larger than M. Chaix proposed to give them; each workman's share amounted to nearly 12 per cent. of his wages. If all M. Lecaire's outlay in this way has been returned to him by the improvement in quality and quantity of work done, he must have begun his experiment with bad workmen, but perhaps not worse than the average. In the interesting "Ouvriers des Deux Mondes," published by the Société des Etudes Pratiques d'Economie Sociale, it is more than once mentioned of certain trades and certain parts of Paris that the men have no idea that anything is really due to their employer for the wages they receive, and, whenever his eye is off them, take every opportunity to shirk. A head cursed with such hands might be willing to forego part of his gains to secure the satisfaction of being well served.

AMOS KENDALL.*

WE wonder how many of our readers of less than fifty years of age have any idea connected with the name of Amos Kendall? Indeed, one must have passed somewhat beyond that milestone *pel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita* to have a very distinct recollection of his political personality. But to such as are so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as they may esteem it, his name recalls times the events and persons of which seem almost mythical, seen through the long vista of intervening years. There were giants then in the land, for the like of whom we should look in vain among the public men of these times. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Edward Livingstone, not to mention the *dii minorum gentium*, were in the fulness of their prime forty years ago. General Jackson, if he cannot be entirely refused a place among the giants of those days, we think history will relegate to that class known to nursery lore as the Ogres, who have a giant's power, but use it giant-like. Van Buren only carries his head among his contemporary giants because mounted on the shoulders of his predecessor, who lifted him up and set him in the White House when he had done with it himself. Amos Kendall had no pretensions to belong to that Brobdingnagian race, but his name was almost as much bruited in men's mouths then as that of any of them. In those days of rotation in office, of the scandal touching Major and Mrs. Eaton, of the Kitchen Cabinet and its summary dismissal "as a unit," as well as when the more important matters of the Bank war and the removal of the deposits stirred the public mind with a fierceness of agitation which seems strange and almost puerile to us who have lived through the last twelve years, Amos Kendall was as well known and as well abused a man as any of his betters, and for no particular reason that we can gather from this narrative. Perhaps the intense hatred felt by the opposition towards all the promoters of Jackson's election, and who were believed to have his ear, was yet more embittered to the sense of Mr. Clay and his partisans by the feeling, for which there was no just ground, that Mr. Kendall properly should have belonged to their faction.

The history of Amos Kendall is that of multitudes of other Americans who have worked their way from humble beginnings to eminence in the world. He came of a good stock, from the like of which many such have sprung. He was born in the town of Dunstable, just on the boundary line of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, on a farm better suited to the raising of men than of any of the usual crops of agriculture. His father was a fine old Puritan yeoman, fearing God, regular in public and private worship, receiving the Bible in its entirety as the Word of God, and the Westminster Catechism as its all but inspired expositor, faithful in his calling, and bringing up a numerous family by the hardest kind of work and the most rigid economy. Mr. Kendall's account of his childhood and youth, of his father's way of life and method of rearing his children, of his own recreations, and of his studies during hours of play, is both entertaining and interesting, containing, as it does, the picture of a state of society which is fast passing away, if it has not already disappeared. Deacon Kendall, for such was the rank in the church of the excellent father of Amos, entertained the just ambition

* "Autobiography of Amos Kendall. Edited by his Son-in-law, William Stickney." Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

felt universally, or nearly so, by men of his class in New England, of giving to one of his sons a liberal education, hoping, like the parents of Dominie Sampson, "to see him wag his head in a pulpit" before he died. Amos, as the most bookish of the nine sons—of whom six were living in 1858, when Amos, the fourth, was in his seventieth year—was naturally selected as the fittest for the purpose. He scrambled into his education, as multitudes of eminent men have done before him, by the self-help of school-keeping in the winters, eked out by the very moderate advance of forty-two dollars and eighty-four cents from his father. He was fitted for college in forty-seven weeks by the academies of New Ipswich, N. H., and Groton, Massachusetts, the whole cost of his preparation, exclusive of books, being eighty-five dollars and thirty-nine cents. And here we will pause to protest against a new Americanism which has found its way into the newspapers, though we do not recollect seeing it in a book before this one. We mean the use of the word "*academic*" education to describe the time passed in a country academy. It means, as everybody ought to know, a complete education, ending with a full university course. "Academic life" means properly only the time spent in college halls and walks—not that passed in a preparatory country school.

In 1807, Mr. Kendall entered Dartmouth College and struggled through his four years there much as he had fought his way to its gates. School-teaching was his main dependence for paying his bills, his father contributing about three hundred dollars to make out the deficiency. The account of his four years at Dartmouth is curious as the story of college life "sixty years since" at one of "the freshwater colleges," as Dr. Holmes styled them once, to the discontentment of their *alumni*, though it is not apparent why it should be regarded as disparaging, since the English Cambridge and Oxford stand in exactly the same category. It is to be hoped that the standard of manners and morals has been raised since his time in that school of the prophets. There was certainly room for the improvement in refinement and manners, and a just sense of what was due to others as well as themselves, which one cannot doubt has long since been made. Mr. Kendall seems to have stood the rough and coarse ordeal very well, and to have made the best of the modest advantages which the college then gave its students. He graduated in 1811 at the head of his class, which contained in its ranks Chief-Justice Shepley of Maine, and Chief-Justice Parker of New Hampshire, afterwards Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University. He made one or two rather ambitious attempts in literature, notably, a tragedy called "Palafox, or the Siege of Saragossa," which was enacted with applause at Harvard by the students, but which Mr. Powell, the manager of the Boston Theatre, cruelly rejected, although the author had been at the pains to introduce female characters, which before had been wanting. But though he was not discouraged by this rebuff from writing another tragedy, he does not seem to have attempted to bring it on the stage. He did not feel the devotion for the ministry which his worthy father had hoped he would, and turned his thoughts rather to the law. He studied his profession chiefly at Groton, under Samuel Merchant Richardson, who afterwards removed to New Hampshire and became Chief-Justice of that State. Here, too, he underwent his first love, which like most such was a hopeless one. He sustained his disappointment with philosophic resignation, and tells as a curious fact that, many years afterwards, his only son met casually the only daughter of the lady, and, more fortunate than his sire, secured her affections and her hand.

Mr. Kendall grew up and entered life in the midst of the violent contentions of the Federal and Democratic parties for the control of the Government, and he cast in his lot with the Democrats. He remained faithful to the party through all the phases of its checquered life, even after it had changed places, in 1850, with the Federalists of half a century before, and actually claimed that centralization of power in the General Government in the interest of slavery which had been the main charge against the old Federalists. One may judge of the violence of the party spirit of those times by a sermon preached by the minister of Groton, we presume the Rev. Dr. Chaplin, quoted by Mr. Kendall, from the text, "Ye are of your father the devil," comparing the President to Beelzebub and the members of Congress who voted for the war to the lesser devils in his service! The clergy were, almost to a man, Federalists; but Mr. Kendall was mistaken in thinking that the repeal of the constitutional provision for their compulsory support was in consequence of their interference with politics. The Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1820, when the old spirit of party was far from extinct, refused absolutely to change the Constitution in that particular, and it was not till about ten years later that the alteration was made, long after the Federal party had disappeared and the Democratic party had taken "a new departure," under its old name.

But we must hasten on. After finishing his law studies, he determined to emigrate to Kentucky and seek his fortune in that new country. If any one wishes to know the pleasures and pains of travelling in the days before steam, he can learn the lesson by reading Mr. Kendall's itinerary from home to Lexington, by way of Washington. At Boston, he heard "a youth of great promise, the young Mr. Everett," preach, and in Washington he went to President Madison's levee, and "felt no awe, although Mrs. Madison is a noble, dignified person, apparently more able to manage the affairs of the nation than her husband." In Kentucky he was employed at first as tutor in the family of Mr. Clay, afterwards was admitted to the bar, and later became an editor, first of a religious, and afterwards of a political paper, which office he soon found to be his true vocation. He had various love affairs, and was twice happily married, though at neither time to the charming young lady who expressed her delight with a "little select manuscript" of his poetry, by "kissing the pieces and saying he was a charming poet!" After the breaking up of the old party lines, the country divided rather upon men than principles. With the election of John Quincy Adams in 1824, the embittered controversy arose between the Ins and the Outs, as represented by Mr. Adams and General Jackson. There was nothing really to quarrel about, as both candidates were Democrats and held substantially the same opinions. Many of the old Federalists, mindful of what they esteemed Mr. Adams's apostasy in 1807, joined the Jackson party, and helped to carry it triumphantly into power. This part of Mr. Kendall's life is not very clearly set forth in the autobiography, But he was evidently a warm partisan of Jackson, and after the election he came to Washington for his reward. He was made Fourth Auditor, and discharged with firmness that part of his duty which consisted in discharging opposition clerks, though his humanity revolted against it, and he assisted cases of especial hardship out of his own pocket. His letters to his wife at this time are curious as depicting the fashionable life, the dinner-parties and balls, and ladies' dresses of forty-odd years ago. We fear that it may excite a pang of envy in Washingtonian breasts to read that a good house could be had then for a rental of a hundred and seventy-five dollars! One circumstance relating to the time of Jackson's accession Mr. Kendall misstates—unintentionally, no doubt. He speaks of "the want of manliness" shown by Mr. Adams and his cabinet in not remaining to receive their successors. The fact was that General Jackson did not call upon President Adams, according to etiquette, when he arrived in Washington, and consequently neither Mr. Adams nor his cabinet could in common self-respect attend the inauguration, nor accord him any attention. The etiquette is that the incoming President, on arriving in Washington, calls on the outgoing one, who invites him to dine, and attends the inauguration. It was General Jackson, and not Mr. Adams, who showed a "want of manliness" on that occasion. He had acquired a degree of external polish of manners, but a very slight scratch brought the Tartar to the surface.

Mr. Kendall remained Fourth Auditor until 1835, when he was appointed Postmaster-General. He seems to have discharged the duties of both offices with great industry, honesty, and skill, and left them both in a better condition than he found them. We find it hard to account for the bitterness with which he was attacked by his political opponents and the kind of evil odor which they managed to attach to his name. It was probably owing to the fact that he was known to be in the confidence of the President and accessary before the fact to the removal of the deposits and the destruction of the Bank, if not an actual accomplice in the crime. And he had popularly the reputation of being the vigilant and untiring promoter in the press of all Jackson's schemes. Very likely, too, Mr. Clay, who was "a good hater," could not forgive the success of a man who, he might think, had deserted his flag for that of his enemy; and a sign from Mr. Clay was enough to make the whole pack of his followers open mouth upon any one at whom his long finger pointed. In private life Mr. Kendall was everything that the best obituary could ask for—an affectionate husband, a prudent and judicious father, a frugal yet liberal householder. We do not think that any malversation was ever even suggested by malice against him, and he carried nothing with him out of office but the honest savings of his salary. We are happy to gather that, in his latter years, he was easy, perhaps affluent, in his circumstances, through the honorable part he had taken in the promotion of Morse's electric telegraph. Though a Democrat all his life, and we apprehend what would be called a pro-slavery one, he did not sink into the slough of Copperheadism when the trial hour came. He wrote earnest words against secession, did not spare the criminal weakness of Mr. Buchanan, and offered his own residence, as well as his other houses, for the accommodation of troops as soon as they were expected after Sumter. His long life was not free from the common doom of man, and his old age had its full share of the bereavements as well as of the honor, love, and obedience which should accompany it, some of them of unusual severity. His natural strength of mind, reinforced by religious faith, enabled him to bear these calamities like a man, though he felt

them like a man. When he was seventy-six years old he entered the Baptist Church by the rite of immersion, and was an enthusiastic disciple, showing his faith by works as well as words, as long as he lived. We are glad to learn that he condemned the substitution of the word "immerse" for "baptize" in the new version, made expressly for that purpose. Mr. Kendall died happy, with his eyes fixed on the rising sun, on the 12th of November, 1869, in his eighty-first year. His life was a long, useful, and happy one. Though he was not a great man, and his part in public affairs not a very important or conspicuous one, he did well what his hand found to do, and this is no small praise. This biography of him, though it might have been somewhat retrenched, is well edited, and will answer its purpose as a monument to a revered relative. We think, however, that the casual glimpses it gives at the private life of New Hampshire, of Kentucky, and of Washington, a generation or two ago, are what will give it its chief interest to the general reader.

POOR'S RAILROAD MANUAL.*

THIS is the fifth of Mr. Poor's annual publications, and well sustains, without advancing, the high character won by its predecessors. Some idea may be formed of the enormous labor involved in its preparation from the fact that it contains statistical information in regard to some 1,500 corporations scattered throughout the United States and the British Possessions, in regard to many of which little if anything is publicly known beyond what can be found in the pages of this volume. Very few comparatively of the States of the Union have as yet got to the point of exacting from their railroad corporations any official returns whatever, and even when they are exacted, these are altogether too frequently calculated to confuse rather than to enlighten. Many corporations are controlled by "rings," which do not scruple in the slightest degree at furnishing false information in furtherance of their plans, and not a few are so managed that no intelligent account of their condition could be furnished by their officials even if they were most honestly desirous of doing so. Take, for instance, such a corporation as the Indianopolis, Cincinnati, and Lafayette—an important line in the States of Ohio and Indiana. This company for several years made no returns whatever. In one of his earlier "Manuals" Mr. Poor published such statistical information in regard to it as he could procure, and which was certainly calculated to throw grave doubts on its solvency. Great indignation was expressed thereat by those in charge of the affairs of the company, and for the next issue of the "Manual" they prepared and Mr. Poor published a set of accounts which appear to have been manufactured to order. In due course of time the company was discovered to be hopelessly insolvent, and passed into the hands of receivers. It then gradually appeared that either no accounts existed or that they were so kept as to be wholly unintelligible. In any event, two years of patient labor have failed as yet to disentangle them. So, also, as regards the Rutland and Burlington Railroad of Vermont. The trustees of this corporation spoke in one document of certain trifling outstanding accounts, which in the next document, issued a few months later, assumed definite proportions in the shape of a million and a quarter of indebtedness. In preparing his "Manual" Mr. Poor has, of course, access only to such information as those managing the affairs of the several corporations see fit to furnish. This he publishes for what it is worth, and in many cases it is worth very little. The public, therefore, should not be allowed to suppose in referring to this book that they can rely upon the accuracy of all the information contained in it, and invest their money accordingly. As we understand it, Mr. Poor makes no such pretensions in its behalf. On the contrary, he seeks simply to bring together in a compendious form that which is publicly known in regard to American railroad corporations, and all persons must accept that information at their own risk.

While in fulfilling his task Mr. Poor is entitled to the utmost credit for the information he has collected and the industry he has displayed, the great difficulty with his "Manuals" is that the series does not improve. His original idea was a good one, but he fails to develop it. A more awkward and clumsy arrangement of matter than pervades this book, in close imitation of its predecessors, could not well be imagined. Indeed, it cannot be said to be arranged at all; the contents are flung together purely at haphazard. There seems almost to be something offensive to Mr. Poor in those chronological, alphabetical, or generic arrangements which mankind usually adopts with a view to convenient reference or intelligent study. For instance, he undertakes to print statements of the debts and liabilities of the several States of the Union. In doing this, he would naturally be expected to arrange the States either alphabetically or geographically. He does nothing of the kind. He begins with Pennsylvania and takes up Connecticut next, which is followed by Maine. New York is sandwiched between Michigan and Iowa, and Missouri between Maryland and Vermont. This is a trifling indication of an inherent defect which seriously impairs the value of the whole work. When the investigator approaches a study of the railroad system of America, and seeks to get precise information as to the affairs of any one of its large corporations, the book becomes little better than a lumber of figures. The proper arrangement is obvious enough. The railroads of the United States, in obedience to certain geographical considerations, are rapidly grouping themselves into families. These families should have been carefully brought together, so that at one glance the whole condition of the group could have been taken in. Instead of this, they seem to have been scattered up and down the volume with the express purpose of making connected reference impossible. Take, for instance, the Reading Railroad. This is a large corporation, the centre of a group of roads which it has built, purchased, or leased. To understand the condition of this company, it is necessary to know that of all the other companies united in interest with it. The obvious arrangement, therefore, would be to give the necessary information as regards the Reading Railroad, immediately followed by the information regarding all the other roads dependent upon it, the whole to be followed by a *résumé* of all facts connected with the group. Instead of pursuing this course, Mr. Poor puts the Reading Road itself on page 314 of the "Manual." The company, we are informed, own eight separate roads and branches, and lease sixteen others. To get any detailed information as to these members of the Reading system, it is necessary to consult the index and to refer to the pages of the "Manual" in the following order: beginning at page 314, we seek pages 16, 17, 359, 264, 420, 273, 248, 425, 57, 97, 58, 66, 421, 262, 417.

A more complicated instance yet is furnished in the Pennsylvania road. The system of this great corporation is one most difficult to understand. There is, in the first place, the Pennsylvania road proper, with its various branches and leased lines; there is, then, the Pennsylvania Company, incorporated solely to manage and control certain roads leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad. This family of united roads is the largest in the United States, including in a single interest some thirty corporations, and operating over 4,000 miles of road. Instead of bringing its members together, and thus making the system intelligible, Mr. Poor gives us the Pennsylvania Railroad in one place, between the Central of New Jersey and the Chicago, Detroit, and Canada Grand Junction, with neither of which has it the slightest connection, while the Pennsylvania Company makes its appearance nearly a hundred pages further on, side by side with the Dakota Southern and the McMinnville and Manchester railroads. As to the other members of the group, an industrious investigator might hunt them up in the course of a day or so of careful study; but if any person desires a thoroughly confusing problem to solve, he had better try to ascertain from Mr. Poor's compilation what is the capital and the net income of that system of roads which is now united under the management of the celebrated Mr. Thomas A. Scott and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Neither can we say much in commendation of Mr. Poor's preliminary sketch of the railroads in the United States. It may have been novel once, but it is certainly so no longer. A manual which is to make its appearance each year ought apparently to give, in a preliminary sketch, some idea of what has been done during the year to which it relates. It should speak of that year's growth, business, consolidations, changes of management, etc., and thus afford the material for a connected historical review, and some general ideas of the course through which this great interest is developing itself. Mr. Poor does nothing of the sort. Year after year he reproduces the same facts and the same theories in identical words. We are regularly told of the length of the *radii* upon which a bushel of corn and a bushel of wheat can be transported, respectively by rail and by highway, before the cost of transportation will consume all marketable value; we regularly have Mr. Poor's not very original views on the subjects of land-grants and the relation of railroads to national finances. We begin to be very weary of these. They do not apparently change greatly year by year, and four repetitions would seem to be sufficient. At least, if the repetitions are to continue indefinitely, they ought to be accurate, and we should not find such singular statements (p. xxix.) as that the increase of tonnage in the United States, from 1861 to 1871, was at the rate of 23 per centum per annum, and the increase of population was at the rate of 2.3 per cent. per annum; and, consequently, "the tonnage of the country increased annually from 1861 to 1871 at a rate 2.5 per cent. greater than the population."

These, however, are but the defects of what is still a most valuable work, which must be improved, developed, and carried forward, both in conception and execution. If Mr. Poor does not do this, somebody else will. The advertisements must occupy a great deal less room, and the general statistical tables a great deal more. Some method of arrangement must be introduced as regards matter; and the statistics, now a most undigested mass,

* "Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1872-73. With an Appendix, containing a full analysis of the Debts of the United States and the several States. By Henry V. Poor." Fifth Series. New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor. 1872. 8vo, pp. xlviii.-684.

must be compressed into tables which will render possible an intelligent and comprehensive view of the whole. The railroads of the United States already represent, at the lowest estimate, three thousand millions of invested wealth. Their securities are pressed upon every money market of the world. It is only, however, within the last six years that this system has evinced unmistakable symptoms of a rapid crystallization. The process now begun will unquestionably go on with an irresistible force and a constant tendency to an increased complexity. The public will, therefore, not much longer be satisfied with such results as Mr. Poor has hitherto given it. It is very well for a beginning, but the time is at hand when this body of raw material must be digested as well as collected. Whether Mr. Poor will prove equal to this task remains to be seen; in the shape thus far assumed, his series of "Manuals" will scarcely admit of a much longer continuation.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.*

IN this long list of novels that we have before us to-day there is no book of very marked excellence, although a few of them are certainly very readable, especially in a time of year when more serious volumes have a way of falling unregarded from the hands of the slumbering reader. The first on our list, "Marjory," certainly deserves this praise. It is a most unambitious tale of the sufferings of a charming young girl, who falls in love with a young man, and who then is tortured by the familiar passion—jealousy. More serious troubles, too, befall her, and the result is that we have a very good story. It is told with the utmost simplicity, and we hardly know any novel that we should so soon recommend as a model to those writers of magazine stories, or even of longer tales, who have no particular power of their own in the delineation of character, and whose only aim is to entertain the reader for a short time. We fear, however, that there are but very few who will fancy this advice in any way appropriate to them. But any one who reads this story will see for himself its apparent simplicity—it really contains a great deal of art—and will feel the direct singleness of impression that it makes upon him. The supernatural part is admirably managed; the quiet tone of all the rest makes this seem extremely possible and very impressive. There is in some books a way of making even ghosts almost as awkward and unnatural as the shadowy heroes and heroines of the story. The girl's feelings are well told, quietly and decorously, as she suffered; it reads as would a true story told by a good narrator, who was wise enough to know what to leave out. There is no rule for the writing of good stories, though there are certain conditions which the author must bear in mind if he wishes to do satisfactory work. But in such matters example is better than precept, and once more we recommend "Marjory" to writers as well as to readers who would like a pretty tale.

Mrs. Hammond's "Josephine Eloise" might possibly have been improved by some such study; as it is, in spite of the infinite diversity of the passions and sufferings of tortured humanity, there is nothing in this story which has ever been seen upon the face of this earth, except, indeed, in print. It is the story of a foundling who, after a life of much discomfort in this country, is found to be the daughter of an English earl, and who marries at the end of the book the renowned Lord Delmore. A great part of the story is about the machinations of a villain. In this way he entangles a victim in his fell wiles:

"When in a state, by so freely indulging, he had almost lost his reason, and by threats he would induce him to sign checks for large sums, and to sign away to him large amounts of property."

George Eliot need not fear a new rival here.

"Bede's Charity" is by no means an exciting tale. It does not deal with complications of the human heart, but rather with the exercise of Christian virtues. It is a religious story; but it has merits which we would gladly see in profane works—simplicity and naturalness. It lacks vulgarity, and that is, perhaps, rarer praise for religious tales than even those of other sorts.

Mr. Trollope's last novel (we believe it is his last), "The Golden Lion of Granpere," carries us to new lands, but only to show us how like are the manifestations of the tender passion, especially in Mr. Trollope's eyes, in all corners of the earth. The story need not be told. It is enough to say that there are two men and one girl, for those who know this author, to imagine the complications he devises for their torture. It is certainly a relief to get away from the clergy of the Church of England, indeed, from his Englishmen clerical or secular, although it is but little joy to get among Alsatian love-makers.

"The Rose Garden" is a very pretty little love-story, the scene of which is laid in France. There is a frivolous, flirtation-loving girl and a reserved cousin, both of whom are interested in a fascinating youth. A little social tragedy, some of it really well told, especially the conduct of the rejected Frenchman, comes in to ensnare the reader, and there are some good descriptions of Southern France. We recommend the story heartily. It is really a pretty tale.

Mr. Henry Kingsley has written a sort of historical novel, which, on account of its introducing Margaret Van Eyck, he calls "Old Margaret," apparently because her grave is covered with the dust of years. One might as well speak of "Old Joan of Arc," or "Old Lucy of Lammermoor," or "Old Keats." The novel is alive with intrigue, which it needs close attention to understand, and the author gives one the impression of his being a jaunty showman who has visited Ghent, and seen the Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb," and then has prepared a melodramatic panorama which he explains to the awe-stricken public. He is quite at home with them all, he hears them soliloquizing, he is very fond of going to their club with the men, and he cannot conceal his admiration for their extreme blood-thirstiness. To our mind the book is an utter failure; a writer of historical novels should certainly try to represent his characters as human beings whom he fully understands, but that impression is not given by his incessant slapping them upon the back, as if to prove his familiarity in the eyes of doubters and bystanders. We respectfully warn readers from this book.

"By his Own Might" is a translation of a German novel, which is intended to teach the young the advantages of overcoming all obstacles in the way of good works. As a work of fiction, we must say that we found it extremely dull, though perhaps no duller than most German novels. With all respect for the Germans, it would seem as if they thought fiction were a science, and, given a problem, two or three incarnate qualities, and some morally sound conversation, the novel must be good, if the issue is sound. There are too many in this country who read with pleasure the novels that are translated from the German; they will find this one as interesting as most. Other people will find it extremely dull.

"Sybil's Second Love" is one of the volumes of the republication of Julia Kavanagh's novels, over which those who are now experienced matrons used to sob twenty years ago. It must be interesting for them to notice with what dry eyes they can now read them, and how nearly equally indifferent their daughters will be towards what once tore the mother's heart.

"A Good Investment" is an American novel, containing an account of life in Southern Ohio, apropos of the rise in the world of a bright young boy. The story is unaffectedly written, the romance is pleasant, if not madly exciting, no more are the ordinary flirtations of other people, and we are glad to recommend the book as a good step in the right direction on the part of an American novel-writer. There is a good deal of truth of local coloring in the figure of the old man whose lands were the subject of the investment. Not so good is the love-story, with its haps and changes; and perhaps the novel tries to contain too much, but, as we say, it may be awarded a word of praise.

"Thrown Together" is by the author of "Misunderstood," which was a doleful tale of childhood's woes. This is another of the same sort, and is written by a woman who feels keenly the manifold troubles that children endure from their own sensitiveness, their parents' real or apparent indifference, or whatever it may be. We have only space to say that this gives an account of the infancy of a little boy and a little girl, and of their influence on one another. The girl was a sensitive, proud little thing, and was by no means appreciated by her parents; the boy was his mother's joy; gradually the children become friends, obdurate parents are tamed by the example of the children and by domestic affliction, so that the book ends happily. It would be well, we think, if all parents were to read this book; to some it may seem exaggerated, yet we fancy that there is nothing in it but what might be true, and indeed is true, of the lives of many children. One is so inclined to forget his childhood, or to clothe it with a purely imaginative interest, and thereby to lack sympathy with his children, that they often really have good ground for their belief that their father and mother never were young.

* "Marjory. By Milly Deane." London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.
"Josephine Eloise. By Mrs. A. F. Hammond." Baltimore News Co., Baltimore. 1872.
"Bede's Charity. By Hesba Stretton." New York: Dodd & Mead. 1872.
"The Golden Lion of Granpere. By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper Bros. 1872.
"The Rose Garden. By the author of 'Unawares.'" Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.
"Old Margaret. By Henry Kingsley." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.
"By His Own Might: a Romance. From the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
"Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.
"A Good Investment. By W. J. Flagg." New York: Harper Bros. & Co. 1872.
"Thrown Together. By Florence Montgomery." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE entire aspect of the far Northwest is undergoing a rapid change in consequence of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. For the first time in the world's history the awful solitudes of that remote and hitherto almost totally unknown region resound to the busy hum of industry and advancing civilization. On all the railroad and water routes to the new country the facilities for transportation have been more than quadrupled during the present season, but without affording adequate outlets for the pressure of goods. The large increase of vessels on the Upper Lakes is chiefly due to the requirements of the great railroad company, and there is scarcely a city or town along the highway of travel that does not feel the effects in an increase of business activity. The mere transportation of the vast supplies necessary for the new railroad would alone tax the transportation facilities of the sparsely settled country to the utmost. But in addition to this, long trains of settlers and immigrants follow the track of the railroad surveyors and builders, so that the country is being thoroughly explored, and is filling up with a rapidity which is destined to increase into the largest proportions.

The railroad has been entirely completed in Minnesota, and operations are now centred in Montana, where track-laying progresses at the rate of three miles a day. In October next the whistle of the locomotive will be heard on the Upper Missouri River. Quite a heavy business is now done on the Minnesota line. In addition to an important local trade, the business of the Hudson Bay Company and the British settlements in the lower Red River Valley now goes over the road, and forms quite a large aggregate. The St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, now owned and in progress of construction by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, traverses the richest portion of Western Minnesota. Other branch roads are projected or in progress of construction to connect with the main line, and the necessary preparations impart a bustle of activity to the entire country. The trunk road is now in progress of construction along the Yellowstone River in Montana. The preliminary work of surveying and laying down the route having been effected, the surveying parties are extending their labors further west to the defiles of the Rocky Mountains.

The observations and experiences so far amply confirm all that has been said of the fertility of the belt of country along the line of the railroad. In Dakota the climate is genial and the soil is admirably adapted for the cultivation of grain, so that the time when this may become the great wheat-raising centre of our country may not be distant. The country is chiefly prairie, intersected with a few small rivers or streams, and affording at all points ample supplies for men and cattle. Natural water springs can be reached almost anywhere by excavations of a depth of ten or twelve feet from the surface. Occasional lakes are found. The rainfall this summer has been very abundant, and the country is well drained. Of the soil fully nine-tenths is arable land, and the remainder is more broken and not adapted to cultivation. The Missouri River, at the point where the railroad strikes it, is very wide and deep, with a rapid current. The shores on either side are well-wooded, as are also some islands which have been formed by the section of the river. The Missouri is navigable above the point of railroad intersection a distance of one thousand miles to Fort Benton.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company from the commencement adopted a policy of conciliation to the Indians, which has so far prevented all difficulties, and which is worthy of imitation by other companies. It inaugurated a system of obtaining supplies of fuel, food, and other articles from Indians, and of hiring them for such services of tending cattle and other work for which they might be fitted. Payment was always promptly in cash or goods at cash value, and strict equity was always observed in the dealings with them. By these means the savages were converted from enemies into friends, and their interests were identified with the progress of the road. The country is so peaceable that unarmed men attached to the railroad company traverse the entire region between the Missouri and Red Rivers, and so far without molestation. Still more, six surveying parties are now operating between Montana and the Pacific without escort of any kind. The Company is fairly entitled to the merit of amicably settling for the United States Government, at once and for ever, the Indian question on the most difficult and threatening portion of our frontier.—*New York Daily Bulletin.*

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1872.

The Week.

THERE is no question that "the Greeley movement" is just now flagging. This is acknowledged on all hands. Of course the reasons assigned for it vary. The *World* says there is "a lull in the canvass"; while other prominent Democrats say there is "a pause" caused by the preparations for the Louisville Convention, there being much curiosity and some anxiety to see what will come of that undertaking. Nobody, of course, supposes that its candidate will stand any chance of election, but he might draw too heavily on the Greeley vote. If, for instance, Charles O'Conor were nominated, it would play sad havoc with the majority with which Mr. Greeley expects "to leave the city" in November. The fact seems to be that Greeley is not a candidate to bear examination. The criticism of the canvass tells on him as it probably never told on any candidate before. One of his prominent supporters remarked in our hearing, after the nomination at Cincinnati, that "it would either prove an avalanche or a fizzle," and the more ardent Greeley men expected it to prove an "avalanche," or, in other words, expected to carry him into the White House by hurrahing and repeating catchwords. This expectation has been completely disappointed, and although the movement has as yet by no means turned out a "fizzle," discussion tells on it daily. The result of the North Carolina election has scared the doubting, and there has been a total stoppage of "accessions." Moreover, Grant's silence compared to Greeley's noise—for in the popular eye the latter, his retirement to the contrary notwithstanding, is still the true editor of the *Tribune*—begins to tell powerfully in Grant's favor, and even to excite a kind of enthusiasm about him which is stimulated by the personal attacks on him. A man who, in the midst of the insensate howling about his spending a couple of months at the seaside, goes calmly to the Thousand Islands on "a jaunt," and lets his enemies rave away, shows a quality by which the hearts of most people are more or less stirred. "By Time!" says Hosea Biglow, "I do like a man that ain't afeard."

It must be admitted that the "beneficent revolution" is attended with more horrors in Massachusetts than in any other part of the country. In the first place, it is alleged that Mr. Slack, of the *Commonwealth*, has been turning on his benefactor, Mr. Sumner, and basely abusing him in his paper, all for a "little office"—that of Assessor of Internal Revenue, given to him by Grant. For this, if true, Slack should of course be tied up, *more Romanorum*, in a bag, with a dog, a snake, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and drowned with proper solemnities in Boston Harbor. Next, Mr. F. W. Bird has been in hot pursuit of Mr. Henry Wilson, and has, in company with Mr. Albert Pike and others, tracked him into a Know-Nothing lodge, and revealed him to "our adopted fellow-citizens" taking terrible oaths not to vote for or appoint to office either foreigners or Catholics. The tragedy has been deepened by Mr. Wilson's having, since his nomination, solemnly declared that he had all his life long cherished as "a bright hope" and "a living faith" the belief that all men should have "complete liberty and exact equality." Mr. Wilson, it appears, did proclaim this belief in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1853; but the Know-Nothing Movement then beginning to wear the appearance of a "tidal wave" or "prairie fire," he joined it the following year. In 1855 he was a candidate for the Senate, and the Know-Nothing movement was dead or dying, and he had to repudiate it or conceal all sympathy and connection with it; so he composed a somewhat evasive letter, which he submitted to Mr. Frank W. Bird, his friend, who revised it for him, but, he says, informed him that in writing it he was "going to roll in the mud." He was then elected, and in 1857, Mr. Bird, in spite of "the mud," wrote a letter expressing his "entire conviction of Mr. Wilson's sincerity and integrity." But Mr. Bird now publishes the muddy letter as proof of Wilson's unworthiness.

Mr. Bird also makes an onslaught on Mr. Garrison for presuming to address admonitions to Mr. Charles Sumner, he being, according to Mr. Bird, by far Mr. Sumner's inferior in "practical statesmanship," inasmuch as he warmly advocated disunion previous to the outbreak of the war. Whereupon the New York *Times* appears on the scene, and shows that Mr. Bird himself acted as president of a Disunion Convention at Worcester, Mass., in 1857, and three days previously addressed a letter to Mr. Garrison's *Liberator*, in which he urged that paper to "accustom people to look at Disunion as a possible, probable, and, in the present state of things, desirable result." Moreover, Mr. Wendell Phillips proclaimed in 1868 that General Grant was in the habit of appearing drunk in the streets of Washington, and that Senator Wilson's testimony to Grant's sobriety only made Grant's drunkenness all the more probable, and that Wilson's own rise was "an alarming result of democratic institutions." When we say that this conscientious and consistent Sage is now not only going to vote for Grant and Wilson himself, but is busily recommending others to do so, our readers may guess what confusion reigns "inside politics" in Massachusetts.

There has been a fresh contribution this week to Mr. Greeley's civil-service record, which also is not favorable. It appears from the *Tribune* that one Camp has owed him money for nine or ten years, and it appears from the *Times* that Mr. Greeley strongly recommended this Camp for employment in the civil service in 1861. This case is not, we imagine, quite so discreditable as the Vanderbilt case, but still it sets people thinking. There has been also during the week one charge made against him which the admirers both of Rural and Urban Greeley will find very amusing. A Miss Jenkins accuses him in the *Woman's Journal* with not only generally opposing the admission of women to the higher grades of occupation, but with desiring that a woman should sew for thirty cents a day and "sell her virtue" to a Treasury Clerk, enjoying a salary of $1,600 a year, rather than that she should have the clerkship. One is pained to learn also from Miss Jenkins that Mr. Greeley has avowed these detestable sentiments "publicly, privately, and repeatedly." What a bad old fellow Greeley must be, if Miss Jenkins be an accurate reporter! But the *Tribune* thinks she is naughty, and asserts what she knows to be untrue. The fact is, she has in this case been simply guilty of a common old-fashioned male fallacy, which consists in imputing to a person as actual intention, whatever you can show to be a probable, or even possible, though remote or indirect, consequence of his acts or opinions, as, for instance, when Mr. Sumner accused General Grant of helping to confirm the Dred Scott decision by voting for Buchanan, the simple truth being, we believe, that he voted for him because he had rather a contempt for Fremont, as had most soldiers. So also it was held by one of the old Abolitionists that a man who would use the United States Post-office to transmit his letters would commit a murder; inasmuch as in using the Post-office he supported the Constitution, which upheld slavery, which was the sum of all villanies. There is no end to the nice little crimes one can bring home to one's enemies in this way.

Among the recent contributions of moment to the literature of the canvass is a letter of Mr. R. H. Dana, jun., in reply to a number of colored men of Boston, who asked him for advice about their voting. He denies Greeley's claim to be considered either an original abolitionist or original free-soiler, denounces him personally as "a Radical without root, a visionary without faith, an extremist without persistence, and a strifemaker without courage," and as "boorish" and "profane," and declares him better fitted for almost any

office in the world than that of President of the United States. Mr. Garrison has also written another letter to the *Boston Journal*, showing that there is no ill-feeling at the North towards the South, that there is, therefore, no occasion "to clasp hands across the bloody chasm," and that all that is needed for peace and unity is that the South should lead a godly and sober life. Two remarkable articles on the canvass have appeared, one in the last *Lippincott* and the other in *Old and New*, which everybody should read. The former is a review of the Greeley movement, and the latter a comparison of Grant and Greeley, a good specimen of vigor and simplicity. The Grant "managers" could not do better than have it reprinted for use as a campaign document. Of course, it overlooks all the ascertained defects of Grant's Administration, and probably that will not constitute an objection in the eyes of those gentlemen; but its analytic attack on Greeley is admirable.

The New York Grant Republicans have made a very good State ticket, headed by General Dix, though we believe it is uncertain at this writing whether he will accept. Their taking him, a man of Democratic antecedents but high character, seems to have been the result of the reappearance in the field of Mr. Thurlow Weed, who once more pulls the wires as in the olden time, and is said to have urged Dix's nomination as a counterpoise to the Liberal-Republican defection to Greeley. Mr. Weed's return to politics will add fresh bitterness to the canvass, for to him Honest Horace owes a most savage grudge, totally unworthy of his gentle and forgiving nature and his high mission as a national pacificator. The last fight he had with Weed, in 1867, was of a most ferocious character—Greeley so far forgetting himself as to call his foe "a hoary old villain." And by the bye the main objection made by the Greeleyites to the Dix nomination is General Dix's age (74), on which they dwell with barbarous joy, reminding him daily of "the tomb," "the grave," "funerals," and "obsequies." This is by way of "elevating politics," and giving its conflicts a more civilizing and humanizing tendency. It was also a favorite mode of attacking Thaddeus Stevens in his latter years. As for the Democratic State nominations, Judge Church and Governor Hoffman have declined to be candidates, the latter since the 12th of July, 1870, having a better chance as a candidate before a Democratic Assembly and Senate than before the Democracy at large. It is now rumored that Mr. O'Conor may be asked to stand.

South Carolina politics have taken an unexpectedly good turn, though that very much can be expected to come at once of the revolt against the Scott Ring we are not in a position to say. There is at all events a split in the ranks of the Republicans, and some consequent hope for the future of the State. The Convention met a week ago to-day, and at once went into the usual performances of a South Carolina Republican Convention. Everybody bawled, some of the members drew pistols, everybody called everybody else a thief and a seller or a buyer of votes, or both, and not many could deny the truth of any of the impeachments. The assemblage was throughout violently uproarious. It is doubtful if any American political meeting of the same size, unless it may have been the last Republican Convention, ever contained so much unmitigated and mean rascality, accompanied by so much ignorance, as was there gathered together. The thing to be done was to secure the gubernatorial nomination for the notorious F. J. Moses, and the tactics of the opposition were to show, or rather to remind, the Convention that Moses was a thief and a corrupter of voters, and, in case this move failed, to bolt. The charges were openly made, countercharges preferred, and, after any amount of turbulence and confusion, Moses was duly nominated.

The bolt then took place, led off by Judge Orr and Senator Sawyer, who took with them about a third of the delegates. Of these the greater number were honest men pledged to reform, and about thirty of them were colored; but not all were honest. C. C. Bowen, for example, was among them, and a part of the opposition to the Scott and Moses gang means merely that thieves have fallen out. The bolters proceeded to nominate a full State ticket, having at the head the name of ex-Auditor and ex-Superintendent of Education, Reuben Tomlinson, formerly of Pennsylvania, but now for ten years a resident of South Carolina and a useful citizen. There is indeed no State in which Mr. Tomlinson would not be a useful citizen so far as integrity, ability, and honesty go to make a citizen useful, and in him, could he be elected, South Carolina would have, for the first time since the war, a creditable governor, sagacious and honorable. We do not know that he has any chance of election. But it is certain that he ought to get the votes of all South Carolinians who have ever spoken a word of detestation against the true carpet-bagger while at the same time expressing a willingness to welcome honest Northerners into the State; and he has the advantage of being well known to the negroes in every county. He is probably by far the most available candidate that could have been found within the State limits. In view of the scandalous condition of South Carolina politics, his success is a matter of national importance, and we hope it may be furthered by all possible influences. The Republican party cannot carry many of the Moses sort through many election campaigns, Presidential or not. Both wings of the party declare for Grant and Wilson. Niles G. Parker was, as might have been expected, badly besmirched in the Convention.

Other good news from the South is that the colored Republican vote in Louisiana is now definitely divided, and that the larger part of the negroes have repudiated Warmoth, who is no doubt "the worst in the world," so far as Louisiana is concerned. He is repudiated also by the Democracy, who have sent word to the National Committee here in New York that they will have nothing to say to the Greeley and Brown Liberals until Warmoth's name is taken off the Greeleyite National Committee. To get rid of Warmoth, if indeed he is got rid of while he has a negro following and the governorship, is well, but Louisiana politics are not yet millennial; the Casey or Custom-house Republicans have brought over the Pinchback negroes, and the two tickets are fused, Pinchback getting the nomination for Congressman at large. This is probably the winning ticket.

The *Evening Post* thinks we spoke "too flippantly" of the Doolittle exposure in the *Times*, and that we said in effect: "What of it? Ashley and others are quite as bad, if not worse." We hope we need not say that it is absurd to charge the *Nation* with thinking or speaking lightly of an offence like Doolittle's, and the *Post's* reproduction of our remarks is singularly misleading. The point we make about this case of Doolittle's is, that "exposures" of men like him made by party organs, especially during a Presidential campaign, contribute nothing, or next to nothing, to the work of reform, for the simple reason that for the one rogue it attacks each organ has two or three behind it whom it is defending, or whose operations it cannot be got to see. We have no doubt whatever, as we have said half a dozen times already, that if the press, or even the more influential portion of it, united in attacking rogues of all parties, there would in a single year be such a "purification of politics" as never was witnessed in any age or country. But as matters stand, "exposures" pass as common incidents of the canvass over which people smile. Doolittle is attacked by the *Times*, they say, because he is a Greeley man, and the *Tribune*, too, which would follow up Doolittle night and day if he had presided at the Philadelphia Convention, has nothing to say about his cotton operations, and retorts on his behalf with a story about Grant, and so the dreary game goes on.

Two cases have just occurred which bring the British civil and ecclesiastical law into sharp collision. An Irish priest, Father O'Keefe, a man of high character and greatly beloved by his congregation, was greatly startled one Sunday morning by hearing himself denounced from the altar in his own church as "a liar," just as if he was engaged in a political canvass in this country. Asking the meaning of the performance, he learned that the curate was

obeying the bishop's orders. So he sued the bishop for libel, but was nonsuited because he could not prove the transmission of the order, and the bishop suspended him from his office for bringing the suit. He then turned round and sued the curate, and, *pendente lite*, the bishop suspended him, *ab officio et beneficio*, for bringing this suit, and appointed another priest in his place. Now the parish priest is in Ireland *ex-officio* visitor or manager of the common school of the district, and on the bishop's reporting Mr. O'Keefe's removal, the School Commissioners removed him also from the position of visitor, thus helping to inflict a penalty on a man for bringing a lawful action in the Queen's courts. Whereupon there is great excitement among the enemies of ecclesiastical assumption.

In the other case, a minister of the Anglican Church borrowed the church of a brother clergyman to celebrate a marriage in; it turned out, however, that the bride had been divorced for adultery, but without prohibition to remarry, on discovering which the incumbent of the church forbade the ceremony, and denounced the other clergyman to the bishop, who turned him out of his diocese; denounced him to the managers of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, who cut off the addition they made to his stipend. Whereupon the minister who performed the ceremony brought his action for libel, but was defeated. In this case, the divorce was legal, the marriage was legal, the parties had under the law a legal right to be married in that particular church as their parish church, and though the minister, as having conscientious scruples about divorce, had a legal right to be excused from the performance of the ceremony, he had no legal right to hinder another minister from performing it. Nevertheless, the minister who did perform it has been visited with the most tremendous penalty which can befall a man in his profession except degradation from his office—furnishing a curious illustration of the way in which statutes turn out defective through the operation of unforeseen circumstances. The case is one of the little things which are hastening the downfall of the Established Church.

There remained of the fund raised in Boston for the relief of the distress caused by the war in France a sum of 2,000 francs, which the subscribers asked to have used as a prize to be given by the French Academy to some one whom it might select for the honor, as having displayed signal courage or devotion during the siege of Paris. The Academy, however, was unable to single out any one person as specially deserving it, and decided to bestow it on a body of persons, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, a Catholic order of teaching monks. The Duc de Noailles, who presided at the last meeting of the Academy, and made the speech on the occasion of the distribution of the annual "prix de vertu," after giving the history of the Boston subscription, and alluding in feeling terms to the bonds which had so long united France and America, explained what the Christian Brothers had done to merit the prize. They had, headed by their aged Superior—eighty years old—placed all their schools and buildings at the disposal of the Government as soon as the news of the first disasters reached Paris, and offered themselves as nurses and hospital attendants, and started a hospital of their own. They sent five or six hundred of their fraternity to the front, and yet kept their schools going during the whole siege, each brother taking his turn of duty alternately on the field and in the schools. Their stretchers were pushed forward in every engagement under the heaviest fire. Two were killed on the field, many were wounded, and eighteen died of disease and exposure. During the reign of the Commune they endeavored to continue their humane labors in the worst insurgent quarters, but were seized, put in the prison of Mazas, and were going to be slaughtered when they succeeded in making their escape after the entry of the troops. One was killed at the last moment.

Two of the other prizes were given to colored persons born in slavery. One was a woman in Cayenne, named Toussaint, now eighty-eight years old, who devoted herself after her liberation wholly to works of charity. She distinguished herself as a nurse when the yellow fever ravaged the colony in 1832, and was still at her post when it came again in 1850 and 1854, as well as during two smallpox epidemics. The common council, the clergy, and the principal inhabitants of the colony have recommended her for the prize. The other case is that of a man named Louis Soliveau, of Guadaloupe, who purchased his freedom but remained with his old master, who soon after lost most of his fortune. Soliveau then took charge of him and his family, and kept them above want, besides acquiring an education which enabled him to make a fortune of his own in manufactures. After his master's death Soliveau continued his care of the widow and son, was appointed guardian of the latter after the widow's death, and so managed his little inheritance during his minority that he was able to present it to him freed from encumbrance on his coming of age. The Academy has done well to make him famous.

It is apparently not only royalty, but all kinds of institutions, which are having a hard time in Spain. King Amadeus has got bravely over the attempted assassination, and the courage with which he met it is undoubtedly telling in his favor, but the Republicans do not lose ground in the elections, and the Socialists gain ground in the great towns, and while as implacable and frantic as their brethren in France, they have not to meet that large peasant proprietary and wealthy and cultivated middle-class which defend the "cause of order" in France. In Malaga there is a strike going on of an unusually formidable character, keeping the troops under arms day and night, and throwing fifteen thousand persons out of employment. It was with great difficulty that the strikers were persuaded to allow the gas-works to supply gas to the city. Several of the manufacturers declare their intention to give up their business and leave the place, the turbulence and insubordination of the workmen having made it unprofitable for two or three years past. The present movement is said to have been set on foot by order of the International. One curious feature of it is the participation of the students of the college, who have placarded the walls with a statement of their grievances, in which they demand that their hours of "labor" shall be from nine to twelve and four to six simply, and that the writing-masters shall supply them with better pens. In Catalonia, the Socialists are vigorously engaged in propagandist work among the peasantry, and, it is said, with some success.

The new plan of the Papacy, for pushing the faithful into politics, to take the chances of the ballot-box, has not turned out well. Indeed, in the city of Rome, in which one might expect it to succeed, if it succeeded anywhere, it has proved a total failure. There were 15,000 voters registered, but only 8,000 voted at the late municipal election, and of these the Clerical party obtained only 1,611; the extreme Radicals only 834; while the Liberals, or Moderates, carried everything, electing all their candidates by large majorities. The Papal party did not elect one, though they worked hard, and had four inspectors at every polling-place. The Liberals were so sure of their game that they were in excellent humor, and in the districts in which they were in a majority had a standing collation ready for the Clericals, who partook freely, without flinching, holding apparently that the ice-cream of the children of the devil was not so poisonous as their doctrines. The Liberals, before the election, held frequent and boisterous meetings, on the American and English plan; but the Clericals, being more genteel and timid, only had one or two gatherings at private houses to frame their tickets. They ascribe their defeat to the abstention of many of the voters through intimidation; but the *Unità Cattolica*, which makes the charge, does not say where the intimidation took place. Among the Clerical voters was the Jesuit Father Secchi, the well-known astronomer.

"THIS PARTICULAR MEASURE."

IT is very remarkable and suggestive that the one reform of all those which have been talked of or called for during the last seven years, over which the President has any discretionary power, is hardly alluded to by those who are clamoring for a change of Presidents as a means of reform. We are every day given to understand that in some mysterious manner the election of Mr. Greeley will cause the disappearance of the "thieving carpet-baggers" from the South. He himself, in that remarkably prepared speech published the other day, used language which would of itself justify the application of the term imposture to his "movement," when he expressed the belief that between Nov. 5 and March 5 the carpet-baggers would take to flight, evidently meaning to produce the impression among the unreflecting that there was some machinery at the disposal of the President which he would use to drive the Scotts and Parkers out of the South, or the dread of which in his hands would cause them to run away before he was inaugurated. As every intelligent man knows, and as every honest man ought to say, the carpet-baggers will have no reason in the world to fear Greeley, even if he is elected. He cannot meddle with them in any way. All that part of his canvass which is devoted to raising the expectation that he can and will meddle with them is misleading and, to a certain extent, fraudulent.

The one thing which he can do is to reform the civil service, but what he will do about the civil service he and his followers are careful not to say. It is true they use the same vague language about it which Congressmen have been using for the last ten years, but which, as we all know, might be used for twenty years to come, without producing any result—that is, they are in favor of civil-service reform in general, as they are in favor of holiness and patience and chastity; but if you ask them whether they are in favor of any "particular measure" of civil-service reform, they seem suddenly to lose all interest in the subject. *In what way* Mr. Greeley will reform the civil service, nothing would induce him to tell you, beyond saying that he would "appoint none but good men to office," and would "punish and dismiss the unworthy," and that, as he was only going to serve for one term, "he would have no motive" to keep rascals in the employ of the Government or otherwise abuse his trust.

We have, however, his all but positive assurance that he will use his patronage to reward those who will aid in his election, or, as he calls them, his "political brothers," no matter from what party they come, and he has hinted significantly that he will do this in a large and liberal manner. Now this means simply that he will make a general clearance of Grant office-holders in order to put his own friends in their place. With less than this he cannot possibly satisfy even a tenth part of his supporters. In other words, he will, in the first year of his term, appoint on a moderate calculation about 40,000 persons to office, and in the old way—that is, on the recommendation of Congressmen and local politicians. Among these there will be, we believe, the largest proportion of rascals ever exhibited by the appointments of any one President. Mr. Greeley's own character and the peculiar composition of his following make it certain, at all events, that he will appoint *as many* rascals as any other President. In about a year we shall begin to find them out, and call his attention to them; to ask why he appointed such an ignorant fellow as A, or why he does not dismiss such a drunkard or libertine as B, or punish such a defaulter as C. The course he and his organs will almost certainly pursue will then be this: They will say, as regards A, that he came recommended in the strongest manner by Mr. Banks, or Frank Leslie, or Mr. Matt. Morgan, and that the President has to act on recommendations; that he cannot possibly know personally everybody he appoints; that, as regards B, his administration of his office had been admirable, and that the whiskey tax was one per cent. greater in its yield under Greeley than under Grant; as regards C, they will preserve dead silence, and let you hammer away. In other words, we shall have repeated under Greeley the very process, with numerous and weighty aggravations, which we have been witnessing under Grant, and yet Greeley will all the while say that he yearns for civil-service reform. The whole party in power will be in favor of civil-service reform, and yet the civil service will be worse than ever, and "particular measures" of reform in greater disrepute than ever.

No mention of a "particular measure," it will be remembered, was made in the Cincinnati platform, and just as little in the Philadelphia platform; and yet in both there were deep and very well-framed groans in favor of purity and efficiency in general. In other words, the politicians on both sides are opposed to sin, but whether they are opposed to lying, stealing, or adultery, they decline to state. Should you hereafter catch one of them stealing, and ask him how he reconciles this with his expressed horror of vice, he will reply that it is "the system" which is at fault, that theft has been a common offence in all ages, and that he sees no chance of extirpating it, and no use in providing any penalties for its commission until all men unanimously resolve to lead honest lives.

One gentleman of the Greeley party, we believe, Mr. Pike, who has stated very ably in the *Tribune* some of the common and more formidable difficulties in the way of civil-service reform, and who has lately been lecturing on it in New England, has laid it down that inasmuch "as rotation in office" has become the fundamental law of our political system, all hope of introducing fixity of tenure or appointment by competitive examination is idle, and that the utmost that can be done towards reform is to make all local Federal offices elective; that, in short, it is only by handing the appointing power over to the people directly that we can hope to take it away from the politicians whose possession of it now is the great source from which all the abuses flow. Now, this "fundamental law" is pure assumption. There is no such law and no such practice. The fundamental law of American politics is that the work of administration be efficiently done. It is this which is demanded of every President, and it is his failing to do this which is the great charge against every President. For this purpose the rule of fixity of tenure is actually adhered to in every department to whatever degree it is found necessary to keep the machinery going. It is an actual fact that in all the departments at Washington, and in all the great custom-houses, all officers who are absolutely necessary to anything like the conduct of the business are permanently retained. The collector of this port—the real collector, we mean Mr. Clinch—has been in office thirty years. It is he who conducts the business of the Custom-house; the political collector, who obeys the "law" of rotation, does not necessarily know anything about the business, and Mr. Murphy, who last filled this place, testified before the Congressional Committee that on all matters of importance he had to refer people to Mr. Clinch, his own work being mainly "controlling primaries." In short, the fundamental law of the American civil service is that its work shall be done by business men on ordinary business principles, like the work of a banking-house. What has happened is, that the politicians have been allowed to reduce the real working permanent force of the Departments to a point at which efficiency is no longer possible, and to surround it with a large body of ill-paid, ill-used, incompetent adventurers, removable at pleasure. The object of the reform movement is to get rid of these, or to sift them and put them under the same régime as the permanent officials—for instance, either to abolish the office of political collector or convert the holder into a real collector.

The pretence that the employment of these adventurers under these conditions is one of the fundamental necessities of democracy is one of those numerous but patent attempts to impose on people by the aid of phrases of which our politics and that of France are now so full. Absurdity or impossibility is now hardly ever broached without wrapping it up in some gorgeous term, and making it appear to bear some mysterious relation to the Progress of Man towards an Unknown but Glorious Future. Some of the very bases of social morality are occasionally attacked in this way. We are asked to return to promiscuous intercourse, like the beasts of the field, in the name of the Development of the Individual Soul; to abolish property

in the interest of the Great Principle of Collectivity; and now we find ourselves gravely assured that the receipt and disbursement of the enormous revenues of a great nation has, under a Fundamental Law, to be carried on by successive batches of broken-down adventurers, and that the utmost we can do by way of improvement is to elect them by ballot. We shall hear before long that book-keeping by double entry is a Crime against Humanity, opposed in every part to the Spirit of the Age, and originally devised by Heartless Plutocrats to prevent the proper distribution of the products of labor among the long-suffering Masses; that in the good time coming there will be no book-keeping, but a fair and honest "divide" at the close of each day of the cash in hand among such honest workers as happen to be short of money.

THE USES OF THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

NOW that the experiment of arbitration is almost certain to result in success, as far as the differences between Great Britain and the United States are concerned, the question begins to be debated more earnestly than ever, whether what is happening at Geneva is likely to furnish an example which other nations will follow, or, in other words, whether it will do much to prevent war hereafter. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which discusses this class of questions with almost unequalled ability—playing with regard to them, to some extent, the part which the *World* plays here, or would play, if its morals were equal to its brains—is satisfied that the principle of arbitration can never be of general application; that there are certain kinds of differences which may be settled by it, such as questions of money or boundary, or, in other words, questions of more or less; but that there are others, such as questions of pride or passion, which may not; and in the former category it puts the questions now pending between England and the United States. It maintains, however, that the value of the Geneva Tribunal is lessened even as to this category by the fact that the two litigants are nations possessing a common system of jurisprudence, and a common reverence for law, unknown in the rest of the civilized world; and that, therefore, even as regards a question of dollars and cents, there is no good reason for believing their example would prove very powerful. This view of the case is strengthened by the extraordinary frequency and bloodiness of wars between the most highly civilized nations within the last thirty years. Since 1848, there have been the war between France and England, and Russia; between France and Italy, and Austria; between the Northern and Southern States of this Union; between Prussia and Italy, and Austria; and between Prussia and France; or, in other words, five wars on the greatest scale, in the very heart of Christian civilization. Nay, one of these, the late Franco-German war, was begun by the French in disregard of an express stipulation of the Treaty of Paris, which bound the signataries to try to submit their differences to arbitration before engaging in hostilities.

We believe this view of the matter not only makes an incorrect presentation of the nature of the dispute between England and the United States, but overrates enormously the popular readiness for war and inclination to engage in it, and overlooks what is of prime importance, the peculiar conditions under which the late great wars broke out.

It is true that the fact that the dispute between England and America was capable of settlement in dollars and cents has powerfully aided in converting it into a peaceable lawsuit, and that the fact that the jurisprudence of the two countries supplied a common measure of damages, has done much to simplify the procedure. But then it has to be taken into account that probably no international dispute was ever attended by such a force of passion. Few or no European writers who talk of national hate or resentment, have an adequate idea of what this means in a community possessing as much education and taking as much personal interest in public affairs as the people of the United States. The wildest popular excitement in England or any other European country on a foreign question falls very far short, in extent and intensity, of that which prevails under similar circumstances here, because it only reaches a comparatively small class. The number of persons in England to whom a dispute with a foreign state comes home as a personal matter, and who contribute their personal passions to shape the policy of the Government, is comparatively very small; here, the number who do not throw themselves into it, and whose influence is not felt in it, is very small. It is difficult, indeed, to give any one who was not in personal contact with the American public between 1862 and 1870 an idea of how very much deeper than pecuniary "damages" the *Alabama* question went, and of the consequent magnitude of the triumph over barbarous passions wrought by the Treaty.

We should say, therefore, that although the judicial habits of the two countries have made peaceful settlement easy, once settlement was resolved on, the decision in favor of peaceful settlement was attended with at least the ordinary difficulties, and we here leave out of sight the obstructive influence exercised by the unfortunate historical relations of the two countries, important for the purposes of our argument as this is. In considering the readiness of nations to go to war, and trying to form a judgment as to the probabilities of war hereafter, and of the likelihood of the Geneva precedent's obtaining a ready acceptance, we find, too, that of the five wars we have mentioned, all but one were due to circumstances of an abnormal character, in their very nature provocative of war, and very unlikely ever to arise again. For instance, the status inflicted on Italy by the treaties of 1815 was something which could not be maintained except by the constant use of force for forty-four years, and was therefore a standing incentive to violence. It constantly excited the Italians to revolt, and tempted other powers to assist them, and finally led to the events of 1859. Perhaps Louis Napoleon would have attacked the Austrians in any event, for dynastic reasons, but he would have found it more difficult to do so, or, in other words, peace would have had an additional guarantee, had an enslaved Italy not lain ready to his hand. In like manner, the wars of 1866 and 1870 were prepared and brought on by the movement towards German unity, which was the natural result of the unnatural condition of Germany, or at all events was a movement the like of which is very unlikely to recur again. With Germany and Italy united, two provocations to war, which it has taken a century to create, have passed away. Something else may take their place, but it will need at least the same length of time to create them, and in our day pacific influences gain strength in a geometrical ratio.

We may say the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, of our rebellion. The slave question almost naturally resulted in war, but neither it nor anything else resembling it as a stimulus to quarrelling is now to be found among us, or is likely to arise, while the obstacles to war multiply with a rapidity unknown in the early days of the slavery controversy. There then remains as a source of continued apprehension the Turkish question, which brought on the Crimean war; and it must be confessed that this does give every reason to expect a renewal of hostilities, and presents a problem more difficult to solve by arbitration than any, for arbitration in it would mean neither more nor less than the submission by Russia to a court of the question what "the destiny" of the Russian people ought to be, and this is almost ludicrous to expect. In calculating the influence of the Geneva Tribunal, we have, too, to take into account the enormous influence of habit on the human mind, and the effect it has in perverting the judgment. The toleration which war meets with from public opinion is due to very much the same causes as the toleration accorded in some countries to duelling. Duelling is senseless, all admit, though nobody can picture to himself any good way of avoiding it; but let a few men of undoubted honor and courage avoid it, or the law rigorously put it down, as in England, and the spell is broken—the practice suddenly becomes ridiculous. We have little doubt that some such sobering and enlightening influence with regard to war will be exercised by the Geneva arbitration. It will familiarize civilized nations with the idea that there is an honorable way of avoiding

war, and the general popular abhorrence of war is ordinarily and naturally so strong, that if a practical and tried way of avoiding it were present to everybody's mind, very few would think of examining any particular dispute to see whether it came under the class which philosophers pronounced capable of settlement by arbitration, and generals and politicians would find the difficulty of resorting to hostilities enormously increased. Even the discussion whether a case was fit for arbitration or not would have a pacific influence.

THE ABSURD MOVEMENT.

THE following, which we have received from a correspondent, we present as a very neat specimen of the *reductio ad absurdum;* some of our Greeleyite friends may read it with profit:

"There are two occasions when the party in power in a country is in danger. First, when it manages affairs so badly that the opposition party grows strong by reason of its failures; and, secondly, when it manages affairs so well that it crushes out the opposition party, and, being thenceforth the only party in the land, is exposed to bolts within its own ranks. It is needless to say which of these is the cause of the present danger to the Republican party.

"The bolters in this case insist that the Republican party has done its work so well, that it ought to be allowed to die—as if it were when a party has done well, and not when it has done badly, that it ought to die! If it had failed of its work, or if it were thought incapable of doing it, that would be a ground for letting it die. But to insist on killing the Republican party for doing well, and recalling to life the Democratic party, which had practically died from sheer crime and faithlessness, is a strange procedure.

"The Liberal Republicans say that they, by withdrawing from that party which has done well, and uniting with that which has done badly, will form a new party that will do better. As if those who are dissatisfied with a good party, and those who constitute a bad party, were together the right elements for a good party!

"Let us withdraw our confidence, they say, from the Republican party, because it has done everything so well that it has left nothing more to desire. For, the Republican party having been called upon to do a certain work, and having done it well, it should never be entrusted with doing anything more. But there being other things to be done in our country, we should beware of entrusting them to those who have done well before.

"There is, therefore, they insist, necessity for a new party—a party that will not be open to the objection of having done its work well. This party is to be made mainly out of the Democrats and past rebels; for they alone have not done their work well, that work having been to break up the Union.

"It seems to us very strange that any Republican should talk of letting the Republican party die when it is in its greatest strength. Faithful members of a party are ordinarily willing to let the party die only when they see that it cannot live, or that it is irresistibly going to dissolution.

"But so far from seeing any signs of death or dissolution, or even of exhaustion, in the Republican party, the Liberals themselves have complained that it is so strong and so effectively organized that they have had to groan under the party whip or tension. And so, not being able to complain of their party's failure or of its weakness, their next strongest pretence, after the one that the Republican party should be allowed to die because it has done its work well, is that it should be allowed to die because it is too strong and vigorous to live. But, as if to match their logic with their policy, the Liberals have resolved to let the Republican party die by withdrawing its unhealthy elements from it, namely, themselves, whom, they say, it was in danger of crushing out and killing by its too great strength.

"And as for the new party, the most commonly alleged reason for its formation is that it might free the individuals from the tyranny of party. Since Grant was to be imposed on them against their individual preference, they thought it their duty to take up another who should be of their own principles. Refusing accordingly to submit to Grant because not of their principles, but only the nominee of a party, they submit to Greeley, who is not of their principles, for the sole reason that he is the nominee of a party (that of Cincinnati). For Schurz, Sumner, the free-traders, and nearly every other supporter of Greeley, including the Democrats, all assert that Greeley is not their man, but that they will now support him because nominated.

"The Liberals accordingly have set out with the principle not to take up with any one merely because the choice of a party, and conclude by taking up Greeley for no other reason than that he is the choice of a party. They think it wrong to submit to the choice of the Republican party when it is not their own, but right to submit to the choice of another party when it is not their own. In other words, they think it wrong to submit to the decision of their own party when they do not approve it, but right to submit to that of another party when they do not approve it. And so they commence to resist the tyranny of party by submitting to the tyranny of party. This is like their professions that they are for principles as against men in this movement, when, being of every variety of principle, they all unite on the single basis of defeating Grant. Being for principles and not men, they would yet, however, have remained in the Republican party if it had nominated any other man. And having left the Republican party because of one man, they now will not leave the Liberal party for the same reason, *cæteris paribus*. But many of them insisting that Grant is good enough, and that they merely do not like his party, would yet have been willing to remain in his party if it had taken up any one else."

"A $5,000,000 SWINDLE."

WE have been called on by Mr. William Bell, the Vice-President of the "Stanhope Railroad Company," the enterprise referred to by a correspondent in the last number of the *Nation*, under the above heading, to make a retraction of the statements contained in that letter, which, he says, are libellous. We knew nothing about the matter ourselves when the letter was published, but we had taken care to provide ourselves with somebody who did, in the person of Mr. Nathaniel Niles, the Speaker of the New Jersey House of Assembly, whom we now, with his consent, produce for Mr. Bell's satisfaction, and who is the writer of the letter in question. Moreover, we have looked into the matter carefully ourselves, and have before us at this moment a letter of Governor Parker, of New Jersey, addressed to the President of the Senate and Speaker of Assembly, stating that he had been informed that Bill No. 327, chartering this Company, contained provisions that did not pass the Legislature, and requesting them to report whether any "interpolation had been fraudulently made" before engrossing; also, the report of the President and of the Speaker of the House, made in compliance with this letter, in which they say that the following addition "was surreptitiously and fraudulently interpolated" in the eighth section after it had passed the Legislature, converting the charter from that of a little coal-road, "from some point on Walkill Mountain to the Morris and Essex Railroad at Stanhope," into one of almost unlimited powers. The following is the addition which is not to be found in the copy of the Bill as it passed the Legislature, and we have before us the certificate of the two clerks that the bill was *nowhere amended* in its passage. We append the addition as an illustration of a fraud which has been by no means uncommon at Albany:

"And it shall be lawful for the said corporation at any time during the continuance of its charter, from time to time, to unite and consolidate as well as merge its stock, property, franchises, and road with those of any other corporation or corporations heretofore or hereinafter incorporated within or without this State, and such other corporation and corporations are hereby authorized to unite, consolidate, and merge their stock, property, franchises, road, and roads with this corporation; and after such merge into this corporation, this corporation may, from time to time, lease its roads, franchises, and property, or any part thereof, to any other corporation or corporations within or without this State, and such other corporation or corporations are hereby authorized to take such lease or leases, and this and the other corporation or corporations may use and operate this road or their own roads, or all or any of them, according to the provisions and restrictions contained in the charter of this corporation, or in the charter of such other corporation or corporations, or both, and this and the other corporations may make contracts and engagements with any other corporation or corporations, or with individuals, for operating this road or said other roads or parts of either, or both, as well as for transporting passengers, freights, and trains over this road and said other roads, or any part thereof, or over any road, and demand and re-

ceive for the transportation of passengers, freight, and trains over their roads and the roads of such other corporations as are above mentioned, and over any other roads, the same rates of fare, freights, and toll as are authorized to be charged by this corporation for like services over this road; and this corporation may be known by such new name as its directors shall by certificate, filed in the Secretary of State's office, declare to be its name; and to build this road and the road of any other corporation which may lease the same, it and its lessees may make the bonds and mortgages hereinafter authorized, and it and its lessees, successors, and assigns may exercise and possess all the railroads, franchises, and property so as aforesaid merged into it without restriction as to the gauge of tracks, in *the same manner and with like effect as if it had been specially created by act of the Legislature of this State* to exercise the same; and the Legislature shall have power to alter, revoke, or annul this charter whenever the courts shall have decided it to be injurious to the citizens of this State by reason of a misuse of the powers herein granted, and not otherwise."

We ought to add that the company produce an "opinion" of counsel to the effect that nobody can "go behind" the engrossed copy of a law as it stands filed in the Secretary of State's office. Perhaps not legally; but anybody can go behind it morally, and we think the public ought to be warned against having anything to do with an enterprise thus tainted with fraud in its very inception. We believe measures are to be taken in the next session of the Legislature to rectify the error in some way.

Correspondence.

PHILOLOGICAL CONVENTIONS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: This year and last the press has generally shown more interest in the Philological Association, and given a greater space to the report of its proceedings than during the first two years of its existence. The practice introduced at the session of '71, of making brief synopses, by the readers themselves, of the papers read, though originally intended only to secure accuracy in the annual reports, has proved a great convenience to the newspaper representatives, and also supplied, to some extent, the want of special knowledge on their part. Still there is a manifest indisposition in some quarters to acknowledge any use or merit in the Association. The *Times* utterly ignored the last two meetings, as if the enterprise had come to an end in its second year; and when the editor's attention was called to the matter, he pooh-poohed the whole concern, expressing a very positive opinion (see *Times*, 6th inst.) that subjects like *the Greek particle* (*Qu. which* particle? or was there some confusion between *article* and *particle* in the writer's mind?) could not be profitably discussed at public meetings. As the *Times's* conceptions, inadequate and wide of the mark as they are, will naturally influence a large number of readers, it is well that a few words should be said to counteract their mischievous tendency by explaining the real state of the case.

When the various peaceful arts began to pick themselves up and put themselves together after the war, there was a fair amount of scholarship scattered here and there in the country; but it *was* scattered, and had small means of contact and mutual encouragement. The best colleges were naturally the nuclei of it, and if they or their representatives could have combined in any way, something, nay, a great deal, would have been done by mere force of contact. But our colleges, partly from jealousy and rivalry, partly from the fact of their local separation, did not combine, even for social purposes. The attempt to form a university club some years ago was a failure.

And no matter how large or wealthy a local centre, there was little chance of anything being done outside of the regular professional work of professional teachers. There is a Greek club in New York. It is made up of a few professors and schoolmasters. The two or three young men of fortune who belonged to it have been carried off by the superior attractions of political life. In smaller places a stray scholar was completely lost. Instances have been known of philologists in Southern and Western towns writing for English periodicals, and thus revealing their existence to the scholars of the North and East.

The first benefit, then, of a Philological Convention is that it brings together a number of professional and amateur scholars from all parts of the country, and makes them acquainted with one another. The mere fact of seeing seventy or eighty men together, and knowing that they are engaged in the same pursuit and have the same literary sympathies, is a great encouragement and spur to the scholar. Intercourse and conversation (apart from any special discussion of the papers read) increase interest in the subject. Sometimes this interest takes a very tangible form, as when a gift is made to a college library "for the purchase of classical and philological works."

The *Times* appears to confuse the scientific papers read at a philological convention with popular lectures (which it not unjustly characterizes as "of very doubtful efficiency), and to limit the effects and bearings of the Convention to the few days of actual session. This is a very narrow view. The papers occupy weeks, sometimes months, of preparation; they are often the subject of correspondence among the members, both before and after the meeting; they, or some of them, remain permanently on record in the printed Transactions of the Association.

And this brings us to the last and probably greatest merit of the Convention, that it has furnished American scholars with a medium for presenting their views to the public. I say *probably greatest*, because the want of such medium was, after all, the worst discouragement to the growth of American scholarship. The scholar who had speculated on any classical or philological point, if he wished to publish the result of his lucubrations, found himself regularly blocked up. The great bulk of our newspapers and periodicals would as soon have thought of publishing an essay written in Greek, or Latin, or French, as one written *about* anything in any of those languages. Indeed, they had not, as a general rule, the necessary types. The only channels for such communications were certain religious or semi-religious magazines, which naturally gave the most attention to their doctrinal views, and circulated chiefly in the particular churches which they represented.

This was not the kind of organ needed by the American scholar, and I have known promising philologists to be nipped in the bud by the impossibility of finding proper means of expression and expansion.

This want the Association has long supplied in part, and will supply fully as soon as its Transactions reach the dignity and dimensions of a regular Philological Journal—which promises to be the case in a very few years.

After all which, if any one should say that scholars, and philologists, and critics are not wanted here, and that they had better turn politicians or diplomatists, or "practical men of business," I answer that scholarship has a very positive though indirect influence on our material destinies. Our national neglect of the meaning of words, our national ignorance of the value of words, are among the causes that have brought about that stupendous phenomenon in a country professing to be not only civilized but enlightened, the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency. I doubt much if such a thing could have happened among any people who had properly cultivated the Humanities. Look at Europe: the French have, not undeservedly, the reputation of playing the most fantastic tricks in government, and Gambetta is probably the weakest European specimen of a popular idol; yet Gambetta, as compared with Greeley, is a pillar of stability and a model of decency.

C. A. Bristed.

Lenox, Mass., Aug. 16.

MAZZINI AND MR. W. J. LINTON.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Permit me as an old and intimate friend of Mazzini, working long years with him, to make some brief comment on the review of his Life in the *Nation* of July 25. I do not venture to intrude upon your space so far as would be necessary to answer the whole article, but notice of certain points may be enough to indicate the reviewer's want of sufficient information, and, showing his facts to be incorrect or inexact, may prevent undue reliance upon his conclusions.

The reviewer speaks of a period—"from 1815 to 1848"—when "the individual action of patriots was alone possible, and they everywhere labored to overthrow the existing order of things, and to supplant it by new institutions more in accordance with the spirit of the time. Mazzini was early recognized as the head of this movement."

I take this as a sample of inexactness.

Mazzini was just ten years old in 1815. There were two distinct movements in Italy between 1815 and 1848: that of the Carbonari, which only labored to overthrow, and had not even a thought of new institutions, of which Mazzini was never even a prominent member; and the Republican movement of Young Italy ("La Giovine Italia"), founded by him at Marseilles in 1831, which supplanted Carbonarism. It would be inexact enough to speak of Mazzini as "early recognized as the head of *this* movement"; but your reviewer's sentence is altogether dark and insignificant.

"The volume under examination contains the history of Mazzini's labors in that period of the Italian revolution." Namely, "for more than twenty years"—"between 1815 and 1848," or between 1831 and 1848?

Your reviewer proceeds with, I suppose, his own view of Italian history since 1848.

"In 1848," he says, "the national movement took a more practical direction," "under Cavour" and others, which I only notice in passing to qualify with the remark that Mazzini planted, Mazzini watered, and Cavour's practicality was to steal the increase. I pass also the reiteration of the old calumny that Mazzini obstinately set his republicanism against the

national party, and the simple misstatements of his abandonment by Garibaldi, his opposition to "all the steps which have led Italy to her present position" (unless by the "present position" is meant the position of the postponement of the republic for the convenience of the Piedmontese monarchy), his intriguing, etc., etc., and come to "the annexation of Southern Italy, when it was delivered by Garibaldi, *chiefly* through the aid of the national party, *under the leadership of Cavour*": concerning which, I ask if Garibaldi's thousands were of the national party or the republican, and reassert what has been publicly stated by Garibaldi himself, and can be proved by plenty of living witnesses—that the whole of that Sicilian campaign was planned and organized by Mazzini himself, not without the knowledge of Cavour, perhaps, but independently of his leadership or consent.

After this I little mind the reproach that "a republic or nothing seems to have been Mazzini's motto," nor the complaint (not misstated) that his republicanism was not identical with American. Facts incorrect, we can afford to leave some inferences without remark.

W. J. LINTON.

[Out of respect for Mr. Linton and the truth of history, we comment upon his letter at a length not called for by the intrinsic value of his statements. In asserting that Mazzini was early recognized as the head of the Italian revolution, we alluded both to the precocious age in which he appeared as an agitator in the liberal cause, and to the early stage of the revolution, in which he became its principal leader. Admitting that this was only in 1831, he was then but twenty-six years old; and it must be borne in mind that before that time the revolutionary spirit of the country had not reached that culminating point which demanded a chief of more extensive influence. But the action of Mazzini, as an agitator, began long before that year. He himself tells us that, when yet a student at the University of Genoa, he organized a secret association for the promotion of liberty in the Peninsula. Prominent among its members were the young brothers Ruffini, one of whom, the author of "Doctor Antonio," has recorded in his "Lorenzo Benoni" the part which Mazzini, whom he designates under the appropriate name of Fantasio, took in that movement. Montazio, another friend and biographer of the Italian patriot, speaking of that association, says: "It was composed of a few young men of independent character, chosen spirits, all longing for a new order of things. They rallied around Mazzini, who was the sun of that constellation of growing revolutionists, and who, surrounded as he was by his young companions, seemed a young Christ among his young apostles. To this position he was entitled not less by his superior intellect, than by his commanding aspect and fascinating manners."

As early, too, as 1826, when he was only twenty-one years old, he made his power felt in the department of literature. A devoted adherent of the Romantic school, then the exponent of Liberalism in Europe, he strove, under the cover of literary reform, to promote a revolution in political ideas; and his numerous contributions, published in the *Antologia* of Florence, the *Subalpino* of Genoa and other journals, greatly advanced the political education of the country. A reference to these early writings will conclusively establish his claim to the position of a leader in the revolutionary movement early in the period between 1815 and 1848.

As for his standing in the order of the Carbonari, he himself tells us that he was initiated into its second rank, and held in it the degree of Master, in which capacity he devoted himself to the enlistment of new members among his fellow-students, and that in this he was so successful that he was soon sent to Leghorn to establish a branch of the Order in that city. Here he enrolled among its members several patriots, among whom were Guerrazzi, the novelist, D'Adda, just freed from an Austrian prison, and Bini, a young poet of high promise. Indeed, Mazzini's arrest, imprisonment, and subsequent exile were due to the fact that he was discovered by the police in the act of initiating a new member into the Order. The assertion that the Carbonari only labored to overthrow existing institutions, and had not even a thought of establishing new ones, is best answered by the fact that the French Revolution of 1830 owed its origin and success chiefly to this Order; and it is well known that, at the time of Mazzini's connection with it, it was under the management and direction of Lafayette, Barthe, and Guizot, then the chiefs of the Haute Vente of Paris.

Thus Mazzini's power was felt in the early period of the Revolution. It is true, however, that his influence was greatly extended, and, indeed, became formidable in the years in which he labored through the organization of "Young Italy," and it was to this period that we alluded, when we spoke of the twenty years of his most efficient work.

While in our article reviewing the "Life of Mazzini" we fully recognized the eminent services rendered by the great Agitator to the national cause, by paving the way for the subsequent success of Cavour's policy, we asserted at the same time that that policy was essentially in contradiction to the method on which Mazzini insisted, and that he opposed all measures which led Italy to her unification. The policy of Cavour consisted simply in making the house of Savoy the rallying-point of the movement, in attracting the other states by the allurement of constitutional government, and by converting the foreign powers from enemies, as they were, to his plan, to friends and allies. This programme Mazzini never accepted. In 1848, a few days after the Revolution of Paris, he had an interview in that city with Gioberti and Mamiani, two chiefs of the national party, who urged upon him the necessity of laboring in common with them. He declined at once all co-operation; insisted that the freedom and independence of Italy could be secured only through a republican movement, scorned the idea of making Piedmont the centre of national organization, and ridiculed the attempt to make allies of foreign powers in such an enterprise. Throughout his life he was faithful to his ideas. He wrote pamphlets, edited reviews and newspapers, and kept up an enormous correspondence with his friends (a portion of which has just been published in Milan), and the historical critic had never more abundant materials from which to form an opinion of the views of the writer. To deny that he opposed all measures adopted by the national party, and to characterize the statement that he obstinately set his republicanism against the national policy, as an old calumny, is to disregard contemporary history. Almost every page of the various papers he edited, beginning from the *Italia del Popolo*, which he published in Lausanne and in Genoa, and ending with the *Dovere* and the *Unità Italiana*, his latest organs, is an eloquent proof of his uncompromising opposition. This opposition was echoed by his adherents in the Parliament, who were most bitter in their hostility to the foreign alliances of 1854, of 1859, and of 1866, which proved to be the three great steps towards Italian reconstruction.

Nor did Mazzini confine his opposition to the public journals or to parliamentary debates. In 1849, he organized a formidable rebellion in Genoa against Piedmont, then the only free constitutional government in the Peninsula; and another in 1857, when a party of his followers surprised Fort Diamante in that city, while others embarked on a steamer to revolutionize Leghorn and Naples. On the trial, the jury, in both cases, declared that the expeditions had been instigated by Mazzini for the purpose of overthrowing the existing government, and of supplanting it by republican institutions. Again, being elected member of the Parliament, he publicly declined the office on the ground that by accepting it he would be obliged to take the oath of allegiance.

That Garibaldi abandoned Mazzini soon after the formation of the National party is proved by his having given his formal adhesion to the programme of Cavour, and by his having sworn allegiance to the king and the constitution, as a general of the army and member of the Parliament. After this action on the part of the hero of Caprera, there was a lasting estrangement between the two patriots, and every attempt of common friends to reunite them proved fruitless. The last effort in this direction was made only a few months before the death of Mazzini, and it was met by Garibaldi with a decided refusal, on the ground stated in a letter, then made public, to the effect that Mazzini was too intolerant and overbearing in his political relations to leave any hope of a permanent reconciliation.

That the deliverance of Southern Italy was accomplished by

Garibaldi chiefly through the aid of the National party there is no doubt whatever after the publication of the official documents in relation to that expedition. It is true that the first volunteers who enlisted were in sympathy with the republican movement, and that Mazzini furnished a part of the funds required for the enterprise. But it is equally true that, as soon as it became understood that the expedition was secretly favored by Cavour, young men of other parties joined it, and means from other sources were provided to ensure its success. The position of the Italian Premier on that occasion was of a most trying character; but when at last he decided to aid the expedition, he did so with an unsparing hand. He allowed arms and ammunition to be taken from the arsenals, he gave orders to the authorities at the different ports not to prevent the sailing of the vessels, he supplied money from the public treasury, and sent to Sicily La Farina, a Sicilian patriot, then President of the National Association, to supervise the arrival of the Garibaldians and to provide for their necessities. When urged by the foreign powers to prevent this invasion of Southern Italy, he despatched to sea a frigate, with instructions to its commander to keep at a convenient distance. At the port of Catania, a band of volunteers was taken on board one of the ships. The commander of a Government frigate telegraphed to Cavour informing him of that fact, and asking for instructions. Cavour's answer was, "Do as the interests of our country require." Thus the expedition was allowed to proceed.

Of these and other important facts in relation to that enterprise, official evidences may be found in the "Memorie" di G. La Farina, and also in the volume of his correspondence which has been more recently published. From these and other equally reliable sources, we must believe that had not Cavour given to the expedition not only his tacit consent, but his earnest support, although in an unofficial manner, Garibaldi would never have been able to land at Marsala, and much less to make his triumphal entrance into Naples, accompanied only by few of the officers of his staff, at a time when the King of the Two Sicilies had yet in that city an army of more than sixty thousand men.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. WALKER'S FIGURES ABOUT INDIANS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In a letter under date of July 27, published in the *Nation*, I observe that Gen. Walker rather sharply arraigns Mr. Wells for an understatement in his recent financial article of the number of Indians in the United States, and that the circumstance has been somewhat extensively made use of by the Administration journals throughout the country to impair in other respects the force of Mr. Wells's arguments and conclusions. In all fairness, however, it seems to me that the criticism in respect to this matter has not been rightly apportioned, and that the gentleman who is called upon to rise and explain is not Mr. Wells, but Mr. Walker himself. Thus if any one will take the trouble to turn to the "population" volume of the Census Reports recently issued by Mr. Walker as Commissioner, he will find on the first page the following title: "Table I. Population of the United States (by States and Territories) in the aggregate and as white, free colored, slave, Chinese, and Indian, at each census." Following this is a table of aggregate population (page 3), namely: 38,555,983; then a table of the whites, 33,586,989 (page 4); then of free colored, 4,880,009 (page 5); then of slave, none in 1870 (page 6); then of Chinese, with the number of Japanese included, 63,254 (page 7). Then, on the same page, the number of Indians, 25,731 in 1870 and 44,021 in 1860, the exact figures cited by Mr. Wells in his article. It may be, as Mr. Walker says, that the Indians thus enumerated in the total population tables of the last census are merely the "tame" ones, with whom the Government has no immediate concern, and that there are some half a million other Indians of the "wild" kind in addition; but if this be so, no one can know it officially from anything contained in the last census reports, professing to give the total population. On the contrary, the figures made use of by Mr. Wells are the exact transcript of the official statements; and there is not a line or a word in any column of the last census that I have been able to find which could possibly lead the reader to an inference that there were any Indians other than those specified. The only just criticism, therefore, which can properly be made against Mr. Wells is that he has used the census figures as they are officially printed, in place of making a census for himself.

Furthermore, if there are some half a million wild Indians not yet enumerated specifically, what does Mr. Walker mean by telling us in his reports that the total population of the United States is 38,555,983 (33,586,989 whites, 4,880,009 colored, 63,254 Chinese and Japanese, and 25,731 Indians), inasmuch as it is certain that the total population approximates or exceeds 39,000,000? It is, moreover, no answer to say that the published tables refer only to the representative population, for the titles used in all these census tables are "Total of the United States" and "States and Territories," with no words in connection limiting the meaning of such titles. There are, besides, no enumerations of the people of the Territories required for determining their representation, for each Territory is entitled to one delegate, whether the population be great or small.

Mr. Walker, as an officer of the Administration, also endeavors to explain away the recent enormous increase in Indian expenditures, by saying that the railroad, while it has decreased the cost of transportation, has also diminished the supply of buffalo. But I think this argument will prove rather flimsy; for, however it may be in the future, it is tolerably certain that up to 1869, when the great increase of Indian expenditures was inaugurated, the railroads had exerted but comparatively little disturbing influence; and we all know that when the Grand Duke Alexis was here last year, his party found buffalo very plenty within a very short distance of actual civilization.

Fair Play.

[Considering the matter technically, one might as well look to find in the United States census the population of any other kingdom or nation with which we have treaty alliances as to find there the population of tribes of "Indians not taxed." They are not citizens, but aliens, and usually enemies. Still, one would almost expect to find them enumerated, and Mr. Wells's mistake was an easy one to fall into. As, however, it affected his figures, making them show a worse case for the Administration than was necessary, it was no more than right and fair for the friends of the Administration to correct it.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. were quick to secure from Stanley, the *Herald* correspondent, the refusal of his account of the discovery of Doctor Livingstone, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. being the London publishers. "It will make a volume of five hundred pages octavo, and will be profusely illustrated with designs, nearly all full-page, from Mr. Stanley's pencil. The narrative will not be a rehash of the letters already published in the newspapers; it will be rewritten throughout, and will contain a complete and consecutive account of Mr. Stanley's journeyings and adventures, and of his four months' sojourn with Dr. Livingstone." Meantime, there are still many doubters as to whether Stanley has not hoaxed the *Herald* and all the rest of those who believed in his despatches, and whether he has ever seen Doctor Livingstone at all. The French Academy of Science—which within five years has twice refused to make Darwin a correspondent, has declared that Pascal imparted to Newton all the discoveries imputed to the latter, and that M. Michel Chasles may have owned autograph letters written by Julius Cæsar—is disposed to deny the authenticity of the despatches. So is Kiepert, the German cartographer, and other distinguished German *savans*. The English seem to acquiesce, though they are not yet without dubiety, and over here a long and circumstantial story is told—but in the *Sun*—to the effect that Stanley, as the writer knows and can prove, is an atrocious and crafty villain, who has committed plenty of worse crimes than forging despatches from lost travellers and hoaxing Europe and America. The Livingstone family, and various other persons to whom letters from the Doctor were brought by Stanley, give no sign of disbelief or dissatisfaction. True or false, the evidence will be sifted with rigid care.

—Apropos of a letter printed last week in which a correspondent spoke of rapidly "rotating the rascals," a Philadelphia correspondent writes as follows, giving a historical example of the benefits to be derived from the rotating out one set of officials—"a rapacious because a short-lived breed," as Burke calls them—and rotating a greedier set of rascals in: "Your 'Reader's' letter from New York recalls to mind an historical anecdote. The Emperor Tiberius was very dilatory in the performance of all his public duties, and would never rotate the governors or procurators of the provinces, however incompetent they proved. Josephus tells us that the Emperor pretended to act thus out of regard for his subjects, 'for that all governors are naturally disposed to get as much as they can, and that those who are not

fixtures, but are to stay a short time, and are uncertain when they shall be turned out, do the more severely hurry themselves on to fleece the people. But if their government be long continued, they are at last satiated with the spoils, and so become less sharp in their pillaging." He gave them an example to show his meaning. A great number of flies came about the cut places of a man that had been wounded, upon which one of the standers-by pitied the man's misfortune, and thinking he was not able to drive those flies away himself was going to drive them away for him, but he prayed him to let them alone. Being asked the reason of such a preposterous proceeding, in preventing relief from his present misery, he answered: 'If thou drivest these flies thou wilt hurt me worse, for as these are already full of my blood they do not crowd about me nor pain me so much as before, but are sometimes more remiss; while the fresh ones that come almost famished and find me quite tied down will be my destruction.' It is a serious question to the many voters who are satisfied neither with Grant nor Greeley, whether the principle of 'rotating the rascals' or the dread of the 'hungry flies' should have the greater weight in determining their choice."

—A short distance from the sculptures of Central Park, in the Metropolitan Museum, is the statue of "Napoleon Dying," by Vela, a work which we think in many respects the best paradigm or copy-text for our artists in the country. We may have alluded to it before, but it comes to our mind again, because, in the Art Department of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the editor remarks that he has seen the chief pieces of sculpture produced in the present age, and goes on to place them all in a position of inferiority to an interesting work of Mr. Ward's, the Indian Hunter. Sculpture, being little portable, is at a curious disadvantage with painting in the matter of celebrity. Travelled artists, however, may estimate it. They know of French statues whose author's names actually never reach American or English ears, yet who are the æsthetic equals of Couture and Gérôme; they know of German sculpture, intellectual and grandiose, the counterpart of plane work by such men as Kaulbach, Cornelius, and Piloty. The Napoleon Dying is a work from Italy, a country of less enviable reputation, its art having declined by marrying in and in since former days of greatness. And this production of Vela's is besides a perilous thing to choose for a model, because it is a hot partisan of the romantic school, and the romantic school is not at all recognized in the chaste and chilling material of white marble. Here is a great figure in the sentiment of Delaroche—a figure expiring, tormented, battling, rigid; intent, in fact, to reconquer Europe in phantasy. That is a grand theatrical idea; in the execution there are trivialities—the pores of the skin are imitated, as well as the curled nap of an old and well-saved blanket. The robes suggest Meissonier, the hands suggest Vandyke, the head is all over Delaroche. Something about the head, too, is behindhand with the seductive and dangerous perfections of the rest; the brow seems ill-balanced, and the artist, when he comes to the eyes, abruptly leaves the realism which has been his clever recreation elsewhere; he depicts eyes that are not the eyes of an elderly man, but the firm, full-lidded eyes of youth; and their expressive look of dream and introversion is produced with the reckless *chic* of the romantic school, instead of being wrought out of the resources of realistic sculpture. We are thus careful to keep the rein taut on our approval of this work of art; indeed, it has many attributes that shock the schooled, fastidious taste; the romantic and the literal have not yet conquered a place in marble sculpture of the first class; an episodic treatment is full of danger when carried out on the scale and with the pretence of dignity characterizing this statue; Victor Hugo worshipping himself in white marble, and seeking the chair of Phidias, is a figure not to be applauded hastily. Yet we think a competent critic would place this figure, in relation to the best sculpture yet produced by an American artist, about where a literary critic would place *Hernani* in relation to the best drama produced by an American playwright. American sculpture, in fact, will improve but slowly until it sees itself in its true light. It is in the rank of a schoolboy preparing themes. In scope, in technic, in necessary study, it has the frank deficiency of youth, and a work like Vela's has only to be placed beside any home work to make the difference felt between thorough training and buoyant ambition.

—As our readers probably know, the Pennsylvania protectionists are taking steps to counteract the influence of the free-traders upon the young men in our colleges. "To-day," they say in a circular now before us, "there is not a single doctrine of political economy which is universally acknowledged as true, and yet in the colleges certain systems of it are taught as though they were unquestionably so, while opposing systems are in few, if any, cases allowed to be presented by a friendly hand." They, therefore, offer to the libraries of all our higher seminaries of learning the works named below: Sir John Byles's "Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined"; Mr. Henry C. Carey's "Manual of Social Science," "Miscellaneous Works," "Past, Present, and Future," and "Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign"; Dr. William Elder's "Questions of the Day, Economic and Social"; Hon. William D. Kelley's "Speeches, Letters, and Addresses on Industrial and Financial Questions"; E. P. Smith's "Manual of Political Economy"; Mr. A. Stewart's "Speeches on the Tariff Question and Our Internal Improvements"; Sir Edward Sullivan's "Protection to Native Industry." Here are ten volumes which the Free-Trade League will probably be willing to accompany with an equal number of others, and among the twenty there will be some on each side which will be instructive to the young men, while on the free-trade side there might be some which would be as entertaining as a novel. The whole subject ought to be fruitful of society debates during the next ten years, and these well might be such as would indeed go far towards giving the debaters some preparation both as regards their brains and their tongues for "entering public life" after leaving college. Men in public life are going to be much occupied during the coming decade by politico-economical questions, and, as the "Industrial League" says, "the advantage of this study to them in enabling them to advocate sound systems of legislation can hardly be overstated."

—We see that Mr. William Whiting of Massachusetts is mentioned as a candidate for a place as Congressman, a place which he is perfectly well qualified to fill. But one of the arguments to which resort is had for strengthening his claim opens a door for an interesting question in ethics which seems to us not a little important, and which we do not believe the popular voice would at first settle correctly. At all events, it was not correctly settled, if we remember right, by any of the journals which some years since commented on that action of Mr. Whiting's from which the question takes its rise. During the war that gentleman, who was a lawyer of distinction, was asked to take the post of Solicitor to the Treasury Department—we think that was the position—to which was attached a salary of some twenty-five hundred a year. He accepted the invitation at some sacrifice, and it was by-and-by announced that Mr. Whiting declined to receive his salary, and had assigned it, by an instrument duly executed, to the Treasury. In time there appeared a further statement that Mr. Whiting had made such provision that if his death should occur during any quarter while he should be in office, no part of his quarter's salary could, by any accident, go to the use of his family. As we say, this course received the commendation of many journals, and thinking people were too busy with greater matters to give attention to the principle and consequences involved. A few asked the question: If Mr. Whiting is rich and does not need the $2,500 a year, why does he not give it away to the purposes of the war, and as much more as he pleases? Why should he alone, of the hundreds of thousands of us who are receiving pay for our services, civil or military, from $13 a month to $25,000 a year, refuse his salary? Of these hundred of thousands, most of us are obliged to take our pay to support ourselves and our families. Many of us who are rich take our pay as of course, and give away as much as we can or wish. Why should wealth put the poor to shame? Why should the public be put under an apparent obligation to the rich man? These it strikes us are questions which give a sufficient answer to the question with which we set out. And we have known it answered by a practical example, and answered with the same deference to what seems to us good sense and the dictates of sound policy for a Republican government, where rich and poor should hold office on absolutely the same terms and seek it under the same conditions. The case to which we refer was that of a clergyman of great wealth who in like manner with Mr. Whiting thought it his duty to refuse to take any salary for his services. He was accordingly made pastor over a large congregation on those terms. He was much respected and even beloved, but that did not prevent the upshot which both he and his parishioners ought to have foreseen. By-and-by the congregation began to feel an uneasy sense of dependence; his brethren in the ministry felt a more or less uneasy sense of inferiority; everybody else wondered why if he did not need his salary he should not quietly give it away in charity, and, to the relief of all parties, the arrangement very soon came to an end.

—Mr. Robert Buchanan, a somewhat ill-conditioned and bumptious young man of letters, who has had numerous half-successes in poetry, some time since made an attack on what he called "the fleshly school of poets," meaning thereby Dante Rossetti, Swinburne, and others of less account. This he effected under the name of "Thomas Maitland," and, apparently to ward off suspicion from himself as the author, he gave some mild blame to the works of his own pen. The secret came out, however, and there has ever since been a fearful commotion. Now it is Swinburne who tears up a tall mountain by the roots, nodding forests and all, and hurls it at Buchanan; now Buchanan flings at Swinburne an entire peat bog; now it is the Scotch giant who is borne to earth amid the far-piercing shriek of the English Titan; and now, "on the contrary, quite the reverse" takes place, and the earth shakes beneath the downfall of Swinburne. In other words, both of these gentlemen have been kicking up a great dust by means of letters, poems, and pamphlets, each of which makes them both look more and more ridiculous—

the one no more so than the other, though Swinburne has greater literary skill than his foe, while Buchanan, on the other hand, if he is duller-witted than Swinburne, does not screech nearly so loud, nor make so many faces, and has far less Greek, Latin, French, and dirtiness to fling about. Swinburne's last assault was in a pamphlet which he calls "Under the Microscope," in which, with an affectation of indifference which would have killed him if he had kept it up for any more than eighty-eight pages, duodecimo, he examines the insect Buchanan. We have not space to describe this precious production, and mention it only to say that those who are panting after the combatants, and wish to follow each passage of arms with their own eyes, may find in the last number of the *Saint Paul's Magazine* Buchanan's rejoinder to the parlous thrust made by Swinburne in "Under the Microscope." It is some lines called "A Monkey with a Microscope," and the character of this death-struggle may be seen from the following verses:

"A clever Monkey—he can squeak,
Scream, bite, munch, mumble, all but speak;
Studies not merely monkey-sport
But vices of a human sort;
Is petulant to most, but sweet
To those who pat him, give him meat;
Can imitate to admiration
Man's gestures, gait, gesticulation;
Is amorous, and takes no pain
To hide his aphrodital vein;
And altogether, trimly drest
In human breeches, coat, and vest,
Looks human, and upon the whole
Lacks nothing, save perchance a Soul.

We would suggest that both of these warriors have now disgraced themselves enough, and caused their friends to blush enough, and made plenty of disturbance, and may be satisfied to stop. Mr. Swinburne may well enough leave the last word to an antagonist who took the first word in the manner in which Mr. Buchanan took it; and Mr. Buchanan must now have had glory enough and sufficiently exalted his character for purity, good sense, good nature, good taste, good manners, and probity.

—*Nature*, for August 1, contains a letter to the editor, in which is related what the correspondent calls an extraordinary case of "hereditary instinct." Some years since, when in Skye, the writer bought a terrier, to which he proceeded to teach the accomplishment known as sitting up. This was acquired only after great difficulty, for although naturally possessed of talent, the dog had never been under instruction; afterwards his education proceeded rapidly, and he became an animal of many tricks, all of which he learned with ease and contentment. But he has never forgot the labors which he went through in acquiring his first accomplishment; he still relies upon it as a last resource to save himself from a beating, or to induce his master to take him out. He even has supposed that it could be depended upon to soften the heart of an India-rubber ball, for when, on account of his racket, that means of amusement has been taken away from him and placed on a mantelpiece, he has been seen sitting up to it, "evidently hoping that it would jump down and play with him; perhaps he looks upon this ball as animated by a 'living essence,' vide C. 2, Darwin's 'Descent of Man.'" This dog became the head of a family, and one of his daughters, who has never so much as seen her father, is in the constant habit of sitting up, although she has never seen others sit up. She is particularly given to this performance when any other dog is getting a scolding, and the correspondent remarks: "Whether this is an instance of helping a fellow-animal, of which Mr. Darwin gives such curious examples, or whether the dog simply hopes to avert the passing storm from her own head, the fact appears to me patent that this dog has inherited the impression that sitting up has some special virtue for turning away wrath." For the use of practical people like ourselves, who will not move the ancient landmarks, and who know that dogs are governed by instinct, and that Mr. Darwin is revolutionary, we present with this dog story a method of utilizing the cat. It is the invention of a correspondent of *Land and Water*. He says that people in general are ignorant of the fact that the family cat can give us invaluable help in protecting the fruit garden and flower beds from the depredations of birds. "To keep them off," he says, "how simple, how certain! How small is the cost of keeping a cat on a small chain sliding on a wire, and giving the animal the walk up and down the whole length of the strawberry beds! A knot at each end of the wire readily prevents the cat from twisting around the post which supports the wire. For large gardens, a second cat is required. For more than thirty years, I have used and seen used with perfect success this easy method of preserving fruit." To say nothing of the satisfaction of keeping the cat in chains all day. The kittens, also, this correspondent has found very valuable as gardeners' assistants, and he says that they labor steadily and industriously, giving the best of satisfaction. Nor does the cat object when called upon, in addition to his regular day's work, to catch rabbits and hares in the flower-beds.

—The civil list pensions which the British premier gives away, and which are commonly thought of as pensions bestowed for services in literature, are really given for very miscellaneous services, though literary merit—to call it so—secures the larger number of pensions. For 1872, twelve hundred pounds were given away in 18 pensions, of which 10 were given on account of the recipients' direct or indirect connection with literature. Indirect enough the connection was in some instances. Three granddaughters of an obsolescent historian, Robertson, received fifty pounds apiece in consideration of the literary merits of the historian, this fifty being in addition to fifty previously enjoyed. Other beneficiaries are the widow of the late Professor De Morgan; the widow of the late Mark Lemon; Mr. Thomas Wright, who receives £35 in addition to £65 now paid to him; Mrs. Thorpe, widow of Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, for his researches in Anglo-Saxon literature; Mr. Joseph Stevenson (historical literature), £100; Rev. F. H. A. Scrivener (Biblical criticism), £100. For other services than to literature, eight persons were pensioned: the daughter of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, and widow of Major Stopford, receives £150; Miss S. Burgoyne, the same amount; Sir William Fothergill Cooke, for services to the telegraphic system, £100; Mrs. Meyer, for the services of her husband in the hospital at Smyrna during the Crimean war, £60; Miss S. F. Mayne, daughter of Sir Richard the police official, £90; Mrs. J. E. Wood, for her husband's improvements in carpet weaving, £70; Mrs. R. Gray, widow of one of the projectors of railroads, £80. Literature receives £470 of the whole fund, and £730 goes in other directions.

TAINE'S "ON INTELLIGENCE."

"DIEU! ça n'a pas d'actualité," said a French review editor, as he returned an article on the Notion of God which a metaphysical contributor had offered him. Our tardiness in noticing M. Taine's important work might be excused in somewhat similar words. Any time is opportune for metaphysics. Its treatises are continually being read, no matter how long ago they were written. They hardly depend on fashion; and if the present book has met with an unusually prompt success, it is due less to the fact that the pure psychology, of which it partly consists, is beginning to enjoy the honors and penalties of being a positive science—rapid recognition of new contributions on the one hand with their speedy obsolescence on the other—than to the great reputation of the author in other paths of writing. We suppose that many a reader of his translated works feels a certain scepticism as to his competency in a strictly scientific research. He is so eminently an artist, his profession of scientific deduction remains so palpably a mere accompaniment in his works on literature and art, his historical developments are so shallow, his explanations of ethnic peculiarities so plainly trumped up after the facts, that we know more than one of his admirers who would let the whole pretension to scientific rigor in him pass for one of those pleasant foibles in which a bright mind must be allowed to indulge itself if it finds a pleasure therein. But the present treatise is of stricter stuff, and had its author written nothing else, it would give him an honorable name and place in the brotherhood of thinkers, properly so called. It falls asunder roughly into three divisions: one psychological, being an analysis of cognitions into their simplest elements, based largely on the researches of Mill, Bain, and Spencer; one logical, being a theory of reasoning and an account of the manner in which the simpler and more general elements of thought and reality involve and produce the more particular and complex; and an intermediate one, which we may call metaphysical, since it is an attempt to define the quality of the deepest phenomenon, which, lying at the core, may be termed the reality of all the others.

What are M. Taine's opinions on all these matters? The question is easier asked than answered, for the first impression the book makes on a reader is, that one-half of it flatly contradicts the other. In what we have called the psychological portion a nominalism as uncompromising as that of James Mill is professed. "We have, strictly speaking, no general ideas, only tendencies to name and names." Sensations have substitutes in mental images; and these have substitutes in names; but general names cover no peculiar mental modification. A general idea, considered apart, is a nonentity. It has no substantive *quale*, but only a function; it exists but as a *tendency* of certain determinate images to arise. It helps us lighten the baggage of thought, as circular notes enable us to travel without bullion. But the true value of both comes out only when they are converted. In the latter chapters of the book, however, we find a doctrine of reasoning which seems to admit to the fullest possible extent the reality of general qualities as such, and to carry us deep into a world of intelligibles, as they

* "On Intelligence. By H. Taine, D.C.L., Oxon. Translated from the French by T. D. Hare, and revised, with additions, by the author." New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.

used to be called, of *eternæ veritates*, or, as Taine says, of fixed and simple laws which we perceive beneath the flow of transient and complex events.

A more careful examination mitigates, though but partially, the glaringness of the contradiction. One perceives that he means to allow reality only to certain classes of abstractions, and to deny it to others. The latter are distinguished in his mind from the former by their barrenness. They are that prior world of vain substances (we are trying to interpret now, and not to criticise), or causes brought forward as explanations of phenomena, which do but repeat the phenomena under more sounding names—*virtutes dormitivæ*, in short; while the abstractions to which he allows validity are all predicative or adjective qualities, as white, straight, heavy. To these he pretends not to ascribe a transcendent existence, independent of particular events; they exist only *in* facts, and are merely a broader kind of facts. To them as *constituents* of phenomena, even though general, reality may be ascribed; while the other class of abstract beings conceived to stand *behind* phenomena as noumenal substances, are mere figments.

Every *real* abstraction is an extract (to use his happy terminology) from a multitude of particular things or events which may differ as to their other details. The British school says the things are "similar" as to this character, but Taine affirms the common character to be literally the "*same*" in all, thus giving it a sort of ontologic status, a real existence differing from that of individuals and events only in possessing superior stability and permanence. The beauty and value of these abstract characters, or generalized extracts, is that they are fertile, for they contain wrapped up in them—sometimes obvious, sometimes latent, and to be discovered only by a keen analytic eye—further properties, other abstractions. Thus the general concept *parallelogram* involves as part of its essence that of two juxtaposed triangles, and we learn from experience that the concept *cold* involves that of diminution of molecular motion and approximation of molecules. An individual fact possessing one general character, perforce possesses also as attributes the further general characters which that one involves. Hence a basis for necessary reasoning; the two triangles, for instance, into which we have analyzed our parallelogram, with their one side in common and the others parallel, possess the further property of being equal-sided each to each; so that having its opposite sides equal is seen to be a necessary attribute of a parallelogram; in like manner, the approximation of molecules involves the further property of diminished mobility; and diminished mobility in a vapor soon involves liquefaction—so we see how cold must necessarily, after a certain point, make vapors liquid.

It is, we repeat, the pregnancy of this class of general qualities that makes M. Taine so partial to them. Whatever they contain they contain universally, because independently of particular circumstances, and necessarily, because analytically involved in them, or as part of their definition. [This latter point, as we shall presently see, marks his deepest divergence from the British empirical school.] The class of abstractions to which he is not thus indulgent differs from the former chiefly in its infecundity. It is that of *substances*, such as matter, the ego, the faculties of the mind, and what may be called the dynamic entities, as power, necessity, cause, force, etc. Here his nominalism stands firm. These are phantoms, products of "metaphysical illusion," void acts, verbal entities, whose appearance of spirituality is but the tumidity of their emptiness. The ego is nothing but the sum of its events. We can extract nothing new by analyzing our idea of it. So to posit a general faculty, as perception, explains nothing of its particular acts, but is a mere barren reduplication of the concrete appearance it professes to explain. So again with force. A particular horse has force enough to draw a given cart, but not force enough to draw a heavier cart. This means that when his muscles are contracted the one cart will be moved, but the other will not be moved. "Here we have a connection only, that between the muscular contractions and the movement of the cart. A particular force exists when a particular connection exists; it ceases when this connection ceases. The force of the muscular contraction is double if the cart moved weighs 10,000 pounds instead of 5,000. In general, if we are given two facts, one antecedent and the other consequent, connected by a constant link, we term the particularity of the antecedent to be always followed by the consequent, *force*, and we measure this force by the magnitude of the consequent. . . . Unfortunately of this particularity which is a relation, we construct by a mental fiction, a substance; we describe it by a substantive name, attribute qualities to it; say it is greater or less; employ it in language as a subject, forgetting that its existence is wholly verbal, that it is in itself nothing more than a character, a property, a particularity of a fact, the particularity of being always followed by another fact, a particularity detached from the fact by abstraction, set apart by fiction, kept in a distinct state by means of a distinct substantive name, till the mind, forgetting its origin, believes it to be independent, and becomes the dupe of an illusion of its own effecting."

We imagine that when M. Taine was a young man with a strong sensibility for facts, and rather for their hard, brutal, concrete aspects than otherwise, with a good deal of iconoclastic passion and conceit, he fell foul of the hypostatized abstractions which abounded in the armory of the then reigning spiritualism of France—"little spiritual beings hidden under the facts as under garments"—as he once called them, and that that youthful animosity has persisted to the present day. But almost as early as this he was vividly and originally impressed by that conception of what we may call the encapsulation of qualities in the universe, of which we have briefly tried above to convey an idea. His thought thus starts from two independent foci to overrun the philosophic field, and where the territories are conterminous, the nominalistic impetus often carries him over the barrier; the old wrath mounts to his eyes, and without being aware of it he tramples down his own grain as if it were his enemies'. Hence a large amount of real confusion and contradiction. Thus, as we have tried to show, his best and deepest reason for rejecting a certain class of abstractions is that they really explain nothing. To explain a thing is to show it to be a case of something else more general already admitted or taken for granted by us. The *reason why* planets keep in their orbits is that they are masses of matter, and *all* such attract each other. To affirm a "centripetal force" *sui generis* we explain nothing, just as, when Adam Smith accounts for the institution of commerce by an inborn tendency in men to exchange, he explains nothing. Nevertheless we find M. Taine constantly forgetting this point of view, and talking as if he found fault with the illicit class of abstractions less for their barrenness than for the isolation and independent entity which their votaries ascribe to them—for their appearing "behind" the phenomenon, not in it. But the abstract characters whose reality he admits must also be taken as independent of the concrete phenomena in which they appear; being "the same" in all, they are independent of each, and require M. Taine to provide a separate plane of being for them to subsist in anterior to their taking on the divers adventitious particularities which determine their appearance in their diverse concrete shapes. This he often ostensibly denies, but virtually admits in many places, and this admitted, his contempt for the phantoms of metaphysical illusion, the illegitimate children of abstraction, is unjustifiable except on the mere ground of their uselessness. By his own showing in many places they are generated by the same process as that which extracts and isolates the more valid general characters: for instance, force and necessity are "particularities extracted from the events"; in the line of our *subjective* experiences "all the elements present a constant character, which, being continually repeated, seems persistent, *i.e.*, the particularity of being a *within*, in opposition to the without; and this later on will offer to reflection and language the temptation to isolate it under the name of subject and ego."

If the character is in the elements, common to all, why is it not as fair to extract it and call it Ego and real, as to do the same by the "character common to all the elements" of a line straight or curved, which we express by its equation and which M. Taine rightly deems so important? This blowing hot and cold is amusingly exemplified on p. 205, where the Ego in the same sentence is defined to be *nothing more* than its series of events placed in succession, and yet *not merely* this series. A questionable shape, indeed! Only our bifocal theory of his speculation can well account for such inconsistencies. Take the notions of power, force, etc. He praises Bain everywhere, yet flies in the face of his teaching as regards activity. Bain admits that our experiences of activity as such contain a peculiar generic *quale* of consciousness which distinguishes them from all merely passive impressions. If this be a true portion of certain sensations, Taine should consent to its extraction and use. He nevertheless out-Humes Hume in his declaration that all notions of activity are pure nonentities. We can only account for it by supposing his old habit of animosity to M. de Biran to have led him astray.

M. Taine's relation to the English school constantly challenges criticism, showing everywhere superficial adhesion with unconscious deep-lying dissent. The most signal instance of this occurs in his treatment of Mill's "Psychological Theory of an External World," which he quotes with entire approval, and then proceeds to make what he calls an "addition" which is nothing less than a cool and flat contradiction or begging of the whole question again. Mill in his resolution of matter into permanent possibilities of sensation is a thorough-going idealist. The argument either disproves any purely objective form of being, or it does nothing it all. The point of view is wholly subjective. When we say that matter exists independently of our actual sensations, all Mill understands is that we firmly expect other sensations, or are certain of them. After accepting all Mill's premises, for the word *certainty* in the conclusion M. Taine simply substitutes *necessity* (p. 279), and then naïvely says he has corrected the theory, and vindicated a noumenal existence. This noumenal existence he afterwards explains to be a mode of motion; thereby falling back on the old theory of primary and secondary qualities, and seeming to forget his previous adoption of the ma-

lysis of Spencer and Bain, which explains space away into muscular sensations.

He is too apt to graze the deepest problems without seeming to become aware of them. His account of sensuous perception, for instance, is admirable, considered as mere psycho-physiology, but very unsatisfactory philosophy. Relying on the "law of specific energies" of the organs of sense, he makes hallucination to be the type of the entire process. Perception he defines as "veracious hallucination," and the useful word, "reductive," is introduced to denote the circumstance, usually the contradictory testimony of another sense (or, we may add, the antagonism of past experience), by which an incipient hallucination of one sense is repressed and recognized as subjective. An hallucination of one sense becomes veracious, or in M. Taine's words, "corresponds" to an objective reality when other senses corroborate it; but what warrant he has for postulating this objective against the complex of subjective states, or how out of a conspiracy of hallucinations anything real can be hatched, does not appear. Logically, he should only ascribe to sensible perceptions a harmony, or veracity relatively to each other, but not relatively to the external object. This problem Bain and Mill solve by their idealism, recent German psychologists by their several devices. But M. Taine seems unaware of its existence.

Another of his unsatisfactory evasions of difficulties touches the very core of metaphysics. He simply *assumes* his doctrine that axioms are identical propositions, that general characters contain others *analytically* involved in them, that attributes enter into subjects only as portions of wider sets of attributes, not *per se* or directly—with all that flows from it, as that syntheses of data exist intrinsic and essential, absolute and universal; so that the second one must exist in any possible universe where the first is to be found; and that we may at last reach an universal concept from which the "whole remediless flow of existence" may be proved to spring. The doctrine may be true or false, but the opposite ones of Kant and Mill deserve deeper consideration than the mere contradiction he accords to them.

But with all its shortcomings the book is a valuable one. The early chapters contain the clearest and best account of the psychology of cognition with which we are acquainted, and the best adapted to the general reader. The latter ones are full of ingenious original and permanently valuable suggestions. It is almost a marvel that the hand which wrote the "Voyage aux Pyrénées" should also have produced this book. We are sure that it will play a vital part in the revival of philosophy on an empirical basis which is about to begin in France. And we know no work which advanced students in our own language may better employ to exercise their critical acumen.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for September is as good a number as we recollect, the reader being provided with several articles which are very seasonable if we think of the summer, and one that is very seasonable as regards the political campaign. This latter, which is anonymous, is vigorously, not to say slashingly, written, is savage upon the political morality, the political sense, and the mental ability of the Republicans who framed the Cincinnati platform, and the Democrats who adopted that document, which the writer holds to be ungrammatical, impudent, and dishonest. We are not far from being in sympathy with most that he says, but there are one or two passages in his production which remove all wonder that he should prefer to remain anonymous. Mr. Sumner's tirade against General Grant was petty in spirit, as pretentious and dictatorial and quarrelsome as ever any words or acts of the accused President could be; but even were it permitted to reply to one "railing accusation" by another, as Saint Michael would not though it was the devil himself who made it, there are some things here urged against the senator which it is disgraceful to have brought forward. The writer is able, however, and well-informed, and his article worth reading.

"The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" has reached its twenty-fourth chapter, and evidently is to be a novel which the readers of *Lippincott* will put upon their book-shelves as well as read in these instalments, for parts of it at least will wear and repay more than one perusal. We have not found any easier reading in a long time. We believe, however, we could spare some of Madam Tita's remarks at the ends of the chapters, they being now and again rather forced in point of humor and making a spot of stupidity almost, as at the end of the twenty-fourth chapter. But the novel as a whole is much to be liked and not a little to be praised. We see that Mr. Black makes mention here of an essay the recovery of which ought to be attempted by the learned, as is plain from its title: "The septuagenarian was not a nice person for ladies to listen to. Indeed, in one direction he was amply qualified to have written 'A Dialogue between a Man and a Cat: being a Discussion which would like to use the most bad language when the tail of the latter is trodden upon.'"

Good, too, and unexpectedly good, considering the woful threadbareness of the subject, is the "Wanderings in Palestine," which is by a traveller who, discarding revolvers, dragomans, and suites, donned the Turkish dress and struck out to make the journey by himself, or with no companion but a mule. This article is illustrated. "E. S.'s" account of Mr. Thomas Scott's Picture Gallery in Philadelphia is instructive as usual, and discriminating; but the machinery of young lady and artist which the writer uses will not strike many people as very felicitous. "Through William Penn's Low Countries" takes us down into the fat land along the Lower Delaware and to the south of the Quaker capital—a land fat with butter, and cheese, and rich soil, and reed-birds, and rail, and partridge, and deep meadows, but where now the landscape gardener and the "park city," like Mr. Robert Morris Copeland's Ridley Park, is invading the sleepy old town and the village of stone farmhouses. "The Black Pearl" is a translation from the French of M. Victorien Sardou—a puzzle not without cleverness, and light enough to defy the thermometer. And if quite that cannot be said about Mrs. Wistar's "Summer Between the Four Seas," there can, at any rate, be said of this latter that it contains as good a description of the peculiar character of English scenery as can often be had. "No. 25," on the other hand, is a love story that would wring anybody's heart. It is of Paul the artist and Miss Leslie Howard, a heartless coquette.

In the *Galaxy*, an ex-Congressman, "T. N. P.," begins some "Desultory Sketches," which have a faint interest. The writer's memory appears to have, like amber, an attractive force for bits of floating rubbish, and to enclose dead flies, and, in general, to be not much worth consulting. Still, his articles will be read through, and will be of some service as lending a little of human existence to men who have in great part become newspaper names. As good as anything in this first set of reminiscences is one which relates that, in 1856, the writer and the late John Van Buren being on the stump together in Ohio, and Van Buren being too sick one night to speak, but well enough to be as jocose as usual, played his friend the trick of putting him forward as the orator of the evening. The intellectual labor of the campaign had not been very exhausting, the reporter not then existing in his present perfection, and Mr. P. had heard Van Buren's speech till he knew it by heart, anecdotes and all; so when he was pushed forward, he proceeded to deliver it word for word, with Van Buren behind him, on the platform, cursing semi-audibly throughout the oration. For the rest, T. N. P. seems to be one of those good-natured friends who are the worst enemies of a wit deceased, the merry jests of the Rev. Mr. Hugh Peters himself not being flatter than most of these related of Prince John. However, he practised before a court very indulgent and not very well-informed.

Mr. Froude is Mr. Justin McCarthy's subject this month, and gets more lenity of treatment than is altogether his due, though his faults are, perhaps, sufficiently indicated, whether or not sufficiently reprehended. "No Playing Tricks with Love" is a translation from the Spanish, made by Mr. John Hay, and well worth making for its wit and pleasantry. A transposition of the preposition in the first line of the eighth stanza would have the effect of making the Latin quantities seem a little straighter. Other articles in this September number are a second paper on "The French at Home," by Mr. Albert Rhodes; "A Sabbath among the Orthodox Jews," by W. M. R.; five interminable chapters of the interminable "Eustace Diamonds"; an article on "Our Household Servants," by a lady who is inclined to think that we educate our young people out of their sphere, and thus spoil them for good servants; and some more of General Custer's "Life on the Plains," together with critical, scientific, and other matter. General Custer describes the massacre of a party of sixty or seventy United States troops by Indians, and gives us an illustration—not infrequently paralleled, we believe—of the ferocity of this sort of warfare; the last shot in his revolver the officer saves for himself or his friend: "Only six men of the command were killed by balls, and two of these, Colonel Fetterman and Captain Brown, no doubt inflicted this death upon themselves or each other by their own hands, for both were shot through the left temple, and powder was burnt into the skin and flesh above the wound."

The servant-girl question comes up again in *Old and New*, and is there handled in a better spirit, as it seems to us, than that shown by the writer in the *Galaxy*; or rather, let us say, with a clearer perception of the difficulty. That either writer has an effective remedy to propose is more than can be said, for, indeed, when the solver of this general riddle makes her appearance, all but a miracle will have been performed, though that there are not many solutions of it in particular cases nobody will be swift to assert who reads the paper in *Old and New*. That mistresses are careless, untrained, unwilling to teach their servants, and inconsiderate in their treatment of those under them, is the burden of the writer's lament, and she demands for the servant a fuller and franker recognition of the fact that she, too, is a woman and a sister, with some rights as to "followers," and the

gratification of vanity and affection and other feminine traits. The essay, without being so specific, is a good deal in the line of Mrs. Craik's volume. We fear it is too soon or too late to hope that it will be of much more effect as a remedy than the Catholic Church's remedy for labor strikes—which is, that the capitalist and the laborer should alike begin to love God, and then the whole evil would disappear as by magic. However, it may call the attention of some mistresses to the fact that they are habitually tyrannical and exacting and fond of hating other women, and making them slave as much as possible, and so may do some sporadic good.

"Person and President" is the title of an article by a gentleman who has a lively contempt for the late editor of the *Tribune*, and has convinced himself that Grant for President is worth fifty or a hundred or an indefinite number of any sort of Greeleys. Apparently he is of the opinion of an English critic, that thirty years spent in editing a wrong-headed newspaper is not the best preparation for the Presidency. "It does seem," he remarks at the close, "as if the 'National Executive' would be the better for having some executive qualities." As for Mr. Greeley's work, of which there has been plenty, it has been of a kind of which "the more one does of it, the further does one go from executive usefulness." The candidate has not the requisite strength of character, or courage, or wisdom, or cool self-command and deliberation in deciding between opposite sets of reasons, or ability to choose men and command them, or experience, or steadiness, or responsibility, or courtesy, or habits of business. But then, as Mr. Sumner says, he has "historical knowledge"—though we suppose our *Old and New* critic would assert that when the Sage has got to the end of his knowledge of county returns in spring and fall elections, and what he knows about what Barnburner was "slaughtered" in such and such a convention, he has gone a long way towards getting to the verge and bound of any heaps of historic lore which he may have laid up. The writer is far more cool and measured than the writer in *Lippincott's*, and makes some very good points in favor of General Grant as against his antagonist. We commend it to reformers who have been away from contact with the people and packed close together in Washington; and to representatives of the press who have been shut up in the hot air of newspaper offices, whether heated by the great prairie fire or not. It will show them, we fancy, a pretty fair average view of Grant's character and career from a comparatively unpartisan standpoint.

In the *Catholic World* "On the Misty Mountain" takes us to the Plains again and among Indians on the war-path, and another good article for the lay reader is about the Stage, which institution gets more civil treatment than the religious press commonly gives it. "Fleurange" also may be read by the exoteric and the alien; but everything else, we think, is for the faithful believer. "Intellectual Centres" treats of Geneva, of Rome, of Munich, of Oxford, and of Boston—all with respect, but not with what one would call weight. In Boston "infidelity and cynicism make their home in the midst of a luxuriant growth of intellect."

The *Atlantic* opens with a curious description of a Japanese theatre, in which Mr. E. H. House recently spent a day watching the long-drawn out performance. It is such as will quicken the reader's interest in the remarkable race with whom we Americans seem destined to come into relations so close, and is besides very entertaining. A better specimen of true magazine reading we have not lately seen. "Half an Hour before Supper," the second article, consists of verses by Mr. Bret Harte, and would seem to teach that nowadays the young wives of elderly men behave improperly in railroad cars, flirting heavily with young men of indifferent breeding and more or less power of intellect; it is of great profit and poetical value, but probably to most readers somewhat obscure till it is studied carefully—the study being directed to ascertain if the first impression produced can possibly be the one intended. Other poetry is by Mr. Whittier, Mr. Paul H. Hayne, Miss C. F. Bates, and Doctor Holmes, Miss Bates's being good and Mr. Hayne's also having merit, though the pretty ending is hardly worthy of the rest of the poem, which has a sombre impressiveness and melancholy.

"A Western View of Inter-State Transportation" will attract the attention of business men in these days of expensive and dictatorial railroads whose owners have discovered the art of combination and the art of watering stock. Its author, Mr. Charles Seymour, maintains that what the West must have is water communication with the East instead of communication by rail, and he pleads for Federal aid in opening for freight travel a river and canal system which shall bring the Chesapeake Bay and the Gulf nearer to the West and the Northwest. We observe that discussions of his plan are frequent in the newspapers, and that one proposed substitute for it is cheap *freight* railroads as preferable, because they deliver grain and other produce at the seaboard in better condition and more rapidly than if sent by water. It may well be that both means of transportation will in the near future be imperatively demanded; and stranger things might happen than that our politics should once again, and before long, turn in great part on the question of internal improvements, made by the help of Federal credit lent to the States.

Mr. Parton's article on Jefferson points out that Washington and Jefferson strongly desired the construction of a canal which should connect the Potomac with the Western rivers, just as the projected James River Canal will, if ever completed, connect them with the head-waters of the James, and so with the port of Norfolk. He quotes Washington as writing to Jefferson and foreboding our Erie Canal: "I am satisfied," he says, "that not a moment ought to be lost in recommencing this business, as I know the Yorkers will delay no time to remove every obstacle in the way of the other communication so soon as the ports of Oswego and Niagara are surrendered; and I shall be mistaken if they do not build vessels for the navigation of the lakes which will supersede the necessity of coasting." Again, he writes to Benjamin Harrison, that "no person who knows the temper, genius, and policy of these people as well as I do can harbor the smallest doubt of their connecting New York and the lakes by a canal." De Witt Clinton was then a school-boy, and the Yorkers were indeed soon to construct the canal and make their State the Empire State. Mr. Parton is as commendably readable as usual; and though he had better overhaul his international law a little and make notes of it, is instructive; but he is to be blamed, let us remark, for introducing into literature of the better sort the most disgusting word with which political newspapers have recently made us familiar; the title of his article is discreditable to his taste.

"Aunt Rosy's Chest" is a taking sketch by a writer new to us, Mrs. or Miss Olive A. Wadsworth; and "Nuremberg," also by a new writer, Clara Barnes Martin, deserves praise; but the gem of the number is "The Favorite of the Harem," by Mrs. Leonowens, once the English governess of the present King of Siam. Literature, so far as it is known to us, might long be searched in vain for a story so impressive as that of Choy and the slave girl Boon. It would be worth the while of some poet to make the journey to Siam and secure the local framework in which to set this beautiful and tragic picture of devotion, for more poets have had worse themes than this than have had better, and not many have had so good. A fitting companion to Boon as a tragic figure is that of Choy in her surviving misery and remorse. It is strange, and yet not strange either, that from the barbarous and forgotten ends of the earth should come so profound and perfect a poem. But it is of simple human emotions; yet of these in great strength and exaltation and with artistically fortunate accessories.

The critical notes on art, music, science, and politics, and the reviews, are full and readable. The musical critic condemns the Peace Jubilee; Lamon's Life of Lincoln is spoken of at length; the mixed condition of politics is touched upon with an appropriately uncertain hand, and there are some remarks in which we find ourselves particularly interested upon Mr. Ward's Central Park statue of Shakespeare. The writer is mistaken in supposing that he has anywhere else than in the *Nation* found an estimate of the Shakespeare Statue from the same hand that made our notice. And it is right to inform him that the particular method chosen by us for saying that the *pose* of the "Indian Hunter" is perhaps borrowed was chosen because we have been given to understand that a certain art journal was at the moment proposing to show from what two ancient statues the pose in question is borrowed, and we were unwilling to use the language of original discovery of the fact. We may say, too, should the journal above mentioned make its case good, that we for our part should attach less importance to the point made than might probably be attached by the critic making it. The Hunter's attitude is his own, it is safe enough to say; as much so as if there had never been any ancient art in existence.

We think the statue one of the most spirited and striking productions of the country. It is now, as all bronzes must be, a mere *silhouette*, and its modelling is lost. What we have said about the character of its flesh, to the dissatisfaction of the *Atlantic's* critic, was principally from our remembrance of how it compared, in 1867, with a crowd of the best modern statues of Europe. We discussed in that year with an artist out of one of the foremost ateliers in Paris the peculiar adipose look of its flesh, each muscle being well enough defined, but indicating in its separate body corpulence rather than fibre, a distinction plain enough to a student of anatomy. The treatment seemed to forbid the supposition that the flesh had been studied from an Indian model at all. The skin of Indians, as we believe, very much hides the play of the muscles, suggesting to sculpture a treatment like that of the Dying Gladiator, where the heavy cuticle covers the muscular system like canvas; the limbs, too, are surprisingly slender in every case that we have examined.

We can hardly be dissatisfied with the *Atlantic* critic's estimate of the conception in Mr. Ward's Shakespeare, for it appears to us that our own estimate had the good fortune to be in exact coincidence with his own. When he says that the statue looks too much as a designated actor does in *Hamlet*,

reading, he utters a stricture so precisely in the color of our own remarks, and so cleverly resuming the illustrations we used, that there is plainly nothing but harmony between us. The excellent points and general superiority of the Shakespeare have given us a pleasure which we have freely expressed. The misproportion of the head, however, is a glaring oversight impossible to defend. It is not to confuse the *Atlantic* critic, but to save the public from a needless piece of puzzlement, that we recall the variations of measure in ancient sculpture as variations in very small and very delicate points. We could easily prepare a list of all the Greek sculptors' names that have survived, and admit that their scale of proportions varied; this may be safely stated, since no two marble statues are alike. But the extremes of these variations, brought up to a gross eccentricity like that of the Shakespeare statue, may be said to resolve into unity.

The law, in its broad expression, is simple enough. An ideal figure is seven and a half or eight heads high. The never-satisfied seekers of perfection would try of old to add a little or pare a little, but their excursions were very restricted and timid, and their liberties are only evident to an eye in training. Such an eye—an eye that can measure the vibrating nothings that exist between the graceful ideal of Calamides and the square ideal of Polycletus, the Vatican Apollo and the Vatican Antinous—is shocked as by a triphammer at the head of the Shakespeare, a head miles outside of all permitted license. These rules are known, in sum, to all educated artists. Michael Angelo was a lifelong experimenter, fluctuating from the David, with its head and feet enlarged like a boy's, to his stalking little-footed figures nine heads high, that trembled on the border of the absurd. The other, the large-headed excess, is as well known to artists, and it is useful among their purposes. It is employed, for examples, by Assi and Pelegrini in *Vanity Fair* for some of their figures of toppling statesmen, and by André Gill, in his caricatures for *La Lune*, to which class of burlesques Mr. Ward has attached his figure of "le divin Villiams" by the scale he has seen fit to adopt.

The peculiarity of a work is its own misfortune, and its harm stops there. But it is a larger evil when critics get to saying in print that it is of no account; that a sculptor of talent has a right to form his own rules. Why does not the literary man, then, show us what he can do in introducing freedom among the restrictions of grammar and orthography? The artist, indeed, has these rights as a citizen, but as a sculptor, or painter, or architect, he is of no use to anybody after he ceases to be a slave. It is just this sort of good nature which is the bane of Anglo-Saxon art criticism in general, and keeps that criticism in the unfortunate place it occupies among other more tractable and studious nations—turning hand-springs and exhibiting its heels at the windows of the judgment-hall, where the legislation of art is going on by a patient study of old codes and comparison of lasting truths.

Porte Crayon has begun again in *Harper's Monthly* his papers descriptive of rambles in the Virginia back country, which he illustrates about as well with his pencil as with his pen, and has now reached his fifth paper. He always makes a sketch that is readable enough, and the reader who has never been in the regions of which Porte Crayon likes to write may really learn something of his own country by following in the artist's track. There is some little exaggeration, but not enough to convey a false impression if one will bear it in mind that it is the more grotesque phases of back-country life that General Strother presents for inspection. But, indeed, he deals with a pretty rude people—these voters for Governor Jacob and Mr. Camden Johnson. Preceding this article is another, likewise illustrated, and which talks well enough about Venice, and preceding it is one entitled "Round by Propeller," which with gaiety and an inexpensive humor narrates the story of a trip through the Lakes from Buffalo to Chicago—a pleasant vacation voyage for July or August. "The Political Characteristics of the Modern Greeks" tells us that neither a New York victim of the ring nor a member of parliament who has been through a British election need abuse the corruption of Greek politics. Mr. Trollope, Mr. Charles Reade, and Miss Thackeray assist to spread a bountiful feast of fiction before the readers of *Harper's;* any one who chooses may read the fourth of Señor Emilio Castelar's discourses upon "The Republican Movement in Europe"; there is the familiar article on Edgar Allan Poe; some love-stories, and some interesting "Recollections of An Old Stager," which reviews Clay, and Benton, and Jackson, and John Quincy Adams, and their contemporaries. This is the second of the series, which bids fair to be interesting. Some stories are told in this one which have peculiar fitness for a magazine of which Mr. G. W. Curtis is one of the editors; and such of our 53,000 office-holders as are trembling in view of the 4th of March next should read it, and bemoan their fate that they were not born before Marcy's days. The spectacle of John Quincy Adams appointing postmasters on the recommendation of his Postmaster General, MacLean, who at the moment was earnest in favor of the election of Jackson, must make them think of Utopia and the Fortunate Isles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Alberger (J.), Monks, Popes, and their Political Intrigues	(Baltimore)
Archer (E. M.), Christina North: A Tale	(D. Appleton & Co.) $0 75
Beeton (S. O.), Great Book of Poetry, 2 vols.	(Geo. Gebbie)
Büchner (Dr. L.), Man in the Past, Present, and Future	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Donne (W. B.), Euripides	" "
Droz (G.), Babolain, swd.	(F. W. Christern)
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Jubilee Days	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)
Koner (D. W.), Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde, No. 33, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt.)
Lever (C.), St. Patrick's Eve, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 50
Logan (Dr. W. M.), Consumption: Its Pathology and Treatment	(Robert Clarke & Co.)
Littell's Living Age, Vol XXV., Fourth Series	(Littell & Gay)
Meredith (Dr. L. P.), Everyday Errors of Speech	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Monroe (Prof. L. B.), Sixth Reader	(Cowperthwait & Co.)
Montgomery (Florence), Thrown Together: A Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
O'Connell (D.), Orangeism, swd.	(P. Donahoe)
Paigin and Antiquity of Engraving	(Geo Gebbie)
Oesenbrüggen (K.), Die Ehre im Spiegel der Zeit, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Poor (H. V.), Manual of the Railroads of the U. S. for 1872-3	(H. V. & H. W. Poor)
Rammelsburg (Prof. C.), Ueber die Meteoriten, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Seebach (K. von), Ueber die Weiten des Meeres	" "
Stahl (Dr. P. W.), Die Arbeiterfrage sonst und jetzt	" "
Thackeray (W. M.), The Virginians	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1872.

The Week.

THE chief event of the week has been the Vermont election, which resulted in a very decisive Republican victory, the majority against the Greeley men and Democrats being greater than the Administration organs had been predicting, and apparently all but equal to the corresponding majority in 1868. Of less apparent significance is the meeting of the Louisville Convention, which, as we go to press, is meditating a letter from Mr. O'Conor. It is a curious production—honest, wise in places, and in other parts only too sadly impracticable and futile.

Apart from the Vermont election there is nothing that is new to be said about the contest between the Republicans and the supporters of Greeley. With each week it has become plainer that all thought of reform of any kind must for the present be postponed, and that the question which the country has to answer this autumn is whether it will keep the Republican party with all its faults and shortcomings in control of the Government, or will turn the conduct of affairs over to the Democracy, and the Democracy unreformed, so far as can be judged. Mr. Sumner says it is not unreformed, and the Liberal Republican papers say the same thing; but, on the other hand, Mr. Black, who is in as good a position to know about the party as Mr. Sumner or Mr. Banks, says that the recent Amendments will not do, and virtually promises us a few more years of Congressional wrangling and strife in case the "party of hate" shall be defeated and his own party shall succeed in electing Greeley and Brown. "This is the sum of all our woes and misfortunes in the South," says one of Mr. Greeley's ablest supporters in Virginia, "this is the incurable cancer which is eating out our young life"—negro suffrage, namely; and such utterances must be held to indicate what will be the character of our politics for the next four years, unless the nail that was driven by the Amendments is clinched definitely and once for all by the success of the party whose policy is embodied in the Constitution as amended. At the North this is everywhere seen to be the main issue of the campaign; and while others are touched upon—as the reduction of the debt, the general prosperity, the services of Grant, Greeley's unfitness, the cheat and pretence by which he was made a candidate—the point most insisted upon is, that it is not yet time to allow the Democracy to return to power. From every stump and platform and in every party paper this doctrine is preached. It appears to meet with sufficient acceptance.

We believe there is no doubt that the letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Wilson to certain Germans, denying point-blank that he had ever been a member of the Know-Nothing party, was not written by him. It is now in order, therefore, for numbers of Liberal Republican editors to wipe away the tears from their eyes and forego to mourn over Wilson as a Liar. Their grief is a credit to them, but it appears not to be required. It would be well to know if it was the friends of Senator Wilson who invented this device, or if it was his enemies. It could hardly have been his friends, one would suppose, for nothing could be less wise than for them to deny that Mr. Wilson once was so short-sightedly politic, or so sincerely mistaken, that he did go for a short time into a movement which, if it had something of honest apprehension at the bottom of it, nevertheless had more of ignorant bigotry and blindness, and still more of political sharp practice and rascality, and as much, perhaps, of jocoseness. It used to be a huge joke to astound Whigs and Democrats on election morning by showing them some obscure person at the head of the poll, while the unterrified or the eminently respectable was at the foot. It is a folly now long dead, and recognized as being dead and dusty by everybody, and to resuscitate the recollection of it hurts nobody and helps nobody to any material extent. If it was Mr. Wilson's enemies who invented the letter, the invention would appear to be still more foolish. It is neither to their credit nor advantage to have tried to foist on a man in his position a very clumsy falsehood.

Some of our friends think that nobody but a "tepid Laodicean" would object to that peculiar species of political warfare which consists in reminding candidates when they are old that "the tomb" is waiting for them, advising them to occupy their minds with the contemplation of "death" instead of the questions of the day, and accusing those who nominate them of having "robbed the grave." Nothing is more certain, however, than that all improvements in political warfare were treated when first proposed as the suggestions of weakness and effeminacy. When it was the custom of each party to eat as many of its enemies as it could get hold of, and a slice of a "champion" or "standard-bearer" was esteemed a delicacy, it was, we are sure, thought very mawkish and a waste of good meat to insist on the bodies being buried uncooked. After that, torture at the stake, the cutting off of heads or scalping became manly and legitimate expressions of a decided difference of opinion, but the "Laodiceans" finally did away with them all, and got us down gradually to the harmless and humdrum process of voting against each other with loud yells and mutual abuse. The abuse, we suppose, must last, but it can be improved. Taunting an old man with his age and bidding him prepare for death is a relic of savagery. Any man who does it in broadcloth and a white shirt is anachronous, and ought to receive a coat of red ochre, or have his breast and thighs handsomely tatooed. It is not only barbarous, however, but absurd. A man's age indicates little as to the state of his faculties, and it is the state of his faculties which is the important point for voters. When a man of seventy can command an army as Moltke has done, or a man of seventy-four can administer as Thiers is doing, or a man of eighty as Palmerston did, and a man of seventy-two judge as Sir Alexander Cockburn is doing, to taunt General Dix with being old and bid him prepare for death is silly as well as brutal.

We have commented elsewhere on one portion of the Massachusetts Republican platform, in which one always expects to find the most advanced Republican doctrine. It contained, indeed, little that was remarkable beyond the usual platitudes. We were, however, a good deal entertained by the dextrous way in which "the soldiers and sailors" were dealt with. Platforms usually contain a frantic declaration that no earthly power shall prevent the soldiers and sailors from having their pensions punctually paid. This has, however, been of late getting very flat and unprofitable, and it must, therefore, have been a great relief to the Committee on Resolutions at Worcester to be able to work Greeley into this resolution, and give the old rascal a "dig" while easing the minds of the soldiers and sailors. This was cleverly done by drawing attention to the fact that if the Sage should be elected, the "national bounty" would probably have to be divided between both them and their late enemies of the rebel army. The boldest thing in the platform is an open declaration in favor of woman suffrage, which will produce sobs of delight in the office of the *Woman's Journal*. General Butler did not attempt to contest the governorship with Mr. Washburn, though it is not reported that there has been any abatement in his ambition. He has been handsomely and thoroughly "exposed" by the Liberal Republican press for supporting Grant now, after having heartily abused him in 1867. We may imagine how the General will writhe under this revelation of his inconsistency.

A passenger who on the 22d of last month was on board the steamer *New England*, which plies between Boston and St. John,

N. B., tells a story which goes far towards explaining the wreck of the unfortunate *Metis*. He says that, leaving St. John about nine o'clock in the morning, the boat struck a fog-bank when twenty miles out of port, and that being accustomed to the method of running vessels in Canadian waters, he was surprised to see that the *New England*, although the weather had shut in very thick, was kept running at full speed. At about a quarter after eleven in the forenoon, he heard the bell ring sharply, apparently signalling danger, but before the boat's headway could be sensibly diminished she struck with a heavy shock, and then, gradually careening as she went, she slid up the rock for about a third of her length, with a hard, grinding rub, and hung there with her stern in twenty fathoms of water, with the prospect of breaking up if the sea grew rough, and of sinking if she slipped off, to say nothing of the danger of an explosion. The sea remained smooth, and the passengers, assisted by fishermen—for luckily the wreck was near an island—were all got off safely. The narrator goes on to say that though he had paid his fare through to Boston, the boat's agent at Eastport refused to forward him and his companions, or to feed them; and, says he, "such is the willingness of American travellers to put up with imposition from railroad and steamboat men, that this was quietly accepted as if we considered ourselves lucky to escape drowning at the hands of the International Steamship Company." We should say the International Steamship Company might probably be more amenable to reason than its Eastport agent, and that if not, a suit, of which the expenses might be paid jointly by several of the Boston passengers, would, in all probability, be enough to bring the Company to reason, and to establish a comfortable precedent for a long time to come. In the case of the *Metis*, it seems clear that there must have been similar carelessness on the part of the steamer's officers. At all events, we are bound to make ourselves believe so till the investigation, now going on, asserts the contrary, for it will never do to think that absolute wreck and the drowning of thirty-odd persons are to be set down as among the ordinary and unpreventible contingencies of travel in Long Island Sound. Carelessness in the equipment of the vessel appears to be already evident, the boats being inadequate in number. And aboard these steamers—each one of which almost every day for months carries passengers enough to populate a small town—it is usual that the crew are 'longshoremen and freight-handlers rather than able seamen. It is not said that they did not behave reasonably well individually in this instance, but there appears to have been almost no organized good behavior. The passengers, both men and women, seem to have been creditably courageous and unselfish; but there is little that can be done to light up so dark and sad a story.

The *Tribune* has lately endeavored to get at the true state of affairs in the Bloomingdale Asylum by employing a reporter to feign madness, and have himself committed to it, after the example of the "Amateur Casual" in London, and the legitimacy of the device has been the subject of a good deal of question. It has even been likened to "sneak-thieving." It is, of course, always doubtful how far it is lawful to use deception for any end, however laudable; but as long as the community not only pardons but encourages detectives, whose whole career is a succession of tricks and frauds, it will hardly do to condemn absolutely the same mode of exposing the abuses of prison-houses and asylums. Moreover, it will not do, in judging it, to overlook the fact that there is, as regards honorableness and dishonorableness, a marked distinction between prying into things which the public has no right to know and things which the public has every right to know. If there be no other good way of getting at the condition of jails, hospitals, and asylums, by all means let us use detectives; and let us not forget that it is not the state in which committees and commissions find these institutions, but the state in which patients and prisoners find them day by day, that it concerns us to know. We believe, for instance, that a reporter who had broken his leg or burnt his breast six months ago, and had himself conveyed to Bellevue Hospital, and had told exactly what he there saw, would have deserved well of his country. Think of a public hospital, for instance, supported by the revenues of a wealthy city, in which no soap was used in the laundry! But then an editor who uses this means incurs a heavy responsibility in choosing the man for the work. If he employs a light-headed blatherskite, fond of florid description, he ought to go to jail himself.

Too much, we think, has been said about the disgraceful facility with which the *Tribune's* madman for the nonce effected his incarceration in Bloomingdale Asylum. The theory appears to be that doctors know asylums to be horrible habitations of cruelty, and that the thing to do when a young man feigns violent mania for two or three days, to the avowed grief and fear of his uncle and his intimate friends who have had him in the hands of other physicians, is to keep him as far as possible from Bloomingdale. An opposite theory is not wholly unworthy of consideration, and that is that an honest doctor, anxious for the welfare of his patient, may, when he cannot make out the condition of a man who behaves as much like a maniac as is possible for him, be very glad to entrust him to the influences of an asylum with its presumably skilled alienists and its careful means and appliances. We must not forget, either, the extreme difficulty of saying absolutely that a given person is sane—especially if he is dumb, and makes attempts to jump from three-story windows, and generally devotes himself to hullabaloo and silliness for no assignable reason. Even a satisfactory definition of insanity is not yet agreed upon. As for asylums and their government and attendants, we must recollect that not everybody will go into an asylum as an attendant, that maniacs are the reverse of agreeable patients or companions, and that the proper treatment of them is a matter of much dispute. We think the present law defective; we strongly suspect that our American asylums are one and all behind the best foreign asylums so far as concerns methods and theories; we hope there will be rigid investigation in this case and in others. But we must recollect that in all this lunatic business we have a very sensational subject.

That the human mind has a readiness for discovering the marvellous has long been known. Last week a member of the police force was discovered in the act of committing a burglary, and on being arrested informed his captain that he had been engaged in seventeen other offences of the same grade, his object being to supply himself with money to be used in gambling, and his method consisting of robbery and the pawning of the goods stolen. Upon this an enormous deal of surprise is expressed. Yet, so far as known, Mr. Tweed is still at large; Mr. Hall has never been under arrest; Mr. Connolly politely but firmly declines to be subpœnaed; Mr. Cardozo in his retirement enjoys a very large income; some of Mr. Fisk's effects at the house of Miss Mansfield have just been sold after inspection by some five or six thousand persons; Mr. Jay Gould is among the richest of Christians the whole world round; Mr. O'Brien's and Mr. Brennan's deputies, many of whom have filched more hundreds than Aiken got dollars from the "fences," are still industrious in their calling, virtuous, and at peace; Mr. Barnard receives "sympathy" from judges of the Court of Appeals and the editors of incorruptible journals; perfectly well-known gambling-houses are open by the score, and the keeper of one of them is a member of Congress. Plenty of similar sights there are to be seen which might serve all of us as aids to virtue and incitements to the right conduct of police and other life. Considering the case of Mr. Dorman Eaton and those of Mr. Stokes and Mr. Foster, we get off fairly well if our policemen stop short of murdering and set up their rest at burglary. The marvellous thing really is that the police force, and the entry clerks, and cashiers, and shopboys are anything like as honest and respectable as they are. The spectacle of Police Commissioner Henry Smith investigating the grand larcenies of Officer Aiken makes wonder at their occasional rascalities seem superfluous.

The question of the genuineness of Livingstone's letters to the *Herald* still continues to be discussed by that paper and the unbelievers—very absurdly on the part of the latter, some of whom still deny that Stanley has seen Livingstone at all. This "incident," however, as they say in the French Assembly, is absolutely closed, and there is little use in talking about it any longer. It remains to supply a motive for Stanley's forging the letters to the *Herald* when all else that he brought with him has been proved genuine. This has not been done; but the letters have been attacked on two grounds—first, for those passages which are perfectly characteristic of Livingstone, and then for certain Americanisms which, it was thought, must either have been interpolated, or else were proof of forgery throughout. That the public did not recognize the natural, colloquial style of Livingstone is not surprising; for only a very small portion of them have read his works with any attention, and the general idea of him was quite as false in one direction as Stanley's prejudices were in another. The Americanisms were certainly more suspicious in a man who is popularly supposed to have passed his entire life in the wilds of Africa. They have, however, been satisfactorily accounted for. Mr. W. F. Stearns, of this city, who, in India, became the host and intimate friend and benefactor of Dr. Livingstone, and who identifies both his handwriting and his style, states that he is an ardent admirer of this country, and that one of his sons fell while fighting in the Union army. But, besides this, his brother, John Livingstone, has been living in Canada for more than thirty years, and he, too, pronounces the letters genuine in all respects; and, finally, another brother, the Rev. Charles Livingstone, the Doctor's companion in the exploration of the Zambesi, spent seventeen years in the United States, was educated and married here, and, says the Canadian brother, "so far as you could tell, he was an American in his speech and manners." The *Sun*, which has been endeavoring to prove the whole affair a humbug by showing that Stanley was a bad fellow when younger, and no American, but a Welshman, now cites two Welsh papers in support of its assertion that his real name is John Rowland. But this, in the present state of linguistics, can hardly be called dealing openly with its readers, the Welsh tongue, though said to have been familiar in Eden, not being a common accomplishment in modern times, and statements in Welsh being difficult of verification.

The Agricultural Laborers' Union in England has made a report, which Canon Girdlestone, the benevolent clergyman who began the movement, may read with pride and satisfaction. There are now 150,000 laborers enrolled in the Union, there are few counties in which it has not obtained a foothold, and after paying all expenses, and sending delegates to carry on the agitation in every direction, there is a balance of £2,500 in the treasury. The general result of the agitation has been that wages have risen at least a shilling a week all over the country, and in many cases four shillings. Forty dollars is now paid for the harvest month, where twenty-five dollars used to be paid, and it is expected that sixteen shillings a week, instead of nine or ten, will be the general rule of wages next summer. The melancholy feature of the movement is, that nothing, or next to nothing, has been won without a strike, the farmers fighting to the last, and the landlords standing by them. The men are very anxious to have a plot of ground assigned to them with their houses, to be cultivated for themselves, but this reasonable demand the Duke of Marlborough, one of the greatest proprietors in the country, has met by a haughty and defiant letter, in which he lays it down that a laborer's cottage on his estates shall hereafter be vacated whenever the laborer is dismissed by his employer, and the Bishop of Ripon has been foolish enough to denounce the Union in a speech, and recommend the laborers to put its delegates and all lecturers and agitators under the parish pump. This is brave talk, but it will not do, and the immediate effect of it has been to raise a cry for the electoral franchise as the only way of making landlords and farmers treat the laborer with ordinary consideration. The movement has, however, been marked by extraordinary sobriety of language and behavior. There has not been a trace of Communism in it. At one of the meetings the letter of the correspondent of a French paper, *le Bien Public*, in which he said that the object of the Union was to take away the land from the proprietors, and that one Archer, the leading man, was at the head of an armed force 150,000 strong, was read amidst great laughter.

Poor Jules Favre has just had a most unpleasant reminder of the odium which now surrounds his name. The revelations that were made about his private life over a year ago drove him out of politics, and it was generally supposed would have driven him into total retirement. But he held that nothing had happened to preclude him from practising his profession, so he still appeared in court; and the other day, for a woman accused of "holding communication with the enemy." He had, however, no sooner risen in court than the jury announced that such was their repugnance to the counsel, that they could not try the case fairly if he appeared in it, and the judge accordingly postponed the case. Their aversion, however, was political, not personal. Most Frenchmen now dislike Favre for one of two reasons—either because he did not make peace in September, 1870, or because he did make peace in 1871; that is, they are disgusted with him for declaring he would never yield "an inch of soil, or a stone of a fortress," and six months later yielding whole fortresses and whole provinces.

The German press is agreed in assigning to the meeting of the three Emperors some grave political significance, and the rumors and conjectures to which the first announcement of it gave rise have finally settled down into a semi-official statement, the purport of which is as follows: The visit of the Crown-Prince of Italy to Berlin last June gave umbrage at Vienna, by reviving the memories of the alliance of 1866. To smooth this away, to further the policy of conciliation which Bismarck avowed in 1870, and to make patent the good understanding restored between Prussia and Austria, the Emperor of Austria was invited to Berlin, and his intended visit was openly proclaimed at Vienna. But for many years Bismarck has sedulously cultivated the friendship of Russia, and care must be taken in attracting Vienna not to repel Petersburg. Besides, many interests in common would render a consultation of the three Emperors most opportune. Accordingly, the Emperor of Russia was invited to Berlin at the time fixed for the reception of Francis Joseph; and information of this is said to have been communicated to the latter by an autograph letter from the King of Prussia. This news, however, produced a little friction at Vienna, which is now to be reduced by a preliminary interview between the heads of Austria and Germany, at Ischl. The questions likely to occupy the three Emperors are these four: First, the peace of Europe in view of the threatened revenge of France upon Germany. Unless crazed by the success of her loan, France is not likely to go to war with Germany unsupported; and so, by a good understanding with Italy, Austria, and Russia, Germany may hope to keep her choleric neighbor in longer durance, and thus to maintain the peace of the Continent. A second point will be so to influence affairs at Rome as to keep the next Pope out of politics. This is as important to the domestic peace of Russia and the internal development of Austria as to the unity and concord of Germany. The third point will be an adjustment of the Eastern question, as between Russia and Austria, upon a basis which will enable Germany to stand as the guarantee of both without prejudice to either party. The Danish press urges also the settlement of the North-Schleswig question, and the Poles threaten the Imperial table with the ghost of Banquo. Last of all, the social question—which now agitates the people of each empire, and threatens Europe with revolution—will occupy the deliberations of the Imperial Council—more, however, in the line of repression than of solution. The Emperor of Russia appears at Berlin in great state, with two sons, a brother, and a large military staff; and the days from the 5th of September on will be given to parades, reviews, illuminations, and the most brilliant festivities.

THE DANGER OF PLAYING TRICKS WITH THE LABOR QUESTION.

As our readers know, nothing has hitherto proved sufficient to induce the gentlemen who compose party platforms and deliver harangues about "the rights of labor" to embody in a debatable proposition their opinions as to what the Government of this country, whether State or Federal, ought to do, which it does not now do, for the laborer. We hear a great deal of "the wrongs of the workingman," but those who talk about them, resolutely and persistently refuse to say in what way they ought to be and can be redressed by legislation. We are told that the workingman ought to have more leisure, but how he is to get more leisure without its costing him anything nobody reveals. We are told that he ought to have higher wages, but all the orators and writers refuse to give us a draft of the bill by which more wages are to be supplied. Instead of this, we are treated month after month to vapid declamation, insinuating and hinting and suggesting, rather than openly asserting, that there is some sort of legislation called for by justice and humanity which would give the workingman his rightful social position, but which the Government withholds. The worst of it is that it is not solitary raving orators or irresponsible editors only who do this. It has become within a few years a regular practice of the various party conventions. A "labor plank" is now an essential portion of every party platform, whether State or national; the laborers, or the "servants of civilization," as the Philadelphia platform called them, gradually taking the place of the "soldiers and sailors" as objects of the enthusiastic homage of politicians.

When we took up the Massachusetts Republican platform, adopted the other day at Worcester, we thought we had at last lighted on a distinct definition of the duty of the Government to the workingmen, but we were more thoroughly cheated than ever. The "labor plank" declares that the Republican party is in favor of "improving the condition, increasing the wages, and lightening the toil of laboring men," which is a safe and harmless statement. A man of any party who denied that these things were "objects of his desire" would in our day be very hard to find. One is not deeply moved either, or greatly surprised, to hear that the Republican party in Massachusetts intends "to do all in its power to collect information" that may be "useful in the solution of the problems which concern the existence of the American laborer." When, however, we got to the affirmation that the party not only approves of the "legislative restrictions on the hours of labor of women and children, but recognizes the desirableness of reducing the hours of all wage labor," we thought we had at last lighted on the grand plan by which poverty and hard work were to be robbed of their bitterness. What was our disappointment, therefore, to find that the Republican party of Massachusetts had no plan at all for the regeneration of society, and that it only recognized the desirableness of "reducing the hours of all wage labor" in so far as could be done without so diminishing production as to affect injuriously the best interests of the laborer himself, and "so far as should be demanded by his intelligent and considerate sense of his own welfare." In other words, the Massachusetts Republican Convention thinks the workingman ought to reduce his hours of labor if he can afford it, and if he himself thinks it would suit him, which would be one of the most harmless propositions ever uttered, if we did not know that it was intended to deceive the discontented and ignorant, and excite false hopes in their minds. Reduced to plain English, it amounts to saying that in the matter of the hours of labor, the workingman ought to do as he thinks best; but by making the announcement in pompous and windy phrases that this is the opinion of "the Republican party," the expectation is aroused among the unreflecting and excitable, that by voting for the Republican party some legislation restricting the hours of labor without any diminution of wages will eventually be secured. Apart from the probability of its resulting in legislation, the opinion of the gentlemen composing the Worcester Convention on the labor question is of no more value than their opinions on the utilitarian philosophy or the origin of species.

Now, we do not pretend to know how long the intelligent voters of the country will allow political conventions to carry on this little game of fraud and deception. We know that a great many honest and well-meaning men wink at it, in the belief that the labor question is not a serious or pressing one, and cannot become so in this country, and that if by the use of a few meaningless phrases the workingman's ears can be tickled, and he can be induced to support the party in some great work, there is no harm in it. We beg leave to remind those who think in this way, however, that no phrases used in party platforms are meaningless for everybody. It takes some acuteness and intelligence to detect the absence of meaning in any phrase. The ignorant and stupid put into every party "plank" such meanings as are agreeable to them, and such planks as this of the Worcester platform are manufactured with the distinct intention that they shall be construed by the ignorant and stupid in a way which will "help the party," and which the "managers" can show afterwards was not warranted. Moreover, it has to be remembered by those who think such performances innocent that the number of voters without any political education or experience, or any clear views as to the proper functions of Government, or the relations of the individual to the community, increases every day. The immigration into the country of laborers of this kind is going on on a great scale, and they are concentrating in large masses in the principal seats of industry. To diffuse amongst them sound economical ideas, to give them an adequate sense of the conditions under which free and progressive society exists in America, and train them in the substitution of intelligence for brute force, in the protection of property, and accumulation of capital, would be no easy task under the most favorable circumstances; but if it is to become a part of the regular business of native politicians to play on their worst passions and prejudices, and if this business is to be carried on with the sanction or connivance of the intelligent portion of society, it will be a task which there will be no use in attempting.

Republicans in all parts of the country would do well to remember that all the questions which occupy the public mind at this moment, grave and important as they are, are mere passing trifles compared to the labor question. They will all probably be well-nigh forgotten in ten years; but the labor question will remain, and will be, ten or twenty years hence as it is now, the most tremendous problem with which the modern world has had to deal. We cannot afford to trifle or play tricks with it in America any more than anywhere else. There are plenty of men, and sober and sensible men too, who believe that it contains the disease of which this Christian civilization of ours is to perish; that the passionate pursuit of equality of conditions on which the multitude seems now entering, and the elevation of equality of conditions into the rank of the highest political good, will eventually prove fatal to art, to science, to literature, and to law; and that, after having gone down into barbarism, and witnessed the decay and destruction of all the great monuments of our epoch, we shall have to begin again the old and toilsome ascent made by our forefathers under the lash of hunger and the rule of brute force. This is a pretty dark view. It has not perhaps enough support in actual social phenomena to make us melancholy, but it certainly has enough to make us sober and careful.

THE CONTINUOUS INFLUENCE OF PUBLIC MEN AND NEWSPAPERS.

It is common in our politics to find considerable importance attached to the names of certain persons and the influence of certain newspapers. It appears to be thought that these politicians and periodicals possess a following in their own right, that each of them has a particular constituency, and strongly influences or modifies its action. We talk loosely about the weight of such and such a name with the public, and the valuable support of this and that newspaper, as if they were unchangeable and of themselves formidable factors in any political problem. It is quite worth while enquiring how much strength may really inhere in a particular journal or in the character of any public man.

It seems quite plain that the luckiest, ablest, and most successful man never has a following which a little unsteadiness of his own may not easily shake off. A few of the statesmen of the last generation—Henry Clay, Jackson, and Webster—had perhaps as passionate and devoted adherents as any public men in history. Clay and Jackson, especially, were ardently loved by great numbers of their fellow-citizens. But these men retained to the last the affection of their followers, not because the people did not leave them, but because they did not leave the people. Their course was unwavering; in essentials at least they were the same men to the end. To suppose that these men held the people to them by their talent for leadership, or their "magnetism," or by virtue of any other quality entirely their own, would be absurd on the face of it. Had Jackson and Clay changed sides on the Bank question, nobody supposes that they would have taken their constituencies over with them. Ardently loved as these men were, had either of them lost his head, it is certain that his warmest admirers would have needed a very short education to be cured of their enthusiasm. They would first have "wondered," then "doubted," then "grieved and regretted," and at last have thrown him contemptuously aside. No doubt, in case of an apparently slight divergence in the course of a public leader, people not accustomed to exact thinking might be carried along for a while by the long habit of belief in him; but these divergences would have to be slight and the vagaries few in number. Every man who has gained public confidence may do one, two, or three foolish things. The fewer the better, however; it will be far easier for him to run himself down hill than it was to draw himself up.

But there is not at present a single public leader who can be compared with these men of the last generation in popularity and eminence. Trumbull, Schurz, Morton, Sumner, not one among them possesses a following which is very enthusiastic or very indulgent. Nor is this surprising; it would be strange if it were otherwise. If a citizen cares nothing for politics, it will have been impossible for him to have formed a passionate attachment to any public man. If, on the contrary, he is interested in politics, would it not be surprising if he were willing to give an unconditional adherence to a man he does not personally know and has perhaps never seen? Interest in politics is apt to imply intelligence, while a man who did invariably as Sumner or Morton or Trumbull told him would be a fool.

There are four men now in retirement, quite forgotten and neglected, each of whom has had, in the last ten years, far more of popularity and the national confidence than any of the men now before the country. It took but a few months to degrade McClellan, whom the people really loved and were determined to make into a hero, to a staff-officer at Washington, and again to a derided and defeated candidate for the Presidency. Chase, who was believed by Greeley, Winter Davis, and other people to be our greatest statesman, consented to be a candidate before the New York Convention, and was at once and for ever put aside. Andrew Johnson was another man whom the people at one time had made up their minds to believe in, but he made a speech on the night of the 22d of February, 1866, and in twenty-four hours the country had turned its back upon him. Then there is Wm. H. Seward, who knows just how inalienable is the personal attachment of the people to any public leader.

What we have said of politicians we believe to be substantially true of newspapers. A newspaper may lose its identity and become something else even more easily and immediately than a public man. But, it must be remarked, it will not be thrown overboard so immediately as an erring public man. It contains many things besides politics—business articles, agricultural articles, articles on the fashions, stories for children, the news of all the world. Richard Cobden said that, after all, the real function of a newspaper was the furnishing of news; and the enterprise of a journal in obtaining fresh, full, and various information will go far to atone for its political failings and vagaries. Then its old subscribers know just where to look for what they want to read; they feel entirely at home with the size and appearance of its page. The name goes for a great deal, and the picture under the heading with a steamboat or a thrashing machine or a little boy with a torch, seems just the sort of magnificent device a great journal should have. Then, before a change is made, the women and children of the household must be consulted. In short, a paper, like a locomotive, will run a good way after the engine is reversed.

But it is no more in the power of a newspaper than of a public man to carry its public suddenly round sharp corners and up unknown byways. The work of creating convictions and habits of thought in other minds is necessarily a slow one. An able man or an able paper may do it by the labor of long years; but what it has taken years to do it will take years to undo. To attempt to induce even the most loyal and devoted constituency to change an old political creed or to take up a new political standpoint in a few weeks or few months, is to undertake one of the most difficult of tasks; and yet on this task, or something like it, two of our great newspapers have entered. Unless American society has undergone some radical change, and human nature itself a very marked one, we can hardly doubt what the result will be. The *World* is trying to persuade Democrats that Horace Greeley is a wise and noble man, and the *Tribune* is trying to persuade Republicans that the Democratic party is an honest, upright, and thoroughly enlightened organization. Both may be right; but if they succeed in persuading the public that they are, and wholly escape the indignation of their supporters, they will fare better than any of those who have entered on the same path hitherto. If the Pope were to go into partnership with Garibaldi as a stock-broker, and try to convince the faithful that he was helped in his transactions by the dogma of infallibility, and that Garibaldi was really a dutiful son of the Church, he might possibly get a considerable number of orders, but he could not long retain the confidence of the faithful, nor ever win it back.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATES.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July, 1872.

THE late Edmund Ruffin, Esq., acting under an appointment by the Governor of South Carolina as agricultural surveyor of the State, made his first report in the year 1843, and in his prefatory remarks announced that, "from a very wide and diversified field of important subjects," he had chosen for investigation what he termed the "Great Carolinian Marl Bed." That rich deposits of what Mr. Ruffin called "marls and marl-stones" formed a portion of the geological structure of the State had been surmised, and some investigation had previously taken place, but only to a limited extent, and no definite action had been taken to utilize any knowledge which may have been possessed, or to direct to it the public attention. The Report of the Agricultural Survey for 1843 thus gave to the public the only authentic and, up to the present time, the fullest information upon the subject. The investigations of Mr. Ruffin were chiefly directed towards the discovery and location of deposits of marl and similar substances in which might be found a high percentage of *carbonate of lime*, and his success in this line of research was exceedingly satisfactory. His labors have since been supplemented by various chemists and geologists. Tuomey, Lieber, Agassiz, Lyell, Holmes, Ravenel, Shepard, and others have thrown additional light upon the subject, and it is now a recognized fact that a few feet beneath the surface of the earth commences a bed of marl over 600 feet in depth, and extending for many miles along the coast and through the "low country" of South Carolina. It is of a better quality than the New Jersey marl, and is easily prepared for use either as a cement or as a fertilizer by the application of heat. Many of the analyses of Mr. Ruffin show a percentage of over 90 parts of *carbonate of lime*, as well as from 10 to 12 per cent. of *phosphate of lime*. Dr. St. Julian Ravenel, a well-known chemist of Charleston, has added largely to the general fund of knowledge upon the subject, and both before and since the war has done much for its development. He is now engaged in mining and preparing the marl for market along the line of the South Carolina Railroad, sixteen miles from the city. But in order to compete successfully in the market, the lime must be sold at low rates, and to an outside observer it would seem that much of the success of the enterprise must depend upon the action of the principal railroads of this State, whose present high rates of transportation, if continued, will effectually choke off the development of the country along their lines.

But while the time is coming when these inexhaustible resources will be more fully brought forward, they are overshadowed and for the present held in abeyance by the more wonderful developments of what Mr. Ruffin called "marl-stone"—better known, however, at the present day as "phosphate rocks." This phosphate rock is found in the form of a stratum or upper crust overlying the bed of marl, in some places cropping out on the surface, and again falling to a considerable depth. Its chief characteristics are best given by a writer upon the subject in 1868. "The bed," he says, "varies from four to eighteen inches in thickness, sometimes, though rarely, increasing to two or three feet, and in some places thins out to a few scattering nodules on or near the surface. It consists essentially of indurated, irregularly rounded nodules, buried in an adhesive and tenacious blue clay and sand. Sometimes, however, it exists in continuous beds or large lumps, or conglomerates of soft chalk consistency, as if it were originally a soft pasty mass of phosphatic mud that has since become semi-consolidated. Associated with these are a most wonderful assortment of animal remains—among which bones of marine animals are so abundant as to have induced Prof. Agassiz, twenty years ago, to call it the 'Fish bed of the Charleston Basin.' Bones also of land and fresh-water animals, even those of man, and relics of his workmanship, are abundant. These bones, especially those of now extinct animals, retain in great measure their peculiar cellular structure, but seem in some cases to have materially increased in compactness and weight by a kind of internal 'segregation' or condensation of phosphate of lime, though no trace of animal phosphate of lime has ever been observed in them."

From the foregoing it will have been gathered that the value of these rocks or nodules lies in the high percentage of phosphate of lime which they contain, and the reader may or may not know that phosphate of lime is the basis of all fertilizing manures, and that there is a yearly consumption of this article in the United States of 75,000 tons and in Great Britain of 200,000. When it is also remembered that the article previously brought to market to supply this "basis," commonly known as Peruvian guano, is now being exhausted, that the supply of phosphate rock is practically inexhaustible, that it is a cheaper article and more satisfactory than any other, some idea may be gained of the importance of the discovery.

The question as to how these rocks came to be thus laid away in layers underground charged with the precious phosphate, is not less difficult to answer than the question as to how their *value* remained undiscovered up to the year 1867. Upon the first question the doctors as usual disagree; nearly every one entertains a theory of his own, and no recognized explanation seems to have been agreed upon by all. One writer refers their "probable origin to the excrementitious deposits of various animals, among them birds." Another "ascribes" the formation to the deposition of bird guano, as it is now going on upon the Mosquito coast of the Caribbean Sea! A third attributes "their origin to the change of the carbonate of lime of the eocene marl into phosphate of lime by a process of 'phosphatization' similar in all respects to the process of silification of shelly masses as exhibited in the buhrstone formation."

Why the value of these deposits should have remained so long undiscovered may be due to the fact that all the analyses made were with a view to the discovery of carbonate of lime, and, although ten or even sixteen per cent. of the phosphate had been found in the rocks, no further research or practical utilization seems to have been developed. This would appear all the more strange because of the attention attracted to the stratum on account of its geological value.

Intermingled with these nodules, and forming a part of them, are found the bones and teeth of the mastodon, megatherium, dinotherium, elephant, horse, together with the remnants of whales, sharks, seals, and other marine animals. It was of these same relics that Prof. Agassiz wrote in 1858, when he declared that "nothing impressed me so deeply for many years past as the sight of these bones. I consider their careful study in all their relations as of the utmost importance for the progress of our science. How does it happen that horses, sheep, bulls, and hogs, not distinguishable from our domestic species, existed upon this continent together with the deer, the musk-rat, the beaver, the hare, the opossum, the tapir, which in our days are peculiar to this continent, and not found in the countries where our domesticated animals originated?"

Large quantities of sharks' teeth of enormous size have been collected, together with bones of all sizes from the mastodon down, and many of these have found their way into public and private collections all over the country. Those living in New York will do well to view the specimens recently placed upon exhibition by Prof. F. S. Holmes, of Charleston, in the Museum of Natural History in Central Park. Whatever may have been the cause of the non-discovery of the commercial value of these deposits, it is certain that up to 1867 the opinion of Prof. Tuomey that they were "unavailable for agricultural purposes" was universal. But in that year, Dr. N. A. Pratt—during the war in charge of the chemical department of the C. S. Nitre and Mining Bureau, and lately called to a professorship of the University of Virginia—while engaged in the attempt to organize a company for the manufacture of acids and fertilizers in Charleston, came in contact with specimens of this phosphate rock, and was induced to give them a careful analysis. The result was that what had previously been supposed to contain 10, or at the outside 15, per cent. of phosphate of lime, was found actually to hold 60 odd per cent. The following table will convey some idea of the composition of phosphate rock; the alkalies, magnesia, sulphates, chlorides, fluorides, and water not being estimated:

	1st Analysis.	2d Analysis.
Phosphate of Lime,	63.30	68.03
Phosphate of Iron and Alumina,	1.32	5.02
Carbonate of Lime and Magnesia,	8.20	8.03
Organic Matter,	—	7.59
Sand,	9.01	9.91

Such a percentage of phosphate of lime was more than sufficient to ensure its commercial value, and the new branch of industry thus opened up and brought before the public by Dr. Pratt has fallen little short of being a god-send to the people of South Carolina. Company after company has been formed, some for mining and shipping the rock in its crude state to foreign countries, and others still for its manufacture here at home into excellent fertilizers. Millions of dollars have thus been brought into the State, millions more are being introduced yearly in a constantly increasing ratio, land comparatively worthless has increased to six or seven times its original value, and a means of livelihood has been furnished to thousands. At a time when the supply from South America is being rapidly exhausted, the Carolina phosphate rock finds its way into the market, and is destined, so far as can now be foreseen, to supply the demands of the world. England has not been slow to appreciate the merits of the article; her demand has been greater than that of our own country, and it is constantly increasing. There has thus grown up a direct trade between South Carolina and England, the great difficulty being to find freights for the former sufficient for the ships required to transport the rock. Besides the export of the crude material, large quantities are manufactured in Charleston, and the competition between different companies has very largely reduced the price of fertilizers. The direct gain to the Southern planter from this reduction, added to the increased ease with which fertilizers may be obtained, will be seen at a glance, and, from a combination of this with other causes, there is a manifest effort upon the part of many planters to reduce their area of cultivation and increase the productive power of the remainder.

At the present time the yearly product of all the companies may be estimated at 100,000 tons. Several hundred square miles are underlain by rock with a minimum yield of 650 tons per acre; nor are they confined to the land. They form a solid bottom to almost every river in the State—the Ashley, Cooper, Edisto, Bull, Coosaw, Stono, and others. The Legislature in 1870 conferred upon certain persons the right to mine the navigable waters of the State—a privilege for which they pay a dollar a ton royalty, and which at present prices amounts to one-sixth or one-seventh of the entire income of the river companies.

I regret being unable to furnish an exact statistical statement of the whole subject, but the only authentic document giving reliable data is in process of preparation by a member of the Charleston Board of Trade, and as yet is incomplete, but so much that is new and striking is found in the *modus operandi* of both land and river mining companies as to warrant a description of each.

MORLEY'S VOLTAIRE.

PARIS, August 10, 1872.

I HAVE been for some time desirous of reviewing Morley's Voltaire, but on this occasion I was imprudent enough to follow the advice given by our great critic, Sainte-Beuve, "You must always read an author again whenever you wish to review a book written on him." Now, the collection of Voltaire's works is not one which can ever be read from beginning to end, but nothing is more delightful and more absorbing than to go through it, taking sometimes one volume and sometimes another. It is like walking in a beautiful park where all sorts of trees have been planted, with flowers of all countries, undulations of the ground, and *points de vue* of great variety. What a subtle and delicate and prolific genius was that of Voltaire! How much variety, from the light pieces of poetry to the tragedies, from the "Essai sur les mœurs" to the light and fluent correspondence with his friends, from the "Contes" to the eloquent and almost tragic denunciations of the tyrants and torturers of the eighteenth century. And still, it seems to me that you never lose a fine and invisible thread which connects all the parts of this stupendous work. There is a hidden unity in all this variety.

If we attempt to look for what Montaigne called the *master* faculty of Voltaire, how shall we define it? It is somewhat imprudent to condense the work of any great genius in one word, but if the word is well found it will form a convenient basis for the work of the critic. How could Voltaire be best defined? He was not essentially a tragedian, though he wrote many tragedies. Mr. Morley does more than justice to his tragical merit, but nobody has, to use a trivial French expression, *plus d'esprit que tout le monde*, even Voltaire; and *tout le monde*, that is, the public, has decidedly not accepted the tragical merit of Voltaire. Corneille's and Racine's tragedies will be played in France as long as Shakespeare's in England. Even now, there is a revival of Racinian worship, owing to the merit of a young actor. I go very often, and have for years been going, to the Théâtre Français, where the old traditions are kept up, and I don't remember having ever seen one of Voltaire's tragedies played, not even *Mérope* or *Zaire*. We can, therefore, hardly call Voltaire a tragedian. Was he a poet? This seems almost an impertinent question, as I suppose few French writers wrote more verses, or had a more easy, graceful system of versification. But verses are not poetry. Voltaire lacked the poetical genius—that is, the almost morbid sensitiveness, the longing for something unearthly, unknown, unknowable, the tension of the mind towards an ideal, which constitutes a poet. Voltaire was in fact unpoetical. In the midst of the greatest troubles he was buoyant; he preserved an inexhaustible stock of gaiety; he was fond of the good things of the world, of money, of greatness, of acknowledged greatness. He was practical, and knew how to turn everything to advantage.

Was he a philosopher? This also is a singular question to ask of a man who was considered, and who really was, the initiator of the philosophical movement in France in the eighteenth century. But if you read all his philosophical pamphlets, his "Philosophical Dictionary," and so on, you will easily perceive that he never even attempted any great philosophical construction, that his genius was not of the same order with those of Descartes, of Spinoza, of Kant, of Leibnitz. There is not a more interesting chapter in Mr. Morley's book than the one entitled "English Influences." It is true, the English mind had more influence on Voltaire from a philosophical point of view than from any other. Locke and Newton are the Alpha and the Omega of Voltaire's philosophy and of his metaphysics. "After all," wrote Voltaire, "we must admit that anybody who has read Locke must find the Platos mere fine talkers, and nothing more. In point of philosophy, a chapter of Locke or Clarke is, compared with the babble of antiquity, what Newton's optics are compared with those of Descartes." The astronomical discoveries of Newton furnished Voltaire a scientific foundation for his deism, which was essentially what may be called the mechanical deism. All the bodies of the universe are regulated by the law of attraction; the centrifugal force and the attraction combined keep them in their orbits. There is nothing wanted in the system but the first impetus, and there comes in the idea and the power of God. Voltaire's God is the great spring of the cosmic machine, a spring which never needs winding; there are few other uses for him; we know how the great satirist ridiculed in *Candide* the notion of the final cause and of providence. Mr. Morley remarks how severe Voltaire is upon Pascal, who had a religious mind; he would hardly recognize his genius. I can hardly sympathize with Mr. Morley's remarks when he says that the criticisms of Voltaire on Pascal "were in truth the protest of a lively common sense against a strained, morbid, and often sophistical misrepresentation of human nature and human circumstance." The "Pensées" of Pascal will ever be read with profit, while the philosophical essays of Voltaire seem even now empty and vain, and are only going down to posterity as an encumbrance. Lively common sense is truly the merit of Voltaire; mere lively common sense has never built a philosophical faith.

It would seem rather an odd question to many to ask if Voltaire was a theologian?—he, the man whom Catholic *bigots* often compare to the devil himself, who seems to them the very personification of contempt for theology; and yet I do not hesitate to say that Voltaire had a decidedly theological turn of mind. I doubt if, outside of the great schools of learning of the Church, there was anybody in the eighteenth century more familiar with the subjects of theological discussion, more thoroughly versed in the knowledge of the Old and New Testament, of the works of the Fathers of the Church, of the history of the Church. His erudition on all these points is really marvellous. We have seen in our day a new school of exegesis arise in Germany, the doctrines of which have been made popular in France by Renan and some others. Certainly the spirit of the modern exegesis is very different from the Voltairian spirit. Strauss and his followers have really a religious spirit, though they are looked upon as infidels by so many. Voltaire's erudition could not be of so severe an order, but it was really very great. He is never tired of throwing contempt and ridicule on the ceremonies, the traditions, the miracles, the saints, all the objects of veneration of the Christian world; looking on the Church as the great enemy not only of the people but of all sovereigns, as the arch-persecutor of thought, the enemy of freedom, the poison of happiness, he stops at nothing—"*écrasons l'infâme.*" His attacks are as unfair as would be those of an Englishman in India who should tear the Vedas in pieces, throw odium on Brahma and Vishnu, ridicule the transformations, the incarnations, the miracles of the Hindoo mythology. Modern criticism has risen to a higher sphere. We can afford now to judge with more precision; we see the truths, or half-truths, the ideas, which are hidden in all religions under the veil, more or less thick, of the dogmas and the rites. Voltaire, when he faced the Catholic Church, was no longer a critic; he was an enemy, a gladiator. He used the sword and the dagger, and, when he felt weakest, even poison. Priests and doctors were his chief enemies. He would not have understood the feeling of your great Emerson: "I like a priest, I like a cowl, I love a prophet of the soul." But for the very reason that he was a hater of theology and of the Church, he had something in him of the *rabies theologica*.

Voltaire had some of the first and most important attributes of the historian. The "History of Charles XII.," the "Siècle of Louis XIV.," are some of his most readable works, and to this day have remained classic. His style has a curious agility, an unparalleled clearness. His narration is almost perfect. But whoever would now form his opinion of Louis XIV. and his century merely on the work of Voltaire would have a very one-sided view of history. Voltaire was dazzled by the literary halo of the *grand siècle*, and he did not sufficiently note the spots on the glory of the Grand Roi. We find him even severe upon the Protestants, though he had compassion on their misfortunes. In his eyes they were enemies of the state, almost rebels. His supreme idea in history is a great and powerful monarch, who courts occasionally Mars and Venus, to use the jargon of our forefathers, who protects the fine arts, is a patron of literature, appreciates wit, and despises priests of all sects.

How, then, can we best represent, in one word, the special qualifications of Voltaire's mind? He was not essentially a poet, a tragedian, or a historian, in so far as he was biassed in his judgment of history, or a philosopher, or a theologian. He was essentially a journalist; he was a journalist before there was any organized journalism. He was a living journal in an aristocratic age; he did not inaugurate any great movement of opinion, but he made himself the expositor of all the new ideas, of the dominant aspirations of the day. The true journalist is more objective than subjective—so was Voltaire; he was like a parabolic mirror, which throws in a given direction the rays which arrive at it from all sides. He did not write what we call to-day *leaders;* his leaders took the shape of novels, of small poems, of letters which were handed from hand to hand, of articles in the "Philosophical Dictionary," of tragedies sometimes. I do not agree with Mr. Morley when he thinks that there is no pamphleteering tendency, no theological object, in the tragedy of "Mohammed." "If, for instance," says Mr. Morley, "it had been produced in the time of Louis XIV., the exposure of Mohammed would have been counted a glorification of the rival creed." To which I will simply answer, that it was not produced in the time of Louis XIV., and that all those who heard the piece when it was produced understood clearly that Voltaire meant to denounce, in the person of Mohammed, *all* the founders of new religions. Mr. Morley remarks that Pope Benedict XIV. accepted by-and-by the dedication of the play; but surely no irony could be bitterer than this very dedication, and the Pope's acceptance only shows that the Voltairian irony had found echoes even on the Papal throne. Voltaire did not originate infidelity in France; he was the expression of this infidelity; he remained, as such, a demigod for almost all the *émigrés* of our great Revolution. Louis XVIII. was a Voltairian; the last Duke of Bourbon was a Voltairian.

Voltaire, like all born journalists, was fond of power, fond of success. What he admires in Louis XIV. is the greatest personification of human power that modern history has ever seen—a king, himself a conqueror, surrounded with heroes, courted by genius, a God on earth, handsome, the fountain of honor, of glory, of elegance! Why is he drawn so powerfully towards the great Frederic? Because he feels that Frederic is one of the new and great powers of the world. He does not curse the robber of Silesia, as he was then called; he would willingly see him rob many more provinces; he fights with him, quarrels with him, but he always admires him. His admiration for Catherine is of the same nature; Voltaire is a born courtier of kings, as modern journalists are born courtiers of the sovereign called the people. He hates the Church because the Church sets above the royal power a higher power; he constantly denounces the Pope as the enemy of all earthly monarchs. At a time when there was no journalism, imagine the situation of a man who corresponded with the princes and rulers of all countries, who kept the polite society of his time informed of all that was of interest in it, who did it not in a dry and what to-

day may be called a telegraphic manner, but who colored every fact with the brilliant rays of his incomparable wit—a man so active that he seems to have lived a hundred lives. Voltaire was, in fact, the great informer of a century; he taught a whole generation of kings, of ministers, of noblemen, art, history, geography, theology, literature. Mr. Morley does full justice to this extraordinary activity; and I will end by saying that it is much to the credit of Mr. Morley that his biography of Voltaire is written in a catholic and sympathetic spirit; he sees well the limits of Voltaire's genius; he can judge him, though he is his biographer; but still he likes him.

A French biographer would probably have been more severe; and there are many in France who often repeat the famous curse of Musset in *Rolla*:

> "Dors-tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire
> Voltige-t-il encore sur les os décharnés ?" etc.

I hope that Mr. Morley will treat Rousseau in the same spirit as he has Voltaire, and give us his biography, conceived in the same broad, philosophical manner.

Correspondence.

"DIFFERENT TO" AND "DIFFERENT FROM."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 25, I find, at p. 59, the following enquiry by "Carl Benson": "Can any of your correspondents tell me where the singular neologism 'different *to*' originated, and with what writer? I believe it is entirely English, and has not been adopted here even by our loosest writers. The earliest example I know is in Thackeray's 'Rebecca and Rowena,' date 1850."

James Hayward, in "The Banish'd Virgin," 1635, writes, at p. 78: "For the rest, shee was endued with peculiar pure spirits, and inclinations quite *different to* those of other girles." Also see p. 35 for another instance. Joseph Glanvill, in "Plus Ultra," 1668, p. 146, has the same phrase. Even Steele uses "different *to*," *Guardian*, No. 144. In the last century it was also used by Shenstone, Letter 23; by the novelist Richardson, in "Clarissa Harlowe" and in "Pamela"; by Colman and Thornton, in the *Connoisseur*, Nos. 71, 106; by Cambridge, in the *World*, No. 102; by Foote, in the "Devil upon Two Sticks," Act I., Scene 3; by Miss Burney, in "Evelina," thrice; by Lady Hesketh; and by Jones of Nayland. Among writers of the first half of this century, "different *to*" is used habitually by Charles Lloyd in his translation of Alfieri, and by Dr. Stebbing in his "Lives of the Italian Poets."

During upwards of a quarter of a century that I have lived among Englishmen, I have certainly heard ten use "different *to*" where I have heard one use "different *from*." From the mouth of an English lady I have rarely, if ever, heard the latter. Moreover, "different *to*" is just as usual with the vulgar English as with the educated, from whom it has descended to them. Finally, it is pretty safe to predict that, in time, it will be regarded as equally correct with "different *from*," if, indeed, it does not supersede it altogether. We have long tolerated "averse *to*."

"Difference *to*" occurs in the pages of Richardson and Miss Burney. "To differ *to*" I do not remember to have seen.

In a work now in preparation, I treat at length of many expressions which, like "different *to*," are erroneously considered to be of recent origin.

Your obedient servant, Fitzedward Hall.

Marlesford, Suffolk (England), Aug. 16, 1872.

[It appears, then, that Thackeray has justification for the use of this phrase in "Esmond," the novel for which he made so careful a study of the period of Anne. Charged once when in this country with having made at least one slip in his English by attributing the use of this "neologism" to one of his characters, he admitted that he had made a blunder.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. announce a new work by Prof. W. D. Whitney, made up of thirteen essays in linguistics which the professor has contributed to various periodical publications, to the *Nation* among others. "Oriental and Linguistic Studies" is the title of the volume, and the sub-title is "The Veda; The Avesta; The Science of Language."——Miss Mary L. Booth, of this city, well-known as the editor of Harper's *Bazar*, is the author of a "History of the City of New York," which we are glad to say is likely to have a wider circulation than it has been having. It was originally published, as we are informed by a circular now before us, in 1859, and was then in one volume, which afterwards, in 1867, was enlarged to two volumes, in which the history of the city was brought down from the discovery of Manhattan Island to the year of publication. The work was never in the trade, having been sold only to subscribers, and soon after the appearance of the second edition its publishers retired from business. They now offer the stereotype plates for sale, and will finally dispose of them on the 10th instant, at the rooms of Messrs. George A. Leavitt & Co., Astor Hall. There are 892 stereotype pages, octavo size, a steel plate of Irving, another of Peter Stuyvesant, 102 original woodcuts, accompanied by a set of electrotypes. The author will, if desired to do so, add a supplementary chapter. Until very lately this has been the only history of New York City, and we hazard nothing in saying that it is still the best, though another has within a few months come into existence.——Mr. T. Ellwood Zell announces a translation, from the French of Dr. G. Le Bon, of "La Vie: Physiologie Humaine appliquée à l'Hygiène et à la Médecine."

—Messrs. James R. Osgood and Co. announce that during this month, October, and November they will publish the following works: "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," by Mr. Whittier; "A Treatise on Trout Culture," by Mr. Livingston Stone; a translation of the "Æneid," by Mr. C. P. Cranch; "Christus," by Mr. Longfellow, which is a work made up of "The Golden Legends," "The Divine Tragedy," and "The New England Tragedies," with the connecting interludes; the eleventh and twelfth volumes of the "Kensington Thackeray," which will then be complete; "Oriental Religions, and their Relation to Universal Religion," by Mr. Samuel Johnson; "Palmetto Leaves," a volume of sketches by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; a new volume of sketches by Mr. Bret Harte; "Camping Out: A Book for Boys," by Mr. C. A. Stephens; "Keel and Saddle: A Retrospect of Forty Years' Military and Naval Service," by General J. W. Revere; "Drawing Copies for American Schools," designed or selected by Mr. Walter Smith, who is the Massachusetts State Director of Art Education; Dr. Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast Table;" Mr. Charles L. Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste," edited by Mr. Charles C. Perkins as American editor; "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," by Mr. S. G. Drake, the genealogist and antiquary; "Marjorie's Quest: A Book for Girls," by Miss Jeanie T. Gould; "The Woods and Byways of New England," by Mr. Wilson Flagg; "The Romance of the Harem," by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens; "Left on Salvador," by Mr. C. A. Stephens; "Essays and Sketches," by the late Mr. George B. Woods, well known to journalists as formerly of the Boston *Advertiser*; "Treasure Trove: a Romantic and Humorous Poem," illustrated by Mr. S. Eytinge; "Coupon Bonds and Other Stories," by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge; "A Chance for Himself," by the same author; Mr. De Mille's "Comedy of Terrors"; "The *Atlantic* Almanac"; "A Russian Journey," by Edna Dean Proctor; "Myths and Myth-Makers," by Mr. John Fiske; Mr. Lowell's "Courtin'," illustrated by Mr. Winslow Homer, Mr. Lowell having had the good luck to escape Mr. Hoppin, who is employed to illustrate Mr. C. D. Warner's "Backlog Studies"; a "Household Whittier" in one volume uniform with the "Household Tennyson."

—Messrs. Osgood & Co. ask for subscriptions to a work which, if it is anything like what its author asserts it to be, will be worth having, in monthly parts or otherwise. Mr. George Henry Felt, who writes it, says in his prospectus that he believes himself the true rediscoverer of the "Kaballah" of the Egyptians—that "perfect system of proportions" which, "if rediscovered, would furnish us with a complete key to all the works of art in antiquity and of nature itself; would elucidate the origin of language, written or spoken, hieroglyphic or figurative, thus showing the hidden and true meaning of the Old and New Testaments." All this, surely, should make a book that would be cheap at two dollars a part, profusely illustrated, the parts not to number more than ten. One would say that a twenty-dollar subscriber, able to enter on a career of true progress by means of his Complete Key to all art and nature, the origin of language, written or spoken, and the hidden meaning of the Old and New Testament, might well be content with his outlay. Or one might say that Mr. Felt has either made a mistake in the wording of his prospectus, or else that he is aware that a certain class of people, whom Heine said he used to like to meet, are not all dead yet, and are as easily parted from their two dollars a month as they ever were. Or more probably it would be true to say that enthusiasm over something that he really has found out has led Mr. Felt, like many ingenious discoverers before him, into an extremely wild and ill-regulated estimate of the extent of his discovery. That there may be something in what he says about the Greek canons of art having been derived from Egyptian sources, and their

being plainly referable to these sources, it might be unsafe to deny. Mr. Page, the President of the National Academy of Design, who is himself a man of much research in the matter of the proportions of ancient art, gives a guarded approval of a part of Mr. Felt's work. Mr. E. Wood Perry, the Corresponding Secretary of the Academy, says that he thinks "Mr. Felt has found out something more than even the old Egyptians knew," an opinion in which most people will agree with Mr. Perry, we suppose. The Pope of Rome, let alone the heathen magicians of the Pharaohs, would not care to assert that infallibility itself requires any of us to know more than a subscriber who is possessed of a complete key to everything—nature, art, the esoteric meaning of the Hebrew Scriptures, modern Freemasonry, and the Eleusinian and other mysteries. But, as we say, while the prospectus is in one view a document nothing less than ridiculous, there need be little doubt that the treatise itself will have both merit and interest. It has been examined by Mr. Page and Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, and while neither of these gentlemen would say that his examination has been such as qualifies him to speak without reserve, they have each seen enough to make them think that the book will interest the intelligent, and that its discoveries have value. Nature and art will no doubt still afford some problems after Mr. Felt has unlocked all that the Complete Key opens; but his work will evidently teach something new and true, or corroborate truths before known.

—The *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* of last Saturday has a word with its readers in regard to its circulation. Some of its friends, it says, have watched its recent course with anxiety; some of its enemies have looked on with sinister hope; and many of its contemporaries with much curiosity. This because of its having declined to support the Presidential and State candidate acceptable to a majority of its readers, and having gone into independent journalism, so-called. It is now supporting Greeley for the Presidency, but not in the headlong and fervent manner in which papers like the *Tribune* of this city support him. It leaves no one in doubt that it wishes the defeat of President Grant and the overthrow of the Republican party as at present constituted; but then, it tells what stories make against its candidate, and even has published, with editorial comments of a good deal of severity, the accounts of Mr. Gratz Brown's bad behavior at New Haven. It now informs us that this course has not been injurious to its subscription-list, which, on the contrary, shows an increase in length. In January last, when it was criticising the Administration Republicans, but not criticising them with more harshness than a majority of the intelligent members of the party were showing, its daily edition had a circulation averaging 9,491. In the first week of February the average was 10,166; in the first week of March, 10,225; in the first week of April, 10,383; in the first week of May, when the Cincinnati Convention was held, 10,366; in the first week of June—by which time, we suppose, the *Republican* had made up its mind that it would support Greeley to the end—the circulation was 10,125, a slight falling-off having taken place; in the first week of July the loss had been pretty much regained, and it stood at 10,160; in the first week of last month it was 10,216, and, in the last week, 10,516. Compared with the average circulation of last year, this shows a gain of about a thousand, which we suppose to be fairly representative of an increase in the population of the *Republican's* subscription region, and also of an increase in the interest with which newspapers are read during a Presidential canvass. On the whole, then, the editors and proprietors feel well content, and think that their paper has gained in character by becoming more unpartisan, and has not lost in purse. We do not see ourselves that it has gained particularly in character, its tone being just about what it has always been since we have had the pleasure of acquaintance with its columns, but it must be said to have experimented successfully in "independent journalism" so far as pecuniary success is concerned. As in the case of the centenarian who used strong liquors and tobacco, and who might, perhaps, have been two hundred years old if he had abstained from those indulgences, there is no telling how many more thousands the *Republican* might have had on its lists if it had never been dazzled by the White Hat, nor gone astray after the Woodchopper of Chappaqua and Chautauqua; but certainly when its present estate is compared with its prosperity a year ago, a gain is visible, and that it has been able to indulge in its excursive pleasure is due to its being an excellent newspaper, full of well-arranged news of all sorts—domestic, foreign, literary, political, all of which is commented on with intelligence, and with a spice of personality which is very acceptable to its local readers, whether or not it is consistent with the best ideal of independent and reputable journalism. There are papers in New England which may occasionally show abler articles on important subjects; but there is none which so well combines general and varied interest of topic with intelligence and cleverness of comment and criticism. Other Massachusetts newspapers may handle a question of international law, or similar subjects, with more ability; or may possess a more desirable degree of dignity, not to say of becoming civility and decorum of deportment; but we shall never find the *Republican*, on the morning after the October elections have settled the fate of parties for the succeeding two years, printing for its leading article some reflections on the 374th anniversary of the discovery of Guanahani or Cat Island by Christopher Columbus. Which is not saying, either, that making "spicy" journals is a very worthy employment for adult men having discourse of reason.

—In one of the September magazines Mr. Bryant called attention to the works of John Oldham, and expressed some surprise that they are found in so few private libraries, whereupon Mr. E. P. Whipple, of Boston, remarks, as quoted by the *Golden Age* of this city, that the reason why is because they are full of "foulness," and represent the worst period of English literature, so that it is no wonder if they are excluded from decent people's bookshelves. As a matter of fact there is somewhat less need of Mr. Bryant's surprise than there might be, and there is a good deal less need for Mr. Whipple's finding it comical that Mr. Bryant should call attention to the poet. It is true that copies of Oldham are not very plenty, but so recently as 1854 they formed a portion of Bell's well-known edition of the British poets, and they are not infrequently seen among the books of those who habitually read poetry. But although they are very vigorously satirical and not so very unworthy precursors of Dryden's satires, or, at the least, of Churchill's energetic and telling diatribes, they are nevertheless interesting reading to no one but the student of literary history or the practitioner of poetry or verse-making. Ephemeral in point of subject and destitute of any of the higher graces or beauties of poetry, they had their day, and now gather dust—but deservedly they gather less dust than the works of nine writers out of every ten from the beginning of the world till the present day who have produced verses. As for their "foulness," to apply such a term to their coarse invective is as truly to misuse language and mislead the uninformed as to call them religious—even more so, for they had a sort of religious partisanship and zeal in their blustering violence. Oldham was a robust-minded and right-living man, who lived in industrious poverty till he was thirty, when he died, after having produced a small volume of verses not very choicely worded and carelessly polished; but he is not to be charged with "foulness."

—We do not know what to say to the man who seriously entertains the notion that this generation of Americans, or the next, or the next, or any generation for a long time to come, is going to set on foot or to tolerate an imperial form of government, or is in danger of letting popular institutions go to pieces in any way or for any reason. To what in the history of this country, or of the race from which its people are for the most part sprung, shall we point as proving a tendency to yield its liberties to arbitrary power? Not to much assuredly; yet there are always some prophets of empire and despotism, and for various reasons there never were more in the country than within the past decade. Perhaps there are not too many to keep in check the self-confident carelessness with which we take our own way; but nevertheless it is no harm, either, to recollect that

> "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,"

and that Mr. Caleb Cushing's "man on horseback" has not yet appeared, and that there is every probability that when he does appear and strikes for the kingly crown he will have what is known as "a good time" getting it. The Rev. B. M. Palmer, of Virginia, has suggested to us these reflections by an address which he recently delivered at Lexington before the literary societies of Washington and Lee University, and in which he told them that "the sword that carves this Republic into an Empire will be the sword of her execution, and the tyrant who wields it will prove the author of her doom." But little as one can sympathize with the spirit of such utterances, the greater portion of this address of Dr. Palmer's is to be praised, though we suspect it may be better adapted to do good in our Northern colleges than in the South. We do not know that the Southern youth have in the past been distinguished for a cool-headed perception and acceptance of facts, and are not sure that closer attention to science, even the despised science which "bakes and brews, stitches and weaves," would not be better for them than "guarding with the jealousy of genuine alarm against that despicable spirit of materialism" which does so many bad things when theoretically considered, but no single one of the practical results of which would any sensible man or woman, taking the good and the bad together, be for a moment willing to forego. Still it is not in vain nor for evil that words like these are addressed to a body of young Americans:

> "It would be an immense protection against these debasing tendencies if, amid the exactions of our new position, we could carry over those gentlemanly instincts which have hitherto characterized our people. In employing this unusual term, I do not mean that dainty mannerism which puts on the air, without the quality, of the gentleman. But I refer to that exquisite education of the conscience which makes duty and benevolence the habit of the soul; that fastidious honor which cannot, even in thought, condescend

to meanness; that lofty self-respect which will observe the proprieties and practise the virtues of life with the readiness of impulse; that nobleness of principle which makes it as easy to be brave and true as it is to breathe; that instinct of rectitude which shrinks from the false and the base as from the contamination of the plague. It would be a rare combination this, of courtly honor with the hardness of toil. But if labor is ennobled when wrought by the hands of a freeman, how much more when associated with the dignity of the gentleman!

"Let us guard, then, with the jealousy of genuine alarm, against that despicable spirit of Utilitarianism which, like a huckster in the shambles, is always haggling with truth about her price. She is immeasurably more precious in herself than in all the uses to which men may put her. Truth, integrity, and honor are the highest attributes of any people, and the enjoyment of regulated freedom, under a wise and constitutional government, is its noblest privilege and reward."

—G. Jaquet has gathered some curious statistics, showing that the month of August has been the most prolific in great names of German literature. Without copying the entire list, we give a few examples of its richness: In poetry and the drama, Goethe, Herder, Philip Nicolai, Conrad Eckhof, Nicolaus Lenau, Valentin Andrea, Adolph Overbeck, Schlegel (?), Von Kleist, Körner, Immermann; in science and philosophy, Bouterwek, Gall, Ottfried Müller, August Eberhard, Anton Bauer, Hegel, and Carl Ritter. Jaquet's little memoir gives the day of the month and the year for each of these distinguished sons of August, with a brief characterization of the man.

—Luther is brought out again for the new conflict of Germany with Rome; and not with Rome only, but with that churchly power which, in its insistance upon dogma and its assertion of authority, is but a trifle less infallible than the Pope. A layman, who for the present withholds his name, proposes to publish for the use of laymen the doctrinal and controversial writings ("Lehr- und Streitschriften") of the great Reformer, from the original unadulterated editions. The object of the editor is to reform the Reformation, and to bring German Protestantism back to the free, bold, broad spirit of its father. The need of this he sets forth in a strong and homely rhetoric worthy of Luther himself. "Would that the Lord and Master whose name we bear would stand by our side full of compassion, repeat for us his miracle, and bid our Lazarus, Martin Luther, awake from the dead. He, too, hath lain in the grave already four days (nigh four centuries), and he stinketh; yea, and his own household and the executors of his will have made him to stink! Oh! that Christ, in his pity, would stand beside us, and cry, Martin, come forth!" This new edition is published in Wiesbaden by H. Kissinger & Co.

DR. RICHARD MORRIS'S "HISTORICAL ACCIDENCE."

DR. MORRIS begins his "Historical Outlines" with a good general survey of the languages of the world. It has some of the usual slips of first editions. Irregular spelling occurs; on page 7 we find *Keltic*, for the common form *Celtic*, followed in the next line with *Cymric; Sclavonic* on page 8, for the better *Slavonic*, page 13. On page 9 we read that "parts of the 'Zend Avesta' are at least a thousand years old"; they were as old as that at the birth of Christ. On page 12, the aboriginal tongues of *South* America are mentioned to the exclusion of *North* America. His definition of *words* puzzles us: "words are articulate sounds used to express perception and thought." What philosophy arranges all nameable and predicable objects under the heads *perception* and *thought*? Are they meant to correspond to Locke's sensation and reflection? Webster, in his definition, says *conceptions* and *ideas*; Worcester says, *emotions* and *conceptions*. Let any one who thinks it easy to define a *word*, try it, and meantime weigh this attempt in Worcester taken from Sir J. Stoddard: "An articulate sound, or combination of such sounds, consisting of a root, either alone or combined with one or more particles, or with one or more other words, and expressing an emotion or conception, either solely or together with other words as part of a phrase or sentence." *Comparative* Grammar, page 1, is not a very good expression for the antithesis of Descriptive Grammar.

The second chapter is also introductory. It treats of Grimm's law and other phonology, and it is not very thorough work. Mr. Morris uses *flat* and *sharp* as names of sonant and surd mutes; having no fear of Max Müller before his eyes, or perhaps not having used the last edition of his lectures. The remarks on Grimm's law not only show that he does not understand it, which might well be; but suggest that he does not understand where the difficulty about it lies. Three sets of changes are included in the law—surd mutes change to aspirates, aspirates to sonants, sonants to surds. The two first are common changes, found in many languages, and well understood. The trouble is with the last. To give a few examples in the English dialects something like the two first, by way of letting light into the mystery of the law, is skimming things badly. The treatment of what he calls euphonic changes is also far from thorough. He counts changes as like which are alike only as all babies are alike to the old bachelor, or Carlyle and Emerson alike to one who has devoted his days and nights to the study of Addison, or all the Boston writers alike to the true New York cosmopolitan. In such a sense only is Lat. (*sic*) *hest* from *hâtan*, like *must* from *motte*; It. *otto* from *octo*, like *might* from *magan*, and *wept* from *weeped*, and much more of like sort on pages 25, 26.

With Chapter Third we enter on the history of the English language, and proceed in the two following chapters with a general sketch of the English dialects, and of five periods into which Mr. Morris divides the language. With Chapter Sixth he begins on English grammar, and goes forward in the common order through orthography and etymology. Syntax and prosody are not taken up. All the grammatical forms in modern English are treated of historically. For example, all the different ways of denoting gender are traced to their origin, often as far back as Sanskrit, and illustrative examples given from the older writers in English; so of our case-endings and signs of number. The pronouns are all treated of with special fulness, and so are the numerals and prepositions, the inflection-endings, and auxiliary verbs. Dr. Morris makes a scholarly free use of the German and American comparative and historical grammars of Anglo-Saxon and English; but he must allow us to say that of one American work—March's "Comparative Grammar"—his book shows a frequent use which might well have been acknowledged either by avowed quotation or by special mention in the preface. Both would have been no more than fair. Besides his judicious employment of the researches of others, our author contributes a most valuable store of illustrations from his own reading and study. There is hardly a form to the discussion of which he does not bring something noteworthy. His style is perspicuous, and his use of the printer's art to display his topics, and to help the eye and mind, is admirable. Now and then he would have been clearer even to general readers if he had used precise technical terms instead of indefinite popular expressions. In explaining letter changes, for example, letters "creep in," "disappear," "fall away," "intrude," "pass into," "are lost," "make their appearance," "become," and "represent," in a way very provoking and little satisfactory. Scientific treatment which abjures technicalities cannot be very exact or vivid. Even our novel writers know better than to translate the technicalities of their characters. The stupidest land-lubber gets more from the sailor's technical slang than from any explanatory circumlocutions for it.

One very serious defect runs through the whole book—the dropping of the word Anglo-Saxon, and every other special name, for that language, and confounding all the obsolete speech of our ancestors, from Beda downwards, under the name of Old English. The speech of the West-Saxons, in which what is called the Anglo-Saxon literature is written, is a cultivated classic speech, carefully written, competent to translate the Latin classics, and having original works of importance both as to extent and kind. It is a German speech, perfectly parallel with the other Teutonic tongues, so that its grammatical forms can be clearly traced, and a correct historical orthography established, extending even to the quantity of its vowels and the place of the accent. Even the pronunciation is well known. With the political convulsions which preceded and followed the Norman Conquest, this classic or ideal speech ceased to be written. It weathered its niceties of form and disintegrated into mere dialectical writing. The dialects mixed with Norman-French, and from this mixed speech, after written Anglo-Saxon had been forgotten, a new speech was formed more different from the old than Italian or French is from Latin.

Perhaps no book of any scientific merit has before failed to distinguish the early Synthetic language from the dialects of the intermediate chaos and from modern English. The failure to do it is, as we have said, a serious defect. The mere leaving out useful information is something. Then the relations of the different periods to modern English are very different. Conclusions which may be safely drawn from a word if it is in Caedmon, may fail altogether if it is no earlier than Piers Plowman. Then the inflection endings are so different in the different periods that you cannot be sure what a form of unknown age is intended to represent. Then the Anglo-Saxon is printed with long vowels marked, while the later English is without marks. One may not be able to tell in Morris, when a word that might be Anglo-Saxon has unmarked vowels, whether it is because he thinks they are short, or because he takes the word from some author of a period later than Anglo-Saxon, or whether it is a blunder. Where there are different spellings of the same word we cannot tell whether they are mere irregular spellings of the same period, or regular spellings of different ages, or blunders in the book.

An underestimate of the importance of Anglo-Saxon appears perhaps in

* "Historical Outlines of English Accidence, comprising Chapters on the History and Development of the Language and on Word-formation. By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D., editor of Hampole's 'Pricke of Conscience,'" etc. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

some of the not wholly accurate statements about it. On page 48 it says, "Pronouns had a dual number"; but only two of them had a dual. "The passive participle was preceded by the prefix *ge*" (page 49), sometimes. On the same page, "*shall* and *will* were not usually *tense* auxiliaries." They are not usually pure tense auxiliaries, but they are in abundant use, as in English, to express future time with some added idea of duty, will, or the like. On page 66 we find, "*s* is closely allied to *r*, and even in the oldest English we have traces of the interchange." *S* and *r* do not *interchange*: *s* shifts to *r*. And instead of saying *even* we have *traces*, he might have given it as a rule in Anglo-Saxon in the inflection of verbs that when *s* comes between two vowels it is vocalized to *r*: *was, were*. Page 115, "The indefinite article is a new development after the Conquest of the numeral *one* (*án*)." It was already developed in the classic Anglo-Saxon. In translations from Latin we find *án* used where there is nothing for it to render, simply as a sign of the singular use of a generic term, which is the most indefinite use to which our article weakens, as in Luke iii. 22: The Holy Ghost descended in bodily shape *like a dove*, has in Anglo-Saxon *swa án culfre*, Latin *sicut columba*, Greek *hoseì peristeràn*. On page 130, in speaking of the relative there is a misprint of *interrogatives* for *relatives*, and in an enumeration of the Anglo-Saxon relatives there are several omissions. On page 134, "It is a vulgarism to use *what* with an antecedent." True, but it occurs in Anglo-Saxon.

The principle of Dr. Morris's classification of the strong verbs is not clearly set forth. Class IV. of the second division does not appear to belong in the division, and the subdivisions are cross divisions; they ought to be made on the ground of the root vowel, the umlauts and breakings not being counted. Of the weak verbs quite a number are counted anomalous on page 172, which really belong to the first class described on page 171; *say, bring, buy, think, work* are like in their inflection to *tell, seek*, and the like.

The book has more than 100 pages of appendixes on the "Keltic Element," "Old English Accidence," chiefly from Koch, and "Words of Norman-French origin in the English language before 1300," valuable material for future workers. And last, not least, there is a good index of some twenty pages.

DE GASPARIN'S FRANCE.*

WE all know how few in France were the friends of the American Union in the day of trial. Among her notable men you might have counted those friends on the fingers of your two hands. With some effort, we can only recall the names of Count Agénor de Gasparin, Count Charles de Montalembert, Edouard Laboulayè, Augustin Cochin, and Henri Martin. We need not recapitulate the great services these distinguished men rendered the good cause by their example and their eloquence. Their names were everywhere known, and their writings penetrated all Europe. Laboulaye's "Histoire des Etats-Unis," Gasparin's "Un Grand Peuple qui se relève," and Montalembert's "La Victoire du Nord aux Etats-Unis" had a marked influence on public opinion, and Montalembert celebrated the Northern victory as "the triumph of legitimate power over an inexcusable revolt, of justice over iniquity, of truth over falsehood, of liberty over slavery" ("l'heureuse victoire du pouvoir légitime sur une révolte inexcusable, de la justice sur l'iniquité, de la vérité sur le mensonge, de la liberté sur l'esclavage"). So unpopular was the cause of the United States in France that the most respectable representatives of its press were not able to raise themselves above the dead level of popular ignorance concerning the true merits of the great transatlantic struggle. The *Journal des Débats*, at the outbreak of the rebellion, refused to insert Gasparin's letter denouncing the Southern insurrection as "a criminal folly"; and even the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, after formally accepting an article from the same writer entitled "Un Grand Peuple qui se relève," declined to publish it. Gasparin then sent the manuscript to the publisher, Lévy, who issued it in book form.

This was not the first occasion on which Gasparin found himself in open opposition to, and far in advance of, public sentiment. As a member of the Chamber of Peers, he condemned the naval expedition to Otaheite and the cruelties of the French army in Algiers. From his parliamentary seat and in his book "L'Amérique devant l'Europe" he denounced the invasion of Mexico by Louis Napoleon. So warm a friend of the United States, he says, naturally passed "aux yeux de certains gens pour mauvais patriote français." But his critics and enemies must now look at these offences as venial beside his latest manifestation, a work in which, with steady and unsparing scalpel, he lays bare the faults, sins, calamities, sufferings, and dangers of his country. He does it, he says, in sorrow. And he says so truly, for grief's saddest tones are echoed in his every page.

"Sorrow for the past, where our defeats originated; sorrow for the future, where we hear the muttering of the socialistic menace; sorrow to find my country guilty of injustice; sorrow to see character lowered and convictions weakened; sorrow to see the advance of evils unsurpassed; sorrow to behold liberty, progress, happiness, moral life in all its forms compromised, and perhaps lost—these are the sorrows that agonize and pursue me."

For its effect upon those to whom it is mainly addressed, we fear that a work in two volumes, making together some seven hundred pages, will be found too long and diffuse. The matter is all excellent and eloquently expressed, but spread over too wide a surface. A pamphlet embodying its salient features in compact and telling paragraphs, would have been better adapted to affect the average French mind.

Like all philosophical observers, our author does not fail to find in the so-called glories of the First Empire the seeds of the calamities which now afflict France, and, with Laufrey, he says: "Au dessous du mot *gloire*, vous verrez le mot *crime*."—"Under the word 'glory' you will see this other word —'crime.'" Reviewing at length the negotiations and incidents which preceded the declaration of war, he logically finds France in the wrong, and, making light of the imperial excuse that the Emperor was carried away by the current, shows him careful to present the young Prince to the army, take him through the camp, exhibit him to the soldiers, prepare the transmission of the crown, keep up, in short, his trade of a Bonaparte by depending on what has always made the strength of the Bonapartes—army, victories, territorial aggrandizement—in short, what we call *our prestige*. "And then," our author tells his countrymen, "we have the pretension to set ourselves up as a nation apart and superior. What we inflict upon others, they must not dare inflict upon us under penalty of sacrilege. In the intoxication of her victories of the empire, France naïvely posed herself as queen of Europe. To her everything was permissible. She calmly levied war contributions on every country, but when they were imposed on her it was a crime. She had stripped all the capitals of Europe of their pictures and their statues, and when the countries thus robbed took back their statues and pictures, it was called 'spoliation of the museums.' In 1814 invasion revolted France as an inexpressible insult, and yet France had just passed ten years in invading every country in Europe. That others should be defeated and undergo the consequences of defeat, is natural—it is their business; but we must not be defeated, and the adversary who beats us is utterly wanting in the respect which is our due. Never has it been said or thought so naïvely:

"'Oh! moi c'est autre chose!'"

Imploring his countrymen to use but one set of weights and measures for justice, the author goes on to discuss the question from this standpoint: "We intended and expected to invade Germany, to make her soil our battle-ground, to turn the tide of war's calamities upon German, not upon French, provinces; to defeat her, and to make her pay the penalty of defeat. But the *rôles* are inverted. We are the vanquished, not the victors, and even as we would have imposed, we must accept, the consequences.

M. Gasparin says plainly, we have been conquered by the moral superiority of the Germans, but in making this admission, he wishes it distinctly understood that he is carried away by no illusion. "Hegel," he says, "does not enchant me. Germany has contributed her full share in creating a science opposed to the Gospel. Prussian politics are not impregnated with virtue. The discourses of certain German theologians who declare that we are Gomorrha, and that Germany represents the race of the elect, too closely resemble the prayer of the Pharisee, 'I thank thee that I am not as other men,' etc. Vanity has been our ruin, let Germany beware of pride." But, admitting this, he proceeds to insist on the superior discipline, regularity, sobriety, modesty, intelligence, acquirements, and admirable order of the German soldier.

The second volume opens with an energetic chapter on the enervating vices of the literature, theatre, education, manners, and morals of France. "Meanwhile a stupid display of luxury spreads itself in the broad sunlight. It was truly the period of the Benoitons." Then comes a declaration which we should not regret to hear frequently proclaimed here in the United States, from press and from pulpit:

"Nous périssons par la mollesse"

"We perish from enervation!"

Count Gasparin might with advantage have omitted the long and numerous chapters, comprising the greater part of the second volume, which he exclusively devotes to religious controversy. He can with much less effort and far greater effect reach the sympathies and convictions of his countrymen by addressing them as Frenchmen rather than as Catholics or as Protestants.

* "La France, Nos Fautes, Nos Perils, Notre Avenir. Par Le Comte A. De Gasparin." Paris: Michel Lévy Frères, Editeurs. New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.

ALEXANDER STEPHENS'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

WE are not of those who have taken offence at the retirement of the late Confederate leaders to positions in Southern colleges. It was, no doubt, in many cases, the best use their community could make of able and cultivated men, and it is not by any means those who took the most active part in the Rebellion who are now the least willing to be reconciled to its results. We certainly should not choose a disciple of Calhoun for professor of history and political science; but the students of the University of Georgia would hardly listen with docility to the views of men like Dr. Lieber and Prof. Greene, and if Mr. Stephens is fair and undogmatic in dealing with them, it is not unlikely that they will really get more good from his instruction than they would from one who believed with us. His "History of the United States" has certainly few marks of prejudice. Of course the whole series of events which led to the Rebellion, from the debates in the Constitutional Convention to the Emancipation Proclamation, is treated from a Southern point of view, and this we should expect. But we have not met with one word in defence of slavery, and the results of the war are frankly accepted, though there may lurk some of the old leaven in sentences like these: "Now that the chief cause which led to the late war between them [the States] is for ever removed, if they shall adhere to the principle of the sovereign right of local self-government, on the part of the States respectively, which lies at the foundation of the whole fabric, then there is no perceived reason why they should not go on in a still higher career in all that constitutes true greatness in human development and achievement" (p. 479).

It is only in the events immediately preceding the war, for instance, in the constant use of the term "agitators," as if it were the accepted title of the radical party, and as if there were no "agitators" on the other side, that there is any animus visible against the North. The colonial period is treated with great fairness; the Puritans are even vindicated against Macaulay's censures; their persecutions are lightly passed over, and the story of the witchcraft delusion is related without any unnecessary heat; this delusion is not even treated as a natural outgrowth of the New England character and institutions. Nullification is, to be sure, spoken of as "the doctrine which Mr. Hayne sustained with so much ability and which Mr. Webster assailed with so much eloquence" (p. 343)—not the terms in which a New Englander would have summed up the characteristics of those speeches. Mr. Lincoln's calling out the militia is described (p. 429) as "without authority of law," and the Eleventh Amendment is said (p. 252) to have been occasioned by "the action of the Federal judiciary in assuming, by a construction of their powers, jurisdiction of a suit brought against one of the States." Surely it can hardly be pronounced a "construction of powers" to deduce this right of jurisdiction from the expression "controversies between a State and citizens of another State."

It will be seen at a glance that this book does not belong to the class of Southern text-books which flourished before the war—such, for instance, as the Primer in which we have read the story of the Good Centurion paraphrased, with the comforting comment, "He was a good man and a slaveholder."

We have spoken of Mr. Stephens's book from the point of view of sectionalism; it remains to say a few words of its intrinsic qualities. It is relatively very full in the colonial period, and contains here much interesting information which one will hardly find in any other work of its class. It is, by the way, hardly a *school* history, but adapted, at lowest, for the use of high schools and academies, and a young politician would find it in some respects more interesting and useful than most freshmen would. Its special value here is in the history of the Southern colonies, especially Georgia, where there is a very interesting account of the Salzburg colonists. The Northern colonies, too, are treated of with great fulness, although there is sometimes a lack of clearness. A second point is that the military history, in all periods, is much less full than the political. This latter is elaborately worked out, and quite valuable. We miss, however, a distinct analysis of the various colonial governments, one of the most important topics under this head. It is a mistake, moreover, in all parts of the work, to give so many bare names and dates; they are convenient for reference, but out of place in a text-book. It is with good judgment that the author has skipped the date list of discoverers and discoveries in the sixteenth century, and passed at once from Columbus and his contemporaries to the English colonization. An excellent and readable chapter contains the history of the discovery of the Mississippi, from De Soto to La Salle.

It must be said that the arrangement of the colonial period is very bad. No work of this class with which we are acquainted has the arrangement of this period entirely satisfactory, although Scott's is far the best in this respect. We should say that it was self-evident that the several colonies should be grouped, and each group treated by itself without interruption; but here we have first Virginia, then New York, then Massachusetts, then Virginia again, then other New England colonies, and so on in such a way as to miss all connection or sequence of anything but time.

We have noticed a few trifling errors. Plymouth is constantly spoken of as a part of Massachusetts; the isle of Rhodes is placed in Greece; Gen. Scott is called "commander-in-chief"; the islands of St. Thomas and St. John are said to have been "acquired during Mr. Johnson's administration"; the names of the French ministers who made so much trouble in Washington's administration are spelt with an accent—Genêt, Fanchêt, and Adêt; the "General Court" of Massachusetts is said to have been established when the Government became representative—if we are not mistaken, the name belonged to the original council in England, before the transfer of the government to this country. Indeed, Mr. Stephens seems not to appreciate the historical importance of this transfer.

A good many famous and important documents and resolutions are given in text and notes—for instance, Mr. Atherton's "gag" resolutions, the "Wilmot proviso," etc.; these will be found very convenient. Mr. Stephens's style is far from elegant, but is often vigorous and readable. We would remark that the book contains an index, but no table of contents.

The White Rose. By G. J. Whyte-Melville, author of "Cerise," "Sarchedon," etc. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—This is a novel which is neither ill-written nor uninteresting, which is not technically immoral, and in which all the bad characters come in the end to a modified grief, and the good ones to a triumphant success. It shows plenty of worldly wisdom of a not very profound kind—if, indeed, that sort of wisdom can ever be called profound, and hits off its characters with a good deal of cleverness. Yet it is not a book which we should care to put into the hands of young persons in whom we wished to see preserved any delicate sense of morality. Its story is briefly this: The "White Rose," its heroine, is a very good and beautiful young woman, the daughter of a country parson, who has two admirers—Gerard Ainslie, a boy of nineteen, whose passion she returns, and John Vandeleur, an old *roué*, very wealthy, in the past very wicked, and in the present very determined to secure the "White Rose" at whatever cost of intrigue may be necessary. He buys a commission in the army for Gerard, contrives that he shall be at once ordered to duty, and employs a pretty miller's daughter—Fanny Draper—with whom he appears to have had some previous intrigue, to entice him if possible into marriage with her, and at all events into some compromising love affair. His plans succeed beyond his hopes. Gerard is entrapped against his will into a marriage with Fanny Draper, who has conceived a violent passion for him, and the "White Rose," Norah Welby, marries Vandeleur. Her husband's retribution at once begins since he finds that nothing will make his wife love him. He grows frantically jealous of her old lover, who turns up with his wife at some German watering-place, and after attempting to kill her, jumps out of a hotel window and is picked up a hopeless imbecile, who drags out a dozen years or so of life for no perceptible reason except to give a novelist's reason for causing his wife to labor under damaging suspicions as to her personal virtue. Meanwhile the domestic affairs of the Ainslies thrive no better. Fanny discovers that the task of making her husband love her is a hopeless one, and having not only a true wifely love for him but a more practical turn of mind than the husband of the "White Rose," she determines to make things easy for her Gerard" by eloping from him in company with a French Count. If Mr. Melville were not so rigidly moral, the obstacles to the happiness of his pair of lovers would now be all removed; but having an eye to the Ten Commandments and to certain social requirements, he makes them both languish for some years. Fanny finally reappears as a great American actress, to take the principal part in her husband's first play. Gerard and the "White Rose," the latter well aware of the identity of the actress with Gerard's wife, but the former not so, occupy the same box. The appearance of his wife staggers the successful playwright—he bids the "White Rose" an eternal farewell, and both of them rush from the box. Fanny, however, is very conveniently roasted alive before the evening's performance terminates. She is carried to Mrs. Vandeleur's house, and tenderly cared for by her, and dies recommending a speedy marriage between Gerard and his old love as the proper termination of their troubles.

We have sketched here the outlines of a novel which is sure to be popular at the circulating libraries, and, as we think, equally sure to do its little part in obliterating in the minds of such of its readers as are still capable of de-

* "A Compendium of the History of the United States from the Earliest Settlements to 1872. Designed to answer the purpose of a Text-Book in Schools and Colleges as well as to meet the wants of general readers. By Alexander H. Stephens, author of the 'Constitutional View of the late War between the States,' and Professor Elect of History and Political Science in the University of Georgia." New York: E. J. Hale & Son. 1872. 12mo, pp. 513.

terioration all delicate moral distinctions. But how many novels of the day do not do the same in a more openly objectionable way?

Handbuch für Kupferstichsammler, etc. Handbook for the Collector of Prints, a Dictionary of the Engravers on Metal, Etchers, and Wood-engravers of all nations and schools, grounded on the second edition of Heller's Handbook; newly edited and nearly doubled in size by Dr. Andreas Andresen, and, after the editor's death, continued and brought to an end by I. E. Wesserly. Second volume, Part I. (Leipzig: T. O. Weigel. 1872.)—The subject of this elegantly printed (*more Germanico*) volume is so extensive a one that it would be rash to conclude from a cursory examination whether the editors have succeeded well or ill in their task. An English reader will find mistakes not a few in the spelling and printing of the English names and titles, such as would not perhaps surprise him in a French publication, but which he will think, with reason, ought not to be found in a book printed in Germany. On the other hand, he will find such accurate information about the works of well-known engravers, and perhaps such unexpected help when seeking to learn something about some obscure person, or person unknown to him, that he will think mistakes of the kind we have mentioned hardly worth mentioning. They are nevertheless worth mentioning and worth correcting, and the value of the work would be not a little increased, if before the publication of a second edition all the English names and titles were read and corrected by some English-spelling person. It is hardly worth while to mention omissions, because the work does not set out to be an exhaustive catalogue: it only promises to give the principal works of each engraver. In looking over the English names we do not miss any with which we are acquainted, and we have found ample information about one or two for which we had sought in vain elsewhere. Now and then we have found a difference between the editor's appreciation and that of the general public. Thus he does not mention the late I. H. Robinson's engraving of Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb," though it was published as long ago as 1828, and generally reckoned his best work. It certainly is the work by which he is best known. The late Baron Henry Leys, of Antwerp, made so few essays in engraving that it would have been well to add to the small list here given the etchings made by him for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. A book of this nature is one in which complete accuracy is almost impossible, and it seems to us that by far the safer plan would have been for the editor to have confined himself strictly to the names of his countrymen. It is true that if this suggestion were adopted by every compiler, we should have many more books of reference, but, on the other hand, we should be much more sure of getting the information we might be in search of.

The Little Moorland Princess. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt by Mrs. A. L. Wister. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—Neither Miss Marlitt nor her readers appear to tire of the pretty stories in which low-born virtue triumphs over aristocratic pride and prejudice, and in which German Lutheranism is always held up to open scorn. For our own part, we confess to sharing in the pleasure which the rest of her public doubtless get from her performances, and to finding her last story, despite its similarity to its predecessors, as entertaining as the first one. There is an innocent freshness about them in despite, as it were, of their author, for she seems to have an ever-present sense of her responsibilities as a social reformer. She succeeds better as a story-teller, however, than as a preacher of sermons. Her present novel seems to us to bear evidence, in certain of its scenes, to an admiring study of Freytag's great novel, "The Lost Manuscript." It would not be easy to find a better model.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Bayne (P.), The Days of Jezebel	(Gould & Lincoln) 1 50
Barbee (Dr. W. J.), First Principles of Geology	(J. B. Morton & Co.)
Black (Rev. J. R.), Ten Laws of Health	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Bonnell (J. M.), Art of Prose Composition	(J. B. Morton & Co.)
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Lectures on Preaching	(J. B. Ford & Co.)
Bain (A.), Brief English Grammar	(Holt & Williams)
Key to ditto	" "
Beeton (Mrs. S. O.), Everyday Cookery and Housekeeping Book.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Chase (T.), Histories of Livy	(Eldredge & Bro.)
Ethel Mildmay's Follies	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Field (H.), Glitter and Gold	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Glehn (M. E. von), Goethe and Mendelssohn	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 00
Holley (G. W.), Niagara: its History and Geology	(Sheldon & Co.)
Hood (T.), Love and Valor	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 25
Lyell (Sir C.), Principles of Geology, II.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Melville (G. J. W.), The White Rose	" "
McPherson (E.), Hand-book of Politics	(Philp & Solomons) 2 50
Mühlbach (L.), Story of a Millionaire	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Martindale (Dr. J. C.), Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene	(Eldredge & Bro.)
Not Pretty but Precious, and other Short Stories	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Nicholson (Dr. H. A.), Study of Biology	" "
Palgrave (W. G.), Hermann Agha	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Peterson (Rev. C. J. P.), Norwegian-Danish Grammar and Reader	(S. C. Griggs & Co.) 1 25
Stephens (A. H.), History of the United States	(E. J. Hale & Son) 1 50
Stephens (Mrs. A. S.), The Reigning Belle	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Thackeray (W. M.), Catharine	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Turnbull (Dr. L.), Diseases of the Ear	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
The Workshop, No. 7, swd	(E. Steiger)
Thompson (Rev. H. M.), "Copy" from an Editor's Drawer	(M. H. Mallory & Co.)
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Fine Arts.

THE YELLOWSTONE LANDSCAPE AT WASHINGTON.

MR. THOMAS MORAN has delivered to Congress his picture of the Yellowstone Valley, the instance being the first in our history where a work of art that is neither heroic art nor historical art has been chosen for national purchase. The painting obtained from Mr. Moran is a landscape; or, to do more justice to its scope and multiplication of points of sight, a diorama; or, to rise with the occasion in qualifying a picture that explains the marvels of geological formation and natural chemistry, it is a chart of physical geography. The circumstances under which we gain this acquisition open out new horizons to the mind. It is reassuring to perceive the ease with which an immense nation may acquit itself in the formation of a kind of running Versailles to illustrate its history, not in conquest, but in a more elegant career of landscape gardening. We have much territory still unexplored, and we may at any time go off on a hobby of annexing, so that there is no end to our possibilities in future "Parks" if even no scenery but national property shall be allowed representation in the nation's pantheon. There is thus every chance for employment possible to artists whose strength consists less in the ability to paint than in the ability to travel roughly and report promptly: and perhaps no better counsel can be offered to the National Academy, or other art-schools, than that the pupils should give over their studies in drawing, perspective, atmosphere, and the like, and that the faculty make haste to introduce the elements of mustang-riding, hampering mules, conversing with half-breeds and voyageurs, and breaking through dogwood swamp. In fact, if the national patronage were to be in future dispensed according to this precedent, and our Capitol to be adorned with the pictorial bulletins of our civil engineers, the public as well as the academician would be obliged to change ideas with an alacrity quite characteristic of the period. Heretofore, from the day when the Acropolis was in its glory until now, nations have adorned their legislative chambers with those scenes or events, those well-known deeds of heroism, which the public had long pondered over and come to assume as a part of their glory; or, forums were encircled with effigies of people distinguished by achievement and thoroughly estimated. It is something entirely novel in civic statue-raising to rear the image of things that the public has never judged, and which it is told to judge on the representation of the image. It is confusing to be asked to displace the verdicts of history by the sketches of the reporter. The day may come when engineers, architects, and people with schemes will be hanging their finest diagrams between the "Surrender of Cornwallis" and the "Declaration of Independence." The schemes will pass on the demonstration of the diagrams, and the passage of the schemes will involve the purchase of the diagrams and the fixing of them in place as trophies. The vulgar, therefore, to keep up, must mend its pace, and demand frescoes of the events that have not yet happened, or whose happening is interestingly problematical. And the public art-patronage will be conferred on the runners of the illustrated journals.

Mr. Moran's picture was painted at a pace which asseverated the artist's very great capability during last winter, at the close of a fatiguing journey along the Yellowstone. Posterity, however, will not take into its estimate of a national picture the really modifying fact that it was the work of a painter-tourist—the result of a single visit—sketched, for anything we know, from the back of a kicking mule. These considerations, which undoubtedly increase the wonder that the painting is as clever as it is, are not what will affect it with future judges. That it was produced so readily, and finished in time to be sent to Washington during the discussion of the Park project, to form a document for the promoters of that praiseworthy scheme, neither helps nor harms it as a picture for the Capitol. The first landscape-subject admitted there, and lying in a walk of art which American painting regards as particularly its own, the fact of its being an opportune or an acrobatic feat can have no effect but to enhance our gratification if it shall prove to be a work worthy of praise on its own technical merit. Mr. Moran's picture, for a panorama picture, has an unusual degree of directness in what we may call its plot. The perspective up the broad buff-colored gorge is a simple and manageable vista, the chimney-rocks and colored strata and geological bric-a-brac being only protruded so as to individualize and not confuse it, and the whole arrangement being so plain that the eye gets a fair chance to measure it from distance to distance. The cataract on the horizon gives emphasis to the point of sight, and the lines lead up to it easily. The fore-

ground is occupied with the usual "business" of trough-shaped slopes in shadow and aggressive bronze-like trees. But the striking fact, of course, is the dominant breadth of yellowish-colored rock; and here the painter has the cruel advantage over his critics that he has seen the formation he represents, and they have not. From chance descriptions, these natural yellows must be outlandishly impressive, affecting the stranger as if he had got into a world touched with color-motives outside the usual octaves, or perhaps as if he had entered a Chinese theatre, where universal emotions are displayed in extraordinary silks. But Mr. Moran does not make us feel that a landscape dressed in yellow would be a very delicious boon, and we cannot help feeling that our irresponsive mood is partly of his creating. In looking at works of the great colorists, it is pleasant to see that they were always desiring a world with more gold in it than nature afforded them, and that Giorgione, for example, would have exulted in an architecture with arcades and pilasters formed of rock very like this, the whole to be fused and rectified of course in the brazier of warm afternoon light, which was the only light he and his compeers chose to be aware of. In fact, we are told by Couture, of Titian, that he painted his groups first in hearty, approximate yellows and browns, and then suffused them with the glazes that ripened them. Mr. Moran's yellows do not fascinate, and we cannot but suspect that he has unkindly omitted the magic which converts crudity into splendor. Are we to think that nature, possessed in these regions of so rare a material, does not sometimes give them a studio-light—does not, that is to say, in some crisis of an incandescent sunset, or some refinement of pinkish dawn, strike wonderful effects across these huge draperies of damasked stone? Such seasons, of course, the faithful painter loves to watch for; but they are hardly in the control of the artist of an expedition, and that is why we have misgivings of the quality that will be assumed by our pictures in the Capitol when they completely take the form of current illustrations. Natural curiosities, however, no matter how piquant, are but shyly approached by the greater painters; and possibly Yellowstone, as a museum of geysers and craters, with glassy deposits of silica and saffron-colored solfataras and ochreous rocks, is more edifying to science than to art. We may notice as a steady rule that the further a landscape-painter is advanced in his craft, the more tendency does he show towards plain, handy subjects. The color of a turf-bank and the temper of a growing tree are either of them ineffable, and so he finds at last his most attractive challenge in the look of the green tree and the crisp turf. How many oak-trees of Fontainebleau, may we imagine, did Théodore Rousseau draw and color before he achieved the oak-tree of his prime, which seems to embody for the whole species its principle of growth and leafage? Was it a hundred? Was it a thousand? We may doubt if all the sulphurous and nacreous facts of Yellowstone Park would have drawn Rousseau from his patient sessions under the Fontainebleau oaks. Now the painter who is good enough to represent for us outlandishly-colored minerals alongside of grass and trees, will find one consistent habit of treatment among experienced critics. The strange mineral will be put aside from the estimate as a thing that is not, and judgment will be concentrated on his ability to paint a tree, a patch of grass, and a sky. Nothing relieves a large panorama-picture of its illusions like this obvious and wholesome process, and it is gratifying to be able to state, in the case of Mr. Moran, that his denudation leaves him still the author of a very creditable picture, in the style of Calame. The pine-tree studded over the foreground is Calame's well-known and imposing pine-tree, thrown off in dozens of lithographs; it is a fine stage brigand, with harsh foliage, truculent limbs, and unexpected twists and accents in its fibre; it is apt to be sunbaked, like the Giaour, or lightning-scathed, like Lara. We had some right, in place of this tree too fine for us by half, to have asked for a true, humble, studious bit of Montana pine. That, however, is not the kind of favor that can be afforded by a tourist. He does a good deal for us when he prepares a quantity of outlines and broad sketches and brings them home, afterwards throwing in a Calame tree where he had written the word "*pine*," and drawing the fissures and texture of Calame over the cliffs—rather generous, if he yields so far to the local color as to yellow-wash them. It is, at worst, the old Johnsonese reporting where we should be willing to have stenographic reporting. Many an artist who might have befallen us would not have been half so clever.

We wish to show our really high estimate of Mr. Moran in specifying a series of water-color drawings from the Yellowstone region which we have seen, and which include in parcels the principal features of the Capitol landscape, with many other studies. They will amount, we learn, when complete to nearly twoscore, and have been obtained by an English purchaser for ultimate presentation to the Queen. They are abundantly finer works than the painting we have been admiring. They are rapid, racy, powerful, romantic specimens of water-color sketching, showing in each example faculties that any artist ought to glory in.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1872.

The Week.

THE Maine election has proved, as far as "Liberal Republicanism" is concerned, a most melancholy business. It was conceded on all hands that the issues of the canvass were almost wholly national, and that therefore the election was likely to prove a better test of the real strength of the Greeley movement than any other which has yet occurred. It was conceded, too, that the liquor question—that is, the addition of cider to the list of prohibited drinks, for which Perham, the Republican candidate, was in some degree responsible—was likely to exert an unfavorable influence on the Republican vote, or, in other words, to reduce the Republican majority. It was conceded, too, that the result in Maine, if it did not clearly indicate the result of the Presidential election, would make a deep impression on the public mind, and decide thousands of the lukewarm and doubtful. On these data, both sides went into the canvass, and did their mortal best in the way of electioneering, the Greeleyites being at first by far the more sanguine, menacing, and prophetic of the two, and not relaxing effort till the hour of voting had come. They predicted, through the *Tribune*, that they would reduce the Republican gubernatorial majority of 1868 (20,403) to 8,000 or 10,000. Last year it was only 10,000. The sanguine and mercurial even brought it down to 5,000, though this exuberance was rebuked and discountenanced by the more prudent. Mr. Kimball, the "Reform" candidate for the governorship, publicly announced his belief on Monday, in a letter addressed to Mr. Schell in this city, that it would not go higher than from 6,000 to 10,000, which he said would "show a change sufficient to carry one-third more States than they need to elect Mr. Greeley." Moreover, Mr. Blaine, the Speaker of the House, the "pertinacious young man" who ventured to write a letter to the great Mr. Sumner, was to be put to his trumps, if indeed he were not actually beaten out of sight, and so was Hale, another obnoxious Administration member of Congress, just to punish them for their want of faith in the star of the great and good Greeley.

On Tuesday morning, however, a most disheartening tale was laid before the too confiding "Liberals." We then learnt "that the Cincinnati movement was a revolution, and that revolutions do not begin in populations like that of Maine," in spite of the historical fact that the changes of sentiment in that State have been more sudden and surprising than in any other, as witness the case of Harrison and the case of Fremont; that Perham, in spite of the liquor difficulty, had actually received 16,000 majority on a smaller vote than in 1868; that Blaine was rewarded for his impudence by being re-elected by a majority considerably larger than his last, and the same fate had overtaken Hale. The Liberals and Democrats have failed to secure a single member of Congress; they have lost all their State senators, and twenty of their forty-two State representatives—in other words, have suffered an overwhelming defeat, which seems to make the State sure for Grant by the old majority or a larger one in November, and promises to take all heart out of the Liberal canvass all over the country. We congratulate the friends of real reform and honest politics most heartily on this result. We think it becomes daily more certain that when another "reform convention" meets, there will be less "hat-swinging" and more deliberation, and the honest men who attend it will not allow themselves to be persuaded by charlatans that the American people can be led by the nose into transparent follies. We said three months ago that what Greeley had to dread was the "sober second thought" and the accompanying discussion, and we think his managers must begin to feel that he is not exactly the man "to beat Grant" after all, and that "the people," besides a "great beating heart," has a very shrewd, sensible head, which has to be taken note of when starting "a movement."

Maine having been carried by the Republicans, as were North Carolina and Vermont, the list of three States which Mr. Gratz Brown conceded to the Administration men has now been exhausted, and the rest are to go for the Greeleyites. Yet some of them will be close, and among the others this State may certainly be counted in case the October elections go as the August and September elections have indicated. In New York, Greeley has no more Republican strength—we believe he has less—than he has outside the State limits, but of course there are a certain number of Fentonites, and the most of these mean mischief; they are not Greeley men for nothing. But even with the aid of these disaffected office-seekers and their immediate following, the Democrats have a very hard task before them. Without false counting in this city, the State has long been reasonably sure for honest Republican nominees, and this year the Democratic majority in New York County will not be a Tweed majority. Liberal Republicans are asked to support the Democratic Mr. Kernan, an honest man; but he is not so much honester than plenty of other men that the rank and file of the Liberal Republican party, outside the straight Fentonites, who would support the devil, will support eagerly a known "Copperhead" of the true strain. General Dix, just as honest as Mr. Kernan, is in several other respects a much stronger candidate before Republicans, Protestants, and local "Reformers." And the Depew of the Census must to a certain extent be "crow" of the unsavoriest kind with Democrats. Finally, the city Democracy here will not vote as a unit. It will be seen, then, that with the October elections going as they seem likely to go, Mr. Kernan may or may not be able to beat General Dix. It will not be all one way, at any rate. In general, we may say that everywhere what is seen is Republican energy and hopefulness, and Democratic apathy. But how could it be otherwise with Greeley for a candidate? We suppose Mr. Jerry Black, when he said that "this world and the two adjacent" might be searched in vain for so bad a candidate, was nearer right than when he afterwards thought Greeley might do.

The official returns of the Vermont election are not now in, but when they are they will prove very encouraging to the Administration and a striking comment on the power of party organization. Vermont is undergoing the change which is taking place in New England generally; the rural communities are to some extent being altered into manufacturing communities, and the operatives are largely Democratic. Then, the rural Vermonter was a great *Tribune* reader, and although reading the *Tribune* has been a good deal less efficacious in making men Greeleyites than in making them into Republicans, the rural Vermonter in his wool-raising State was naturally a protectionist, and a certain number of these two classes might have been expected to go over to their old tutor. Moreover, in this canvass the element of uncertain and boundless hope in the future of General Grant of necessity plays a less part than it did four years ago, as also does the feeling of gratitude to him for his services. We must here admit, however, that the sense of gratitude and of national property in his fame has been quickened by the course of his accusers. Even were General Grant a man whom the people strongly suspected of several bad habits, they would resolutely refuse to believe it of a man who, as they perfectly know, has elevated the American name in the eyes of foreign nations. The average American carries his own personal head higher for every battle out of which Grant came victorious, and he knows it, and would not be disabused even were there need. Add, however, to the reasons for expecting a decrease in the Republican vote the further reason that an Administration, if it has pleased many by its

distribution of patronage, has also offended many, and that the men who want to be postmasters are just precisely as active in politics as the men who are postmasters, and that there are more of them, and it is surprising that the Republican majority came within about 1,300 of reaching the majority of 1868. In November next the Democrats, who will probably be more demoralized than they were in 1868, may be expected to stay away from the polls both in Vermont and Maine, as they did four years ago, and to an extent that will give Grant his former majority.

The violence and excitement of "the champions" seemed to increase steadily up to the day of the Maine election, and their opinion of their enemies to sink lower and lower. The *Times* has recently described the editor of the *World* as a person who could only save himself from being "infamous" by pleading "constitutional incapacity to act as an honorable man." Hearing, however, that he was probably suffering from fatal disease, it charitably said "that as his last days were embittered by the recollection of his own follies, perhaps a little pity might be mingled with its contempt for him." The *Times* will be sorry to learn that the disgusting monster is on his legs again, as well as ever, and probably can now only be got rid of by the knife or the bludgeon. The editor of the *Tribune* it denounces as "a vulgar rowdy" and an unscrupulous slanderer, and describes the editor of the Chicago *Tribune* as a noted liar—that is, as a man notoriously addicted to the invention of falsehoods. The *Tribune*, on the other hand, describes General Dix as mercenary, old, and cowardly; Speaker Blaine as a "pertinacious young man"; Mr. Richard H. Dana, jun., of the Boston bar, as a "jackdaw"; and Peter Cooper as a dotard, unworthy of notice. We may mention, before passing away from these "journalistic amenities," that the *Tribune's* story that Mr. Dana took a $2,500 fee for his professional services in the Boston fugitive-slave cases, many years ago, is, in the language of the present solemn and edifying struggle, "a lie," which we hereby "nail to the counter." He took no fee, though he would have been perfectly justified in doing so, and, had he done so, his opinion of Mr. Greeley recently published would have been none the less forcible, pointed, and correct. It was hard to bear, we know, but the lofty and pacific character of Mr. Greeley's mission forbids all these attempts to defend him by the use of acrimonious and unseemly language.

A Washington despatch has declared that in "a letter written to a member of his family, Mr. Charles Francis Adams has stated that he regards the election of Grant essential to the best interests of the country." This has a look of probability; and a look, too, of having been manufactured by some gentleman in Washington who knows what he thinks Mr. Adams ought to think, rather than of having been written down by Mr. Adams, and despatched across the Atlantic. According to the best information to be had, the truth of the matter is as follows: The Liberal Republicans in Massachusetts would have liked to get for themselves and the Democrats the support of the name of Mr. Adams as a gubernatorial candidate. Mr. Adams, however, had to be consulted, and he has said in reply that he would not allow his name to be used to the prejudice of Governor Washburn, with whose administration he sees no occasion to find fault. For that matter, we have never known of a Massachusetts Governor with whom less fault has been found than with Governor Washburn, and Liberal Republican talk has in no case been idler than when it has discoursed of his defeat as among the possibilities. The faith which supporters of Greeley and Brown place in assertions which are either instantly confutable, or which, for other reasons, they should by all means suppress rather than circulate, we find past understanding. They play directly into the hands of their adversaries. Why, for example, advertise the fact that they cannot secure Mr. Adams? And what is the effect in Massachusetts or anywhere else of saying, as the Chicago *Tribune* said the other day, that "one more prominent citizen of Massachusetts has come out for Horace Greeley," the prominent citizen in question being the Reverend and Honorable Mr. James M. Usher?

We do not suppose that all or most of the "tall talk" which has marked the Greeleyite canvass ever since May has been simple, downright fabrication. Vagarious elderly men, with bees in their bonnets, underdone young men, enthusiasts of all ages and sizes and sexes, with imperfect control over their mental processes, have always had a natural fondness for the Sage. Evidently it is these taking counsel of their judgments, but not distrusting the answer when it came, who have been making honest prophecies of enormous hosts of Liberal Republicans East and West, and deceiving Liberal Republican editors into printing them. The Springfield *Republican*, which usually shows judgment, had a correspondent who beguiled it into printing that the majority of Governor Perham might be cut down to 5,000, and would probably be about 8,000, and almost certainly not more than 10,000. So did the Chicago *Tribune* put itself in a needlessly wrong position when it predicted as probable the diminution of the Republican majority in Vermont to 17,000. And this unwise freedom of prophesying necessitates, or seems to the Greeley papers to necessitate, subsequent unwisdom. Vermont and Maine hold their elections; the foolishness of the prophets is made manifest; and then we are told that postmasters are using their influence against the Liberal ticket, and that custom-house employees are taxed to pay the expenses of the Grant canvass. And what else was to have been expected? Is not all this a part of the game, and to have been counted on from the first? Whereabouts in the country do the Greeley managers expect to find postmasters and custom-house collectors resolutely refusing labor or money to the Grant managers, or insisting on dividing their time and cash with impartial justice between the two parties? The fight is nowise different from what it has always been.

Mr. Doolittle has at last produced his defence to the charges made against him by the *Times*, based on the correspondence which it published between him and Connatty. The charge was in substance that Mr. Doolittle had used his official position as senator to procure for Connatty a permit to trade in cotton during the war, in consideration of an interest in the profits, and it produced as proof the letters written or drafted by Mr. Doolittle in which Connatty promised him this share. Mr. Doolittle now says that he did nothing whatever to procure the permit for Connatty—that no written application from him is on file; and he shows by a comparison of dates that he could not have made personal application for it, as he was absent in the West during the whole period in which, according to Connatty's account, the application must have been made to produce any effect. He declares, too, that Connatty offered him the share after he had obtained the permit, and that the letters were in the nature of private memoranda, intended solely for the use of the parties to the transaction. Of course, whatever one may think of the propriety or delicacy of a Senator's going into such a business, if he had nothing to do with obtaining the permit it is impossible to base on the affair a charge of corruption, though to make the defence complete he ought to show that he did not use his official influence afterwards to help Connatty in his enterprise. But probably not ten persons in the community will believe that Connatty's beautiful tribute to Doolittle's character was given gratuitously, and as a stump orator Doolittle is ruined for this canvass. He certainly did give Connatty a warm letter of introduction to General Banks. The affair ought not, however, to be dismissed from the public mind, or even weighed as a political phenomenon, without remembering that Mr. J. M. Ashley did, while a member of the Committee on Public Lands, enter into a formal partnership under seal with a land speculator, Ashley supplying the information necessary to enable him to "locate," and the other the labor and money. He was "exposed" by Congressional investigation and by the *Times*, but was nevertheless subsequently appointed Governor of Montana by General Grant under pressure from Mr. Sumner.

The Democratic Convention at Louisville has adjourned after nominating Mr. O'Conor in spite of a refusal which not improbably will be withdrawn. We need hardly say that in

the opinion of the Greelcyites it was composed of a very disreputable crowd, while in the opinion of the Grantites it was a "stately parliamentary body," though of course possessing little influence. It must be admitted that it had certain claims to respect which nominating conventions do not nowadays generally possess. One is that it was composed of men whose object was simply to "testify," and who knew well they could not win. Now a person who takes pains to "testify," and would as soon "testify" as win, may be a foolish person, but he will always be a person to be respected as long as a regard for principle continues to be considered a human virtue. The other is that it nominated the man who was generally considered by all sober-minded people in and out of the convention as the fittest, and not some other and utterly unknown or unexpected person. If, for instance, it had gone the way of the Cincinnati Convention, it would, after talking a good deal about O'Conor, have suddenly nominated Mr. Wendell Phillips as the only true representative of the "straight-out" idea, and have then urged his high rank as an astronomer as a reason why all Old Democrats should "fall into line" for him, and the "organs" would have begun pointing to the disturbances in the sun as a reason why Phillips should be elected as the only man competent to arrest them, and have dwelt on his frequent and very violent changes of opinion as constituting a strong claim on the support of all lovers of consistency.

Mr. Wilson's letter to the Brooklyn Germans has at last been explained, and turns out not to have been written by him, nor authorized by him to tell what would have been the stupidest and indeed most idiotic of falsehoods. It appears that eleven Germans wrote a note to a Mr. Askenassy, a compatriot of theirs, living in Boston, and known as a "worker" in the Republican party. They wished to know the facts about Mr. Wilson's connection with the Know-Nothing party. For reply, Mr. Wilson gave to Askenassy some selections from his speeches, which would have made it plain enough that he had been a Know-Nothing, and then went off to Maine campaigning. Mr. Wilson, who is so very politic a politician that his prudence often merits a harsher name, and so old a politician that we doubt if any in the country can give him lessons in any art of politics, says that he never gave Askenassy or any other man living any authority to write for him a letter on a political subject, and that certainly now is not the time he would choose to begin, and says that Askenassy made an enormous blunder in making a statement so palpably untrue that, we should say, the eleven Germans must have been very late arrivals if any one expected them to believe it. So much for superserviceable friends. Meantime, the anguish of the Liberal Republican editors, their resolute determination to have this thing—painful as the task must be—sifted to the bottom, their concern fo the character of candidates for the Vice-Presidency, is one of the most elevating sights of the campaign. Of course, Mr. Wilson was a Know-Nothing, and it is perfectly well-known that he was not a Know-Nothing from conviction, but, like many more of the so-called "Americans," in order that the Whig party might be broken up. However, it is not a very live issue to-day, and seeing it above the surface suggests a low state of the Rising Liberal Tide.

The Geneva Tribunal has at last reached the termination of its labors, and according to rumor, which is probably true, has awarded in or about $15,000,000 to the United States, holding England guilty of want of due diligence, and saddling her with the responsibility of three or four of the Confederate crusiers. The award of a gross sum, the distribution of which is to be left to this Government, is a peculiarly fortunate decision, for obvious reasons; but, as the *World* very properly points out, the definition of due diligence, which we have asked for, and which the Tribunal has made, is of very great importance, and will be looked for anxiously by the public. If the doctrines of Mr. Caleb Cushing, who is an eager, able, sharp lawyer, but not in the least a statesman, have been adopted in their full extent, we may find ourselves saddled with responsibilities towards belligerents which may prove in the highest degree burdensome, considering the long line of coast we have and the feebleness of our navy.

Public attention in France has been fixed during the last two or three weeks on the meetings of the Councils-General which are now in session all over the country, and which, though prohibited by the organic law from discussing politics, will, it is nevertheless expected, do much by their proceedings to influence public opinion. They are composed of local notables, and contain a very strong infusion of the Legitimist element. Our French correspondent, last year, described one of their meetings, and those who recollect his account will understand what a very feeble assistance these bodies render, or are likely to render, in developing a spirit of local independence and activity, owing to their want of business experience, want of initiative, and traditional awe of the prefect and the central government. The opening addresses of the presidents have been mainly composed of commonplaces, but all seemed to indicate a desire that the existing régime should have a fair trial. The boldest utterance was the expression of a wish that the National Assembly should be dissolved. One great fact, however, the importance of which Frenchmen are at last beginning to perceive, and which the Paris papers are discussing, and which certainly reflects no great credit on the Thiers Administration, to use our own phrase, is this: in the estimates submitted to the Assembly for the appropriations of the current year, the army gets twelve times, the navy four times, and public works four times as much money as is accorded to popular education. In other words, only one and a half per cent. of the French revenue goes to the removal of that curse of popular ignorance to which all parties, Legitimists as well as Communists, agree that France owes her misfortunes.

The German Government is absorbed at present in the war with the Jesuits, who find "the secular arm" a little too much for them. The Redemptorists, Lazarists, Christian Brothers, and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and of the Sacred Heart, as having relations more or less intimate with the Society of Jesus, are also said to be threatened. The Jesuits of Mayence as well as of Bonn have been ordered to close their churches, and stop preaching and teaching, saying mass and confessing, and have signed a solemn protest, declaring that the only authority competent to prohibit the exercise of their functions is that of the bishop of the diocese. In Rome, preparations for breaking up the great religious orders, or, at all events, depriving them of their great accumulations of real estate, are also going on. The present law of suppression will be applied throughout the Papal provinces; but in Rome itself the communities will be simply deprived of their corporate character, and compelled to convert their property into Government bonds.

The new censorship law in Russia is apparently not intended to be a dead letter by any means. The announcement has been issued from the central office that an official gazette will be issued every week containing a list of the permitted and prohibited native and foreign works, so that a glance at it will show anybody what he had better read and what avoid. The censors have begun operations by prohibiting the sale of a novel of M. Korneff's, and all copies of a Russian translation of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals" have been seized at the printer's and confiscated. A correspondent of *Le Temps*, writing from St. Petersburg, mentions in illustration of the value of this censure, that when it was not only forbidden to read Hertzen's works in Russia, but even to mention his name, his books were in nearly everybody's hands. No sooner, however, was the prohibition removed than his popularity began to decline, and his paper, the *Bell*, which had attained great success, as soon as it was allowed to circulate freely fell off rapidly and soon died. Besides attacking literature through the censure, the Government has raised the postage on printed matter.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NATIONAL APATHY.

THE moral apathy of the public mind of America presents this curious question: Why is it that a people, moral, decent, respectable, possessing, as they believe, more than the average honesty of mankind and much more than the average intelligence of nations—why is it that such a people tolerate in public men the widest departure from their own code of private-life morality, and at the same time are sensitively jealous of the slightest departure from the political pathway which they expect their "leaders" to tread? How comes it that if our professional politicians are "sound on the main question" they can not only get drunk and cheat in their own social sets, but may bring their drunkenness on to the floor of Congress and exercise their knavery against the Treasury itself? If it were only the veiled debauchery of strictly private life, the problem were easier of solution. Men give a certain acceptancy to the dual life of other men, and believe or try to believe that private vices are sometimes embodied in the same man with public virtues. There is a tendency to say that so long as a man serves his country faithfully, it is nobody's business how he lives in secret. At this time in England there are men holding high offices of public trust whose private lives are believed to be stained with immoralities which, when established, society cannot wink at but must condemn; yet no one will insinuate that they have ever failed to serve the state with strict integrity. The bluntness of the English character sees in them faithful public servants, and refuses to see more. It says gruffly that we all have our faults, and every man had better look after his own instead of prying into his neighbor's. In America, we may turn back to some of our greatest men, whose private lives were supposed to be grovelling and debased, and see a record of public services which seem certainly to have been actuated only by a patriotism lofty, scrupulous, and disinterested. Society looks on such men and discerns in them *some* scrupulousness, and that it was not diluted and distributed through their whole lives, but concentrated on the public part. Society then says in practical effect: "All the scrupulosity which they possessed they gave to their country, that is to say, to us: their lack of it concerned themselves, their wives, their families, their social relations; it is no concern of ours. Let us applaud their patriotic lives, and drop a tear on their private faults." In the matter of money, too, society sees that there may be an acknowledged personal departure from rectitude with an unquestioned official integrity. All men are agreed that all men ought to pay their washerwoman; but Mr. Pitt did not. Society commiserates the unpaid laundress, and scorns Tom, Dick, and Harry for like neglect; yet nevertheless thinks it better that she should have been wronged and Mr. Pitt should have died poor, than that he should have wronged his country and died rich in plundered wealth. In brief, society perceives that the duties of a statesman constitute a trust. So long as the trust is faithfully, scrupulously, disinterestedly administered, so long society will look away from a statesman's personal shortcomings and relegate their condemnation to his personal associates or family or friends. We do not now affirm the propriety of such a course, we merely state what right-minded people, loving virtue and upholding morality, have done before, are doing now, and probably will do again.

But our present national problem is more troublesome. It is not the private life of our patriots that American society censures, but their whole character which it despises. The offences are official. The men have not the redeeming faithfulness called public virtue. The vices affect their official lives and contaminate all that comes under their official touch. The orgies of Mr. Consul-General Butler have not been his private affair; but the American consulate has been their field, and it moreover has been used to obtain them. Of the really private life of General Butler the American people, notwithstanding his notoriety, know little, and all the scandal that attaches to his name has been gathered since he began to serve his country. Barnard did not play the part of a dignified judge by day and restrain his brutality into fighting policemen or carousing with ruffians at night. Cardozo did not confine his pilferings to cheating his friends when off the bench. Indeed, many of our official knaves seem to have thought that honesty was the best policy in private life, and to have built up tolerable characters for themselves before they made party-politics their trade. Yet so lax has been the public sentiment respecting public men, that when these same sharp-sighted knaves have stepped into official life they have reversed the old maxim, and held among themselves that honesty doesn't pay. It is an interesting question how far our looseness of allowing public depravity causes it: how far the old-time strictness of exacting public virtue secured it. If men whose respected names we do not care to use here—men of gross tastes and expensive habits who still left honorable public records—if they lived nowadays, would they not be as debauched and faithless as our worst? If Arnold and Burr were actors on the present stage, would they not be high in office and millionaires in wealth? If Barnard had climbed on the bench *then*, would he not have maintained a certain dignity and fairness, such as in his first judicial years he could and did assume, and have continued through life to play the same part? If Cardozo had been made a judge a century ago, would he not have grown into a distinguished jurist, or at least have preserved the good name that the New York bar gave him when they repeatedly chose him as a rapid, industrious, fair-minded referee? Are not the American people now saying substantially to all such men something like this: "In all ordinary occupations we exact of you decency, honesty, fair dealing, a fulfilment of your promises, a performance of your obligations, something of care and prudence, much of industry and skill. In all public employments you may cheat us, lie to us, steal our money, neglect our work, debase our good name, insult us, tyrannize over us, and grow rich by all dishonest means, without being kicked out of society or even being turned out of office." It is a disheartening prospect, look where one will, under the Federal Government, among the State governments, in the Democratic party, in the Republican party; and he who looks much at it will find himself becoming morbid, and his hopes of man and free government growing less.

Moreover, it must be confessed that another cheat and pest of free governments, the demagogue, has obtained no weak foothold on our political soil. Banks and Butler started in public life as men of practical ability, distinguished indeed for shrewdness and sense, but they have sunk down either involuntarily to their natural level, or voluntarily to what they believe to be the natural level of their supporters, a respectable portion of the American people. They represent not remote districts in Texas or Oregon, but that State which is believed to stand the highest in our social scale for general education and well-diffused intelligence among its voting classes, and especially for morality and integrity and a liking for what is practical and rational. Their districts, too, when reckoned by voters are larger than eight of the largest parliamentary districts in England, and these two districts of sensible, honest New England these two men apparently control. General Butler, moreover, in his campaign a year ago travelled out of his own district and up and down the State, was heard in many places, and successful almost wherever heard, carrying Adams, the former residence of Mr. Dawes, and still part of his district, despite Mr. Dawes; carrying Springfield despite the Springfield *Republican;* and doing it all by the shallowest arts of the demagogue—by promising in one breath the most opposite things to the most opposite people, and abusing all that was most respectable and honest and good in the State.

We all know that with respect to party fealty the case is different; that there these same political mariners trim their sails with the nicest discretion, and never long indulge in any honest independence of thought, speech, or action. It is apparent enough there that the American people can still exact compliance of their public servants, that they still have the power of being obeyed. In other words, it is apparent that, so far as party is concerned—the means by which we seek the end of good government—the people will have integrity; but that so far as their country is concerned, their

laws, their taxes, their national reputation, and the general welfare of society, they are in a state of apathetic indifference, knowing that things are endurable, trusting that they will grow no worse.

One would suppose that when it came to dollars and cents, a people so sensitive to taxation as to have once rebelled against its unlawful imposition, and who laid the foundations of their national existence on the right to that particular part of self-government, would see in needless, exorbitant taxation so many fines and penalties for their neglect of their own political duties, and be quickly aroused into activity. But our taxpayers are the apathetic class. The vagabond portion of the community, which has the least to lose, and through government very little to gain, votes with commendable regularity, actuated occasionally by patriotic instinct, but more frequently by that petty rivalry which reigns in the lower strata of human nature, and finds pleasure not so much in elevating its own side as in prostrating the other. America is now in the taxed condition that England was in half a century ago, which Sydney Smith pungently ridiculed in a celebrated piece of wit and wisdom once to be found in nearly every school reader and speaker, whereat the heart of many a budding Demosthenes has exulted over the wronged, taxed Englishman, but which somehow or other has entirely disappeared from such works since the internal revenue bills and endless tariffs have come into our daily reading. No people ever needed to study the principles of taxation more, and no people with such advantages for study study them less. The Englishman of to-day is taxed but little. The imposts fall upon only half a dozen of his imported articles of consumption. His internal industries go nearly free. His land tax is trivial compared with ours. Yet he has read the reports of Mr. Wells, and is thrusting them, as a young member of Parliament recently said, into every corner and hamlet of the kingdom. The Cobden Club alone has distributed more than 200,000 copies of this American contribution to the social welfare of mankind. But the American mind has been little interested, and the American taxpayer has been so indifferent that our professional politicians have not thought it worth while to study up the subject or weave it into the staple of their discourses. At this time, when national topics are supposed to pass under national review, our political speakers are not discussing before intelligent constituencies what can be done and what ought to be done in the future; but are treating the people of the United States as though the future action of the Government were matter altogether beyond their comprehension, and are amusing them with a debate as to whether the Johnson or Grant Administration (both using precisely the same means) blundered into a greater reduction of the public debt than the other.

And yet under all the apathy there is a real interest in the public mind; a faith and not a hopelessness; a sense of security and not of despair; a belief in latent strength which can become active whenever the real occasion comes; a sense of great sacrifices freely made for great purposes in the recent war; a firm conviction that whenever necessity requires it the nation will be true to itself, and the body of the people true to their country and to each other. As to the causes which have produced this strange combination of fortunate and unfortunate qualities, we may hereafter speak of them.

THE TRANSMISSION OF PUBLIC OBLIGATIONS.

MR. CHARLES O'CONOR, whatever else he may be, is a strong writer, and his letter to the Louisville Convention must be read with genuine pleasure by anybody who likes to hear an able man thinking aloud, particularly at a season when the land is deluged with platitudes and commonplaces, and when several hundred of the feeblest or most dishonest men in the community are trying in every direction to put on an air of mingled wisdom and virtue. The letter is sprinkled thickly with very telling epigrams and very pregnant suggestions, as when he says that the contest between Grant and Greeley offers us "a blank Olympiad on one hand and four years of undefinable activity on the other," and elsewhere, as when he says that "if the support of our home industry against foreign competition is to be regarded as sound policy, it can be afforded as far as needful by a much simpler and less expensive and a far less demoralizing process than our overgrown customs establishment. The true policy is national regeneration. It is far more comprehensive than mere free-trade; its aim is to break the sceptre of the trading politician and emancipate the masses." But long brooding over the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, combined with the not unnatural repugnance excited in the mind of a thoughtful professional man by the spectacle of great governmental powers wielded by knaves or wrested to their base uses, has made an entrance into Mr. O'Conor's powerful mind for several of the political notions which that undefined and undefinable force called "the force of circumstances" has degraded to the rank of crotchets. Foremost among these is the notion that no national debt should ever be contracted, and that the expenses even of just and necessary wars should be defrayed by the generation engaging in them, as the only safe ground against the wicked and reckless use of the public credit and the lavish waste of the public money, and against the gigantic crime of war.

There is nothing perhaps better calculated to rouse philosophic indignation—if this be not a contradiction in terms—than an examination of the manner in which the greater part of the national debts of the world have been contracted, and any prudent man may well feel alarmed at the recklessness with which loans are now made for peaceful enterprises; but it will do a great deal to reconcile us to existing national debts if we remember, as we are bound to remember, that most great wars have not been killing matches, but effectual modes of settling controversies which did not admit of settlement in any other way—or, in other words, steps in the process of human education. The thing to be lamented is, that men have not been open to other modes of persuasion. But to lament over this is after all only lamenting over the fact that mankind has not been civilized more rapidly. Who is responsible for the exceeding slowness with which the human race has approached the point of intelligence at which international differences can be settled by the submission of written briefs to a court, or by oral debate in a council chamber, is something on which no publicist of any school has managed to throw much light. The fact, however, remains, and a very distinct fact it is, that the condition of the human mind has been such, for countless ages, that differences of opinion between great bodies of men which had in some way to be reconciled, could only be reconciled by the sword; and this may be applied to dynastic wars as well as national wars, for the truth is that in the ages in which dynastic wars were possible they were apt to be national wars as well. The theory in which Sentimentalists delight, that the world in past ages was filled with raging lunatics, who never saw things as Frederic Harrison or Karl Marx or Wendell Phillips now sees them, is one which Mr. O'Conor will hardly have much sympathy with, and yet it is one to which his views with regard to war not unnaturally lead up. The truth is, that the men who fought out great wars in bygone days were men of their time, doing as much for the world as the state of the human mind would permit, and seeking the solution of great social and political problems in the only way open to them. The national debts of the world may indeed be not unfairly regarded as law costs. They are very heavy bills to pay, but considering the magnitude of the interests affected by the decisions which they were incurred in procuring, we doubt very much whether they are not fully as moderate as those of the various suits in which Mr. O'Conor has borne a professional part.

Moreover, we doubt if there be a doctrine which does more, and has done more, to produce that pulverization of society in independent, self-considering atoms, and that consequent corruption of the public conscience and degradation of "politics," which in the opinion of many are an accompaniment of democracy, than the Jeffersonian doctrine that each generation must take care of itself, and owes nothing either to the one which has gone before or to the one which is to come after. We can never have a national conscience without a strong sense of national continuity, and we cannot have a

strong sense of national continuity if we grow up with the notion that it was not in the power of our fathers to bind us, and is not in our power to bind our sons. We may fairly treat as absurd Mr. Jefferson's plan of dividing a nation into generations, each lasting nineteen years. A real generation in possession of any country has never been seen, and never will be seen. In reality, three or four generations are always on the soil together, and run into each other by gradations which no man can trace, and are bound together by ties as numerous and indefinable as the sand on the sea-shore.

But even if the fathers and mothers of the community handed its affairs over to the children every nineteen years, the doctrine that their engagements ought not to bind their successors would still be one of the most demoralizing doctrines ever set up. It would exert, if adopted, somewhat the same influence on human character as the doctrine that, inasmuch as a man's physical composition changes every seven years, his promises should only bind him for that period, and would introduce an uncertainty into public affairs which would render contracts or arrangements of any kind between nations or between nations and individuals impossible, and would surround the transmission of property with so much doubt and insecurity as to interfere seriously with the work of accumulation, or, in other words, with the habit of industry and the habit of saving which lie at the basis of civilization. Indeed, it may be said, without exaggeration, that it is the application, to all classes of public obligations, of the rule which Mr. O'Conor only applies to one, which now most seriously threatens civilization. In the ideal society of the Communists, the legislation and judicature will be supplied each day, and for a day only, by the people in the market-place; the law of December will supply no guide for a man's conduct in April, and the father will owe nothing to the child, nor the child to the father. There will be neither bequest nor inheritance, lending nor borrowing, promising nor performing; and each community will consist of a large crowd, seeking, like a herd of buffaloes, a scanty but equally divided subsistence.

The great political lesson to be inculcated in our day, and the one whose successful inculcation will bring nearly all political blessings in its train, is that each generation should exercise its honest judgment in the management of the national affairs, and should rest well assured that what is best for us will be best for those who come after us. If it is desirable that a nation should last, it is right to borrow money to maintain and defend it; and we may be certain that posterity will thank those who did it, even if it has to shoulder part of the debt. A great deal of the piling up of public debts which is going on in Europe to-day, is the result of great plethora of capital in the hands of timid or inexperienced investors, and this plethora is the result of the wonderful productiveness of steam and machinery since 1840. Governments get it easily because they offer the best security; they no doubt waste much of it; but we question whether the waste is not amply compensated for by the moral discipline which lies in the concurrence of great bodies of men in making contracts which they need not keep if they do not choose, but which they *do* keep, and transmit inviolable to their descendants. This is, rightly considered, perhaps the greatest triumph of morality ever seen.

THE ITALIAN PROSPECT.

FLORENCE, August 14.

THE telegraph will ere this have brought you the news of the decided victory which the Liberal, *i.e.*, National Conservative, party has obtained in the municipal elections of the 4th inst. You are also undoubtedly aware of the fact that this victory signifies not merely a defeat of the Clerical party, but a complete *déroute* of the Radicals also. It has demonstrated, what I have always hinted at in my letters, that the fear of the red as well as the black spectre is as yet utterly without foundation in Italy, and that it is an easy matter for the moderate Liberals to rid themselves of their noisy opponents as soon as they muster up patriotism enough to overcome their apathy, sacrifice a Sunday, and go to the poll *en masse*. This they could never make up their minds to do until the danger grew imminent, and thus it happened that, in important cities, like Naples and Palermo for instance, they allowed an imperceptible, albeit clamorous, minority to get the upper hand in all the elections. The participation of the Catholics forced them this time, however, to shake off their usual sluggishness, and, as I had foreseen, the Radicals, who for the last twelve years have filled the municipal councils of those towns, and thereby paralyzed their administration, have had unmistakably the worst of it. If I may be allowed to express the proportions in approximate ciphers, I should say that fifty out of a hundred electors took part (the usual average being no more than ten per cent. of electors who so far conquered their laziness as to do their duty as citizens), and that, out of these fifty per cent., thirty-five belonged to the National-Liberal or Moderate party, ten to the Catholics, and about five to the Radicals.

This result, as you may well suppose, has singularly strengthened the ministry, or, to speak more correctly, the minister, Signor Sella, who actually presides over the destinies of Italy. It has had an excellent effect upon the whole Moderate party, so united in 1859 and 1860, and which, thanks to this unity, had made the creation of the kingdom possible, but which ever since Count Cavour's death (1861), and more particularly since the Convention of the 15th September (1864), has been most unfortunately divided. The Piedmontese *Permanente* and the Tuscan *Consorteria* waged constant though hidden warfare with each other, and personal animosity had taken the place of public interest and political conviction in the war which raged within what ought to have been one compact party. Things had already begun to improve from the end of last year, shortly after the transfer of the capital to Rome, when both Turin and Florence were forced to admit that there was no longer any chance of either of them regaining or retaining the supremacy as the seat of the court, the parliament, and the Government. On the other hand, Signor Sella's continually increasing authority was not without influence upon this reconciliation of the divers factions of the great Liberal and National party. The present administration came into office in 1869 through the support of the Radical party, and though all its members were Moderates, still they belonged for the greater part to the Left wing of the party, and were at any rate neither Tuscans, Consortisti, nor members of the high Piedmontese aristocracy, but simple northern citizens—one a doctor, another a manufacturer and scholar, a third a professor. In taking Rome, they achieved what had been the main point of the Radical programme, and by this means wrested their best weapon out of the hands of the opposition, while by bringing in a bill of guarantees for the independence of the Holy See, and following a wise financial policy, they have succeeded in disarming the right wing of the Moderate party. Thus it happens that they have achieved what no one before had achieved in the new kingdom, *i.e.*, they have held office for more than two years. It is now nearly three years indeed since Signori Sella, Lanza, and Visconti-Venosta formed their ministry, and it is as probable as it is desirable that the former at any rate will remain still a long time at the head of affairs. For, although he has not the actual presidency of the cabinet, he is in reality by general consent the soul and vital principle of the ministry. It is moreover highly probable that Signor Scialoja, one of the ablest men of the Italian Senate, and former Minister of the Finances, will consent to take the modest but highly important post of Minister of Public Instruction, in which case he would give additional strength to the ministry.

So much as to the interior and personal side of the situation; but there is another far more important face to the question, and one which is certainly of higher interest for the distant spectator. Italy is and remains the spoilt child of Dame Fortune. She owes her very birth to the discord existing among European powers; she will owe her consolidation and security to their concord. Without the four great wars which have in latter years changed the balance of power in Europe, she would not even exist; nor could any patriotism and courage have sufficed to call her into existence. It was in the Crimean war that the seed of Italian independence was sown to which the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 gave a powerful beginning of reality. The Austro-Prussian war of 1866 procured for Italy the longed-for possession of Venice and definitive expulsion of the foreigners from the Peninsula; and, lastly, the Franco-German war of 1870 has conquered for her the last bulwark of her internal enemy, Rome. She could but lose by any new war, for the smallest warlike commotion in Europe might place her on the verge of bankruptcy; one victory of the French arms might lead to the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. Peace, on the contrary, peace alone can suffice to bring order into her very precarious financial condition. The quiet but rapid increase of the public wealth, as the last six years have proved, will do what no financial genius, however powerful, could ever achieve; it will, within a few years, nearly double the revenue from the existing taxes, rendering them at the same time proportionately easier to bear. And on this head I might give you the most interesting and convincing statistics, for there is not a doubt that if things continue as they are at present, the Italian 5 per cents will be at par in ten or twelve years. On the

other hand, prolonged peace and a persistent though unacknowledged alliance with the German Empire against the Clerical party within and the French without will, with the death of the present Pope and the consolidation of the "usurpation" in the Pontifical States, bring about in time the recognition of the kingdom by the Church, and then Italy will be able really to consider herself in a safe haven.

Now, it is just at this moment, when peace is a question of life or death for Italy, that peace is secured for many a long year by the solemn revival of the Holy Alliance, sealed by the meeting of the three Emperors in Berlin —a Holy Alliance no longer destined to crush the national and unitary aspirations of Germany and Italy, but, on the contrary, to sanction and protect them; and directed, as in 1815, against that universal *trouble-paix*, France—not against the France which then represented modern legislation and liberty, but against the France which now represents Jesuitism and its pretensions, albeit under a republican form; a Holy Alliance between the same powers which concluded the league of despotism, but which have since become the champions of progress, to which they owe their new prosperity and strength; between powers which have become mightier than they were after [illegible]oo; the first, because it has grasped its dispersed powerless memb[illegible]th one hand; the second, because it has been liberated from the absor[illegible]nd exhausting duty of subduing rebellious subjects without the limit[illegible] natural frontiers; the third, because it has broken the fetters of milli[illegible] poor slaves whose chains at the same time fettered the nation[illegible]elopment. Whilst these three giants thus keep a tight hold over the [illegible]enemy Italy has to fear, the young kingdom can quietly bide its time[illegible]wait until it is strong enough to defend itself single-handed against any[illegible], however powerful, that may assail it in future.

Correspondence.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* AND THE EFFECTS OF MUSICAL VIBRATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The *Times*, having disposed of the scholars to its satisfaction, is now undertaking to "laugh away" the scientific men. A Cambridge professor having stated at a recent scientific meeting that a bridge might be destroyed to ruins by sounding its key-note on a violin, our Thunderer makes some facetious merry over this proposition, and illustrates it by an allusion of more than Titcombian infelicity. If the *Times* was in absolute need of a historical illustration, it might have taken the walls of Jericho. True, there is a strong probability (to use the mildest term) that every regular building or structure has its key-note, the repetition of which, if persevered in, will bring it down. Cambridge (England) tradition tells us that the key-note to the magnificent chapel of King's College is found in the "Dead March in Saul"; that when the passage is played once, all the windows rattle, and, on its repetition, the massive walls tremble perceptibly. For obvious reasons the experiment has never been carried out to its probable result, and such practical difficulties will always afford an opening for small wits and sceptics. Some of the illustrative experiments, indeed, may be tried at small expense, such as breaking a tumbler by singing at it, which is stated in various books to be possible—for the subject is not a new mare's nest, as the *Times* seems to think, but has been talked and written about for at least fifty years. But it is evident that we cannot destroy a cathedral, or even a bridge, for the sake of proving a scientific probability. Such experiments must be left to a particular class of reformers.

I cannot see the wisdom or wit of the *Times's* attacks on learning and science and their votaries. Surely we have not too much of these things, too many of these men, among us. We are not as a people disposed to neglect the purely practical side of life. And if we are to interest ourselves in nothing but what is obvious to the vulgar mind, nothing but what can be weighed in the balance of trade, and tried by the tangible test of dollars, either we shall soon slide into the "let us eat and drink" theory of life, or we can only be saved from it by some reaction of the fiercest religious or ascetic fanaticism. The Tweeds and Fisks on one side, the Prohibitionists on the other, are examples in point.

C. A. Bristed.

Lenox, Mass., Sept. 4.

Notes.

In addition to the fall announcements mentioned in our last issue, we must now name the following. Lippincott & Co. will publish "The Issues of American Politics," by Orrin Skinner; "Work and Wages Practically Illustrated," by Thomas Brassey, M.P.; "Theology for Children," by Mark Evans; "Memoir of Dr. Norman Macleod," by Alexander Strahan; "A Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land," by Henry M. Harmon, D.D.; "Dickens as a Reader," by Charles Kent; "The Evolution of Life," by Henry C. Chapman, M.D.; and a large number of novels.——Lindsay & Blakiston announce Chavasse's "Aphorisms on the Mental Culture and Training of Children."——From Scribner, Armstrong & Co. we may expect a new poem by Dr. Holland, "The Marble Prophecy"; Prof. Conington's "Prose Translation of Virgil"; the first volume of Froude's "History of Ireland"; the third and last of Dr. Hodge's "Systematic Theology"; "Sermons on Living Subjects," by Dr. Bushnell; a volume of sermons by Archbishop Trench; Prof. Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals" (Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism); and "The Reformation," by Prof. Geo. P. Fisher.——Macmillan & Co.'s list embraces Amédée Guillemin's "Forces of Nature"; Sir William Thomson's "Papers on Electrostatics and Magnetism"; "Elementary Lessons in Anatomy," by St. George Mivart; "History of Holland House," by the Princess Marie de Lichtenstein; the second volume of Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon I."; "Historical Course for Schools," edited by Edward A. Freeman; and "Essays on Eastern Questions," by W. Gifford Palgrave.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons announce as their autumn list of publications the following: A new work by the author of the well-known romance of "Kaloolah; or, The Adventures of Jonathan Romer, of Nantucket"; a new edition of Kaloolah itself, which has for years been out of print; "The Memoirs of a Huguenot Family"—"a veritable history," translated from the original autobiography of the Rev. James Fontaine, by Ann Maury; "A Manual of Pottery and Porcelain," for the American collector, by Mr. J. H. Treadwell; "The Greeks of To-day," by the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, late United States Minister at Athens; "The Romance of American History," by Professor M. Schele De Vere; "The Mother's Work with Sick Children," written by Prof. J. B. Fonssagrives, M.D., and translated by Dr. F. S. Foster; "The Higher Ministry of Nature, Viewed in the Light of Modern Science, and as an aid to Advanced Christian Philosophy," by J. R. Leifchild, A.M.; "More Worlds than One," by Sir David Brewster; a new edition, with its statistics brought down to date, of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed's "Five Years in an English University," this being the fourth edition, and the work having for some time been out of print; "Henry Delaware; or, An American in Germany"; a new edition, edited by Professor John Nichol, of the works of George Herbert; "How to Educate Yourself: A Complete Guide to Students, showing How to Study, What to Study, and How and What to Read," by Mr. George Cary Eggleston; "Social Economy," by Professor E. Thorold Rogers of Oxford, revised and edited for American students; "Hints on Dress," by an American Woman; "The Home, Where it Should be, and What to Put Into it," by Mr. F. R. Stockton.——Mr. Edward Eggleston, the author of "A Hoosier Schoolmaster," has written, and Messrs. Orange Judd & Co. will publish, a novel of the same general character as that of his other venture; the title is "The End of the World: A Love Story," and points to something Millerite. Mr. Eggleston has become a popular writer of this kind of fiction.——Messrs. Lee & Shepard and Mr. Sumner have discovered that ten volumes are not going to hold the Senator's speeches; the work grows upon their hands, as might readily have been predicted, and there are to be two or more additional volumes. It may be questioned if any man who has been in public life in this country within the last twenty years has made twelve octavo volumes full of speeches which it is worth while to preserve.

—The book by Mr. G. H. Felt, to which we made reference last week in one of these notes, is not a book without value, nor did we at all intend to convey that impression, although the prospectus on which we commented might well enough lead its reader to suspect that he had come upon another work like Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews's great "Alwato." That also was a book which had "testimonials" from some eminent citizens, though more extraordinary and heaven-defying nonsense has seldom got into print. It simply baffled the human understanding; it bore very well that final test of out-and-out nonsense which consists in the reader's laying down the book and searching his consciousness to know whether it is he himself or the author who has probably become a maniac, and then calling in the aid of friends to determine the point. Mr. Felt's book, as we pointed out, has the approval of Mr. William Page, Mr. Quincy Ward, and Mr. E. W. Perry, who speak of it as being valuable to students of art and instructive to themselves personally as artists. This they say after close investigation, and it would require General Schenck or a committee of Congressmen to dispute the conclusions of these gentlemen on a matter of this kind. So, too, as Mr. Felt informs us, Mr. Felt's work has been found interesting and is believed to be valuable by a number of leading Swedenborgians; by some of the professors of the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in this city, who are disposed to think that the English revisers of the Scriptures would do

well to consult with Mr. Felt; by many members of the Masonic fraternity, who are so well pleased with his exposition of the mysteries of their order that he has recently been advanced to the thirty-second degree—if that is the right phrase—he having previously taken but three degrees; by several Egyptologists, who have expressed in writing their gratification at the result of his labors; by some of our philological scholars, and by other persons entitled to express an opinion on one or another point to which his attention has been given. As we say, there need be no doubt that the work will be interesting from several points of view, and little doubt that from several points of view it will be regarded as valuable; so that whether or not it traces the golden reed of Ezekiel backwards to its origin in the "wisdom of the Egyptians" and forward through the measurements of ancient and modern architectures, and does other still more remarkable things, there is no harm in wishing its author success with his subscription list, and this we believe he is having.

—Mr. Superintendent Winsor, of the Boston Public Library, is a man to be envied. He is able to issue in abundance those guides to the books under his charge which other librarians have neither the time to prepare nor the money to print. Some libraries cannot make, others cannot print their catalogues; some confine themselves to lists of authors, though this, happily, is becoming rare. But the Boston Public Library had its subject catalogues long ago, and for the Prince Library, its bibliographical catalogue; it is now to have its *catalogues raisonnés*. To the second edition of the finding-list of History, Biography, and Travels for the lower hall—the more popular department of the library—Mr. Winsor has added concise notes, characterizing the chief of the books previously enumerated, and referring, where necessary, to other books on the same subject in the Bates Hall. Under Cortez, for instance, Cowper, Crimea, Dare (Jeanne), Europe (literary history), there are remarks which even one familiar with books might find useful, and certainly will think interesting. Under Cromwell, in a note of only twenty-five lines, fourteen writers are characterized. It is as if a manual on "What to Read" or "The Best Reading," such as have been lately published by Dr. Porter, by C. H. Moore, by G. P. Putnam, were combined in a condensed form with an ordinary library catalogue. Mr. Winsor has also introduced some other improvements not new in cataloguing, but new to the Public Library catalogues—such as giving dates of the birth and death of those whose biographies are mentioned, and adding a brief label, so to speak, ("American poetess," "English physician," and the like), and uniformly stating the dates of voyages. These trifles, as they may seem, have no doubt cost much labor. They will have a value for a class of persons for whom they were not intended, whose wants librarians have never sufficiently considered. To a person with a strong imagination, capable of covering with flesh the driest of bones, a catalogue is never dull. Reading the title of a book of travels carries him into the countries traversed; the title of a biography brings before him the subject of the life, if he has ever heard of him; the title of a volume of sermons produces a gentle shudder without the lasting fatigue of reading them; a metaphysical title puzzles, a mathematical title strengthens, and a licentious title shocks. The only drawback is the rapid transition from one subject to another. "The stories are so short," as the Scotchman said of the dictionary, that a sort of mental indigestion may be produced. Anything that induces the reader to dwell upon the separate items, anything which causes the title to call up a more vivid and more correct picture, greatly enhances the value of the catalogue to our imaginative, shall we say imaginary, reader. We fear, however, that it is not for this that Mr. Winsor has prepared his notes and additions. His purpose is strictly utilitarian. He wishes that every person who comes to his library seeking information on any subject should get not merely some book, but the very best book about it that the library contains; and this he will effect by the publication of a series of "classed lists" of all parts of the library, to be corrected and improved in successive editions. The present list deserves the title "How to Choose Books" much better than the chapter so entitled in the Library's lately published "Handbook for Readers," which is little more than a list of bibliographical helps, and should rather be called "Where to find out how to choose books."

—The "Universal-Bibliothek," published in Leipzig by Philipp Reclamm, jr., is a collection which contains a great many celebrated works—as Voss's "Iliad," Ossian, Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, Hauff, most of Shakespeare, some of Pushkin, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and many other authors, whose works are reproduced in very cheap little volumes, printed in excellent type. The price is about that of a glass of beer; each of them may be had for two silver groschen, or about six cents. The latest addition to the list is, so far as we are aware, the first American work to be placed on it—Mr. Longfellow's "Evangeline." The general merits of translations from other languages into the German are well known to the readers of that tongue. The vexed question of the suitability of the hexameter, too, is settled not only by *a priori* proof, which rests upon the variety of termination and the range of position of words in German, but also by the number of excellent and literal translations of Greek and Latin poems, as well as by original works in that measure. On the whole, no English translator from the Greek has done so well as Voss, and Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" lacks the crudeness and unsatisfactoriness which make most English hexameters a stumbling-block to the reader and a joy to the keen-eared critic intent on evil. Hence, in commending Mr. Karl Knortz for this translation of Mr. Longfellow's poem, which he calls an "American idyl," it is not extravagant praise to say that the German hexameters are better than the English. In other respects, the writer has done his work with great exactness as well as smoothness, so that his version is very readable.

—M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu has republished with additions the articles contributed by him to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1870 on "La Question Ouvrière au XIXe siècle." The work is a study of socialism, the remedies proposed for it, and includes a review of the various mo[illegible] which the workingman's lot has been sought to be improved, either by [illegible]lf or his friends. The special problem of France is considered in "L'[illegible]ns Dieu, mal social de la France," by M. Auguste Nicolas. Theolo[illegible] views in sympathy with Voltaire's did not prevent Charles Juste de L[illegible]u, Marshal of France in the last century, from being a model of don[illegible] fidelity and of administrative integrity. His memoirs, written at the r[illegible] of his widow by his intimate friend, Saint-Lambert, have just been [illegible]hed in the same volume with "Souvenirs de la Maréchale Princesse d[illegible]avau," of which Madame Standish, their great-granddaughter, is the ed[illegible] Mlle. Clarisse Bader, who has already composed works on "The Wom[illegible]f Ancient India" and "Woman in the Bible," now publishes "L[illegible]mme Grecque"—the Greek woman of antiquity, legendary and his[illegible]l, in Homer and the tragic poets. A special study, "historique et m[illegible]," of Aspasia has been made by M. Becq de Fouquières, who def[illegible] his heroine against her traducers, and almost makes of her, as on[illegible] his reviewers has said, a saint of the ancient world. He gives her the [illegible]or of being the first to open in Athens, at the house of Pericles, a *salon* [illegible]hich women were permitted to take part in the conversation. Mme. Len[illegible]and is engaged upon a companion work to her "Souvenirs de Madame Réca[illegible]r," which will bear the title of "Madame Récamier, les amis de sa jeune[illegible] et sa correspondance intime." Count Tolstoi's remarkable historical ron[illegible]e of "Ivan the Terrible" is now accessible in a French translation, as[illegible]ll shortly be the first part of the Prussian Staff's "Report of the Wa[illegible]f 1870–71." The[illegible] nactivity of the French fleet in the Baltic during the [illegible]r is justified by Lieut. Félix Julien in "L'Admiral Bouët-Willaumez et l'[illegible]pédition dans la Baltique." A work containing much original matter, c[illegible]scientiously prepared, is said to be M. Edmond Hugues's "Antoine Court l'Histoire de la Restauration du Protestantisme en France au XVII. siècle."

—Switzerland has made more liberal provision for defraying the expense of her exhibitors in the Exposition of Vienna than even England has done, though thus far only the Chancellor of Exchequer, and not Parliament, has made an appropriation of this kind. The sum voted by the national and state councils is 400,000 francs, which is expected to pay for the architectural arrangement and fitting; the ground-rent and care of articles exhibited; ordinary carriage and insurance; housing, feeding, and care of cattle; the salaries of commissioners and prize-jurymen. Other expenses will also be temporarily assumed, which will ultimately fall on the exhibitors or their cantons. Objects destined for the Exposition will be first judged by home commissioners, and when approved will be free of all custom-house charges in going and coming. Finally, the Confederation adds 50,000 francs to whatever the cantons may contribute towards sending Swiss artisans to the Exposition. In all respects, the Government seems to have understood its duty, and performed it. The example should not be lost on our own Government, which is unsystematically liberal in so many ways.

—The *North China Herald* makes a suggestion, of which some impecunious and untheological sinologue might avail himself to the advantage of both himself and those of us who read fiction, though the *Herald* appears to be hardly aware that Frenchmen and Germans, as well as Englishmen, have already done not a little of what it wishes to see done. In the interest of *blasé* novel-readers it recommends the translation of some of the myriads of romances and tales in which Chinese literature abounds. Many of these, the writer says, are described to him as being of consummate merit, and there can be little doubt, he thinks, that the poverty of invention in Western fiction

and the extreme familiarity of incident so much lamented, might be benefitted by an infiltration of the fresh complications of plot, new situations, and unfamiliar characters of the Chinese romancers and novelists. As for the grossness which disfigures many of the popular Chinese stories, the pruning-knife would easily remove them, he thinks, without detriment to the integrity of the story. About "the complications of plot," as to which he is hopeful, it probably is easy to be too hopeful; differences of "manners," rather than new situations, are the contributions which an unexplored literature is apt to offer, and beyond certain limits these differences detract from the interest of novels as novels merely, while substituting another but a weaker source of interest, and transferring the work into the class of books of travel. The translator and adapter who shall begin to give the Chinese novel a place on our shelves beside the French, the German, the Russian, the Norwegian, the Spanish, the Arabian, the Dutch, the great American, and the various other novels of the different tribes and kindreds and nations which now compete for our amusement, may dismiss from his soul one fear which clings to the adapter and conveyancer who works in other fields; the rascally original author will let him alone. After he has gone to the trouble of making his play or his romance, no Chinese Trollope will write any indignant protests from the antipodes, as the English Trollope has recently been obliged to write from Australia in the matter of Mr. Charles Reade's "Shilly Shally." By one of those laudable customs in which civilized nations have been so slow to follow them, the Chinese, about the time that they invented gunpowder and the printing-press, invented the plan of regarding novel-writers as disreputable scoundrels. We call the attention of Dr. Alonzo Miner to this fact. A Chinese literary gentleman may get a promotion in the custom-house of his port by writing that "sincerity crowns all virtues" in the "Just Medium," or may become an official with a better colored button or an additional peacock's feather by producing a book of excerpts from Mencius, or an ode to the effect that "when the mind is clear by examining things vices stink and virtues gladden us," or by a comment on "The Revered Book of the Highest Reason," or by censuring the wicked in some neat verses; but to write a novel and be discovered as the author is as if he should vote the wrong ticket or be caught in the wrong caucus. He feels the force of power immediately; he is "rotated" once for all, and his career is ruined. So any of our American or English men of letters who will take the trouble to learn to read the Chinese language and to write our own as well as Mr. Reade writes it, or better, may make Shilly Shallies and similar plays, unmolested by the person originally responsible for them. The mandarin who has had the luck to hit upon our fine things before we ourselves had come up with them, may privately be inflamed with a great deal of natural feeling at watching us making off with his inventions; but our man of letters will have "got him," as we may say; his post-office, or assessorship, may be securely depended upon to keep him quiet; neither unseemly display of his infirmities of temper is open to him, nor an opportunity to take legal proceedings. Unless he wishes to see his official head cut off, the mendacious heathen rages in vain, and the Christian novelist may go on his way rejoicing.

—The London *Spectator* is evidently ignorant of the character of the American "local editor" and his habits in time of Presidential campaigning. The ignorance is of the nature of bliss, we can assure the *Spectator*, and it need be at no pains to regret it, still less to remove it by making the gentleman's acquaintance. We the other day found in some country paper an absurd story, evidently concocted by a humorous editor, to the effect that as soon as Stanley —in giving Livingstone the news of the past six years—told him (in November, 1871, be it noted) that Greeley was nominated for the Presidency (in May, 1872, let it be noted again), Livingstone grew profane and swore that if that was the case he would unpack his trunk again, and stay in Africa; at that rate, civilization was a little too much for any decent man accustomed to respectable savages. This the *Spectator* actually told as having been written by Stanley to the *Herald*, and gravely commented on it, saying that the Livingstone of '66 would not have used such language; and Stanley has written to the *Times*, wondering, as well he might, that anybody could imagine him writing such stuff to the *Herald*. This is a great triumph for the "local," who will now be in better spirits and glibber of tongue than before. To do him justice, "the local," or "our local," will always lie a little; but with every fourth year, as soon as the first candidate is in the field, he hungers and thirsts for lies, and manufactures them and circulates them, both those of his own make and those of his neighbor's or friend's or enemy's, with great energy, impartiality, and enjoyment. Add to his disregard for truth an entire disregard of the face of man; an absence of reverence in general; a total lack of any looking for of judgment; an enterprising spirit of business activity; an absence of party feeling unless "the office" or "the paper" has some political leaning, and not always then; a greedy but sincere wish to hoax everybody; a talent for finding the joints in the harness of his opponent; a devotion to slang and a love of horse-play; an open and extreme fondness for lowness of all kinds; an entire freedom from religious superstition or dogmatism; liberal views in regard to prison discipline, prohibitory legislation, and similar problems; a sense of humor constantly at work; an inability to believe that anybody believes anything, his own lies included; charity towards all, malice towards none, with firmness in the wrong so long as he knows it and there are no "stamps" on the other side, and sometimes when there are—these and a few other traits of geniality make "our local" a citizen in whom we dare say the *Spectator* would not delight.

FREEMAN'S GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.*

I.

MR. FREEMAN'S lectures suggest two enquiries which have always had a speculative interest, and are certain within the next thirty years to possess considerable practical importance.

What, in the first place, is meant by "the growth of the English constitution"? or, to put the same thing in different words, what is the meaning of the boast, often repeated and rarely understood, that the constitution has grown and has not been made?

One reply to this enquiry, and a true one as far as it goes, is that the constitution of England differs from the constitutions of other countries in not being reduced to writing. If you want to know what is the constitution of Switzerland or Italy, you may learn what you seek for by reading through the "articles of confederation" or the "statuto." But no statute or series of statutes contains the constitution of the United Kingdom; yet though it is perfectly true that the mass of institutions known as the English constitution have never been reduced to writing, and though this fact is one of considerable importance, and affects more than most people believe the practical working of the constitution, still it would be ridiculous to suppose that the essential character of any institution depended mainly upon the way in which its characteristics were recorded, or that the English constitution differed essentially say from the constitution of the kingdom of Italy, simply because the one was recorded in a definite charter, whereas the provisions of the other had to be collected from a mass of different authorities. The truth is, that students who conceive the essential peculiarity of the constitution to lie in its being unwritten, fall into the error of mistaking effect for cause. The constitution has never been reduced to writing because of its possessing certain peculiar characteristics, but it does not possess these characteristics simply because it has never been reduced to writing.

Mr. Freeman, who is both an historian and a politician, though most unfortunately he is nothing of a lawyer, affords a reply to our enquiry which, subject to certain reservations, is on the whole the most satisfactory with which we have ever met. His answer, which ought to be read at full length in his own pages, is in substance, and when much curtailed, as follows. What is called the English constitution is in fact a body partly of real laws, partly of customs and habits having in practice nearly, if not quite, the force of laws, and any one who wishes really to understand the working of the English system of government must distinguish with great care the legal from the conventional or constitutional part of the constitution. If, for example, Mr. Gladstone were in a time of excitement to proclaim martial law and to hang without form of trial Mr. Disraeli or other political opponents, he would, even though receiving the direct sanction of the Queen, commit an act as directly illegal and as directly punishable by the courts of law as though he were to pick Mr. Disraeli's pocket. In fact, all the numerous acts of indemnity to be found far too frequently in the statute-book are distinct recognitions of the fact that there exist certain definite legal rules which the ministers of the Crown cannot break without exposing themselves to punishments enforceable by law. But suppose, on the other hand, that Mr. Gladstone finding himself in a minority were to dissolve Parliament, and finding himself in a still greater minority in the newly elected Parliament were to keep office by means of a new dissolution, or were to hold power in defiance of constant votes of censure, he would certainly be held by most persons to have done an unconstitutional act, but he would not have exposed himself to any legal penalty. In other words, he would have broken a conventional rule but not have violated any law. It is further worthy of notice that the English constitution, though never recorded in any one statute or charter, consisted originally wholly, according to Mr. Freeman, of distinct legal rules, and that the conventional part of it is of later growth than the legal portion.

* "The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford." London and New York: Macmillan. 1872.

"Up to the end of the seventeenth century no distinction could be drawn between the constitution and the law. The prerogative of the Crown, the privilege of Parliament, the liberty of the subject, might not always be clearly defined on every point. . . . But all three were supposed to rest, if not on the direct words of the statute law, yet at least on that somewhat shadowy, yet very practical creation, that mixture of genuine ancient traditions and of recent devices of lawyers, . . . the common law. Any breach, either of the rights of the sovereign or of the rights of the subject, was a legal defence, capable of legal definition, and subjecting the offender to legal penalties. An act which could not be brought within the letter either of the statute or the common law would not then have been looked upon as an offence at all."

But "since the seventeenth century things have greatly altered; there has been a series of changes, of no less moment than those which are recorded in the statute-book, which have been made without any legislative enactment whatever. A whole code of political maxims, universally acknowledged in theory, universally carried out in practice, has grown up without leaving among the formal acts of our legislature any trace of the steps by which it grew." . . . . "We have now a whole system of political morality, a whole code of precepts for the guidance of public men, which will not be found in any page of either the statute or the common law, but which are in practice held hardly less sacred than any principle embodied in the Great Charter or in the Petition of Right. In short, by the side of our written law there has grown up an unwritten or conventional constitution."

Two points are specially noteworthy. The first is that of the rules which, to the minds of ordinary Englishmen, make up the constitution, by far the greater, and in some respects the more important, portion rests upon practice or habit and not upon law. The second is that conventional constitutional rules are in fact nearly as strictly obeyed as rules of positive law. To use the language of a certain class of jurists, rules of political morality exert in England nearly the same force as is exerted there by positive laws sanctioned by the strictest legal penalties.

Mr. Freeman is, as we have said, an historian, but he is not, though he himself seems scarcely aware of the fact, a jurist or even a competent lawyer. As far, therefore, as the guidance of great historical knowledge and sound common sense can lead him, he has been singularly successful in describing the nature of the English constitution. He is perfectly right in distinguishing its legal from its conventional portion, and he is to our mind right in holding the distinction to be one of first-rate importance. But a want of subtlety, combined with an ignorance of the nature of law, makes him apparently incapable of fully working out the distinction which he has seized. Most of what he says is true, but it is by no means the whole truth, and it is occasionally mixed up with dangerous error. He fails, in the first place, clearly to see, or at any rate to make plain to his readers, that the constitution consisted, from the very earliest times, in common with most institutions of the Middle Ages, to a great extent of fictions. No one, for example, can read Professor Stubbs's excellent work on documents illustrating constitutional history, without perceiving that a great number of forms, such, for example, as the alleged "consent" of Parliament, covered at all periods something fictitious. They meant more at one time than another, but they never really expressed the plain facts of the case. Mr. Freeman himself is in one instance imposed upon by what really is little more than a fiction. "Each step," he writes, "in our progress took the shape not of the creation of a new right but of the firmer establishment of an old." If he means by "taking the shape" simply "was alleged to be," we make no objection to his doctrine, but in reality he intends to assert or imply that the establishment of free institutions was in some sense a restoration of old rights, and in fact seems to be under the amiable delusion that at some unknown period Englishmen possessed the freedom which in fact has only been the prize of centuries of long contest with arbitrary power. The source of this delusion almost certainly is that Mr. Freeman himself has been influenced by the fiction, which was very useful in its day, but nevertheless a fiction, that whenever the Commons obtained a new right, they were in reality asserting an ancient privilege. He further hardly perceives that at bottom even the conventional portion of the constitution rests upon the fact that its rules could be enforced by something very near akin to legal proceedings. It is, for example, perfectly true that the Crown could legally keep in power a minister utterly noxious to the House of Commons, and that neither the Queen nor the minister himself will incur any legal penalty. But it is not true that such conduct would only be visited by moral censure. The House of Commons always could, and no doubt in an extreme case would, refuse to pass the Mutiny Act or to grant the supplies, and such a refusal would put the minister in this dilemma: he must, to carry on the government, either resign, in which case the constitutional rule is enforced, or commit some distinctly unlawful act, in which case he becomes exposed to legal penalties. It may no doubt be said that in 1783 exactly the state of matters we have supposed arose, and any one who wishes to understand the real principles as contrasted with the mere forms of constitutional government can, we fully admit, do nothing better than examine into the causes which enabled George III. to keep Pitt in power in face of a tremendous majority of the House of Commons, led by the ablest statesmen of the day. The cause we take to have been simply this, that Pitt, though not supported by Parliament, was enthusiastically supported by the nation, and that the nation held then, as they hold now, that the power of Parliament was derived from the electors, and was not a power meant to be used in opposition to the will of the persons who gave it. This theoretical view came in practice to this, that Pitt could keep in power simply because by dissolving the existing Parliament he could obtain a large majority in his favor. George III. would have been horrified by the idea that he recognized the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. Nevertheless, he obtained his triumph by acknowledging this sovereignty in the most decisive manner. Up to 1783, it was the theory no less of the King's opponents than of the King that Parliament had a power quite independent of the electors, who, indeed, according to the views of that day, which you may still find expounded with the utmost ingenuity and eloquence by Burke, had little other duty than to elect good men as representatives, and then to allow their elected members to mould the policy of the country. Now, on this view the conduct both of the King and of Pitt was unconstitutional from beginning to end. The King ought never to have dismissed Lord North, and Pitt ought never to have come into office, but both the King and Pitt, forced by the exigencies of the moment, took a more correct measure of constitutional principles than Burke and his associates, for the King and his minister perceived for once that the object of the constitution was to enable the electors to carry out the policy which they preferred, and, by defying the coalition, established decisively what we take to be now an admitted principle, that a minister is justified in retaining power in opposition to the House of Commons if he can count on the support of the constituencies.

We have dwelt on this point because Mr. Freeman seems to consider Pitt's conduct as unconstitutional, and in so doing seems to us to betray both a tendency to look rather to the forms than to the essence of constitutional government, and to consider conventional constitutional rules as being much more definite, much more strictly obeyed, and much more generally admitted, than they are in reality. To perceive the fluctuating and uncertain character of these rules is of absolutely first-rate importance if you wish to appreciate either the merits or demerits of the English mode of government. There are many courses of conduct which one man would call constitutional and another violations of the constitution. Suppose for example that the Queen had passed a veto on the bill for disestablishing the Irish Church, Mr. Freeman and his friends would without doubt have denounced her conduct as unconstitutional, but a large conservative minority would have seen in this act a righteous exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, and they could have appealed to the fact that the Queen was exercising a power which had undoubtedly been exercised without blame by some of her most distinguished predecessors. Mr. Freeman and his friends would, we conceive, have been in this case in the right, simply because under the supposed circumstances the spirit of the constitution would have been sacrificed to its forms, and because the understanding on which in modern times the government of England is carried on would have been violated. And this in fact brings us to what is at bottom the fundamental characteristic of English constitutionalism. The whole system depends on a body of understandings. It is understood that the Crown shall not employ the veto. It is understood, though by no means so distinctly, that a minister must go out of office under an adverse vote of the House of Commons. It is understood, and still less distinctly, that the House of Lords must yield even against their own convictions to the clearly expressed will of the House of Commons. But each and all of these understandings have varied at different times, and will greatly vary in future. They are not understood in exactly the same sense by all persons and all parties, and are, it must be added, extremely likely to be misunderstood. The British constitution, in short, consists of a certain number of laws and of an infinite number of conventional rules which have not the certainty, the clearness, or definiteness of laws, but are rather customs or understandings which, like the law of honor, to which they bear some resemblance, are liable to fluctuate from time to time.

SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH.*

WE are glad to see that "Morris's Specimens" has come to a second edition. It was the best book of the kind. The new edition will be better yet. Part II., which makes a volume of four hundred and sixty pages, is first to appear, and is made up mostly of matter which was in

* "Specimens of Early English. A new and revised edition with introduction, notes, and glossarial index. By the Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D., and the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Part II. from Robert of Gloucester to Gower, A.D. 1298-1393." London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

the first edition. There are, however, some changes in the "Specimens," and the notes and vocabulary have been rewritten, and a large body of etymological matter accumulated in the last; references to the passages where the words occur are also added. And now with its grammatical introduction, its judiciously chosen and carefully edited selections, historical and philological notes, and copious glossarial index, it presents our students of the mother-tongue with a very desirable apparatus for the study of the English of Chaucer and his times. It ought to be used in our high schools and academies. It is a great advance on the old books. But to satisfy thoroughly our classical teachers, and they are the ones who must be satisfied before it can be generally used, it really needs a good deal of. additional matter. There is enough given to enable good scholars to guess out the meaning pretty surely. But the Latin masters want rules or some notation by which the student can tell exactly how to pronounce every word; they want a vocabulary so full that even a dull boy can find out the meaning of every word, if he tries; they want paradigms and rules so that the boys can parse it all out, look up their accusatives, genitives, and datives, and their subjunctive moods with reasonable certainty; and they want prosody enough to handle the metres of the poetry.

It must be admitted that there is no very near approach made to the supply of these wants. For pronunciation and metre we are referred to the work of A. J. Ellis on "Early English Pronunciation," and an essay on "Alliterative Poetry" in the "Percy Folio MS.," which ought to be in the hands of teachers, but which are surely inaccessible to school classes of students, and unmanageable by them. The selection from Chaucer, however, has the metre described pretty well so far as the division into syllables goes; where letters now silent are pronounced, a diæresis is printed over them, and there are some notes. This help is so important that a few errors are worth noting:

> "I prey to god in honour hir susteene,
> And wolde she were of al Europe the queene"
> —(Lines 160, 161),

should read *susteenë;* the infinitive regularly has its final *en* or *e* sounded; and the rhyme demands *queenë*, to which the fact that the Anglo-Saxon *cwên* is a monosyllable is no objection, as such words are abundantly found to carry the *e* of the other cases into the nominative. The same rhyme is found in lines 391, 392:

> "And preyde hir for to ryde agayn the queenë,
> The honour of his regnë to susteenë."

Lines 692, 693:

> "This holy mayden, that is so bright and sheene,
> And thus hath Crist ymaad Custance a queene,"

where we should read *sheenë*, since the Anglo-Saxon adjective is *scéne,* and the final *e* is a part of the stem, and regularly sounded in Chaucer. Lines 230, 231 read:

> "To getten hir that hath my lyf in cure,
> For in this wo I may not longe endure,"

where we should read *curë*, as a derivative from Latin *cura,* like *creaturë* (lines 463, 615), *causë* (line 252), *tirannyë* (line 165), etc.; and *endurë* as an infinitive. So in lines 188, 189 we should read *curë, durë.*

> "Now woldë som men waiten, as I gessë
> That I shuide tellen al the purveiancë
> That themperour, of his gret noblessë
> Hath shapen for his doughter dame Custancë"
> —(Lines 246-249).

In the third line we are told that *of* constitutes a whole foot; but really the *our* of *emperour* serves as two syllables, as frequently occurs in somewhat similar cases in Shakespeare and elsewhere:

> "but if mine, then yours,
> And so all yours: O! these naughty times
> Put bars between the owners and their rights,
> And so though yours, not yours.—Prove it so."
> —Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

Lines 400–406 read:

> "Nought trowe I the triumphe of Iulius,
> Of which that Lucan maketh swich a bost,
> Was rolailer, pe morë curious
> Than was thassemblee of this hlisful host.
> But this scorpioun, this wikked gost,
> The sowdanesse, for al hir flaterynge,
> Caste vnder this ful mortally to stynge—"

in the fifth line of which we are told that *But* constitutes a whole foot, *this scorp* being the second foot, and so on. To our metrical sense such a prolongation of *But* in this connection is not Chaucerian, and we would suggest that the *scorp* furnishes two places, as so frequently in French. As Diez says, the combination *sc,* which the Latin often has, seems to be too hard for the daughter-speeches, especially at the beginning of a word, where they divide it by putting an *e* before it, whence modern French *école* for old *escole* from *schola, écriture* for *scripture,* and the like. In this line the preceding *this* promotes a prolonged utterance of the *s* in *scorpioun:*

> *But this ẽscorpioun, this wikked gost.*

The fulness of the glossary may be judged from the following trial of it upon a few lines in Barbour, page 204, beginning at the top:

> "Quhar throu the vod a vattir ran,
> Thiddir in gret hy went he than,
> And begouth to rest hym thair,
> And said ne mycht no forthirmar."

Quhar, throu, thiddir, hym, thair, mycht, forthirmar, are not in the glossary at all; *hy* and *no* are there, but not with the meaning required here, or anything like it. The spelling *thiddir* ought to be given under *thider, hy* under *hye, thair* under *thar.* These variations and omissions would puzzle a beginner. As for niceties of case-endings and syntax he would be all at sea.

To future editions of this work we may look with confidence for such improvements as advancing scholarship shall suggest. Meantime, we may well be glad that we have so much.

RECENT NOVELS.*

DR. GEO. MACDONALD is hardly to be congratulated upon his success in his last novel, "The Vicar's Daughter," unless, indeed, an artful concealment, or rather attempted concealment, of his own personality, and his masquerading in petticoats, with a perpetual harping upon the joys of maternity, and the discomforts of pregnancy and the terrors of confinement alleviated by chloroform, can be considered an admirable intellectual feat. To be sure, it must be said that Dr. Macdonald's aim being what it was, he has come very near reaching it. Reading the volume one would be very strongly of the opinion that it was actually written, as it pretends to be, by a young woman who was as silly and empty-headed as the tamest vision of the misogynist's dreams. That the author found any difficulty in wearing this disguise is not apparent. He seems to feel sincerely the joy that young unmarried women exhibit, in the sight of men, over their friends' babies. He is at home in the nursery, in fact, he shows a proficiency in the care of young children that must make mothers, tormented by careless and ignorant nurses, sigh with envy. He imitates admirably, if the process by which he produces it can be called imitation, the platitudes of his heroine, who is for ever showing a temper of her own, then rushing up to her "big brown bear of a husband," and gushing, and kissing him to make all smooth again. He sees far enough into the intricacies of the feminine mind to give utterance now and then to the cheap and familiar philosophy which is shown by its profound contempt for the stupidity of men, its firm belief in the necessity o marriage for all mankind, and its crude so-called religious enthusiasm. If almost any other writer were to draw such a character for a heroine, as if under the opinion that women were nothing but producers and caressers of babies, and semi-hysterical housekeepers for their husbands, we feel confident that the women themselves would be the first to raise an outcry against the narrow-minded cynicism of such a view. They would naturally demand that some credit should be given to the higher feminine virtues, to their grace, their dignity, their purity, to the real loftiness of their minds. But Dr. Macdonald contents himself with the more ignoble side of women, and strives to make his book palatable by his usual device of employing a sentimental religious view of life, which to many minds will seem highly irreverent. In some of his earlier novels there was a warm devotional feeling which pleased a great many of his readers, but in this he seems to imagine religious content to be a state of mind not very unlike the feeling one has after enjoying a good dinner or receiving a pleasant and long-expected letter. It is always a delicate matter to treat of another man's religious principles, and if Dr. Macdonald finds his soul set at rest by his easy view of the direct interference of Providence in the affairs of men, no one would care to disturb his peace of mind, but he will find it quite as difficult to give his novels mere worldly success, as do avowed writers of tracts with their labored mixture of profane and sacred subjects. As a thinker we would place him in

* "The Vicar's Daughter. An Autobiographical Story. By Geo. Macdonald." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.
"At the Altar. From the German of E. Werner. By J. S. L." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.
"The Story of a Millionaire. By Mrs. Louisa Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Nathaniel Greene." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.
"Frühlingsfluthen. Roman von Ivan Turgenjew." Wien, Pesth, Leipzig: A. Hartleben's Verlag. 1872.
"Three Generations. By Sarah F. Emory." Boston: Lee, Shepard & Co.; New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1872.
"Aytoun: a Tale." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.
"Unclaimed: a Story of English Life. By an Englishwoman." Boston: Loring, 1872.
"The House of Yorke. By M. A. T." New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

about the same rank as the once notorious A. K. H. B., the "Country Parson." The two writers have the same egotism, the same fondness for sordid, petty detail, and about the same explanations for the mysteries of existence. Dr. Macdonald, to be sure, has shown in some of his writings more imagination than the Country Parson ever thought of anybody's having, but in this volume there is no trace of it, unless, perhaps, in his plan, as exemplified by the work of Miss Clare, of reforming the vicious by means of music. Those who object to our view as prejudiced we would respectfully urge to read the last chapter of the story and then to say frankly whether or not it approaches inanity.

While "The Vicar's Daughter" deserves harsh treatment, it should not be forgotten, indeed, it only makes such a failure as this worse, that Dr. Macdonald in his other novels has produced some meritorious studies of character, and has written some really imaginative stories, though many of them are spoiled by the strange lack of training that prevents the author, apparently, from discriminating the relative value of his different ideas. He is like a frank person who wearies a perfect stranger by an outpouring of all his favorite tastes in food, dress, religion, and art, who openly states what he had for breakfast that morning, and whom he hopes to marry next year, where he met her, how old she is, the wealth of her father and mother, etc., etc. Honesty is a virtue, but it has its limits as a means of social intercourse. In all of Dr. Macdonald's works there is a lack of dignity, and in none is this more clearly shown than in "The Vicar's Daughter."

As a sort of contradiction to what we said the other day about German novels, although we still hold that it was true in the main, we have a novel translated from the German which is by no means uninteresting. Its title is "At the Altar." There is no very profound study of character in it, but it is tolerably well composed, with a carefully drawn and rather exciting plot. It is not a story that would have been chosen for publication by the editors of the *Catholic World*, but yet it is written without any abuse of the Roman Church. Some monks appear in it in no flattering way, but so do other secular persons. As a whole, it is rather melodramatic, but far from unreadable. The translation is a good one.

Mrs. Mühlbach having come to the end of her historical novels, which threw a dark veil of romance over the dry records of history, has written a social novel. "The Story of a Millionaire." Its merit is about that of the works of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Mrs. Holmes, etc., in this country; so we may suppose it will be one of the most popular works of the year. In Germany Mrs. Mühlbach holds almost the same position as a writer that these ladies do here. This may serve as a specimen of the author's style:

"And now, as Camilla, absorbed in her reading, sat there in inimitable gracefulness, Leonore was as if fascinated by the appearance of her sister, so saintlike as she sat there surrounded with an effulgent halo by the bright rays of the setting sun.

"'Look, mamma,' she whispered, 'look at Camilla! She is beautiful as a dream and delicate as an elf.'"

Readers of German, and especially admirers of Turgenef, who, we hope, are an ever-increasing number, will be glad to hear of the appearance of the German translation of another of his novels. For the benefit of those who only know him in a French or English dress it is to be hoped that a version will soon come out in one or both of these languages. The story is a simple one, the treatment of a problem which he has already discussed at various times, namely, the strange infidelity of a man to the woman whom he really loves, under the force of the temptation presented to him by a woman whom he does not respect, but whose influence he cannot withstand. In "A Correspondence," a story published in the *Galaxy* of October last, the conditions were not exactly the same. Alexis, the hero, was, perhaps, not actually in love with Maria Petrowna, but to his own ruin and the despair of Maria he fell an easy prey to a woman whom he madly loved, whom he yet despised, and who was thoroughly indifferent to him. In "Smoke" we see the suffering and the conscious, inevitable degradation of a man whose unholy passion benumbs him to the endurance of seeing his honor in the dust at the feet of the woman who has completely fascinated him. This novel, as we have said, bears some resemblance to them. Its title is "Frühlingsfluthen."

The story is as follows. Dimitri Sanin, a young man twenty-two years old, is at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on his return to Russia after a year or two of journeyings. On the very day of his proposed departure he goes by chance into a conditorei or café, just in time to help a family in great distress over a prolonged fainting-fit of their boy. They are grateful for his assistance, which is successful, and invite him to spend that evening with them. Since he does not start until eleven, and especially because he is invited by a very charming young woman, he accepts. He lingers, however, too late and finds that he has to postpone his departure. He is easily reconciled to this, notwithstanding the fact that he finds the charming girl, Gemma, is engaged to another man. He accepts an invitation to a picnic from her betrothed, but, while they are all enjoying themselves in the country, Gemma is insulted by a drunken officer. Her lover contents himself with a denunciation of military insolence, but Sanin fights a duel with the officer. To be as brief as possible, they love one another, the betrothed is thrown over, and the two, Sanin and Gemma, are engaged. Nothing could be more charming than this account of their love, of its growth, so sudden with both, of her delicate reserve and his youthful joy. He is of course anxious to marry her at once, and for that purpose goes to Wiesbaden in order to sell, if possible, his estate in Russia to the wife of one of his old school-friends. Gemma lets him depart with timid, repressed fears, and he goes away, only anxious to finish his business and return. Readers of Turgenef can readily think for themselves how well he tells this story, of which we give merely the meagrest outline. No one can tell a love-story with greater delicacy than he, and here he is telling the story of a first love.

Sanin meets his friend's wife in Wiesbaden, but finds that his visit will have to be one of three days, before all arrangements of the sale can be made. During these three days this lady, Mme. Polosoff, is charmed by him, flirts with him out of curiosity, indifference to her husband, and satiety of the easy conquest of most of her suitors' hearts. He is first indifferent, then disgusted, then in spite of himself, involuntarily interested; she is bold, and he falls a ready victim. He becomes an infatuated lover, and never sees Gemma again. Her heart is not broken; within a few years she marries another man; but as for Sanin, he—as is told us in a few lines, for with his treachery the novel really ends—leads a wasted life, and in his riper years

"Returns to his native land; a poisoned, aimless existence; petty toil; insignificant occupation; bitter, fruitless repentance, and equally fruitless and bitter forgetting; no evident, but a persistent, unrelenting punishment, like a trifling but uncurable wound; like paying in pence a debt too great to be reckoned."

This is but a small part of the story; let those read it who care to read a charming love-tale and a sad tragedy. For obvious reasons it may not be properly recommended to inexperienced readers, but for them it was not written. Nothing of Turgenef's does harm, but not everything he has written is to be recommended in regard of conventional taste. This novel is not written *pueris virginibusque*, though we hardly know a novel with a healthier moral.

"Three Generations" is an incredibly monotonous, uninteresting record of a woman's life, told apparently at extreme old age. The dulness is interspersed, not broken, here and there by accounts of fires in the village, tornadoes, death-bed scenes, drownings, funerals, and tooth-pullings. The exaggerated fidelity of the description of American life of fifty or seventy-five years ago gives the reader so strong an impression of the dulness of that time that he cannot help calling the picture accurate, and his bosom is thrilled anew with patriotic respect for his forefathers who were able to endure so much. Any page that may be opened will give the curious reader an exact idea of the merits of the book, without tempting him to neglect any important business, even on a hot day, for the frivolities of fiction. After all, there are other qualities besides simplicity. The illustrations match the book admirably.

"Aytoun" is much better written than the novel we have just mentioned, and indicates far more power than one often finds in new stories. But it must be said this is a conjecture more from certain qualities that the author seems to possess, than from their use in this novel, which is far from being noteworthy for its interest. It is, to a certain extent, an American imitation of an English novel. That is to say, the *mise en scène*, the manner of life of the characters, is, to our minds at least, very far from what one finds on this side of the Atlantic. All the people are aristocratic idlers, who hunt after the orthodox English fashion, and who, in their aristocratic idleness, despise the sordid money-maker in a way that would make them very obnoxious to most of us Americans. The plot of the tale is very painful, needlessly so; and a story cannot be liked which contains nothing but unredeemed misery, especially when the characters are thrust into their sufferings as dolls into their raiment, at the caprice of the author, and not as the result of their own actions. We feel inclined to speak thus strongly because it seems to us as if the writer could do much better than this. She is careful, writes well, with dignity and a respect for her task. In a tragic ending there may yet be a victory of true dignity—in fact, that is what makes true tragedy—but this story seems to us a failure, because, while it undertakes to represent the superiority of the sense of duty which binds a girl to an unfortunate brother, to the love which she feels for her lover, we do not receive any impression of doubt, of struggle, but rather of a cheerful acceptance of an excuse to be rid of the calm importunities of a sluggish, almost unwelcome suitor.

"Unclaimed" may be recommended to young ladies for the hour they

may take for lying down after bathing to let their hair dry, or for the equivalent leisure of those at the mountains. The story has no merits except an amiable desire of the narrator to tell a pleasant love-tale. They all marry at the end of the book, rejected lovers are caught in the rebound, so to speak, by some other equally charming person, and all is joy and happiness. We quote a few lines for the benefit of maturer readers:

"'Florence Moore! Florence Moore!' muttered Sir Henry Trevor, as he almost staggered into the open air. Immediately after the departure of the ladies he had complained to his host of a violent headache and left the room.

"'Florence Moore, my own, my darling! am I dreaming? It is not an uncommon name. I must get over this;' and with an unsteady hand he lit a cigar."

We decline to solve the mystery.

The rather curious story, "The House of Yorke," has in it much good feeling, much good thinking, some pretty poetry in prose, some clever but slight sketching of character, some very unreal and clumsily constructed simulacra of living human beings, some humor, much refinement, which seems to have been at one time pained, but which attracts. As a novel, the "House of Yorke" is not at all or very little skilful or interesting, though there are some good scenes and situations. Notably there is a love scene between Miss Clara and her lover which a very old novel-reader will enjoy, as, indeed, he will enjoy most which that young lady is and does and says, as well as most which is said and done and been by her father before her. These two figures stand out quite likelife, especially when the young lady's notion of a "Dick" is about, or the hero Carl—a most virginal conception, who being alive would be meritorious of instant death. All the Yorke family in fact are apparently taken from the life, and if they are hardly a well-composed and well-painted group, they make a very good photographic group, well colored. We must praise also for its interest some portions of the story which seem to us very good as transcripts of the thoughts and feelings of a child under certain circumstances. Fresh, sincere, and interesting this part of the book seems to us, though here and there marked by a crudeness and want of reserve which speak of youth in the artist, and of an untrained hand, but which will not prevent her conciliating the good-will of those who make her acquaintance.

The out-and-out novel-reader and the critic who declines to call a novel good which has not characters well wrought out and a main action logically developed to its end, will not call this a good novel. It is not a developing of characters to say of them for some pages together that they became more and more thoughtful, and better and better, and that the better they got, the more they found Protestantism a very incomplete and unsatisfying form of religion and by-and-by became good Catholics. This may be true; we have never tried the process except to the point of getting better and better; but it is not writing a good novel to make this averment, even though the truth, if the truth it be, is presented from behind the stalking-horse of a "Carl," a "Dick," and some other figures.

There is, however, good reading in this poor novel. One may read it with great pleasure if one is an enthusiastic Roman Catholic; or even if one's self is not an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, but likes to observe the "flame of sacred vehemence" and little sense in other people; and one may read it with a pleasant and laudable triumph and indignation, if one is a well-grounded Protestant, and either thinks the Pope of Rome a very designing personage or a much misguided old man. And if one is a descendant of the men who some forty-odd years ago burned the nunnery and school-building at Charlestown, Massachusetts, or of the sound Know-Nothing blockheads or rascals who still later tarred and feathered a certain Father Bapst in Maine, one may take a personal interest in the book and be pleased to read it. However, all these indicated questions are as little fitted for discussion in a notice of a novel as in the novel itself; so we choose rather to say to our readers that in "The House of Yorke" they will find beside these things some things which are good and pleasant, and that for the sake of these they will readily forgive the writer her violence of anti-Protestantism. As she would perhaps tell us in like case—she may very well be forgiven, because she evidently must have personally experienced a very poor sort of Protestantism or she would never have turned Papist. With which piece of abuse in return for all that we have endured from her in going through her book, and with an invocation of the glorious and immortal memory of the last King William but one, the Dutch traitor, namely, who won the battle of the Boyne, we take leave of our agreeable author.

Scrambles in the Alps. By Edward Whymper. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—It may be doubted whether Mr. Whymper's book will find a very general or sympathetic recognition among readers on this side the Atlantic. Its pervading spirit is as foreign to our national character as its material, and in some sense its scene of action is unfamiliar to our experience. The average American, we know, is pre-eminently utilitarian. Daring, energetic, and persevering above almost all others where there is any demonstrable good to be gained, he is not prone to the outlay of either physical or moral power merely for the pleasure of its exercise. Given a North Passage to discover, a mine to sink, or a trading colony to found in the midst of a howling wilderness, and he is ready to endure almost any amount of toil and danger in view of the tangible gain he foresees as its result. It may be doubted, however, whether in the scale of comparative value the problematic advantage to science of a little more or less barometric or geologic observation would seem a fair equivalent for the very appreciable risk of being knocked on the head by flying débris, hurled over a precipice, or congealed in an avalanche or a crevasse. Nor with the best of inclinations has he generally within easy reach the means of cultivating the form of adventure which lends such a charm to the work before us. The only heights in our country worth scaling, in the true Alpine sense, are at some thousands of miles distance, and the journey thither long, fatiguing, and expensive. To reach Mt. Rainier or Monte Rosa requires for the inhabitant of Boston or New York about an equal outlay of time and expense, but in either case too much to render it probable that glacier climbing will, for a long time, if ever, take prominent place among our natural forms of recreation.

A good many readers, however, those who love personal adventure and those who love nature, will find "Scrambles in the Alps" both instructive and fascinating. The ineradicable sympathy with pluck and manliness which clings in all our souls will inspire a certain almost unceasing admiration for men who, like the author and his friends, welcome danger for the inspiring exercise of all the physical and mental powers which it brings with it, and in our unclambering enjoyment of grandeur in natural scenery will lead us, on the *omne ignotum* principle, to envy the exceptional glories which lie open to the mountaineer in the culminating moments of his glacier life.

The book is, as its title indicates, the record of sundry Alpine expeditions in the years 1860–1869, which in general, as suggested in the preface, fall into two groups, those directly or indirectly connected with the Mont Pelvoux in Dauphiné, and those which cluster about the Matterhorn. The author's descriptions are clear, direct, and succinct, sometimes fragmentary and epigrammatic, but always bright and picturesque, and occasionally lightened by a gleam of almost unconscious humor. The reader will find in the perusal the difficulty incident to all works of mountain travel, that the author, absorbed in his description, and with the minutest features of the scene clearly before his own mental eye, tries to describe too much, and expatiates on details of event or locality which the imagination of the reader, unaided by accurate maps or models, refuses to grasp. One feature of difference with such books of the same class, as for example Prof. Tyndall's, will hardly escape notice: that while these subordinate scrambling to science, Mr. Whymper treats the scrambling as the main point, and makes his observations collateral and infrequent. The book, however, is full of useful, practical hints to those who may in future wish to dare the dangers of glacier work, or to look back with the eye of comparative criticism on dangers past. The remarks on the use of the rope, ice-axe, and on tent building will commend themselves to tourists who have ever ventured above the snow line. On the actual danger involved in his favorite pursuit, Mr. Whymper philosophizes with considerable point in an account of a solitary ramble on the Col du Lion, and concludes that "that which is within a man's power varies of course according to time, place, and circumstance, but as a rule he can tell pretty well when he is arriving at the end of his tether, and it seems to me, although it is difficult to determine for another, even approximately, the limits to which it is prudent for him to go, that it is tolerably easy to do so for one's self." Mr. Whymper, however, overlooks the fact that, as appears in almost every chapter of his book, the worst risk does not usually lie at, or outside, these limits of extreme difficulty, but rather far inside; and that the worst accidents have usually happened not when the victims were doing their utter best, with every nerve at strain and every faculty alert, but when they were jogging easily along in the temporary repose of an at least comparative security. He naïvely invalidates the force—as encouragement—of his own argument by the minute care he takes to show that in the two worst cases cited in the book (his own terrific tumble on the Tête du Lion, and the Matterhorn catastrophe of '65), the tumble came at points of by no means exceptional danger or difficulty.

In contemplation of this last-mentioned accident which so shocked all Europe and America at the time, which has done more than almost any other to bring mountain climbing into disrepute, Mr. Whymper's book assumes almost tragic outlines and proportion. As it is the last and most prominent event in the history, so everything which goes before seems to bear upon it or lead up to it. Through all the previous descriptions we are oppressed with a certain sense of coming catastrophe, and the most cheerful scenes and pictures

are clouded by the pathetic interest of the last sad event in which the author was to figure, and for which he was, in no very indirect sense, responsible. For in very truth it is clear that to the shrewd and thoughtful observation of Mr. Whymper it is due that the ill-fated party of July 13, 1865, ever got to the top of the Matterhorn at all, and thence, it might be maintained, in such melancholy fashion to the bottom. Of all the various attempts to climb the mountain, in some half-dozen of which our author has taken part, all or nearly all had been made on the apparently more accessible faces and ridges to the southeast and southwest. Mr. Whymper was almost the first to discover that the terrible east face which fronts the traveller in his way over the St. Théodule pass, so far from being as it seems nearly perpendicular, in reality presents a very accessible slope, aided furthermore by the dip of the strata, which presents something like a series of natural galleries or stairways. Up this face the ascension was made, with comparative, almost exceptional ease, till a few hundred feet of rock a short distance below the summit offered the first real difficulty of the trip. It was after the ascension had been happily completed and when the party were redescending this same portion of the way, confident and good-humored, that an unexpected and unexplained slip on the part of the youngest and least experienced—Mr. Hadow—dragged four of the company to swift destruction.

It would not do to take leave of this attractive volume without allusion to the remarkable excellence of the illustrations, which are, with few exceptions, taken from the author's own sketches or memoranda. The portraits, as every Swiss tourist will recognize, are admirable for lifelike truth and character, and the mountain views equally good. Out of many, we might draw attention to the view of the Col du Lion, and that of the Col Dolent, as really imaginative in the skill with which they suggest the awful loneliness, the shuddering horror of the heights. The view of the author's tumble at page 54 is amazingly spirited, and that of the Matterhorn from the Riffelberg, at page 121, is almost worthy of the burin of Calame.

Beeton's Great Book of Poetry. Edited by S. O. Beeton. 2 vols. (London: Ward, Lock & Tyler; Philadelphia: George Gebbie. 1872.)—This work contains a very great many pieces of poetry, including some of King Alfred's and some by Mr. Bayard Taylor and by the author of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother"; and it is in two well-bound volumes of a reasonable cheapness. We may add that they are not unreasonably ill-printed, though they contain plenty of misprints. But it cannot be said that the editor's taste has been of much service to the reader, unless, indeed, it is due to his idiosyncratic taste that he happens to be fond of the poems that everybody has agreed to call good. This, however, is a presumption not without violence, for of the poems that very few people of any discrimination have thought good he has included in his collection an inordinate number. We cannot say that we think this to be much of a fault. Its worst effect will be that years from now, in many a farm-house, the literary young lady of the family will see by Mrs. Akers's poem

> "How much the heart may bear and yet not break,"

and, perceiving that this and other similar poems are not on heights inaccessible to her also, and feeling that "some things can be done as well as others," will set herself to being a poetess, and will measurably succeed; perhaps succeed altogether, and be a worse farmer's daughter than she might otherwise have been. Still, we do not know that we need concern ourselves much with this particular trouble of our posterity. And Mr. Beeton's collection will no doubt do a quantity of good far outmeasuring all the harm it could do were poetizing to become universal in the next generation. Its weakest spot is the American part at the end of the second volume. Who is Mr. St. John Honeywood? Why is Mr. William Clifton set down as an American poet? or Mr. Willis G. Clark, or Col. David Humphreys, or Mr. Schoolcraft, or Mr. Thomas Dunn English? Mr. Beeton could have made his two volumes into twenty-two if he had felt himself bound to this degree of comprehensiveness and minuteness in the performance of the rest of his task. It is a little late in the day to read biographical and critical remarks such as these in a book of poetry bearing the imprint of any American publisher: "The principal poems of Colonel Humphreys are, 'An Address to the Armies of the United States,' written in 1772; 'A Poem on the Happiness of America,' written during his residence in London and Paris as Secretary of Legation; 'The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom, a Tragedy, imitated from the French of M. le Mierre,' written at Mount Vernon; and 'A Poem on Agriculture,' written while he was Minister at the Court of Lisbon." Colonel Humphreys did the state some service, and it is a sort of unpatriotic cruelty to revive the knowledge that, in his devotion to his native land, he sought poetic garlands for her. It was the less necessary, as Mr. Beeton does not, so far as we can discover, print a line of the Colonel's poetry. But he prints this:

> "To what strange lands must Chequi take his way!
> Groves of the dead departed mortals trace:
> No deer along these gloomy forests stray,
> No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,
> But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
> That ramble through these visionary glades;
> No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
> But sickly orchards there
> Do fruits as sickly bear,
> And apples a consumptive visage show,
> And withered hangs the whortleberry blue."

This is by Philip Freneau, who would have been better represented by poems, not better perhaps, strictly speaking, but having an historic interest. But the fact is, all this part of the book has very much the look of very decided bookmaking. And of the work, in general, the principal merit is that it contains a great multitude of the best and best-known English poems.

Thermic Fever, or Sunstroke. By H. C. Wood, jun., M.D. Boylston Prize Essay. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—This subject is timely and the essay excellent, even though it does not give us any very novel advice for warding off an attack of the evil, or curing it when it has come upon us. It is merely a research into the pathology of the disease, and the manner in which, in fatal cases, death is produced. The author examines very carefully the observations and theories of preceding writers, repeats their experiments, and makes what seems to us a very judicious summing up. We know no account of the subject at once so clear and so free from onesidedness. Dr. Wood rejects as unimportant the division of cases into those produced by more direct exposure of the head, and those where the general overheating of the whole body seemed the exciting cause. In all cases he thinks the complaint is a fever, brought on by the overstimulant action of external heat upon those as yet obscure portions of the nervous system by which the animal heat is developed. That is to say, the body itself, under the spur of excessive external heat, produces more instead of less heat than at normal times; and this heat directly overwhelms the functions of the brain, in most cases producing the coma and convulsive phenomena, and finally death. In a certain small number of other cases the fatal end is brought on by the direct effects of heat on the muscle-tissue of the heart, which it causes rigidly and permanently to contract. This has been alleged as the essential cause by some authors, but Dr. Wood establishes very clearly, that in the great majority of cases it follows death by cessation of respiration and does not precede it. Lastly, the deterioration of the blood is to be considered a result of the febrile process, and not a cause of the nervous symptoms. The treatment suggested is, on the whole, to shun bleedings, to refrigerate guardedly, and this by ice-rubbings rather than by douche, and to use morphia when the convulsive symptoms are prominent. The essay, we repeat, is excellent, and we cordially recommend it to the student, or to any layman who cares to see illustrated by a simple and easily-intelligible case how modern physiological medicine is engaged in unravelling the processes that disease sets up in our organism.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1872.

The Week.

THE Massachusetts Liberals have nominated Mr. Sumner for the governorship, which was on the whole a good thing for them, though if Mr. Sumner should accept it, and, indeed, whether he does or not, it will be a bad thing for him. There is no combination of circumstances which can make it possible for him to appear as the Democratic candidate in Massachusetts without loss of character. His election to the United States Senate by a similar coalition in 1851 is not a case in point, as he was not then the Mr. Sumner he now is. The last twenty years have made him a man who cannot take a Democratic nomination. Of course, however, the nomination is only a compliment, and, as there is no chance of his being elected, does not threaten his Senatorship. The platform on which he was nominated contained the usual sentiments, seasoned with denunciation of the Administration. It had one novel plank, and the first honest plank of its kind we have ever seen, and this, strange to say, was the labor plank, which stated distinctly that the workingman had no right to expect anything of the State except—

"To give him the utmost facility honestly to acquire capital by seeing that he is not unnecessarily or unjustly taxed, that he enjoys the best means of education, and has the benefit of well-managed financial and co-operative institutions, whereby his smallest savings of capital may earn the largest profit; and the doing of this we hold to be the highest duty of the State."

Whatever may be said of the morality of it, the nomination of Mr. Sumner was tolerably shrewd, and will perhaps do more for the Massachusetts Greeleyites than any other nomination they could have made.

The Democrats of that State have at last thrown Mr. John Quincy Adams aside, partly as a punishment for his coquetting with the Louisville Convention, which is severely characterized by the Greeley moralists as "Grant's side show." We suspect that a good many gentlemen who joined the Greeley movement in its early days are now envying him his fate, and praying that a kind providence would interfere in some manner for their deliverance from the concern also. The Louisville nomination has been tendered once more to Mr. O'Conor, but again refused by him in a letter such as Cato the Censor might have written; that is, it is full of the loftiest personal independence and self-respect, of repugnance for the ways of politicians, and of indifference to any honors they may have at their disposal. But he leaves it to be understood that although he will not accept a nomination from a convention, or place himself on a platform drawn up for him by others, he will not refuse to serve if elected. We presume Mr. Adams occupies substantially the same ground, and we are told they will have an electoral ticket in every State, so that those who feel they cannot vote for either Grant or Greeley will be able to relieve their feelings by voting for two men of the highest character, and of great ability, whom we might all be proud to see in the highest places of the government, but whom, owing to the arrangements of a handful of wretched hacks, there is no practical use in supporting.

Nothing else of moment has occurred in the canvass. The Greeleyites have very shrewdly put up ex-Governor Curtin in Pennsylvania as their delegate at large to the State Constitutional Convention, in order that the respect of the community for Mr. Curtin and its sense of his great fitness for the business of constitution-making may thus be adroitly turned to the benefit of Mr. Greeley. But it must be confessed the situation looks better for the Greeleyites in Pennsylvania than in any other Northern State. Not only have they this nomination of Curtin to help them, but they have that of Buckalew (also a man of high character) for the governorship, while the Grant State ticket is, from the most favorable point of view, of the poorest character. The person at the head of it, General Hartranft, is accused of the grossest personal dishonesty, and though vigorous, and we think successful, efforts are being made to clear him, it is rather too late to prevent his being a very heavy burden. So that, although there is little or no doubt that Grant has a good majority in the State, there is a chance, and not a small one, that the Greeleyites may carry it in October. This would not, we believe, prevent Grant's carrying it in November, but it would greatly encourage the Greeleyites all over the country, and have a very demoralizing effect on the feebler Grantites. Ohio is claimed for Grant by a handsome majority, Indiana by a small one; in both of these States there are elections next month. All the signs of the past week have been increasingly unfavorable to Greeley.

The *Evening Post* has been calling the *Tribune* to account, and rightfully, for quoting a portion of a speech of General Dix's in 1861, expressing readiness to have the South go, without quoting or mentioning the following paragraph, which qualified it to such a degree as to completely alter its sense; but as the *Post* has been always very calm and decorous during these exciting times, we were astounded to hear from it that it "did not remember ever to have seen a more shameless abuse of the columns of a newspaper, or a more unscrupulous falsification, base as a forgery, brutal, malicious, and clumsy as a lie." This really looks as if the *Post* was going to take off its coat and cravat, and join the young braves of Printing-house Square in those animated daily encounters in which they work off their superfluous vital energy, and has reminded us of an amusing passage in Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," describing a scene on board Prince Napoleon's ship, *La Reine Hortense*, when up in the Polar Sea. The sailors and officers were having a masquerade, to celebrate the fête of "Le Père Aretique," and were dancing the *Cancan* on deck. "At the commencement of the noisy festival," says Lord Dufferin, "I found myself standing on the hurricane deck, next to one of the grave savants attached to the expedition, who seemed to contemplate the antics which were being played at his feet with that sad smile of indulgence with which Wisdom sometimes deigns to commiserate the gaiety of Folly. Suddenly he disappeared from beside me, and the next that I saw or heard of him he was hard at work pirouetting on the deck below with a red-tailed demon, and exhibiting in his steps a 'verve' and a graceful audacity which at Paris would have certainly obtained for him the honors of expulsion at the hands of the municipal authorities."

The New York *Times* offered to wager, for the benefit of its Children's Fund, $10,000 that it is "a lie" that Mr. Russell Jones gave Grant a lot in Chicago as the price of his appointment to the Belgian Mission. It being acknowledged that Grant paid over $11,000 for the lot, the *Times* then offered to wager $5,000 that Russell Jones did not give the money back. The *Tribunes* of Chicago and New York have charge of "the story," but decline the bet. Does the Chicago *Tribune* not think, let us ask, that this story is on the whole a pretty bad failure? It first said that Russell Jones gave Grant a lot for the appointment and offered as proof that the deed only showed a nominal consideration of one dollar. This, however, has been explained. The deed was only a preliminary conveyance of part of the land. Before the transaction was closed, General Grant paid a consideration of over $11,000 for the whole. The Chicago *Tribune* does not deny this, but now says, without proof, that Jones gave the money back. Is not this, to put it mildly, something like trifling with the public intelligence?

A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that it should print a list of charges against the President and others, with sums annexed

which it will stake on their falsehood. It would be better still, and we should not wonder if it had to be done eventually, to compel all newspapers making "charges" against candidates for high offices to file them in the county clerk's office, and deposit a sum, fixed by regular legal tariff, to be forfeited in case of failure to make them good, and relieve all candidates from the necessity of answering any charges not so filed. The sum need not be large enough to repress scrutiny, and yet ought to be large enough to inspire caution, and the rates might be varied according to the rank of the candidate and the nature of the offence—so much for a president; so much for a governor or senator; so much for theft; so much for lying (habitual or occasional); so much for adultery; so much for fornication; and so much for drunkenness (habitual, convivial, or medicinal). A charge of entire want of conscience, which is occasionally made, and which includes all others, really predicates readiness for any villany, and ought, we think, to be accompanied by a declaration of readiness on the part of the maker to undergo sound corporal chastisement at the hands of a blacksmith in case of inability to prove it.

We have been called upon by Mr. J. M. Ashley for the purpose of convincing us that, in our recent comments on his case in connection with Mr. Doolittle's, we have done him injustice. Some of our readers may remember the facts of the charges against Mr. Ashley as set forth in these columns in April, 1869. In 1861, he, being a member of Congress from Ohio, sought the appointment of Surveyor-General of Colorado Territory for a person named Case. While seeking it, he wrote letters to Case, telling him that if he got it for him, he (Case) must appoint Ashley's brother his chief clerk —"salary, $2,500"; that "the surveyor-generalship was the best office in the gift of the President, in which from $50,000 to $100,000 could be made in the four years"; that "if Case got it, he (Ashley) wanted to unite with him as full partner in land speculations and town sites"; that "the Pacific Railroad would go through the Territory; and that it would be a fortune to both of them if they got the place." Finally, Mr. Ashley invited Case to write him a letter about the appointment to be shown to others, and then, "on a separate piece of paper, his (Case's) views about the town and city lots speculation." Then comes this remarkable passage:

> "I will probably be Chairman of the Committee on Territories, if we can carry out the programme to elect Grow Speaker, and your brother, Charley Case, of Indiana, clerk, and then I will know all the proposed expenditures in the Territories, and post you in advance. Write one letter for me, and the other to show. Damn your business in the Williams County Court! Write or telegraph."

The result of this correspondence was that Ashley and Case did actually enter into a partnership under seal, by which Case agreed to give Ashley half whatever lands he might purchase in Colorado, Ashley paying half their cost.

Having quarrelled with Ashley, Case afterwards published the correspondence, just as Connatty published Doolittle's, and the matter was investigated by a Committee of Congress, which found the remarkable verdict "that no condition precedent was demanded of F. M. Case for his appointment as Surveyor-General, or for the appointment of any of his subordinates, the evidence conclusively showing no illegal or corrupt acts on the part of the said Ashley with regard to the said appointment." The matter then dropped, and though twice brought up against Ashley when renominated for Congress, it did not hurt him. Better still, when he lost his seat in 1868, he was appointed Governor of Montana, 150 Republican senators and members of Congress signing his recommendation, and Mr. Sumner "working" hard for him in the Senate, where, however, the nomination was only confirmed by one vote. We do not need to point out to our readers how much worse all this is on the undisputed facts than anything which has been proved against Doolittle. Cotton-trading with the South was perfectly legitimate during the war, if *permitted*, and permits were freely given by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton to persons whom they wished to favor. The unproved charge against Doolittle is simply that he used his senatorial influence to get a permit for another man, with the view of going into partnership with him. Mr. Ashley now comes to us and says that he ought not to have written the letters to Case; that what he told Case in those letters was untrue; that he could not, and did not, give him any information about "expenditures in the Territories" which was not open to everybody; and that his reason for thus attempting to deceive him was that Case was a candidate for a United States marshalship which it was essential, in Ashley's eyes, that somebody else should have; and that he, therefore, sought to dazzle Case into taking the surveyor-generalship. In other words, he shammed corruption in order to impose upon an office-seeker. We do not need to offer any comment on this, but we hereby invite Doolittle to come out of his retirement and lift up his tuneful voice for the Sage of Chappaqua once more. With the Case correspondence, Ashley's commission as governor, and the recommendation of the 150 Congressmen in his hands, he may defy the Grantites to put him to shame. But we warn all honest and intelligent men who are going to vote for Grant (as we think they ought) not to be deceived by "the noise of the captains and the shouting" into the belief that the Grant party is a reform party. In supporting Grant they will be saving the nation from something worse, but they will not be carrying it forward to something better. The party of reform has still to be organized, and for that we trust they will keep their faith and zeal fresh and unsullied.

The decision of the Geneva Tribunal has at last been officially announced. It finds England responsible for the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah* only, and awards a gross sum of fifteen millions and a half of dollars to the United States. The Tribunal appears to have been unanimous with regard to the *Alabama* only; on the case of the *Florida*, it stood four to one; and of the *Shenandoah*, three to two. Sir Alexander Cockburn dissented with regard to the two last-named vessels, and refused to sign the award, and will give his reasons in a separate opinion. The money is payable in gold within a year, and we trust we shall witness the prompt distribution of it among the claimants. The Tribunal declined to consider the claim of the United States for the expenses of pursuing the privateers as not properly distinguishable from the general expenses of the war, and declined, also, to consider any question of "prospective earnings." Under the head of "prospective earnings and freight," Mr. Bancroft Davis claimed $5,000,000; and under the head of expenses of pursuit he claimed $7,000,000. The news, or at all events a story, now comes from Washington that the expenses of pursuit were really only $1,000,000, and that the Government is going to retain this sum out of the award. Now we hold, and we think most honest men will agree with us, that if the Government retains anything out of the award for the expenses of pursuit, decency requires that it should retain all it claimed from Great Britain. But it seems plain enough, also, that as the Tribunal refused to recognize its claim to anything, it cannot, in fairness, make a deduction itself to be taken out of the pockets of the private citizens for whose compensation the award is really intended.

Father Hyacinthe has not only determined to marry, but has written a long letter to the *Independent*, giving his reasons. He denies stoutly that he left his convent with the desire or intention of marrying, and avers that he has rigidly kept his vow of celibacy ever since he took it at the age of eighteen. But he has come to the conclusion that "marriage is one of the laws of the moral world which cannot be set aside without overturning the fabric of life, and without running counter to the will of God," although celibacy may constitute "a holy and glorious exception." After reaching this conclusion, and being fully prepared to love and be loved, he met with some one to love him in the person of Mrs. Emily J. Meriman—an American lady who has had a very varied experience of life. She separated from her first husband, who is now dead; carried on a corset agency in Paris; was once a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church; and was converted to Catholicism

by Father Hyacinthe's preaching in Notre Dame, and is now, we presume, halfway back. Our readers may remember her also as the person who wished to go out as a deputation from the Woman's Suffrage Association in this country to persuade Bismarck and Jules Favre to stop fighting in 1870. Father Hyacinthe likewise maintains that celibacy is not an article of faith, and not even a rule of discipline of the whole Church, but only of the Latin Church; that the objection to it is a degrading prejudice; that celibacy, as "relating to what is most delicate, most personal, and most perilous in the relation of the soul to God," is not capable of being made the subject of a perpetual engagement. Besides fulfilling the great law of marriage, however, his object is to give France and the Church "an example" which he thinks they both need, and "of which the fruits, he believes, will be reaped by the future, even if they fail in the present." The letter is very eloquent, and curiously frank, and will be read with great delight by women and staunch Protestants; but we are, nevertheless, satisfied that it is the ruin of Father Hyacinthe as a reformer, or dissenter, or schismatic, or whatever you please to call him. He might have exercised great weight in the Old Catholic movement, or might, indeed, if of more heroic mould, have headed a religious revolution; but marriage is fatal to all this, because nothing will persuade the world that his desire for marriage had nothing to do with his leaving his convent. When a man is seen kissing a pretty girl, there is not the slightest use in his trying to persuade people that he does it *pro bono publico*. The world's incredulity on this point is old, deep, and ineradicable, and it grows out of a long and sorrowful experience of the influence of the sexual passion in perverting the judgment and clouding the reason; and the best as well as the worst of men have to be prepared, when they talk of gratifying this passion as a "duty," to be received with distrust, if not with scorn.

M. Thiers insisted that the French Assembly should tax raw materials, in defiance of their own better judgment and the opinion of almost the whole manufacturing interest of France, and threatened to resign and plunge the country into anarchy in case his wishes were not complied with. They were complied with, and he was armed with power to put the law in force, altogether or by piecemeal just as he pleased. He has now, after an interval of three months, begun to exercise this power, and has issued a decree at Trouville, applying the tax to certain specified articles; but, in view of all that has happened, it is impressing the public as something very ludicrous. M. Thiers fought the Assembly for two months, predicted the most wonderful results from the new tax, and even promised that it would balance the budget. But now, when he gets the weapon in his hands, the only use he makes of it is to clap a tax on rabbit, hare, and badger skins, pig and boar skins; fancy feathers; fresh fish caught by foreigners; rye and barley; fresh table fruits; exotic gums, copaiba, aloes, opium, cassia, and lichens; wood for cabinet-making, green vegetables, percussion caps, and worked furs. The *Journal des Débats* asks, with much merriment, whether "these are the articles from which the Government is to derive the $8,000,000, which were promised with so much solemnity to the National Assembly?" M. Thiers has also got into trouble with his new navigation laws, putting a differential duty on commodities brought into France in foreign vessels. This was no sooner put in force than the foreign vessels carried goods destined for the French market to Antwerp, to be forwarded by rail into France, which has necessitated the imposition of a "surtaxe" on all goods coming on in this way, which of course opens the door to endless fraud.

Mr. Stanley's discovery of Dr. Livingstone, the coal question, and the meat question, have been occupying the English mind during the last month, almost to the exclusion of everything else. Mr. Stanley has come victorious out of all assaults on his veracity, which of course, considering the nature of the documents he brought home with him, were from the first absurd, and has at least achieved the honor and certificate of good character known as the receipt of a gold snuff-box from the Queen, the snuff-box being the conventional but very comical royal gift. The latest point of interest about him is the place of his nativity. There are dark rumors that he is a Welshman by birth, which, however, he has publicly declined to refute, though challenged to do so, until his biography appears. The question has some importance, inasmuch as, if he is a Welshman, the honor of having produced him will be taken away from the United States, and will pass to Great Britain, in spite of the naturalization treaty. The interest in the Stanley exploit and in Livingstone's fate has been heightened by the return of Lieutenant Dawson, who was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society in charge of an expedition for Livingstone's relief. On arriving at Zanzibar, he found that Mr. Stanley had seen Livingstone and furnished him with supplies, and was on his way home with his despatches. He then consulted, according to his instructions, with Dr. Kirk, the British political agent at that place, and discovered that such were Livingstone's feelings towards the Geographical Society that, if he went on, he would probably, as its agent, not be welcomed by him, and therefore returned. It appears now that Dr. Livingstone holds the Society in a good deal of dislike and contempt, and has abused it in his despatches to the Government in such a way that passages in them referring to it had to be omitted for decency's sake in making up the Blue Book. He talks of them as a parcel of "insane geographers," and charges them with suppressing or mutilating his reports because they do not bear out the views of some of their leading members. Moreover, although the Society claims credit for employing Livingstone, and contains a great many wealthy men, and has a wealthy public at its back eager to do him honor, his family are left in straitened circumstances, and his son's education at college has had to be stopped for want of money. The noble old man writes home pathetically asking what has become of the lad, and regretfully recalling the fact that when Lord Palmerston, in 1866, sent to ask him what he could do for him, he never thought of himself, and asked only "that he would open the Portuguese ports in Africa to free trade."

The "ministerial crisis" through which Turkey has just passed forms a curious phase in its history. Ali Pasha, the Vizier who died last fall, was the last of the group of Turkish statesmen of note who had, during the last twenty-five or thirty years, upheld French and English influence, and endeavored to reform the state on Western ideas. He was succeeded by Mahmoud Pasha, an ignorant Turk of the old school, who was pushed in by General Ignatieff, the Russian Minister, and began forthwith to remove all traces of European influence. He dismissed the European engineers in the service of the Government and turned the European professors out of the college at Galata, and, under pretence of economy, made a new Government calendar, in which the official year was made to consist of nine months, and by this expedient cut down the salaries of the employees by one-fourth, and began sending all possible rivals into exile in the old Turkish fashion. He also suppressed newspapers and interfered in an unprecedented way in the affairs of the Bulgarian and Armenian Churches, and encouraged all the wilder extravagances of the harem. He has now been suddenly dismissed, though nobody knows why, to the great joy of the population of the capital, Midhat Pasha, late Governor of Bagdad, and a progressive man of the European school has been put in his place, and has begun to undo all Mahmoud's doings and restore things to their old condition, recalling the engineers and professors, and permitting the reappearance of the newspapers. It is generally believed that this will prove the last attempt of the old Turkish party to regain their ascendancy, though the London *Spectator* has recently had one of those curious speculations in which it delights, on the possibility of the Sultan's raising the standard of the Prophet, preaching a holy war, calling Islam about him, and perishing on a bloody field in a last and desperate effort to save Turkey from the fatal encroachment of Western policy and ideas.

THE VERDICT AT GENEVA.

THE result of the Geneva arbitration, no matter from what point of view we look at it, must be a source of solid satisfaction to everybody who has had a hand in bringing it about or in conducting it. In the first place, the pecuniary award is as large as any rational man in the United States has ever maintained, *in a private room*, we were fairly entitled to or had any reasonable chance of getting. The claims filed by United States citizens for losses sustained by the depredations of the *Alabama*, *Florida*, *Georgia*, and *Shenandoah* amounted in the whole to $12,838,384. It was calculated in the State Department that the claims for losses by other vessels would bring the gross amount up to $13,000,000. If the average date of these losses had been fixed at April, 1863, as Mr. Beaman has suggested in his history of the claims, and interest charged on the amount, it would have brought the total of damages demanded by the United States up to $20,000,000. But it must be remembered that this estimate is based on the statements of the individual claimants themselves, and everybody who knows anything of the way in which people foot up their losses in making a claim against a government, knows what enormous deductions have to be made on account of exaggeration, or even expert figuring. If an allowance of twenty-five per cent. were made for this source of error, we feel sure no lawyer or man of business would say it was too much, and this would bring the American claims, supposing England had been held liable for the damage done by every Confederate cruiser, down to $15,000,000, or half a million less than the sum actually awarded. We put aside, as not worth comment, the claim for "prospective earnings and freight," and also the claim for the expenses of pursuit. It was discreditable to our diplomacy ever to have made these claims. No American lawyer, we venture to assert, ever maintained, *in a private room*, that they could be made good. Prospective profits as an element of damages is unknown either to municipal or international law, and it was easy to see that it would be very difficult to separate the expense of pursuing the *Alabama* and her consorts from the other expenses of the war. Moreover, if allowed, it would enable any belligerent to saddle a neutral from whose ports a hostile cruiser escaped, with the expense of as many old tubs as he chose to keep at sea engaged in the simulacrum of a pursuit. In rejecting these two items, therefore, the Tribunal has only done what every intelligent man in the country expected it to do. We say nothing also of the claim for "the expenses of the war after Gettysburg"; that belonged from the very first to that pleasant field of fancy in which Artemus Ward and Josh Billings have won renown, and its effect as a contribution to humorous literature was heightened by Mr. Bancroft Davis's plea, that the merriment it caused and the trouble it created were due to the fact that several men of British origin commented on it unfavorably in the American press.

The Tribunal has, however, not held England liable for all the Confederate cruisers, but only for three of them. For the depredations of the *Georgia*, *Sumter*, *Nashville*, *Tallahassee*, *Chickamauga*, it has unanimously absolved her from all responsibility. As to those of the *Retribution*, it has acquitted her by a vote of three to two, but has condemned her for the *Tuscaloosa*, *Clarence*, and *Tacony*, the tenders of the *Alabama* and *Florida*. It will thus be seen that we have got as much compensation for the damage done by three of the cruisers as we could have had any reasonable expectation of having awarded us had all the claims made by us been allowed. Moreover, the fears which many persons entertained, and which we confess we ourselves shared, that the findings of the Court as to the lack of "due diligence" might create a precedent of which the United States would be the first to feel the burden and embarrassment, have been completely removed by the history of the three vessels on which the Court has based England's liability. No question is now raised by anybody anywhere as to the absence of due diligence or the practice of culpable and flagrant negligence, in the case of the *Alabama*. With regard to her, the representative of Great Britain in the Board concurred fully with his colleagues. No hardship or inconvenience can ever result to any Government from being held bound to prevent what England permitted to occur with regard to the fitting-out of that ship.

The case of the *Oreto*, afterwards the *Florida*, was nearly as bad. Her destination and military outfit were notorious in Liverpool, and Mr. Adams's repeated remonstrances were insufficient to have her stopped. She was seized and libelled at Nassau, the case against her being clear as noonday, but was released, took in supplies, and started on her career of plunder. The *Shenandoah* got away from Liverpool through similar obstinate blindness and indifference on the part of Earl Russell and connivance on the part of the local authorities; took in her armament at the Madeira Islands, plundered and burnt vessels all the way round Cape Horn to Australia, and was received at Melbourne with welcome and rejoicings which it is no exaggeration to call wild. The Governor held that he was bound to treat her as a lawful belligerent vessel, allowed her to be repaired and refitted on the Government slip, and to take on board fresh supplies of coal and men and provisions, while the law officers treated the remonstrances of the American Consul with the grossest insolence. The Tribunal imposes no new or heavy burden on neutrals in deciding that what occurred at Melbourne made the English Government liable for all the damage done by the *Shenandoah* afterwards, and makes a most valuable addition to international morality by this clear definition of neutral duty:

> "Whereas, the effects of a violation of neutrality, committed by means of the construction, equipment, and armament of a vessel, are not done away with by any commission which the Government of the belligerent power benefited by the violation of neutrality may afterwards grant that vessel, and the ultimate step by which the offence is completed cannot be admitted as a ground for the absolution of the offender, nor can the consummation of his fraud become the means of establishing his innocence."

The position maintained by English lawyers on this point has whatever its legal validity, been an outrage on decency and common sense, being, as the Tribunal puts it, neither more nor less than an assertion that the successful consummation of a fraud may, under certain circumstances, be made the means of establishing the innocence of the perpetrator. If any rule of international law was capable of that interpretation, the sooner it was abrogated the better.

And now, before passing away, we trust for ever, from this long and exciting controversy, it is perhaps due to those of our readers who have honored us with their confidence and forbearance, to call their attention to the fact that no doctrine the *Nation* has ever combated has received any countenance from the arbitrators, while every position it has ever maintained has been fully confirmed. We have for seven years scouted the notion that the concession of "belligerent rights" to the Confederates was of any importance in the controversy (except as a bit of evidence on the point of animus), in opposition to the popular and rhetorical view that it was the very head and front of England's offence. It has not been even mentioned before the Board. We argued that England was liable without reference to it; she has been held so to be. We insisted all along that she ought to apologize for the escape of the *Alabama*, and predicted that she would; she has done so. Finally, we derided "the indirect claims," and they have been for ever barred and extinguished amidst the laughter of the civilized world and the blushes of their authors.

THE CANVASS.

THE Chicago *Tribune* reproaches the *Nation* for not taking notice of the fact that political assessments are being levied in the old way on office-holders, by means of circulars from political committees, and lays before the public a copy of the one addressed to the American consuls abroad, soliciting contributions, and each containing a written notice mentioning the amount the recipient is expected to give. The *Tribune* says we were once "lynx-eyed for these violations of civil-service reform rules, but are now unable to discover any, since we condescended to electioneer for a candidate whom we openly despised four months ago, and secretly despise now"—*i. e.*, it finds fault with us for not continuing the criticisms of the course of the Administration in which we indulged six months ago.

It is perfectly true that we do not call attention to the President's shortcomings with regard to the civil service with anything like the zeal and watchfulness we displayed some time ago, and for two reasons: one is, that it would certainly do no good; and the other is, that it might do much harm. Our opinion of General Grant and his surroundings is exactly what it was a year ago; it is no better, but it is no worse. What that opinion was, most of our readers remember. For the benefit of those of them who may have forgotten it, we shall, however, take the liberty of recalling the fact that we never considered him a designing usurper, or a drunkard, or a receiver of bribes, and have never given currency to any of the charges made against him under these heads. There is, therefore, nothing wonderful in the fact that we should not now engage in the unnecessary business of discussing the various "campaign stories" of which he is personally the object. There is a sufficiently large proportion of the press engaged in it already to make it easy and natural for the *Nation* to keep out of it without exposing itself to the charge of "electioneering" for him. We must decline, therefore, to examine and inventory the contents of every barrel of campaign garbage that the various Greeley "workers" throughout the country choose to deposit at our door. But our refusal to do so is by no means an acknowledgment, either express or implied, that any of the objections we ever made to General Grant's Administration have lost their force. We do not, in saying this, however, mean to cast any reproach on those of our professional brethren who at this season pass so much of their time refuting "Grant lies" and circulating "Greeley lies," or refuting "Greeley lies" and circulating "Grant lies." As long as there is a fair probability that these "lies" will be believed, and will affect the popular vote, the business of inventing them will be carried on, and the business of refuting them will have to be undertaken by somebody. Moreover, we do not believe that we shall ever see this mode of affecting the fortunes of the Presidential canvass entirely abandoned. We have no doubt that a thorough reform of the civil service which would prevent the Government offices being treated as "spoils," would greatly reduce the number of "slanders," "lies," and "charges" for which every Presidential candidate is now the target, by greatly reducing the number of wretched adventurers who engage in the canvass as their last chance of even a seemingly honest livelihood. But, then, after everything that can be done by way of legislation to secure decency and fair play has been done, the Presidential contest will always be attended with an enormous amount of disgusting vituperation. Nothing but a change in human nature would make it a decorous contest, as long as the prize contended for is so valuable and so eagerly sought, the number of persons interested in the result so large, and the influences which shape the result so numerous and ill-defined. Every vote tells; and when the voters are numbered by millions, and are of all grades of character and intelligence, the temptation to fill the air with charges, in the hope that, however wild or absurd, some one of them will annoy somebody, will be irresistible.

In short, the probabilities are that as the country grows in population the Presidential canvass will become warmer and more bitter, and the ordeal of accepting a nomination harder to face. Anybody who accepts a nomination will have to be either a man of the loftiest philosophy or the coarsest fibre, and, what is worse and hardest to bear, will have to expose his family to trials such as have never before, in time of peace and in civilized countries, befallen women and children. The pursuit of Miss Grant through Europe by the reporters of the opposition press, disgraceful as it has been, gives but a faint idea of what ladies will have to go through hereafter whose fathers or husbands muster the courage to become candidates for the Presidency. The election of a ruler like the President once every four years by the popular vote is, it must be remembered, something absolutely novel. Such places as his have never until our time been acquired by anything but force or inheritance. Its peaceful transmission from hand to hand under universal suffrage is, therefore, even if attended by the tumult and folly and vituperation which we are now witnessing, an immense gain for civilization. It may help to save us from too great despondency as to the future, too, to remember that a comparatively small body of men have it in their power greatly to improve the manners of the Presidential canvass. Half a dozen editors, it is safe to say, could, by the exercise of a little restraint, by honestly trying how much decency the American people would tolerate, make a marked change for the better in the mode of conducting campaigns. The performances of the press on the present occasion certainly do not make the prospect seem very hopeful, for we doubt if it was ever more foul-mouthed and unscrupulous; but, then, its excesses now are, we believe, due to exceptional causes, for the disappearance of which we may reasonably hope.

If we are asked, however, why, even if we let the ordinary "campaign stories" alone, we do not continue to expose the abuses of the civil service, our reply is, that exposures of abuses of the civil service would at this juncture attract no attention. People take it for granted that the office-holders are "working" for the Administration, and are too much interested in the result of the election to care much about the means by which it is brought about. The time to reform the civil service is not during the canvass, but after it, when the country is quiet and the public sober and reasonable. Moreover, railing at Grant about the civil service during the canvass would, to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, wear the appearance of "working" for Greeley, and "working" for Greeley on civil-service grounds, we honestly confess, seems to us the height of absurdity, and we honestly believe would seem to others the height of hypocrisy and humbug. The day on which the Cincinnati Convention nominated a wire-pulling, political partisan bred in the corruptions and abuses of the civil service, and as fond of them as anybody, and presented him to the world as a "reform candidate," and on which the Chicago *Tribune*, the Springfield *Republican*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and other papers of similar antecedents, began to laud Greeley as a fair representative of the ideas and aspirations which led to that Convention, all denunciation of the shortcomings of the Administration for civil-service abuses became, for some honest men at least, either impossible or inexpedient. It requires, to our mind, a good deal of brass—more, certainly, than we happen to be possessed of—to go before the public and criticise General Grant for not appointing all officers for merit, and for not retaining them during good behavior, at a moment when the effect of these criticisms, if they had any effect at all, would be to place Horace Greeley in the White House, surrounded by such political "brothers" as now do his stumping and as figured at his meeting in this city the other night, and are "helping him to raise his house." Whenever the time comes that we can ask our readers to oppose Grant, or anybody like him, because they can put a better man in his place, we shall joyfully do it. But as long as circumstances practically restrict the choice of the public to him and Greeley, we shall do whatever we can do, consistent with honesty and self-respect, to save the country from Greeley and his followers. If it be "electioneering" to be silent about the President's faults, when speaking would cause a worse thing than he to come upon us, then we are certainly "electioneering" for Grant; but, then, we understand the duty of a journalist to be not treatise-writing, or general disquisition, but discussion with a view to some practical result. When we talk about civil-service reform, it ought to be with a view to reform; to talk about it with the view of having Greeley put at the head of the civil service, or with the certainty that our talking about it would help to put him there, though in never so small a degree, would be a piece of self-stultification to which we may come eventually, but it is still a long way off.

A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

DIEPPE, August 29, 1872.

EITHER there must be taking place a slow change in the climate of Paris, which makes the city less supportable to inhabit during the summer months, or a considerable increase in the general wealth of the country, or both reasons may combine; but it is quite certain that the French capital is

now more deserted in July and August than it was twenty or even ten years ago. In those times there was a class of regular Parisians who hardly ever left Paris, and pronounced it to be the only habitable place in the world, even during the dog-days; but now, whoever can do so leaves the capital; the city empties itself as rapidly as London when the season is over. There are long streets, with the shutters of the windows shut, which look quite as forlorn as the great squares of the West End. The theatres are still open, at least some of them, but all the *stars* are gone, and the houses are full of foreigners and travellers. Where does the Parisian go during his absence? I mean by the Parisian the inhabitant of the capital who has no country-place of his own, no chateau, no distant estate where he could find a refuge. This Parisian proper who makes a sacrifice to fashion in abandoning for a while his beloved city, is very *routinier;* there are but few places which he condescends to patronize. Baden-Baden used to be one; during the summer months this pretty watering-place, or rather gambling-place, buried in one of the valleys of the Black Forest, was for a while converted into a little Paris. Hardly any other language but French was heard on the terrace before the *conversation;* the German officers, with their long swords dragging at their heels, seemed to be there on sufferance. The Russian princes and princesses had their tree, round which they sat all day, speaking French all the time. The Emperor of Germany, when he came to Baden-Baden, made polite compliments to the actors and actresses of the Théâtre Français, who played their *répertoire* in a miniature theatre. All was French; the German element was only represented by the waiters at the hotels. Alas! the times of this limited conquest of Baden are gone; no Frenchman would now willingly cross Lorraine and Alsace, conquered by the Germans, see the valleys of the Vosges, the spire of the Strasbourg Cathedral, and the Rhine. Baden is lost for the Parisian.

If he goes to Switzerland he will seldom be found among those enterprising travellers who penetrate the remotest valleys, cross the glaciers and the highest passes. He is not muscular; he considers the ascent of the Righi as an effort, and will use the railway which now brings travellers to the top of this famous mountain. When he has seen the bears of Berne, heard the organ of Fribourg, fed the ducks of Geneva from the old wooden bridge, seen the chapel of William Tell on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne, he thinks he has *done* Switzerland. He likes to stop at Interlaken, and makes this little place his headquarters, where he can have a peep at the Jungfrau, and can see the parties of Alpine Club Englishmen starting on their great expeditions. How much wiser is he!

"Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis," etc.

He is the wise man of Lucretius; he is contented with the vision of the almost inaccessible peaks, and with the inspection of the extraordinary gentlemen (whom he secretly considers as insane) who will attempt to climb these peaks at the risk of their lives. Our true Parisian ought not, however, to be confounded with the bourgeois type depicted in a charming vaudeville called "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon." M. Perrichon has taken an excursion ticket, and he is travelling with his family. Whenever he arrives before something grand, be it a mountain or a cathedral, he thinks he ought to be much moved and give utterance to some grand sentiment. He always attempts to do so before his admiring family, but he invariably fails.

Our true Parisian is very narrow-minded, but he is no fool, and he has an easy way of never being ridiculous: he ridicules everything and even himself. He has a habit of speaking slightly of the biggest mountains; he would not hesitate to call any great traveller, Livingstone included, a bore. He has a great deal in common with that Greek who was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just. His indifference to the habits, the manners, the ideas of foreign countries is one of his great defects. He has no curiosity and no sympathy. His mind, if I might say so, is dried up; it is wonderfully supple and elastic, but it has lost the power of growing, of assimilation. I attribute this narrowness chiefly to the theatre. From the earliest days of infancy, the Parisian mind has become familiar with all possible scenes, nationalities, epochs, races, characters, all represented in a very imperfect but very striking manner. Every country has been typified in the theatre. The Parisian prefers what I may call theatrical truth to the truth of nature. He has seen eruptions of Vesuvius, Fingal's Caves, catacombs, mountain ranges; he has seen shipwrecks, inundations, etc. The opera, his microcosm, has spoiled the macrocosm for him. The true Tyrolese will never be to him at forty, when he is worn and tired and no longer ardent, what the Tyrolese of the opera was to him at twenty, when his young soul was still receptive. What old cloister in Italy can compete with the cloister of Robert le Diable, illuminated by the rays of an artificial moon and made alive by the ballet-girls—the nuns emerged from their tombs? I remember the exclamation of a young painter who was travelling with me when we arrived in front of a mill on a torrent in a lonely valley, on a dark, rainy day. He stopped a moment, and said, "Why! this is a Ruysdaël!" Such is the Parisian; his artificial sensations have been so many, and so intense, that nature finds him rather insensible. She evokes in him memories, old forgotten sensations. He becomes a critic, and loses the faculty of forgetting himself; he is like the spectator of a drama who is always conscious that the drama is a fiction. He hardly believes in the reality of nature; like many readers of novels, he skips over all the descriptive portions.

In France there are many watering-places where invalids are sent, but there is no place like Baden-Baden, nor even Interlaken. Our Parisian makes no elaborate excursions in France, though there is, perhaps, no country in Europe, after Italy, which better deserves a close inspection. He takes a railway ticket, and, without stopping, goes right to the coast of Normandy or Brittany. There he can find a hundred little ports or villages; sometimes he goes to one and sometimes to another. He is really fond of the sea, of the monotonous sea. He dares not sneer at it, and, besides, our modern Parisian, though he has not been educated in the principles of muscular Christianity, excels in two sports: he is generally a very good fencer, spending an hour or two twice a week at the *salle d'armes*, and a very good swimmer. The Seine affords him from infancy the opportunity to learn the art of swimming. During the summer months you may see, all along the river, large establishments devoted to it; under the eye of experienced professionals a number of men are engaged from morning to night in aquatic sports of all descriptions. They jump, and dive, and play all sorts of capers. One of these establishments, the most fashionable, is next to the Pont de la Concorde; there you can see the most famous lawyers, the gravest statesmen, mixed up with priests, actors, literary men, walking about around the great rectangle devoted to swimming, in long *peignoirs*, looking like the Peripatetics of old, but discussing only the various modes of holding your head above the water. The French are not constantly boasting of their muscular accomplishments, but I think that the best swimmers I have ever seen have been Parisians, educated at the Deligny baths. Our Parisian at the seashore leads a very lazy life. I have been staying for some time at one of the most fashionable seaports, Dieppe. There are various hotels on the *plage*, but the Parisian, married or not married, generally prefers to hire an apartment for the season. He does not much like hotel-life. The population of Dieppe has provided lodgings for a vast number of people, rich and poor.

The first thing I did on my arrival was to buy a book now very rare, as it is out of print, the "History of Dieppe," by M. Vitet, a member of the French Academy. I had never read it, and it is quite a masterpiece in its way. Nothing can be more interesting in a historical and in an artistic point of view. For Dieppe, now fallen from its ancient grandeur, was quite an important town when ships were not so big as they are now, and when its port, only open to vessels of 400 tons, was thought deep enough. It was one of the strongholds of the Huguenots. Its glorious old castle still frowns on the top of a cliff, like Dover Castle; its old churches, though shattered by the bombardment of the English, are still curious specimens of Middle-Age piety; the Battle of Arques was fought in its neighborhood by Henri IV. You can hardly take a walk without falling on some curious spot. I visited a few days ago an immense farm, which was once the castle of a merchant-prince who employed the best sculptors of the Renaissance; a room where I admired the remains of an old chimney which would adorn even Fontainebleau, was full of rape seed; heavy carts were kept under the most charming arcades, covered with delicate chisellings. Dieppe was once famous for its ivory carvings; but the traditions of this art are lost, and in the various ivory shops of the town you can now find only useful articles, which are pretty enough, but which have no artistic character. I would give an old yellowish Christ sculptured three hundred years ago at Dieppe for all the contents of the modern shops. But these old relics are not to be found here; it is only in Paris that occasionally you may fall upon a piece of *vieux Dieppe*.

A huge Casino, built of cast-iron, is the paradise of the beach, and the Parisian spends there the whole day. He finds a reading-room where he can glance over all the newspapers and reviews; he takes his bath, and, when he has done so, he looks for hours on other people who take their baths. There are always sails on the horizon, fishermen's boats, English steamers coming in or going out; every afternoon all the ladies are sitting on the terrace holding their little courts in the most elegant dresses. The music begins at three and never ends till six; the huge sea adds its *basso profundo*, or what Rameau would have called its *basse fondamentale*, to the melodies of the orchestra. After dinner, everybody returns to the Casino, the ladies, of course, in new costumes; the gentlemen don't even take the pains to dress for dinner or for the evening. More music; sometimes a children's ball, which invariably ends towards ten in a ball of overgrown children of twenty. Sometimes the Casino is turned into a theatre, and the actors of Havre come and play some forgotten *opéra comique*, which people

only half listen to. At ten the gas is extinguished; only a few poetical gentlemen keep gazing on the black sea and the distant light-house.

Nothing could be more quiet, more monotonous than this life. Conversing, chattering on the beach is the only amusement, after the all-important amusement of bathing. There is no show of horses, of carriages; rich and poor lead almost the same life. The dresses are of the prettiest, but of the coarsest materials. The fashionable gown for the ladies is now what is called the workingmen's blouse; it is made of the same blue cotton stuff which makes the *blouse* the classic dress of every French peasant or *ouvrier*. Truth obliges me to confess that these democratic blue dresses are sometimes adorned with the handsomest lace or old *guipure;* but we must not be too severe nor too austere. On the whole, what I have seen here, in a very fashionable watering-place, is very creditable to the country. There is no affectation of wealth, no vulgar show of opulence, nor any apparent immorality of any sort.

A EUROPEAN SUMMER.

V. SWISS NOTES.

WITH Geneva for its metropolis, Switzerland may fairly pretend to possess something more than nature in the rough. A Swiss novelist of incomparable talent has indeed written a tale expressly to prove that frank nature is wofully out of favor there, and his heroine dies of a broken heart because her spontaneity passes for impropriety. I don't know whether M. Cherbuliez's novel is as veracious as it is clever; but the susceptible stranger certainly feels that the Swiss metropolis is a highly artificial compound. It makes little difference that the individuality of the place is a moral rather than an architectural one; for the streets and houses express it as clearly as if it were syllabled in their stones. The moral tone of Geneva, as I imagine it, is epigrammatically, but on the whole justly, indicated by a fact recently related to me by a discriminating friend—that meeting one day in the street a placard of the theatre, superscribed *Bouffes-Génevois*, he burst into irrepressible laughter. To appreciate the irony of the phrase, one must have lived long enough in Geneva to suffer from the want of humor in the local atmosphere, and the absence as well of that æsthetic history which belongs to a generous view of life. There is no Genevese architecture, nor museum, nor theatre, nor music, not even a worthy *promenade*—all prime requisites of a well-appointed foreign capital; and yet somehow Geneva manages to assert herself powerfully without them, and to leave the impression of a strongly-featured little city, which, if you don't enjoy, you may at least grudgingly respect. It was, perhaps, the absence of these frivolous attributes which caused it to be thought a proper place for the settlement of our solemn wrangle with England—though surely a community which could make a joke would have afforded worthier spectators to certain phases of the affair. But there is such a thing, after all, as drawing too sober-colored a picture of the Presbyterian mother-city, and I suddenly find myself wondering whether, if it were not the most respectable of capitals, it would not still be the prettiest; whether its main interest is not, possibly, the picturesque one—the admirable contrast of the dark, homely-featured mass of the town—relieved now, indeed, at the water's edge by a shining rim of white-walled hotels—and the incomparable vivacity of color of the blue lake and Rhone. This divinely cool-hued gush of the Rhone beneath the two elder bridges, is one of the loveliest things in Switzerland, and ought itself to make the fortune of innumbered generations of inn-keepers. As you linger and watch the shining tide, you make a rather vain effort to connect it with the two great human figures in the Genevese picture—Calvin and Rousseau. It seems to have no great affinity with either genius—one of which it might have brightened and the other have cleansed. There is indeed in Rousseau a sort of current-like volume of style which, if we choose, we may fancy an influence from the rushing stream he must so often have tarried in his boyish breeches to peep at between the bridge-rails; but I doubt that we can twist the Rhone into a channel for even the most diluted Calvinism. It must have seemed to the grim Doctor as one of the streams of the paradise he was making it so hard to enter. For ourselves, as it hurries undarkened past the gray theological city, we may liken it to the impetus of faith shooting in deep indifference past the doctrine of election. The genius that contains the clearest strain of this profane Geneva blue is decidedly that of Byron. He has versified the lake in the finest Byronic manner, and I have seen its color, of a bright day, as beautiful, as unreal, as romantic as the most classical passages of "Childe Harold." Its shores have not yet lost the echo of three other eminent names—those of Voltaire, of Gibbon, and of Madame de Staël. These great writers, however, were all such sturdy non-conductors of the modern tendency of landscape to make its way into literature, that the tourist hardly feels himself indebted to their works for a deeper relish of the lake—though, indeed, they have bequeathed him the opportunity for a charming threefold pilgrimage. About Ferney and Coppet I might say a dozen things which the want of space forbids. As for the author of that great chronicle which never is but always to be read, you may take your coffee of a morning in the little garden in which he wrote *finis* to his immortal work—and if the coffee is good enough to administer a fillip to your fancy, perhaps you may yet hear the faint reverberation among the trees of the long, long breath with which he must have laid down his pen. It is, to my taste, quite the reverse of a profanation to commemorate a classic site by a good inn, and the excellent Hôtel Gibbon at Lausanne, ministering to that larger perception which is almost identical with the aftertaste of a good *cuisine*, may fairly pretend to propagate the exemplary force of a great human effort. There is a charming Hôtel Byron at Villeneuve, the eastern end of the lake, of which I have retained a kindlier memory than of any of my Swiss resting-places. It has about it a kind of mellow gentility which is equally rare and delightful, and which perhaps rests partly on the fact that—owing, I suppose, to the absence just thereabouts of what is technically termed a "feature"—it is generally just thinly enough populated to make you wonder how it can pay, and whether the landlord isn't possibly entertaining you at a sacrifice. It has none of that look of heated prosperity which has come of late years to intermingle so sordid an element with the pure grandeur of Swiss scenery.

The crowd in Switzerland demands a chapter by itself, and when I pause in the anxious struggle for bed and board to take its prodigious measure—and, in especial, to comprehend its huge main factor, the terrible German element—mountains and men seem to resolve themselves into a single monstrous mass, darkening the clear heaven of rest and leisure. Crossing lately the lovely Scheideck pass, from Grindelwald to Meyringen, I needed to remember well that this is the great thoroughfare of Swiss travel, and that I might elsewhere find some lurking fragment of landscape without figures—or with fewer—not to be dismayed by its really grotesque appearance. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the road was black with wayfarers. They darkened the slopes like the serried pine-forests, they dotted the crags and fretted the sky-line like far-browsing goats, and their great collective hum rose up to heaven like the uproar of a dozen torrents. More recently, I strolled down from Andermatt on the St. Gothard to look at that masterpiece of sternly romantic landscape, the Devil's Bridge. Huge walls of black granite enclose the scene, the road spans a tremendous yellow cataract which flings an icy mist all abroad, and a savage melancholy, in fine, marks the spot for her own. But half a dozen carriages, jingling cheerily up the ascent, had done their best to dispossess her. The parapet of the bridge was adorned with as many gazers as that of the Pont Neuf when one of its classic anglers has proclaimed a bite, and I was obliged to confess that I had missed the full force of a sensation. If the reader's sympathies are touched by my discomfiture, I may remind him that though, as a fastidious few, we laugh at Mr. Cook, the great *entrepreneur* of travel, with his *coupons* and his caravans of "personally-conducted" sight-seers, we have all pretty well come to belong to his party in one way or another. We complain of a hackneyed and cocknified Europe, but wherever, in desperate quest of the untrodden, we carry our much-labelled luggage, our bad French, our need for a sitz-bath and pale ale, we rub off the precious primal bloom of the picturesque and establish a precedent for unlimited intrusion. I have even fancied that it is a sadly ineffectual pride that prevents us from buying one of Mr. Cook's little bundles of tickets, and saving our percentage, whatever it is, of money and trouble, for I am sure that the poor bewildered and superannuated genius of the old Grand Tour, as it was taken forty years ago, wherever she may have buried her classic head, beyond hearing of the eternal telegraphic click bespeaking "rooms" on mountain tops, confounds us all alike in one sweeping reprobation.

I might, perhaps, have purchased exemption from her curse by idling the summer away in the garden of the Hôtel Byron, or by contenting myself with such wanderings as you may enjoy on the neighboring hillsides. The great beauty of detail in this region seems to me to have been insufficiently noted. People come hither, indeed, in swarms, but they talk more of places that are not half as lovely, and when, returning from a walk over the slopes above Montreux, I have ventured to hint at a few of the fine things I have seen, I have been treated as if I were jealous, forsooth, of a projected tour to Chamouni. These slopes climb the great hills in almost park-like stretches of verdure, studded with generous trees, among which the walnut abounds, and into which, as you look down, the lake seems to fling up a blue reflection which, by contrast, turns their green leaves to yellow. Here you may wander through wood and dell, by stream and meadow—streams that narrow as they wind ever upward, and meadows often so steep that the mowers, as they swing their scythes over them, remind you of insects on a wall brandishing long *antennæ*—and range through every possible phase of sweet sub-Alpine scenery. Nowhere, I imagine, can you

better taste the charm, as distinguished from the grandeur, of Swiss landscape; and as in Switzerland the grandeur and the charm are constantly interfused and harmonized, you have only to ramble far enough and high enough to get a hint of real mountain sternness—to overtake the topmost edge of the woods and emerge upon the cool, sunny places where the stillness is broken only by cattle-bells and the plash of streams, and the snow-patches, in the darker nooks, linger till midsummer. If this doesn't satisfy you, you may do a little mild mountaineering by climbing the Rochers de Noye or the Dent de Jaman—a miniature Matterhorn. But the most profitable paths, to my taste, are certain broad-flagged, grass-grown footways, which lead you through densely-fruited orchards to villages of a charming quaintness, nestling often in so close a verdure that from the road by the lake you hardly suspect them. The picturesqueness of Vaudois village life ought surely to have produced more sketchers and lyrists. The bit of country between Montreux and Vevay, though disfigured with an ugly fringe of vineyards near the lake, is a perfect nest of these compact little hamlets. The houses are, for the most part, a delightfully irregular combination of the *chalet* and the rustic *maison bourgeoise;* and—with their rugged stony foundations, pierced with a dusky stable-arch and topped with a random superstructure of balconies, outer stairways, and gables, weather-browned beams and sun-cracked stucco, their steep red roofs with knob-crowned turrets, their little cobble-paved courts, with the great stone fountain and its eternal plash—they are at once so fantastically pleasant and yet so sturdily well-conditioned, that their aspect seems a sort of influence from the blue glitter of the lake as it plays through the trees with genial *invraisemblance.* The little village of Veytaux, above Chillon, where it lurks unperceived among its foliage, is an admirable bit of this Vaudois picturesqueness. The little grassy main street of the village enters and passes bodily through a house—converting it into a vast dim, creaking, homely archway—with an audacity, a frank self-abandonment to local color, which is one of the finest strokes of the sort I ever encountered. And yet three English sisters whom I used to meet thereabouts had preferred one morning to station themselves at the parapet of the road by the lake, and, spreading their sketch-books there, to expend their precious little tablets of Windsor & Newton on those too, too familiar walls and towers where Byron's Bonivard languished. Even as I passed, the railway train whizzed by beneath their noses, and the *genius loci* seemed to flee howling in the shriek of its signal. Temple Bar itself witnesses a scarcely busier coming and going than, in these days, those hoary portals of Chillon. My own imagination, on experiment, proved too poor an alchemist, and such enjoyment as I got of the castle was mainly my distant daily view of it from the garden of the Hôtel Byron—a little, many-pinnacled, white promontory, shining against the blue lake. When I went, "Bädeker" in hand, to "do" the place, I found a huge concourse of visitors awaiting the reflux of an earlier wave. "Let us at least wait till there is no one else," I said to my companion. She smiled in compassion of my *naiveté.* "*There is never no one else,*" she answered. "We must treat it as a crush or leave it alone."

Any truly graceful picturesqueness here is the more carefully to be noted that the graceful in Switzerland—especially in the German cantons—is a very rare commodity, and that everything that is not rigorously a mountain or a valley is distinctly tainted with ugliness. The Swiss have apparently an insensibility to comeliness or purity of form—a partiality to the clumsy, coarse, and prosaic which one might almost interpret as a calculated offset to their great treasure of natural beauty, or at least as an instinctive protest of the national genius for frugality. Monte Rosa and the Jungfrau fill their pockets; why should they give double measure when single will serve? Even so solidly picturesque a town as Berne—a town full of massive Teutonic quaintness and sturdy individuality of feature—nowhere by a single happy accident of architecture even grazes the line of beauty. The place is so full of entertaining detail that the fancy warms to it, and you good-naturedly pronounce it charming. But when the sense of novelty subsides, and you notice the prosaic *scarp* of its arcades, the wanton angularity of its grotesque, umbrella-shaped roofs, the general plebeian stride and straddle of its architecture, you half take back your kindness, and declare that nature in Switzerland might surely afford to be a trifle less jealous of art. But wherever the German tone of things prevails, a certain rich and delectable homeliness goes with it, and I have of Berne this pleasant recollection: the vision of a long main street, looking dark, somehow, in spite of its breadth, and bordered with houses supported on deep arcades, whereof the short, thick pillars resemble queerly a succession of bandy legs, and overshaded by high-piled pagoda roofs. The dusky arcades are lined with duskier shops and bustling with traffic; the windows of the houses are open, and filled with charming flowers. They are invariably adorned, furthermore, with a bright red window cushion, which in its turn sustains a fair Bernese—a Bernese fair enough, at least, to complete the not especially delicate harmony of the turkey-red cushion and the vividly-blooming plants. These deep color-spots, scattered along the gray stretch of the houses, help to make the scene a picture; yet if it remains, somehow, at once so pleasant and so plain, you may almost find the explanation in the row of ancient fountains along the middle of the street—the peculiar glory of Berne—each a great stone basin with a pillar rising from the centre and supporting a sculptured figure, more or less heraldic and legendary. This richly-wrought chain of fountains is a precious civic possession, and has an admirably picturesque effect; but each of the images which presides at these sounding springs—sources of sylvan music in the ancient street—appears, when you examine it, a monster of awkwardness and ugliness.

I ought to add that I write these lines in a place so charming that it seems pure perversity to remember here anything but the perfect beauty of Switzerland. From my window I look straight through the gray-blue portals of the Via Mala. Gray-blue they are with an element of melancholy red—like the rust on an ancient sword; and they rise in magnificent rocky crags on either side of this old-time evil way, in which the waning afternoon is deepening the shadows against a splendid background of sheer gray rock, muffled here and there in clinging acres of pine-forest. The carriage road winds into it with an air of solemnity which suggests some almost metaphysical simile—the advance of a simple, credulous reader, say, into some dark-some romance. If you think me fantastic, come and feel the influence of this lovely little town of Thusis. I may well be fantastic, however, for I have fresh in my memory a journey in which the fancy finds as good an account as in any you may treat it to in Switzerland: a long two-days' drive through the western Grisons and the beautiful valley of the Vorder-Rhein. The scenery is perhaps less characteristically Swiss than that of many other regions, but it can hardly fail to deepen your admiration for a country which is able so liberally to overheap the measure of great impressions. It is a landscape rather of ruin-crowned cliff and crag than of more or less virginal snow peaks, but in its own gentler fashion it is as vast and bold and free as the Oberland. Coming down from the Oberalp which divides this valley from that of the St. Gothard, we entered a wondrous vista of graduated blue distances, along which the interlapping mountain spurs grew to seem like the pillars—if one can imagine reclining pillars—of a mighty avenue. The landscape was more than picturesque, it was consummately pictorial. I fancied that I had never seen in nature such a wealth of blue, deep and rich in the near distance and splendidly contrasted with the slopes of ripening grain, blocked out without hedge or fence in yellow parallelograms, and playing thence through every shade of color, dimmed by remotenesss but not by mist. Foreground and distance here have alike a strong historic tinge. The little towns which yet subsist as almost formless agglomerations of rugged stone, were members of the great Gray League of resistance to the baronial brigands whose crumbling towers and keeps still make the mountain-sides romantic. These little towns, Ilanz in especial, and Dissentis, overstared by the great plank façade of its useless monastery, are hardly more than rather putrid masses of mouldy masonry; but with their desolate air of having been and ceased to be, their rugged solidity of structure, their low black archways surmounted with stiffly hewn armorial shields, their lingering treasures in window-screen and gate of fantastically wrought iron, they are among the things which make the sentimental tourist lean forth eagerly from his carriage.

Correspondence.

"DIFFERENT TO."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I am a reasonably good boy, I believe, but I do not always read my *Nation,* and thus it happened that I did not see "Carl Benson's" enquiry as to when and with whom what he calls the singular neologism "different to" originated, until I met with it in Mr. Fitzedward Hall's interesting communication in your columns last week. Mr. Hall has shown that the phrase was used about a hundred and fifty years ago. But it is a neologism in so far as, I believe, it was used customarily by no great writer of either the Elizabethan or the Queen Anne period. But that its use by Thackeray in 1850 should be deemed early, surprised me, as in my first literary venture, "Shakespeare's Scholar," published in 1854, but written in 1852, I had discussed the phrase (p. 305) adversely, and the discussion, which I believe was the first of this subject, had attracted some attention in England, with a general conclusion against its use, and, what was very strange, a denial in some quarters that it was in vogue there. Indeed, the late distinguished Shakesperian critic, Mr. William Lettsom, so often quoted in Mr. Dyce's last

edition of Shakespeare, wrote on the margin of a copy of "Shakespeare's Scholar," annotated by him and which came into my possession after his death, that he had never heard this phrase; and the late Earl of Ellesmere, then President of the Shakespeare Society, in a letter to me expressed great satisfaction at the condemnation of such an absurd and vulgar usage. And yet, according to my observation, Mr. Hall is quite right in his assertion as to its general use at the present day by the best bred and most cultivated speakers and writers in England. Indeed, it might almost be safely adopted as a shibboleth of distinction between British-English and American-English. I have noticed "different from" in the speech and the writing of only the younger generation of Englishmen, and those who to travel had united some loving study of the great Elizabethan writers. But although the weight of reason and eminent usage are on the side of "different from," I should be inclined to modify my original sweeping condemnation of the British phrase, on the ground that in "different to" and "adverse to," *to* has somewhat the sense of *towards*, and implies relation, comparison. Compared *to* that, this is different; in relation *to* that, I am averse. Let me add to Mr. Hall's examples for use in his forthcoming book, which cannot fail to be an interesting one, the following singular use, by a distinguished dramatist of the beginning of the last century, of "different from" and "different to" in two "contagious" lines:

"*Aurelia*—Sir, you appear very different to me *from* what you were lately.

Truelove—Madam, you appear very indifferent to me *to* what you were lately."—*Farquhar's "Twin Rivals,"* iii. 3, *p.* 42, *Ed.* 1703.

It may have been by mere chance, but Farquhar made the lady say *from* and the gentleman *to*, which is contrary to Mr. Hall's observation of present British usage, as well as contrary to my own.

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1872.

THE END OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of August 22 (No. 373) there is an article entitled "The Civil Service and the Jails," containing views from which the writer would respectfully, yet most earnestly, dissent. In order that the reader may better understand me, I will give a literal quotation of a few sentences occurring in said article.

The *Nation*, after referring to the humane designs of Dr. Harris respecting the reformation of criminals in the New York State Prison, continues as follows:

"We must, however, at the same time protest against the tendency which showed itself at the London conference, as it shows itself on all such occasions, and which the humanitarian view of crime, viz., that it is a disease simply, not unnaturally fosters—the tendency to treat the reformation of the criminal as the great end of criminal justice. With all due respect to penologists, this is not the great end of criminal justice. A criminal is seized and shut up, not for his own good, either primarily or secondarily, *but for the good of society*. We restrain him of his liberty not that we may improve him, *but that honest men may live in peace and security*. . . . *The only good reasons* we can give a thief for carrying him off to jail are two in number—first, that we may prevent him from stealing for a greater or less period; and, secondly, that we may so associate stealing in his mind and in that of spectators with disagreeable consequences, that they may dread to steal hereafter. In other words, in all our dealings with thieves *the security of the honest and industrious ought to be our first and great concern.*"

The italics in the above quotation, which are my own, may serve to mark the passages which embody, in the strongest form, the sentiments to which exception is taken.

I have no sympathy with that "humanitarian view of crime" which would lead us to regard thieves and murderers as a set of hospital patients, instead of felons. I agree most heartily with the *Nation*, that the good of the criminal is not the great end of punishment, since *punishment*, properly so-called, is *evil inflicted upon the guilty in satisfaction of justice*. But evil inflicted for the good of the sufferer is not, in any proper sense, punishment; it is *chastisement*, which all understand to be quite a different thing. The chosen people of Israel were sorely *chastised* of their loving Father, when he allowed them to "work in brick and mortar" under the Egyptian taskmasters; but the wicked inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were awfully *punished* by a sin-hating God, when they were utterly overthrown, "suffering the *vengeance* of eternal fire." The theory of the humanitarians, which the *Nation* refutes, is certainly a false and dangerous one for any people to adopt; but I would, with becoming modesty, ask the *Nation* whether the theory it presents is very much better? I fear it is not.

The *Nation*, as I understand it, distinctly avows that the *welfare of society* is the grand design of punishment; and that the *only* reasons we may give a criminal for inflicting upon him the penalty of a broken law are two in number—first, that we may prevent his stealing for a time; and, secondly, that spectators may be reminded of the intimate connection between violating law and lying in jail. This is plain language, and is, if I mistake not, utilitarianism pure and simple. It is an old theory, and one which has generally found great favor with the lawyers. It was first introduced into the church, in the seventeenth century, by Grotius, the jurist and theologian, in connection with the great Christian doctrine of the atonement. It is best known among theologians as the governmental theory. According to one of the ablest of living writers, "it proceeds upon the assumption that all virtue consists in benevolence, which again rests upon the assumption that happiness is the highest good; which makes expediency the ground of moral obligation and the rule of moral conduct."

That the reformation of the criminal and the welfare of society at large may, in many cases, be incidental and secondary benefits of the infliction of punishment, I am free to admit; but that either or both of them can, in any case, be the great primary end of punishment, I am constrained to deny. The grand design of all punishment—the one which, in dignity and importance, towers infinitely above all others—is the *vindication of violated law*—the *satisfaction of justice*—the teaching of all men that crime is *deserving* of *punishment*, and held in utter abhorrence by God and all good men. Deny this fundamental truth, and then we have no other ground of moral obligation or rule of moral conduct than simple *expediency*. "It is indeed a solecism," says the writer quoted above, "to use the word *moral* in such connections, for, on this utilitarian theory, the word has no meaning. A thing may be wise or unwise, expedient or inexpedient, but in no sense *right* or *wrong*. Wrong becomes right and right becomes wrong as the greater amount of happiness flows from the one or the other." According to this view, which so unduly exalts the welfare of society, there would be no need or propriety in hanging the vilest wretch that ever murdered his fellow-man if it could be made to appear that society would not be benefited by his suffering death—yea, more, it would even justify us in visiting heavy penalties upon an innocent child for the crimes done by its father, provided such a course would prove more effectual in preventing crime than would the suffering of the guilty.

When we tell men that the criminal is punished simply out of respect to the interests of the law-abiding portion of the community, we thereby detract immeasurably from the good effect which punishment is intended to have. If the *ill-desert* of the guilty be made less prominent as a reason for visiting the vengeance of the law upon his head than the good of the innocent, we rob punishment of its legitimate moral effect. "The only moral effect which punishment can have is based on the assumption that it is suffered *because of ill-desert* and *not* for the good of others." I maintain that he who suffers solely or chiefly for the good of others is no felon, but a *martyr*, and we are without the shadow of a right to hang such a person. If it cannot be said, first of all, that *justice*—exact, immutable *justice*—*demands* his death, we dare not touch him, no matter how much real benefit his death might bring to society. And if it be so that justice *does* demand his death, we have not the shadow of a right to decline executing the law's just sentence, no matter if it could be demonstrated that no possible benefits could ever accrue to society by reason of his suffering. This view of the case proceeds upon the theory that the grand primary end of government is *not* the happiness, but the *holiness*, of the creature—that we are bound to have uppermost in our thoughts uprightness of character in the subject rather than his comfort in the administration of civil government. In so far as civil governments recognize this great principle by imposing right laws and distributing, impartially, just rewards and punishments, just that far do they subserve the ends of their creation by holding up before the eyes of men an ever-present spectacle calculated to teach them (1) that God is *holy*, abhorring crime, and (2) that he is *just*, by no means clearing the guilty.

The great objection to this utilitarian theory is that it flatly contradicts our *intuitive moral judgments*. If I wantonly murder my brother, the testimony of my own conscience will inevitably be that I *deserve* to suffer, not for the good of society, but because I am *guilty*. And this would be true were I the only man left living upon earth. I dare say, also, that the editor of the *Nation*, if standing by at the time I did the murder, would find his own sense of right and wrong testifying with my conscience that *death was my due*, no matter what might be the effect of my punishment upon society. And he might analyze his consciousness in vain to see if his natural sentiment of justice, in view of my wicked act, could be resolved into a conviction of his understanding that the best interests of society demanded my punishment. With all due respect, therefore, for the *Nation*, I would say the good of society is *not* the great end of punishment; and that the best possible reason we can give to the dying felon on the gallows or to the

spectators for his being executed, is that, having deliberately violated law, he *deserves* to pay the penalty. This reason comports with the instinctive judgment of every sound mind, and represents the criminal, not as a martyr for others, but what, in truth, he is—a guilty wretch whose life must be taken *in satisfaction of justice*.—Very respectfully,

N. M. W.

HAMPDEN SIDNEY, VA., Sept., 1872.

[We are much obliged to the writer for giving us an opportunity of saying one word on what we consider the fallaciousness of the theological view of the relation of the criminal to society. "N. M. W.'s" doctrines are in fact neither more nor less than the Calvinist form of the common Sentimentalist error. The God of the ordinary Sentimentalist is almost always a God of mercy and not a God of justice. The Sentimentalist exacts nothing of anybody, and would impose no obligation on anybody. The word "duty" has no place in his vocabulary, and, in trying "to look at the world with God's eyes," he naturally enough looks only with eyes of pity and sympathy. Criminal justice in his hands, therefore, would be a kind of nursing process. When he heard of a crime having been committed, he would indeed shut the murderer up, but only for the purpose of petting him and saving him from the annoyances or inconveniences to which the popular horror of murder would naturally subject him. When, however, a theologian of the Calvinistic school undertakes the administration of criminal justice, he, too, endeavors to see the world with God's eyes, but *his* God is a God of justice rather than of mercy, cherishing a deep hatred of iniquity as such, and requiring punishment as an expiation of sin, without regard to consequences. To him, therefore, it makes no sort of difference, as our correspondent points out, what the consequence of punishment to the criminal or society may be, as long as the demands of "immutable justice" are satisfied. If immutable justice required that a murderer should be hung, hang him he would, though it were plain as possible that the result of hanging him would be a great increase of murders.

Now the answer to all this is plain. Neither the Sentimentalist nor the theologian can see the world with God's eyes, and therefore all attempts on their part to embody divine justice in human legislation, or administer divine justice through human jurisprudence, are—with all respect be it spoken—pieces of mingled folly and presumption. The eyes with which they look at the criminal are ordinary human eyes; their vision is the ordinary human vision, clouded or distorted by prejudice, by passion, by bad education, by weakness of mind and of body. The reason why they ought not to try to make the criminal satisfy the demands of "immutable justice" is that they do not know what the demands of immutable justice in his case are, and nobody knows but God Almighty. For the work of administering divine justice, in short—which is the kind of justice which "N. M. W." has in mind, apparently, without being conscious of it—the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury or Dr. Hodge of Princeton, whom our correspondent quotes, is as well equipped as Wendell Phillips or Susan B. Anthony, but not a whit better. But how can this be? we shall be asked—the Pope, the Archbishop, and Dr. Hodge have revelation to guide them touching God's views of crime and of punishment, while Wendell Phillips and Susan B. Anthony have nothing but their own stormy bosoms to guide them about anything. Yes; but not one of the five has the least knowledge of what passes in the criminal's heart, either when he plans the crime or when he commits it. In other words, to administer divine justice, or "immutable justice," or "eternal justice," the secrets of all hearts must be open to you; you must be able to weigh with absolute precision the strength of the temptation before you can fix the degree of guilt or apply the appropriate penalty in the forum of absolute right. God can do this; God, it is to be presumed, does this; but who are we that we should even talk of doing it? It is with the utmost difficulty that we find out who has committed a crime; is there, therefore, not something absurd in our attempting to determine the exact extent to which the criminal has sinned in committing it? Do we know or pretend to know how hard he fought against his disposition to commit it—what agencies outside of himself contributed to the formation of his disposition to commit it, and by what remorse he was rent after he had committed it? Do we, in short, know anything whatever about his moral guilt, and is not his moral guilt—or, in other words, his responsibility at the bar of absolute justice—something with which we therefore have really nothing to do? Moreover, God does not need our assistance nor our legislative or judicial machinery in the work of exacting expiation. To hold that he depended on it in any way would be to hold that there are frequent failures of absolute justice owing to the imperfection of courts of police, which is preposterous. Absolute justice is never foiled or delayed. It would work though there were neither courts nor police nor government on earth.

In short, criminal justice must be based on utilitarian principles, because no other arrangement is possible. What persons of "N. M. W.'s" way of thinking mean when they talk of any other standard of criminal liability than the utilitarian standard, is simply contemporaneous public opinion or passion. At one time, and not very long ago, it was believed in the most civilized countries of the world that justice required that criminals should be executed for petty theft and tortured for murder or treason. We have got rid of all those horrors and absurdities by the adoption of the simple rule—which all can understand and apply—that punishment should be regulated, as regards motive, duration, and intensity, by its observed effects on the number and gravity of offences and on the manners of the community. In other words, criminals ought to be used for the good of society, and nothing else.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A TRANSLATION of Baron Hübner's "Life and Times of Sixtus V.," by James F. Meline, is in the press of the Catholic Publication Society. It will differ from the English translation by Mr. Jerningham, we understand, not only as an original rendering, but as being still more abridged for popular reading. The former omits altogether Hübner's third volume, consisting of *pièces justificatives*, while Col. Meline has omitted in addition the diplomatic correspondence, which is chiefly of interest to scholars. ——Mr. Charles Nordhoff, turning to account his late visit to the Pacific coast, will publish, through Harper & Bros., "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence." ——"A Biographical History of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania," by Alexander Harris, is announced by E. Barr & Co., of Lancaster.——Hurd & Houghton will issue as a small quarto "Songs from the Old Dramatists."——Ginn Brothers, Boston, announce "English of the XIVth Century," illustrated by notes, grammatical and etymological, on Chaucer's Prologue and Knight's Tale. by Professor Stephen H. Carpenter, of the University of Michigan.

—A correspondent writes us from Lexington, Va.: "In the interesting letter in regard to the South Carolina phosphates in your issue of September 5, the writer has fallen into error in casually alluding to Dr. N. A. Pratt as having been elected to a professorship in the University of Virginia. Dr. Pratt was elected to the chair of Applied Chemistry in Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, where he is about entering upon his duties. This chair was established a few years ago at the instance of Gen. R. E. Lee, when in the reorganization of that institution he provided in a liberal manner for the teaching of those sciences so necessary to the development of the resources of the South. In view of the great accuracy of the *Nation*, I will also take the liberty of mentioning another oversight in the same issue. You speak of Dr. B. M. Palmer as 'of Virginia.' This distinguished divine is a South Carolinian, but has been for years a resident of New Orleans."

—Mr. B. G. Northrop, of New Haven, Secretary of the State Board of Education in Connecticut, offers to the right sort of applicants a novel and easy missionary labor, in which any one might be glad to share. The Chinese Government, like the Japanese (though on a less liberal scale), is sending young men to this country to acquire the best education which our schools and colleges afford, and its agent, Yung Wing, a Yale graduate of '54, has just arrived in charge of some thirty Chinese lads averaging twelve years of age. These he is desirous of placing immediately in cultivated families in different parts of Connecticut and Massachusetts—not more than two in the same family, generally not more than two in the same town.

They are to remain fifteen years in the United States, so as to allow time for a thorough and complete course of study—academic, collegiate, and professional. The families which receive them will be expected for a fair remuneration not only to furnish them with board, washing, fuel, and lights, but also with private instruction in the language and in rudimentary branches. They have just begun the study of English. This party will be succeeded by others, to the number of 120 in all. It is to be hoped that the next census will not only enumerate these among the inhabitants of New England, but as many more of their countrymen as may come on a similar errand; and there ought to be no difficulty in finding suitable homes for them. Mr. Northrop should be addressed for further particulars.

—"Though Dubuque," writes a correspondent, "is by no means a central place of meeting, and the weather more than fulfilled its promise of being uncomfortably hot, there was yet a fair gathering to attend the twenty-first session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. More than one hundred and fifty members were on hand, and about a hundred papers were read, their authors, however, not being invariably present. Perhaps the most important matter brought forward was the proposition urged by Professor Peirce, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, that the several States should co-operate with his bureau in making a topographical survey of each State, and thus of the whole country. The expense to each State would be nearly nominal, while such a survey would be of the utmost value in defining its boundaries, and in the construction of railways and county roads, obviating the necessity of private companies making such surveys. The usual good, we may trust, was effected on this occasion by the contact of scientific men with the public, whom it is so desirable to persuade that our methods of instruction in the physical and mental sciences stand in pressing need of reform, and to rid of that undefinable distrust of the tendencies of modern scientific speculation which is a real hindrance to the better education. The members of the Association were very hospitably entertained by the citizens of Dubuque during the entire week, and were also favored with excursions and free passes by the various railroad and steamboat officials."

—Everybody agrees that the country has been sick, the only difference is as to the remedy. The doctors who met at Philadelphia prescribed the Republican party pure and simple. The Cincinnati doctors, on the other hand, advised a mixture. The Republican party, they said, was no longer "pure and simple"; it had lost its virtue—had run out, in short. The case was not without a precedent. We find it thus related in the *Japan Gazette:*

"Certain British merchant vessels, which do not carry 'an experienced surgeon,' are supplied with medicine chests, with suitable books of direction. A sailor on board one of these—she is not in harbor *now*—once applied to his captain for relief, his complaint being that 'he had something on his stomach.' Under these circumstances the skipper consulted his condensed pharmacopœia, and promptly prescribed a wine-glass full of No. 15, the drugs being numerically indicated after the symptomatic descriptions of disease. But there had been a run on No. 15, and the bottle was empty. Was Jack to die for lack of medical assistance? Perish the thought! The skipper was a man of ready resource. There was plenty of No. 8, plenty of No. 7. 'Seven and eight make fifteen,' said the captain; and Jack, to whom the calculation seemed quite natural, took the joint mixture with startling effect; for whatever *was* on his stomach came up with a rapidity that would have astonished the Royal College of Physicians."

—At a recent meeting of the Austrian Association of Engineers and Architects, Baron Von Schwarz-Senborn, Chief Director of the Vienna Exhibition, gave an interesting account of the undertaking, its general arrangements and its specialties of detail, from which we condense the facts most interesting to American readers. The Baron passed in review all of the previous exhibitions, and pointed out in detail their various shortcomings. In the first great building of 1851, much inconvenience was felt by the penetration of the rain, and the same difficulty occurred in Paris in 1867, occasioning the loss of very considerable property. The galleries, which had hitherto always formed a part of exhibition buildings, had many drawbacks; they interposed difficulties in construction and were a constant cause of dust; besides, experience had shown that only a limited number of visitors ever ascended to them. A further remarkable disadvantage of former exhibitions was in the inadequacy of entrance and exit. It happened at London in 1851 and 1862, and in Paris in 1856 and 1867, that a great number of wagons and carts accumulated in the last few weeks before the opening at the gates of the Exhibition building, and goods could not be unloaded for six or eight days for want of proper accommodations. The shape of former buildings and the distribution of space was such that the goods of one country had to be carried across the space allotted to another, and much collision, confusion, and loss was the consequence. The distribution of light was unequal. Some exhibitors had too much, others were altogether in the dark. It was the intention of the Austrian Commission to prevent the recurrence of similar mistakes in the building under their charge. The Parliament had granted three millions of gulden as a contribution and three millions more as a subscription to the guarantee fund, in all six million gulden, or three million dollars. The expenses of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 were 11,600,000 francs, which were covered partly by the admission fee and partly by the sale of the old building. The subscription of the Austrian Government was, therefore, on a most liberal scale, and likely to cover all possible wants. Mr. Scott Russell was consulted upon the plan proposed for the Vienna building, and, after a full discussion of the site and future uses of a portion of the building, a design was adopted and the work at once begun. The imposing part of the Exhibition building at Vienna is a large iron rotunda or dome placed in the centre, 353 feet in diameter and 275 feet high. The total weight of the iron-work of the dome is 4,000 tons, and it rests upon foundations made in concrete built in October, 1871, and is to be finished before the 15th of September, 1872. To convey some idea of the immense proportions of the dome, it may be well to compare it with St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's, London, and the Exhibition of 1862. The span of the cupola of St. Paul's is 35 metres; St. Peter's, 49 metres; Exhibition of 1862, 50 metres; Vienna Exhibition, 108 metres. The rotunda forms the centre of the main gallery or nave which is 82 feet wide and 2,968 feet long. The nave is crossed at equal distances by 16 transepts 49 feet wide and 672 feet long. Between the transepts are 24 courts, which are enclosed on three sides, and have the same length as the cross-naves, and are 114 feet wide. These courts facilitate the lighting of the Exhibition building by means of high side-windows, so that glass roofs are entirely omitted. The courts also afford ventilation, and in case of need could be covered in and incorporated in the building. Great facilities are offered by this arrangement for introducing or removing goods, and should any country be delayed in its arrangements, the section could be closed without inconvenience to visitors. The order of the nations will be according to their geographical position from East to West, and a walk through the building will be tantamount to a journey around the world. The following table shows the space occupied by former exhibitions and to be used in Vienna:

London (Hyde Park), 1851,	94,000	square yards.
Paris (Champs Elysées), 1855,	123,214	"
London (Brompton), 1862,	222,316	"
Paris (Champ de Mars), 1867,	527,645	"
Vienna (Prater), 1873,	2,783,809	"

The available area at Vienna will therefore be about five times that given to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Without enclosing any of the courts mentioned above, the space offered by the Vienna buildings will be 130,270 square yards. It will be seen from these figures that a park of 575 acres, nearly as large as the Central Park of New York, is appropriated to the objects of the Exhibition, and that with all the halls and pavilions and the main buildings, something like 50 acres will be under cover. Notwithstanding the vast scale upon which the Exhibition is projected, it is believed by competent judges that everything will be ready before the 1st of May, 1873. Every Government in Europe has made large appropriations to defray the expenses of exhibitors, and the number of applicants for space far exceeds anything ever known before. The only civilized nation on the face of the globe which has not made an appropriation or taken active steps to participate in the Vienna Exhibition is the United States. On the last day of its session, Congress authorized the appointment of a commission provided that no expenses were to be incurred by the Government; which, if anything, was more insulting to the Austrian Government than a positive refusal to have anything to do with the Exhibition would have been. We do not now see how this error can be retrieved nor how it will be possible for the United States to be properly represented, even if the next Congress grants an appropriation and applications are made for space. The United States Commissioner, General Van Buren, is doing all he can to remedy the error, but without money and at this late day his task is a difficult one, and we fear must result in failure.

—In a brief communication to the *Athenæum* of August 31, Mr. George Finlay gives an interesting account of the revival of the University of Athens since the revolution of 1862, including the careful arrangement of the national library, which had hitherto been "a mass of books piled up in heaps without classification," and of the museums of natural history and mineralogy. The first volume of the "Catalogue of the Collection of Ancient Coins in the National Museum," compiled by Mr. Postolakas, has just been published, and Mr. Finlay pronounces it "probably the very best model of a numismatic catalogue that exists." It extends as far as Macedonia, including the kings. "To an exact description of each coin, legend, and representation, an indication has been added of its weight as well as size, and of the name by which it was designated." Thus one may find in

it the *lepton* (mite), two of which, according to St. Mark, made one farthing (*quadrans* of Tiberius, which is also figured in this collection). Examples of these *lepta*, of the coinage of Athens and Corinth, are by no means rare. The small *quadrans* weighs about thirty grains, and has the head of Hercules on the obverse, and the prow of a galley on the reverse. "The silver coins of the Athenian Republic offered a bright example of the financial honesty and the numismatic skill of the democratic mint. For a period of more than five centuries, from the time of Solon to the time of Augustus, the Athenian coinage suffered no deterioration. There is no example of any other state keeping its financial honor equally unsullied."

—H. Kiepert, in No. 39 of the *Journal* of the Berlin Geographical Society, gives the population of the kingdom of Greece according to the census of 1870. The total of the civil population was 1,437,025, inclusive of 5,261 foreigners; but to this should be added the army (12,420 men), the navy (1,315), and absent mariners (7,133), making the whole number 1,457,894—almost exactly the same as the population of Massachusetts. There is, however, a marked contrast between these two states in the proportion of the sexes. While in Massachusetts the women are largely in excess of the men, Greece counts 754,176 men to 703,718 women. As for the increase of population in the kingdom, it has averaged, during the past nine years, not more than one per cent. Many of the islands show a positive decrease.

—Carlyle, omnivorous in his digestion of all material relating to Frederic the Great, speaking of his imprisonment while Crown Prince at Cüstrin, says: "We hear of tragic vestiges still traceable of Friedrich belonging to this time: texts of Scripture quoted by him, pencil-sketches of his drawing, expressive of a mind dwelling in Golgothas, and pathetically, not defiantly, contemplating the very worst." He refers evidently to an incident, which is related further on, of Frederic's borrowing a Concordance from Chaplain Müller, and returning it with a drawing on the fly-leaf of the figure of a man on his knees, with two swords hanging crosswise over his head, and, underneath, verses 25, 26 of Psalm lxxiii. The present Crown Prince keeps in his chamber at Babelsberg a great folio Bible, published at Strassburg in 1630, and adorned with engravings on copper of some merit. It is the one furnished Frederic at Cüstrin by his father's command when denied all other books but the Prayer-book. He seems to have read it quite through, for numerous passages in the Old and New Testaments are underscored with a red pencil, sometimes with marginal comments added. In the Psalms he found much that corresponded with his miserable state, but Psalm lxxiii. does not appear to have been emphasized here. When the stringency of his confinement began to be relaxed or evaded, so that he could be furnished with colors, he set to work to illuminate the copperplates, and made creditable progress as he went on. When his exile was ended, the Bible was retained by his valet, Eversmann, from whom it passed by descent to the Witzleben family, and by them was restored to the royal possession.

FREEMAN'S GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.*

II.

WHAT are the merits and defects of an unwritten or conventional constitution? This is the second enquiry suggested by Mr. Freeman's work, and is a question which would be easy enough to answer had it not been obscured by a mass of irrelevant metaphors. The most celebrated of these is embodied in the assertion, that the constitution has grown, and has not been made. This dictum, though it has exerted greater influence than a thousand arguments, is, as a reason either for or against an unwritten constitution, absolutely worthless. The English public, no doubt, have been led to think that institutions which can be compared, even metaphorically, to the products of nature, must possess some mysterious and transcendent excellence, and apparently forget that a weed grows no less than a useful plant. But the very small amount of truth suggested by this current metaphor amounts merely to this: that there is some presumption, though not a very strong presumption, that institutions or customs which have grown up by degrees are well suited to the people among whom they flourish. Any one who will clear his mind of the mass of rhetorical reasoning invented mainly by the ingenuity of Burke, and kept alive by politicians who wanted to throw an air of philosophy over respectable conservative principles or prejudices, will find that an unwritten constitution, depending not so much on laws as on usage, has some real though by no means mysterious merits, counterbalanced by serious defects.

Such a constitution admits, from its indefinite character, of being gradually and almost insensibly changed. No one doubts, for example, that the power of Queen Victoria is far less than that exerted by George III., and considerably less than the authority wielded even by William IV. Every one, again, is aware that the House of Lords could not offer the same opposition to any bill supported by the nation which they offered in 1832 to the Reform Bill. In other words, the constitution has been changed, within the last forty or fifty years, so as to diminish the direct power both of the crown and of the peerage. But it would be impossible to point to any statute by which this result has been produced. It is for the most part the effect of a revolution in what Mr. Freeman terms "constitutional morality," that is to say, of an alteration in the general understanding on which the government of the country is carried on. Few persons again can doubt that a revolution of this kind has been achieved with much less irritation and controversy by being carried out gradually, than if, as probably must have been the case under a written constitution, the powers of the crown or the peerage had been diminished by means of direct enactment. The flexible and uncertain character of the constitution has a further effect which has not received sufficient notice. It diminishes the bitterness as well as the permanent effect produced by any turn of public feeling in a conservative or reactionary direction. This arises from the fact that the institutions of the country can, in case popular feeling changes, be administered in a different spirit without being changed in form. In 1819 and 1820, for instance, the governing classes, if not the nation, were, as every one now perceives, under the sway of the strongest Tory sentiments. If, at that time, the comparatively liberal feelings which prevailed forty years earlier had been embodied in a definite constitution of a more or less democratic character, it is almost certain that an organic change in a conservative direction would have been attempted, and probably attempted with success. As it was, the Tories of the day were content to leave the form of the constitution untouched, while they administered the government of the country in a rigidly conservative spirit; and somewhat the same result will follow whenever, under present English institutions, the tide runs strong again in favor of conservatism.

A conventional constitution has also the merit, which in some states of society is a great one, of leaving a large number of questions, and especially the question of the exact distribution of the sovereign power, unsettled. In theory it is of course true, as is pointed out by writers of the school of Mr. Austin, that supreme power or sovereignty must be lodged in the hands of some definite person or persons, but it is in practice often a great convenience to leave it doubtful who in the last resort such person or persons may be, since even in the most civilized nations there will be found to exist a great difference of opinion, which in general leads to no practically important results, as to the mode in which the sovereign powers either are or ought to be distributed. The English public, for example, are, as Sir Charles Dilke can testify, profoundly well satisfied with their constitutional arrangements, yet there exists an immense difference of opinion on what would seem the question, both what is and what ought to be the power of the crown; and any radical who will keep his eyes and ears open may suspect that, if the authority of the Queen were to be defined by statute, large masses of the population would be prepared to give her an authority which, as a matter of fact, she never exercises, and could not exercise in accordance with the prevailing liberal theory of the constitution.

The demerits of a conventional constitution, which are closely connected with its advantages, are far more serious than most Englishmen admit. Institutions which have grown are as a matter of fact a series of adaptations, and are marked by the flaws always to be found in things little or great which, made for one end, are changed or adapted to meet another. Take any part of the English polity from the crown downwards, and you will find that it never simply and in the most direct manner accomplishes the end for which, as a matter of fact, it is used. You often hardly know whether to admire the ingenuity with which an institution which appears either useless or noxious is made to do good service, or to deplore the perverse obstinacy with which, for the sake of keeping up an old form, some good end is awkwardly accomplished in a roundabout manner, while every one knows that it might be far more easily attained by a sacrifice of the form, and making the institution in name what it is in reality. No better example of this combination of ingenuity and perversity can be found than is afforded by the maintenance of the House of Lords as a supreme court of appeal. In theory, every peer, whether a layman or a lawyer, whether young or old, whether known for his wisdom or notorious for his folly, is a member of the highest tribunal in the land. Nothing except custom and the force of opinion prevents any lordling of twenty-one, just rusticated by his college, from deciding by his vote questions which have taxed the ingenuity of all the judges in the land. Custom and opinion have, however, in this case, gradually exerted a force practically equal to that of law, and have, though within comparatively modern times (for in one case at the beginning of the century some of the bishops voted on an appeal), excluded from all part in legal discussions any peer who is not a law lord. Hence an assembly which could not be tole-

* "The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford." London and New York: Macmillan. 1872.

rated as a law court if its members exerted their legal power, has been converted into a very tolerable court of appeal.

Unfortunately, the plan of pretending that a body in reality consisting of five or six law lords is the same thing as the House of Lords, involves the inconveniences which inevitably attach to such pretences. The court can only meet while Parliament is sitting; the court delivers a set of speeches and not a judgment, because the members are supposed to be simply speakers addressing the House of Lords; the court can only consist of persons whom it is desirable to make peers, and hence cannot be strengthened by the presence of judges who, though of great eminence, are, from different circumstances—for example, from want of wealth—not the men who could be offered or who would take a peerage. In other words, you have an indifferent court of appeal, because you insist upon the court appearing to be something which every man knows in reality it is not. On the wish of the House of Lords to keep up the mere appearance of being itself a law court, bill after bill for the reform of the law has been wrecked. Their lordships know perfectly well that they are not, and that no one believes them to be, a real court of appeal, but their lordships are determined that, come what will, the House of Lords shall be called the Court of Appeal; in other words, the most obvious and substantial improvements are sacrificed in order to keep up an ancient and entirely useless form. We have dwelt on the position of the House of Peers as a court because it happily exhibits at once the strong and the weak points of an institution which has grown and not been deliberately created. But hundreds of other instances may be found of the practical inconvenience caused by constantly modifying the system of government, not through direct changes, but through indirect alterations in the spirit and working of ancient institutions. The whole system, for example, of party government, which makes it almost impossible to carry through a whole mass of useful legislation which has really nothing to do with party divisions, is the result of a series of gradual and almost imperceptible changes, which have altered the whole relation of parliament to the crown, to the ministry, and to the people. It must not, however, be supposed that the evils of a conventional constitution consist only in the inconvenience caused by awkwardly adapting means to ends for which they were not originally designed. Another and in some respects more serious evil is that changes are often allowed to take place of which no one perceives the full effect until too late to apply a remedy. It is, for example, extremely probable that an alteration is gradually taking place in the English constitution which, whether it be good or bad, is a most serious one, and ought, if it be introduced at all, to be introduced after full debate and due consideration. This change is the introduction of the principle of what in Switzerland is called the *Referendum*. By the Referendum is meant the plan of referring back to the direct vote of the people any law of considerable importance. In some of the Swiss cantons the principle is, we believe, adopted, and the way in which at any rate it would, where adopted, work, is that no law, *e.g.*, changing the franchise, disestablishing the church, and so forth, could be finally passed by the parliament or representative assembly, unless it had also been approved by the mass of the electors. Now, of the merits or demerits of such a system we have here nothing to say. It is, however, pretty plain that the principle, if once admitted, would affect the whole position of parliament, and that it is one which the mass of either liberal or conservative Englishmen would admit with great hesitation. Nevertheless, the *Referendum* is in a very curious manner being in substance, though not in form, gradually erected into a principle of English politics by the action of the House of Lords. Their lordships have now in effect admitted that they are bound to yield to the clearly expressed will of the nation. But they have shown a strong tendency, notably in the case of the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, to maintain that the will of the nation cannot, on any topic of importance, be considered definitely expressed by any House of Commons not elected with distinct reference to the particular subject. Suppose, for example, the present House of Commons were to pass a bill effecting radical changes in the land laws, the peers would, in accordance with their present policy, refuse to pass the measure, on the ground that it was not one on which the constituencies had been consulted; in other words, the House of Lords upholds, in effect though not in name, the principle of the *Referendum*, and thus is unconsciously establishing one of the most dubious democratic innovations of the day.

None, however, of the specific and tangible evils fostered by a constitution resting, as a conventional constitution must do, mainly on fictions, are nearly so serious as the spirit of fiction which it fosters among the people who are ruled by it. No one can examine any part of English public life without seeing that there is nothing which either statesmen or people dread so much as calling things by their right names. No one, for example, supposes that there are not a considerable number of persons in England who are, in theory at least, republicans. But when any man of position says openly that he sees advantages in making the government avowedly a republic, all persons, from Mr. Gladstone down to the gentlemen at Bolton who crush republican principles by force of brickbats, seem as much annoyed and shocked and dismayed as if it were impossible to conceive any man to be a republican who was not either a fool or a knave, or both. Look again at the endless and fatuous discussions on all ecclesiastical topics. The plain matter of fact is that the English public, like the public of all civilized nations, are divided, and are gradually becoming more and more clearly divided, by the most marked differences of belief with regard to the most fundamental of theological dogmas. Yet few persons of any kind, and certainly no person of eminence, ventures to recognize a fact which is plain as day to any one who can either think or observe; and when such a question as the maintenance of the Athanasian Creed is brought up, one set of persons, who really object to the Creed because they disbelieve it, say they object to it simply because it is uncharitable; whilst their opponents, who really support the Creed because they hold it to express the truth, pretend that they support it on the ground that its most important clauses are, for some incomprehensible reason, not to be looked upon as essential parts of the document. The fictions of the constitution seem to have entered into the spirit of the nation itself; you have a whole body of institutions which seem to be one thing and are something else, and at last every one forgets the immense advantage in politics, in religion, in law, and indeed in every department of life, of doing things in the most direct manner, of calling things by their right names, and of simply saying what you mean and meaning what you say. In one of Grimm's stories, an ingenious dwarf finds a sack, and by cutting a hole through it for the head and two holes for the arms, makes for himself a more or less passable shirt. Hans admires the contrivance, and whenever he wants a shirt, first elaborately makes a sack in order that he may cut holes through it and turn it into a shirt. If Hans had been imbued with the spirit of the British constitution, he would have maintained with many ingenious arguments that no shirts were good which were not manufactured in this round-about manner out of a sack. An ordinary shirt looks better, but, after all, your sack-made article may, if you like the metaphor, be said to have *grown* rather than to have been made for the end for which it is ultimately employed.

A NORTHERN MISSIONARY IN GEORGIA.*

MR. STEARNS'S volume has much the semblance and the opportuneness of a Republican campaign document; he asserts pretty broadly, however, that it was directly inspired by God. "It would be singular enough," he says, "for God to command one, for instance, to publish a book, and then fail to provide him with the means for so doing. I therefore believe that, on my arrival at the North, a way will be opened for the publication of this book, although at the time of writing these lines I have only a small portion of the necessary means on hand." We do not propose to consider its merits as a work of inspiration, since we find it interesting on other and more easily comprehensible grounds. It is not every day that one finds a man so serenely satisfied with himself and all that belongs to him as Mr. Stearns is, and so engagingly open in taking his readers into the secrets of his heart and conscience. His book is full, moreover, of very amusing and interesting details concerning the freedmen; it gives some important documents concerning the Ku-klux outrages, and intimates very plainly that a second term of General Grant's Administration is sorely needed to repress "the rebels."

Mr. Stearns was a self-appointed missionary, belonging apparently to none of the sects, but entertaining charitable feelings toward all of them. Perhaps we might call him a Christian Spiritualist, holding decided anti-slavery views, anxious to elevate the blacks by education, and desirous of gaining for himself and a limited number of them a sufficient maintenance by co-operative farming. He and his wife had resolved during the war that if it resulted in the abolition of slavery they would go South and do what they could "for the perfect development of the colored race." His wife died, however, and though he supposes that she "still watches over him in spirit," he took another helpmate without needless delay, and in 1866 found himself in Savannah, ready to begin his labors. The contents of his volume are pretty evenly divided between the interior and exterior troubles of Mr. Stearns and the subjects indicated by its title; and, as we intimated before, it is not bad reading on both accounts. He was not able to try co-operation, partly by reason of the opposition offered by his partner in business; and his endeavors to instruct the negroes drew down upon him very fierce anger from his neighbors. His negroes were very lazy and very great thieves, and, though they were very religious, and listened with great eagerness to his

* "The Black Man of the South, and the Rebels; or, The Characteristics of the Former, and the Recent Outrages of the Latter. By Charles Stearns, a Northern Teacher, Missionary, and Planter, and an Eye-Witness of many of the Scenes described." New York: American News Company. 1872.

Sunday instructions so long as they had no immediately practical bearing, yet when repeated depredations excited in him a great zeal for the eighth commandment, his hands stayed away from meeting, and finally appointed a committee to wait upon him and make the following suggestion: "Now, Mr. S., if you must talk about stealing, why not call us together on Monday and tell us about it, and let us have a good heavenly time on Sunday, in worshipping the God we all love so much?"

After experiencing a good deal of ill-treatment, which, by his own account, he bore like a saint, and having many serious losses—among others that of his second wife, who, however, appeared to him in her spiritual body within an hour after her death, consoled him greatly, and promised to be with him always, a promise which he says "she has nobly redeemed"—Mr. Stearns concluded that God had work for him "in a more favored portion of his vineyard," and came North with his third wife to narrate his experiences and devote himself to laboring for the colored race. This book is, we suppose, his first effort in his new field of operations.

The Southern whites seem to him to stand very greatly in need of being reconstructed by a strong hand. They are, he says, as bitter rebels as ever, and their hatred of the blacks, and their unwillingness to have them educated, amount to a monomania. He gives a good many facts and documents which seem to bear out his view. He was himself elected "Judge of Ordinary" for the town of Apling in 1868, but on attempting to enter upon the duties of his office was so roughly treated, and so severely threatened by a mob, that after endeavoring in vain "to talk to them of Jesus," and having submitted with great meekness to have his nose violently tweaked by several persons, he pacified his opponents by resigning his office. He gives a rather long account of this scene, and some of the incidents are curiously characteristic of the Southern disposition. This, for instance: "I was then invited out of doors by one of the crowd, with the humane assurance that if I ventured out, 'I will beat you into such a jelly that your own wife will not know you.' This polite invitation he repeated several times, when a bystander whispered something in his ear, and he immediately took off his hat, and said, 'I ask your pardon, Mr. Stearns. I did not know your wife was dead. Excuse me, sir.' This affected me so much that I burst into tears. I was unmanned at the sight of such a demonlike nature changed so suddenly into a humane man by the transforming power of domestic affection; for if he had not loved his own wife, he could not have felt so deeply for another's affliction. Does not this little incident afford convincing proof that the worst of men have a spark of humane feeling left within them? Is there not some good in even a demon?"

His remarks on the blacks, their characteristics and their capabilities, and the anecdotes by which he illustrates his positions, are in general very amusing. He finds in them no intellectual deficiency and a great desire for instruction. Religiously, he finds them actual heathens and nominal Baptists. Owing to the fact that what little had been taught them about the Bible by their former masters had convinced them that it was strongly in favor of slavery, they have very little faith in what Mr. Stearns calls its "divinity"; and, in particular, those in opposition to the "sinner-men," who are known as "saints"—the preachers, exhorters, and the like—hold very strong views as to its worthlessness when compared to the "witness of the Spirit within." He gives an account of a dispute which occurred in his presence between David, the "spiritual shepherd of the black flock on my plantation," and two of the "sinner-men." The latter were eloquent in defence of the Bible, but David, having first denied their right to speak at all on the subject, saying, "Dem ar sinner-men, Mr. Stearns, hab no rights at all in dis yer concussion. I protest agin dem sinners being 'lowed to teach we who are de saints of de living God," proceeded to give what he considered proof positive against the inspiration and authority of the Bible. "He arose as if under the influence of some powerful inspiration of the Spirit, and, advancing to the table, on which were lying the Bible and two hymn-books, he seized them in his hands, and holding them up before the excited audience, he exclaimed at the top of his by no means diminutive voice, 'Now, here is tree books, all de wich, ye say, comes from de Almighty,' and growing warm with the brilliancy of the idea, he dashed them down with tremendous force upon the quivering table, and yelled out, 'and yet obery one ob dem is 'tirely different from de oder. Can de holy God write all dese tree books and dey all so different from de oders?'"

Nine-tenths of the plantation hands he affirms, on the authority of an intelligent Southerner, to be disbelievers in the Bible, and though they are ardent church-members, they know so little of that volume as to warrant their disbelief. One woman told him that her "ole massa" assured her that "Jesus Christ once *got drunk*, and that one of his sons insulted him when he was drunk, but one was good to him. After he came to his senses he found out what had been done to him, and he cursed his bad son, and said his children should always be the slaves of his brother. He said we all came from the bad son and they all from the good one, and that was the reason why we were their slaves." The Virgin Mary had more sincere believers in her power, he thinks, than Christ had. He was sometimes told that she "died for de sins of de world," and, considering that there were no Catholics in the neighborhood, the fact struck him as a strange one. The only Biblical character about whom any distinct idea was entertained he found to be Daniel, of whose adventure in the lions' den they all seemed to have heard something. Their immorality, especially in the matters of lying, thieving, and impurity, he found very great, and the most religious of them seemed to see no connection between religion and morality. Here is a case in point: "Once on visiting a friend's plantation I enquired for a man by the name of Jim, who was a preacher, but usually absented himself from the religious services we occasionally held on the place because I said so much about lying and stealing, as he said. I was told he was in jail. 'In jail!' said I with great surprise, 'Jim the preacher in jail; what can that be for?' 'Oh, nothing,' said Thomas, my informer, 'he only jus' stole a few turkies, and den he sell 'em and got cotched,' and he added: 'I went to see him de oder day, and he tells me—"You jus' tell dem darkies as b'longs to my church not to be downhearted, for de Lord will bring me one day to be wid um agin, and dey must not forget to pray for me."'" That men and women brought up under such a system as Southern slavery should be both liars and thieves is a fact which ought to surprise nobody.

From a purely literary point of view, Mr. Stearns's book is not to be praised; but as a very naïve exposure of a rather peculiar interior life it very well repays reading. In thinking of it as a description of things at the South we have to recollect that all descriptions are the better for having been made by persons of sense. Of Mr. Stearns as an observer we suppose our readers will be able to judge from the glimpse of him which our notice has afforded them.

AN ENGLISH DIPLOMAT IN GERMANY.*

THERE is no more valuable commentary upon history than the memoirs of politicians and diplomatists who, from their position, have been enabled to see some one aspect of events with perfect clearness, and even to go somewhat below the surface of things. Mr. Ward's memoirs have a peculiar value for two reasons—first, that his entire diplomatic life of thirty years was spent in one nation, so that he came to know that nation more intimately than can often be the case; second, that he is a Catholic, accredited from a Protestant nation to a Protestant nation, for it was in the Protestant cities of Berlin, Leipzig, and Hamburg that his diplomatic life was passed. In view of the importance that the religious question is now assuming in German politics, students of the subject will be glad to have the impressions of an English Catholic, moderate and intelligent, upon the events which preceded and led to the present crisis. This view is not very different from what we might expect. It embraces a long series of years, comprising a sketch of the "German Catholic" movement of 1844 and an account of the later developments of materialism, in copious extracts from Büchner's "Kraft und Stoff." The author is fair and even friendly in his treatment of Protestant statesmen and writers, and appears to be a sincere advocate of religious toleration, although he admits (p. 12) "that several Roman pontiffs have laid themselves open to such a charge [of persecution]." He accepts the doctrine of infallibility as a necessary result of the Catholic system, and as "not disputed by orthodox Catholics" (p. 212). As might be expected, converts to Catholicism are mentioned with satisfaction, and at every point the Catholic aspect is prominent. This is precisely what the reader desires. We even have (p. 197) the analysis of a novel, written by the Countess Hahn-Hahn after her conversion, in which the Protestant sister turns out badly and becomes an habitual gambler, while the Catholic sister—although undergoing great sufferings, which were the penalties in this world for the misdeeds of an ancestor of her husband who had enriched himself at the expense of a monastery—is a model of piety and devotion.

The most important passage on this head is a discussion, in several pages, of the religious condition of Germany (p. 156). In this and elsewhere, Mr. Ward emphasizes the perfect religious toleration which exists in Germany as the result of the Peace of Westphalia, and bears testimony to the favorable workings of the system. In another place, he anticipates the time when all will be Roman Catholics or infidels—does he imagine that, when that time comes, and the *Church* shall have the same power concentrated that the *churches* have now, this religious toleration will continue to exist, and that the freedom of thought will still be recognized? In the discussion mentioned above, there is a valuable statement of the relation of the canon law to the

* "Experience of a Diplomatist: Being Recollections of Germany, founded on Diaries kept during the years 1840-1870. By John Ward, C.B., late Her Majesty's Minister-Resident to the Hanse Towns." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 279.

civil law in several states, and a history of the Austrian Concordat, established by Count Von Buol-Schauenstein and abolished by Baron Von Beust. Naturally enough, the author regrets this latter act, and fails to see anything oppressive in the instrument, although he admits that it was unpopular, and "even among the Austrian Catholics it had many opponents." In conclusion, he naïvely admits that the whole difficulty lies in the claim of the Church of Rome "to be in the possession of the objective truth," and therefore to have a *right* to the control of education, marriage, etc. "M. de Beust was a Lutheran; as a good Catholic, he could hardly have disturbed the Austrian Concordat, for the principles which it sanctioned were in conformity with those which the Church maintained as an essential part of the Christian religion." "Austria," he remarks (p. 164), "is a consolidation by artificial means of a number of different nations, of which the sole common bond was the Catholic religion"—forgetting the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania and the Greek Christians of other provinces.

These passages illustrate the tone of mind of the writer—not perhaps ultramontane, but wholly unable to appreciate or understand the idea of purely secular government, or the real character of rationalism in religion. The great movements of thought in Germany are beyond his scope; and he utterly fails to see the significance of that mighty revolution which has transferred the sceptre from Catholic Vienna to Protestant Berlin, and which has made even Austria and Bavaria the champions of freedom in the Church against the head of the Church. It is, however, as we have remarked before, this very narrowness of view that gives the book its peculiar value to a student of contemporary history; it helps to an understanding of the problem if we know how it is regarded by a school whose views are clear and decided, even if they are narrow. This narrowness is not, however, to be set down entirely to the account of theology. Mr. Ward is an old man, and the tremendous events of the last ten years form a deep chasm between the age in which he passed his life and the new and more vital controversies which are now opening before us. It is surprising to see how little he gives us that throws light on the questions of the present day, social and political, as well as theological. In this we would not underrate the merits of the book; only it belongs to the past generation, and teaches us of the diplomacy of that generation, and nothing more. A man who could have seen below the surface of society in Germany in those days when the new issues were silently taking shape, and who could have taught us something of this secret process—such a man, after all, we may say, would hardly have been occupying this diplomatic post. Mr. Ward has told us what he had to tell, and we may thank him for it. Only one might have looked for the name of Schulze-Delitzsch, at least, and some mention of institutions like the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg.

In the field of diplomacy, Mr. Ward is well informed and communicative. Naturally, the most prominent subject under this head is the Schleswig-Holstein question—of which we believe it was Earl Russell who said there were but two men in England who understood it, and they didn't agree. Mr. Ward, as was natural, took the German side very thoroughly, and certainly argues it very strongly; the point of the argument lying in the fact that a *lex regia* of Denmark (1660) which admitted the succession of the female line, did not apply to the Duchies, and that, therefore, the Duke of Augustenburg, the lineal heir of Christian I. in the male line, was the rightful claimant to these. We wish he had stated more distinctly how this line of Augustenburg and that of Glücksburg (which succeeded to the Danish throne) were related to the old line, and had made a little clearer the perplexed relation of Schleswig to Denmark on the one hand and to Holstein (which was clearly German) on the other.

The first chapter, which treats of the time before he held these diplomatic positions, gives a very good account of several of the Belgian statesmen who took the lead in the revolution which established the independence of their country. He defends the revolution, but does not state its causes quite so fully as one could desire. Other good points are an account of the Bavarian industrial schools, p. 131, of visits to the Frisian Islands and Heligoland, west of Holstein, and of the misgovernment and revolution in Hesse-Cassel. The events of 1848 and 1849 are also very well told. The book abounds in descriptions of prominent characters, many of them very well delineated, and at considerable length. These are not confined to diplomacy and politics, but comprise men of eminence in every department; for instance, the several kings of Prussia are very well characterized, and we have names of so wide a range as Niebuhr, Mendelssohn, Gottfried Hermann, Radowitz, Cornelius, Overbeck, Cobden, Wheaton, Lappenberg, and Bunsen. There is not very much incident. Perhaps as good an anecdote as any is that of King Frederic William IV. paying a visit to the King of Saxony, who, with his learned brother, John (afterwards king), waited to receive him at the foot of the staircase, when the guest cried out, "But you make too much ceremony with me, you dear little angel, and you, too, old schoolmaster" (p. 59). When John succeeded his brother, he examined personally into everything, and among other things attended a lecture of Prof. Wächter at Leipzig. The Professor, at his close, made some remarks complimentary to his majesty, who he wished had himself filled his chair, when the king, looking up, exclaimed, "No, good Wächter, we will both for the present remain what we are" (p. 137).

It is not by way of criticism of Mr. Ward, but of the absurd diplomatic custom which he follows, that we notice his Frenchifying of German names—Mayence for Mentz, adding an *h* to Coburg, Freiburg, and Hamburg, and especially in such names as Frederic de Raumer, Dr. de Fischer, William de Humboldt, M. de Bismarck-Schönhausen, Baron de Beust.

An American is interested in the account of Baron Von Gerolt, so many years minister at Washington, and is gratified at the friendly and intelligent testimony given by him as to our civil war, which he "had always foretold would end in the discomfiture of the Southern States and the re-establishment of the North American Union. Having resided twenty years at Washington, his sympathies were entirely with the North, and he knew the strength and resources of the Republic so well as never to have doubted an instant of its eventual victory over the insurgents." This testimony, Mr. Ward candidly adds, was somewhat unwelcome both to himself and to the king and court, who "would gladly have seen a federal government erected under Jefferson Davis, believing the men of the South to be more of gentlemen, more conservative, and altogether better allies than the Yankees of New England and Massachusetts" (p. 208).

In conclusion, we may ask how soon our civil service, "the best in the world," will give us cultivated gentlemen like Mr. Ward, who can publish their diplomatic experiences of thirty years, all passed in the same country, in successive grades of promotion.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1872.

The Week.

THE principal event of the week has been the flurry in Wall Street, which commenced by a "corner" in Erie stock, and ended in an attempted "lock-up" of greenbacks, which was frustrated by the refusal of the Bank of Commerce to pay greenbacks over the counter on a certified check. At this season of the year the resources of the New York banks are severely tasked to supply the demands of the West for money "to move the crops," and it is therefore the season most favorable for "lock-ups," "corners," and other performances of a similar nature. The greatness of this strain may be inferred from the fact that the general deposits in the New York banks have been over thirty-seven millions less during the past week than during the corresponding week of last year, and the excess over the reserve of twenty-five per cent. of circulation required by law was only $1,599,700, against $2,232,525 in the corresponding week of last year. The result has been, of course, extreme "tightness" of money, or, in plain English, great difficulty in borrowing it for the legitimate demands of business.

While things were in this state, Jay Gould, H. N. Smith, and other worthies who have, ever since the famous "Black Friday," been acting together, were "short" on Erie, and found themselves threatened with serious difficulty in making their deliveries, owing to the fact that a very large quantity of Erie stock was held, though quite legitimately, by German bankers in this city, who had "let in" Mr. Daniel Drew, who was joyfully rolling up money by lending the stock to the beleaguered "shorts." Under these circumstances, there was nothing for the Gould clique but to make a "corner" in money, and thus force the holders of Erie into the market. So, having plenty of stock of one sort or another, they sold out, took the certified checks received in payment to the various banks, drew out the greenbacks, and put them away. They were engaged in a similar operation in gold when Mr. Boutwell appeared on the scene, in his character of the American Jupiter, and announced that he would sell $4,000,000, but was appalled by the reply from the speculators that they would buy every cent of it, so he prudently put his thunderbolts away, and sold only one million. They then turned their attention to greenbacks exclusively, and were carrying everything before them, Smith, one of the chiefs, carrying off $800,000 in one haul, in a *coupé* hired for the raid, until they came to the Bank of Commerce, which refused to pay its certified check, except through the Clearing House, and the combination thereupon, temporarily at least, broke down. The Clearing House, the next day, refused to pass a resolution endorsing the Bank of Commerce, and that bank shortly after paid over the amount of the check with costs. Most respectable men think that its action was morally right, but everybody acknowledges that it was legally wrong, and that to establish the precedent that a bank might refuse payment of its checks because it thought the holder was going to make a bad use of the money would be very dangerous. At this writing comparative calm reigns in the Street, though there is much indignation. The combination has unquestionably failed, and the "operators" are said to be trying to drop it.

When the question, How can the community be protected against these acts of brigandage—for they are nothing else—in future? comes up for discussion, one finds the widest difference of opinion. One thing is plain, and that is, that complete protection cannot be furnished as long as stocks are bought and sold, or the quantity of money is limited, and there are clever scoundrels among us who are indifferent to public opinion. The scarcity of money at this season of course furnishes them with the occasion for their operations, but how is money to be made plentiful at the season when everybody most needs it? Our able and careful contemporary, the *Financier*, suggests the removal of the legal obligation on the part of banks to maintain the 25 per cent. of legal-tender reserve, pointing out that it furnishes no real protection either to depositors or bill-holders; but then this is, after all, only putting the point of danger twenty-five per cent. further off. There would under any system be inevitably a moment when at this season the lending capacity of the banks would be forced to its last limits, and this reached, why is not the opportunity for a "corner" as tempting to an unblushing scoundrel as ever?

The financial sky is, however, still somewhat cloudy, owing to the condition of affairs in London, where the Bank of England is advancing its rate of discount after a long period of ease, caused, says the *Economist*, by the fact that London is now the centre of international payments to an unprecedented extent, and to make these payments an amount of money has had to be kept there never before found to be necessary. In this amount is about $100,000,000 due by the French to the German Government, the withdrawal of which has begun within the past week. As long as this great hoard was lying idle, of course discount was low; but the German drafts now begin to make themselves felt, $2,640,000 in coin having been withdrawn from the Bank of England, although, if the last Cable telegrams speak truly, some "leading bankers" in London declare that the advance in discount is due to the low price of sterling exchange in New York.

The only important incident in the canvass is the acceptance by Governor Curtin of the Liberal nomination for the Constitutional Convention in Pennsylvania; but his letter is devoted solely to questions of State politics. He advocates the election of Buckalew, but does not mention Greeley's name, and says, in answer to the objection that the support of the Liberal State ticket will affect the national contest, "that he will vote for honest government in October, and meet the Presidential issue when it comes before the people in accordance with his long-settled convictions." The canvass is growing livelier every day in this city. The New York *Times* announces its intention to publish "a campaign edition" of that paper, which will contain, among other interesting particulars, "some account of Senator Fenton's career as a reformer," which it explains elsewhere as an allusion to his having been "put in jail" at some time "for a dishonest use of other people's money." This has led the *Tribune*, in reply, to hint at the possibility of unsavory disclosures with regard to one actual United States Senator, one ex-Senator, one ex-Governor for two terms, one ex-United States District Attorney, one ex-Collector of the Port, and to threaten "a pretty tale" with regard to one ex-Naval Officer. If all this comes out, what a fine odor there will be "inside politics."

The Louisville Democrats declare they have received a letter from Mr. O'Conor, in which he says distinctly that he does accept the Louisville nomination, but they refuse to publish it on the ground that it is largely devoted to personal matters. But they are making preparations to open the canvass and prepare an electoral ticket in the various States, and several of the Irish papers have already "hauled down the Greeley and Brown flag," and are declaring for O'Conor and Adams. The ticket will undoubtedly do the Sage some damage, but the chances are that he will be disposed of without help from this quarter.

The "managers" have, it appears, come to the conclusion that the old electioneering rule, which imposes silence on a candidate for

the Presidency, ought not to hold good in Mr. Greeley's case, and that under all the circumstances it is better to loose him, and let him say his say in his own way, particularly as the canvass sorely needs enlivening. So he has started on a Western tour, and is making speeches as he goes. At Pittsburg, he dwelt on the necessity of peace and reconciliation between North and South; at Cincinnati, he made first an "exposition address," which was a laudation of industry and invention in the style of an essay, and another less formal in commendation of harmony. He also delivered a "financial address," in which he declared that "corners" were simply "symptoms of financial weakness," and condemned severely the state of things which calls for "the Secretary of the Treasury, with his horn of plenty, to let loose something or other," and declared that "he wanted to see a state of things where the Government is not continually called on to help us out." It ought to be observed here, in illustration of the unblushing audacity, to use a mild word, which has characterized Mr. Greeley's canvass ever since the nomination, that he is himself the most ardent and powerful advocate which perhaps this or any country has ever seen, of the industrial and financial system under which the Government is continually called on to help merchants, brokers, and manufacturers out of all kinds of difficulties. Mr. Greeley, in continuation, said that as regarded the resumption of specie payments, all he had ever maintained was that five years ago, when we had $123,000,000 gold in the Treasury, and a surplus revenue of $100,000,000, we might have resumed, and that he now thinks gold and currency ought to be paid out of the Treasury as fast as possible, and left in the hands of the business-men, who know how to use it better than the Treasury—which is sound financial doctrine. But he meekly added, "I am not a dogmatist" —an assertion which must produce great hilarity among readers of the *Tribune*.

At Covington, Mr. Greeley again praised farming; at Newport, he praised Henry Clay and spoke in laudatory terms of reconciliation. At Louisville, he condemned the "unjust prejudices" of the colored people, some of whom he said thought he (Mr. Greeley) was "a negro trader"; maintained that the Liberals were their friends, advised the Kentucky whites to educate them, denounced disenfranchisement, and praised amnesty. Speaking of his bygone hostility to slavery, he meekly confessed "perhaps this was a mistake." At Indianapolis, he talked in the same strain. The speeches are very characteristic; would be very shrewd if they were not reported, and, considered side by side with his past preachings in the *Tribune*, are, on all points except amnesty, amazingly and amusingly barefaced.

We have refrained from noticing the scandal concerning the Crédit Mobilier to which the *Sun* first gave currency, until all the parties to the controversy should have had a chance to speak for themselves. This is always a prudent course to take in dealing with the *Sun's* charges, but especially so when, as in this case, the witness on whom it relies has not a reputation for entire trustworthiness. It was, too, a little difficult to believe, on the mere evidence of a pencilled memorandum of Col. M'Comb's—incorrectly reproduced, as it now appears, by the *Sun's* reporter—that the very cream of the Republican party, including Speaker Colfax, Mr. Blaine, and Senator Wilson, had been bribed by Mr. Oakes Ames into lending their support to the schemes of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Mr. Boutwell, moreover—nor was he the only one of those implicated—had on several occasions notoriously opposed the company both in Congress and as Secretary of the Treasury. There were other inconsistencies and improbabilities which would have been sufficient to justify the Congressmen named in taking no notice of the accusation, except that Mr. Ames's letters fairly warranted the inference that he contemplated using the stock of the Crédit Mobilier in the manner alleged, though they only mentioned "assigning" a certain number of shares to a certain number of States, and that Ames had "spoken to Fowler" about his shares, and had not yet spoken to Bayard—as M'Comb apparently wished him to do. Mr. Blaine was the first to give a flat denial to the charge against himself, and he has been followed by Messrs. Dawes, Wilson, Colfax, and Garfield with equal explicitness. Mr. Ames, on his part, has publicly assured his constituents that he "never gave a share of stock of that or any other company, directly or indirectly, to any member of Congress," and that he, as well as all the executive officers of the Crédit Mobilier and several of its largest stockholders, had already answered to the same effect under oath, in the suit which M'Comb is now engaged in prosecuting against them in Pennsylvania. He does not, however, deny the authenticity of the letters attributed to him, as, we suppose, he cannot; and he does not, as he might easily have done, and as, we must say, he ought to do, explain away the appearance in them of a readiness to procure legislation corruptly.

The London correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* of this city makes the statement, speaking of a recent blunder of the London *Spectator*, that "the *Nation*, apropos of the impending election, invented a passage of a pretended letter from Mr. Stanley to the *Herald*, in which he represents Dr. Livingstone as saying," etc. Now, there is no excuse for this kind of talk, and we submit that the editor of the *Advocate* ought either not to have published it or to have corrected it. The *Nation* never said or insinuated that the joke it published about Dr. Livingstone had appeared in a letter of Mr. Stanley to the *Herald*. In commenting on the filthiness of the canvass in our issue of Aug. 2, we quoted the passage in question from a country paper, the name of which we have forgotten, as an illustration of "an occasional bit of relief for the newspaper reader," and as "an indication that we are not all in such desperate earnest as might be supposed"; or, in other words, as a campaign joke. The theory that we took it from a letter of Stanley's to the *Herald* was invented by the *Spectator*, by some queer mental process which might be worth examination if the *Spectator's* failure to see that it was a joke did not make the whole subject too mysterious. The joke was not the *Nation's*, was plainly not the *Nation's*, and nobody with even as much capacity for taking jokes as Sydney Smith's Scotchman could have supposed that it was.

Among the signs of the times which are worth notice is this: that at a Republican meeting at Montague, Mass., last week, at which the Governor presided, speeches were made by him and Senator Wilson, Colonel Moffitt of New York, and General Coggeshall and General Butler, and every one of the first four took occasion to make complimentary allusions to the last, who received an uproarious welcome when he presented himself. His adhesion to the party in the present trying crisis has, it is admitted, greatly "strengthened" him, and it now begins to be acknowledged, too, that his "blackguard canvass" last year not only did not "hurt him," but made his success, when he tries again, tolerably certain. In fact, there is every indication that he is one of the rising worthies who are to give us "reform within the party." The Sentimentalists, the Labor Reformers, the State Police and the militia all stand by him, and admire him with greater or less fidelity—a fact which deserves to be contemplated side by side with one other—that James Fisk, Jr., was "a popular man" in this city, and that hundreds of workingmen came back from his funeral with tear-dimmed eyes. We mention this by way of giving reformers of all kinds a clear idea of the nature of the work they have before them. We ought to add, "in this connection," as the reporters say, that Mr. George H. Butler has really and at last been removed from his consulate, but not until he had taken part in a shooting affray. His insults to the American missionaries, and his love of nude dancing-girls, though exposed months ago, apparently did not "hurt him." There is something pathetic in the deep silence of the Administration press about Casey.

Advices from South Carolina are better than anybody has for some time past been venturing to hope. Not improbably we may see there the defeat and destruction of the Scott-Parker Ring and the election of Mr. Tomlinson, the Bolters' candidate, as governor. Our readers know what that would mean—at least so far as concerns the overthrow of the Ring, which has done more to make the name of the North an offence in the nostrils of the South than any ten army corps we ever sent there. And so far as concerns the success of Mr. Tomlinson, we can assure them of our own knowledge that his election they may heartily desire as being the success of a capable and honorable man who thoroughly knows the Ring, and of a perfectly sound Republican. It is not our habit to have much to say about local elections; but there are aspects of this South Carolina election in which it is seen to be anything but local; in which it is seen to be of even more than national importance. We do not know how good Republicans, or good Democrats either, who value our good name as a people and believe in perpetuating our free institutions, could better use their influence or their money, so far as money is legitimately used in political contests, than in helping to bring the Scott gang to justice, or, at the least, to take the State out of their hands. As we say, there is a fair prospect that this may be done; but the work of doing it will be hard, and the time in which to do it is not long, the election being only three weeks distant. We will add that a question of interest in the struggle is whether the Southern whites are still so hostile to the North as to "prefer a South Carolina thief to a Yankee"—to use the language of one of Governor Scott's white constituents. The negro vote is divided, Mr. Tomlinson being known to the negroes as a long-time friend of theirs, and his election depends on the action of the white voters of the State.

The meeting of the three Emperors at Berlin has begun, continued, and ended without any light being thrown on its objects beyond a vague intimation that it was intended simply to signify the return of peace and good-will between the three states, and the frank acceptance by their governments of the order of things brought about by the wars of 1866 and 1870. There has been an enormous amount of speculation about the affair, but this is all that any one even pretends to have discovered. The meeting was, as usual, accompanied by a great military display, and there is at this moment not a country in Europe which does not seem to have gone into soldiering with greater zest than ever before. The International has been holding a convention at the Hague, which has in some degree played the part of the spectre at the royal feast, but human nature has been at its old tricks even among the "regenerators" of our corrupt society. It appears now that the Federal Council or General Council of the body is composed of "tyrants" and arbitrary persons, indifferent to the rights of man, and it has to be overthrown, and something new set up in its place. Some of the American delegates, who, we judge, were "Pantarchists," were refused admittance. Curiously enough, there was only one Irish delegate, and yet not curiously either, for the broader views of "humanity" have never found favor even with Fenians.

The tact of Burgomaster Fischer of Augsburg in his speech welcoming the Crown Prince of Prussia to the hospitality of that city, drew from the future Emperor of Germany an important assurance against imperial centralization. In reply, the Crown Prince said: "To all that you have said I give my most hearty assent. *Yes*, you have expressed what is the Emperor's conviction as well as my own. Each constituent part of the German Empire should remain in its every peculiarity just what it was; this will invest the great common fatherland with a true consecration; this will furnish the best cement to that which we have wrested from the bloody battle-field." These words had the more significance from the fact that the Crown Prince of Prussia had personally led the Bavarian troops in the campaign in France, and had publicly complimented their valor and efficiency. In yielding themselves to the leadership of Prussia, the smaller states of the empire have no reason to apprehend the fate which the King of Hanover brought upon himself by his Austrian alliance in 1866. The social culture of Germany requires that she shall retain her smaller capitals as seats of learning and art, and her true political development must come through unity of aim with individuality of expression, combination of interests without centralization of power.

Meanwhile, the church-and-state ferment continues without abatement. The Old Catholics are once more in session, at Munich. The Catholic riot at Essen, which led to a bloody conflict between the mob and the troops, is charged by the Ultramontane press to Bismarck's anti-Jesuit policy; but in reality it was the breaking out of an old sore, and called for desperate remedies. Essen, a seat of manufacturing and mining industries, with a population of over 20,000, lies in the heart of the Cleve-Jülich district, which figured so largely in the Thirty Years' War as the stronghold of Catholicism upon the Lower Rhine. Ever since its incorporation with Prussia this district has been uneasy under the rule of a Protestant dynasty; and of late years the younger clergy and the clerical press, inspired by the Jesuits, have almost made treason to Prussia a test of loyalty to Rome. In the war of 1866 the sympathies of the people were with Austria; and though in 1870-71 they were carried along with the tide of national patriotism, they are to-day more with Rome than with Germany. The ecclesiastics inflamed the people against the Jesuit law; and the rumor that the Jesuits were to be expelled by force, and even carried off at midnight by the police, was enough to raise a mob. The Government promptly sent two battalions of infantry from Düsseldorf to put down the disturbance.

Recent intelligence from China is to the effect that the all-absorbing topic of conversation in official circles is the famous "audience question." The Chinese Emperor, it is well known, claims priority over all other sovereigns, and refuses to receive any foreign ambassador unless he complies with ceremonies significant of that position, which consist in kneeling and striking the forehead on the ground nine times. The representatives of course resist this performance, and none have in consequence as yet been granted an audience. It has, however, been fully explained to the Chinese Government that they must abandon their absurd pretensions of superiority, and, furthermore, that they must notify the nation tha they have done so through the Pekin *Gazette*. This they have as yet refused to do, while profuse of promises to discuss the matter, with a view to settlement, so soon as the preparations for the Imperial marriage are completed. But the difficulty of owning themselves beaten stops the way, and, finding the discussion inevitable, they have strongly urged and obtained a postponement until spring. The effect upon the status of foreigners of proclaiming their governments to be of equal rank with that of China is not difficult to estimate, and the mercantile community rightly attach considerable weight to the satisfactory settlement of the question. It is more than half-suspected that at the last moment the Chinese will flatly refuse to entertain the idea. They are rapidly arming the approaches to Tientsin and Taku, forts with Krupp guns having been erected, while the practicable route from the mouth of the Peiho to the former city is lined with rifle-pits. Large contracts have been made for Martini, Dreyse, and other rifles with four German houses at Shanghai. The arsenals are at work day and night, turning out guns and ammunition. Great pains, too, are being taken to train the northern army according to foreign drill. In connection with these preparations, the disposition towards foreigners of Li-hung-chang, Viceroy of Chihli, regarded as the most powerful official in China, excites apprehensions. Curiously enough, he is the patron of the scheme for educating Chinese youth in this country referred to in last week's *Nation*.

HOW OUR POLITICAL DEMORALIZATION HAS BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT.

FOR the last thirty years—the third of an important century, the measure of a generation of men—the mind of the American people has been turned away from improvement and advancement in matters of government. After the Administration of Webster and Calhoun (nominally that of Tyler), the tariffs of 1842 and 1845, the Bank Bill and the Bankrupt Act, the distribution of the Public Land Fund and the adjustment of the differences with Great Britain, there were forced upon the national mind questions of the gravest character relating to national existence. As a man when his house is on fire has to stop planning improvements and betake himself to the task of putting down the flames, so a people that have foreign wars or internal revolutions on their hands have to give up the study of making that government better, and bestir themselves in the work of keeping it in existence. With the Administration of Polk came the Mexican war—not a prolonged or serious or disastrous war, but enough of one to cause a debt, and push aside for the time the study of the arts of peace. Immediately after the Mexican war the great slavery question came looming up—a darkly spreading and ascending cloud that soon overshadowed the whole political sky. Few men thought that it was to end in war on the one hand, or peaceable disunion on the other, but all men recognized it as a subject of civil contest—a political battle that had to be fought out, though there were not wanting some who wished to put off the decision, and preached and prayed that the problem be committed to the future for solution. As the Administration of Pierce went on, all public speeches, writings, and discussions, all that men spoke and thought in connection with the government, drifted into this maelstrom. Under the Administration of Buchanan came the Border strife in Kansas, and the cloud of slavery began to deepen into the cloud of secession. With such a sky over their heads, it was inevitable that men should think only of the impending storm, though they dreamed not of its extent or its fury, and study little beside it and the Constitution—the supposed arbiter of all national differences—and the extent of its pledges and obligations. At last came the rebellion, followed of course by the difficult questions growing out of the war. These questions, too, were complicated by the training of the American mind and its constitutional reverence. On the one hand was the theory that the insurrectionary States were still States, which were in and could not be got out of the Union; on the other was the practical fact that they were held by force of arms, and inhabited by a dominant people who could not be trusted, and by a subordinate race to whom the national protection was peculiarly pledged; and nine-tenths of the loyal people of the United States cannot yet make up their minds whether the South returned to us as so many constitutional sovereign States or as so much conquered territory. If either view of the case had been decisively adopted, if the nation by common consent had denied to the conquered Southerners citizenship, but assured to them law and order and rights of property and personal protection, through mild yet firm Territorial governments; or if they had cordially welcomed them back into the family of States, and entrusted to the entire society of the South the responsibility of re-establishing and maintaining civil government, it is possible that matters would have much more quickly adjusted themselves. But the American people were not accustomed to deal with conquered territory, and could not bring themselves to establish a system of government bereft of the two great characteristics of their own—*local, self* government. Though preserving form, they sacrificed substance; the rulers were Northern adventurers; the governments, tyrannies forced upon the governed. The experiment with its sequences was enough to fill the public mind, and completed the period of its alienation from the study of advancement, improvement, economy, honesty, and decency in the administration of government.

Reviewing these events, and remembering how small a part of the voters at this Presidential election were voters at the election which overthrew Mr. Clay and elevated Mr. Polk—how trivial, how nearly extinct the number and the influence of those who voted for Harrison or Van Buren in 1840 (the last election, in fact, where the manner of administering furnished the staple of political discussion)—we see clearly enough how the public mind of to-day has been educated amid civil discords, and how little the study of governing well can have entered into the thoughts of those disposed to act aright. A few centuries earlier, this period, reaching from the annexation of Texas to the overthrow of the South, would have been a period of constant intestine wars. As it is, three wars (counting the Border war of Kansas as one) appear on its record, and of its twenty years one-third may be said to have been given up to war, and the remainder of the period has been filled with the causes and consequences of war.

Just half a century ago (1820), Sydney Smith gave us this piece of information. We reproduce the passage, for it describes most accurately our present condition, and, while every one has read it, few there are who remember it well enough to bring its application home:

> "We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth or covers the back or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride; at bed or board—couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Beside the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers, to be taxed no more."

By "glory" Sydney Smith meant war with all the attendant and consequent evils, from which a nation cannot be exempt, no matter how righteous its cause. During this half-century Great Britain has emerged from its taxed condition, and steadily sought to reduce her taxes to the fewest number of subjects, and to recast them into the simplest forms. During the same half-century we have drifted into the same flood of taxes that we, with Sydney Smith, once derided. Moreover, while we are an ingenious, intelligent people, full of devices and ideas, and duly impressed with the truth that government is for the governed, we have added nothing to the science of government or to the art of governing. Our fathers were greatly in advance of the world, and left a work which yearly grows a greater and greater wonder in the eyes of modern scholars and thinkers. Its influence is felt throughout Europe, where it overthrows dynasties and threatens states. But the influence is from the past and not of the present. The work is our fathers', and not ours. All that we have done has lessened its effect, and made mankind doubt whether great success may not yet be disastrous failure. In the last thirty years, there is no one thing that we can call to mind for which the world is indebted to us. Our postal service, which is our best instrument of government, and in which every member of the community sees that he has a direct and almost daily interest, which, of all our instrumentalities of government, ought to have been advanced, extended, and perfected by the American mind, has borrowed every improvement from other nations. "Cheap postage," "registered letters," "money orders," "postal cards," are all the product of European thought. Manifestly, if it had not been for European statesmanship our system these thirty years would have stood still. The postal telegraph we are now discussing, but not until Europe devised, demonstrated, and carried out the scheme.

From civil commotions a number of evils spring, and among the first and most inevitable is the demagogue. How a people so well informed of passing events, so given among themselves to discussion,

intelligent if not profound, so noted all the world over for shrewd, practical common-sense—how they can give employment to men in whom they do not believe, and for whom they entertain no little contempt, is a marvel, but susceptible of explanation. It may be laid down as a law that the more closely the common mind devotes itself to affairs of state, the less it is disposed to yield to control. In the great excitements of the recent past, the common mind has had forced upon it subjects of vital import, coming home to every household, and compelling all men to think and to feel. The American people, too, were taught to doubt leadership when a greater race of statesmen, such as Webster, essayed and failed. The old meaning of the term leader was not a charlatan running before a mob, but a directing mind which opened new roads, and impelled men to walk upon them, and which controlled and held the masses back, often against their will. But in a time when every man worked out an impatient conclusion for himself, agreeing substantially with his neighbor's, direction and control became irksome, and people found themselves wanting not great minds to reason, counsel, and control, but obedient agents to carry out the popular instructions. Then the natural demagogue came forth to do what he has done in all lands and ages—to demonstrate the wisdom of what he supposes everybody wants; to promise performance of what everybody asks. The intelligence of the nation has not cared much for his demonstrations, nor valued highly his promises; but on the great questions in which every one has been interested—and since 1860 all the questions of the day have been of this character—people have wanted simply obedience. The promises they have believed so far as to feel assured that the professional politician will never go against what he believes to be the popular will. Hence the apathy as to a politician's character, provided that he be "sound upon the main question." Hence the indifference to real ability, or conscientious conviction, or lofty independence of character. People go to a lawyer for advice, to a physician for help; and when they go on such missions they desire intelligence superior to their own, and integrity upon which they can rely. But of late years, when they go to a professional politician, it is with specific jobs of work to be done as to which they do not want his advice, and care very little for his intelligence. It would be supposed that moral character would be held in some estimation, and that, with obedience, people would prefer decency. They doubtless do, but in times of excitement and confusion men's esteem for moral character is in a manner suspended. We have said that when a man's house is on fire he is apt to lay aside plans for its improvement and try to put the fire out. We may go further, and say that he does not scan closely the characters of those who are helping. Some he knows to be drunkards, and some rogues; here and there he sees an active philanthropist saving the furniture who, he is morally sure, will pocket any small article that comes in his way; yet he does not order them off the premises, but on the contrary shakes hands with the worst, and publishes "a card" of thanks in the county paper.

In time, however, affairs resume their natural conditions. That time is now beginning in America, and the more thoughtful part of society recognize the fact that the questions of the day are questions of statesmanship as to which we need to seek superior knowledge and ability, just as we seek them in our lawyer or our doctor. They see, too, that the fire is over, that pilfering had better be called by its old name of petty larceny, and that it is time to stop hurrahing over the past exploits of the firemen, and, indeed, advise them to go to work in the old-fashioned way to earn an honest living. There is much in the present to provoke censure; but the operating causes of evil are of the past. Society as a political body has sunk during the last thirty years, but through acute diseases and not from natural decay. The common mind has ceased to be educated in political wisdom for a generation, but greater means for educating are at hand than ever existed before.

There are, indeed, social causes affecting the political, which must affect also the result, such as the love of money, the desire for sudden wealth, the vulgar weakness for display, the sentimental truce with crime and criminals, and the effeminate withdrawal of the better classes of society from the work and duties of citizenship. Yet, if we turn back the files of a newspaper no further than a year ago, we read that the Committee of Seventy were but breaking ground, and men who hoped most for the establishment of law beginning to ponder seriously whether its re-establishment in New York must not come through force and a vigilance committee. If it had then been predicted that within a single year we should see the Ring broken, Tweed routed and on bail, Sweeny and Connolly skulking from the sight of men, Garvey turned state's evidence, General Barlow in the Attorney-General's office, Mr. Green in the Controller's, and, above all, Cardozo, McCunn, and Barnard swept from the bench, and that all of this would be brought about by the moral uprising of the intelligent minority of the people, there probably are not a hundred men in New York who would not have assigned the prediction to the class of absurd improbabilities. While the work which has been accomplished in this city does not effect a national reformation, nor materially lessen the number of evils that are to be overcome, nor relieve us from the denunciation of what is wicked and base, it shows that there is still a moral power in society which will be effective whenever it is honestly exerted. Undoubtedly many unpleasant truths will be told and reiterated within the next four years; but no one need grow morbid over them, nor doubt the moral reaction that with proper effort and education will sweep away the baser part of our political material, and exact from what remains the decency, industry, and usefulness that we expect in the affairs of private life.

LAND AND LABOR IN ENGLAND.

THE agitation of the farm-laborers in England is now universally acknowledged to be a success, if the destruction of the feudal, or, as some have comically called it, the "parental," relation between them and their employers can be called a success. The laborer has shown that he is not the stupid clodhopper he has been so long considered; that he, too, can combine, and organize, and strike, like his manufacturing brother in the great towns. He no longer cares for the farmer's or landlord's favor or charity; he stands on his rights, and by his "rights" he means such concessions as he is able to wring from his employer by refusing to work for him and by hindering others from working for him at seasons when labor is indispensable. He has not only succeeded, however, by the agitation now raging, in raising his wages, but he has revealed the fact that he possesses enormous power over the agricultural industry of the country, and that he is capable of using it whenever he pleases, with the utmost efficiency. Now, agriculture is not a business which will bear strikes as manufactures will do; that is, a farmer cannot suspend his operations in the spring or harvest, as a spinner or iron-master can do, and enter on a fair trial of endurance with the operative. There are two seasons of the year when he must have labor for a reasonable sum, when even a week's delay would be fatal. He has been saved from all anxiety at these periods hitherto partly by the dull, bovine submissiveness to his lot of the English "hind," and partly by the consciousness that if the laborers of one farm, or of a whole parish, did refuse to work, there would be little difficulty in filling their places either permanently or temporarily. But these guarantees have been destroyed by the recent movement. It is plain that the laborer has undergone a great change, and equally plain that the formation of agricultural trades-unions has forced, or will shortly force, each farmer to treat not with the men on his own farm only, but all the laborers in England, whenever he has a dispute about wages or time. What has brought about this change in a portion of the population supposed to be so impervious to outside influences, it is hard to say; probably no one agency in particular. The spectacle of the growing skill and power of the trades-unions in the manufacturing districts have doubtless contributed a great deal to it; but, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out, this example would probably have been lost on

the agricultural districts if it was not for the penny press, which by penetrating to every tavern and ale-house has brought the farm-laborer for the first time into actual contact with the new ideas by which the old social organization is now so rudely shaken. The way in which the laborers' movement has been met has not on the whole been very fortunate or promising. The farmers, as a class, have resisted stoutly, and, when threats and defiance have failed, have surrendered sullenly and with bitterness. The clergy as a class have sided with the farmers, one bishop—that of Gloucester, not Ripon, as we erroneously said a few weeks ago—actually having had the folly to recommend the ducking of the leading agitators under the parish pump, thus destroying at a blow the one moral influence which exercises strongest sway over the peasantry. The landlords, too, have either looked on coldly or have given the farmers active and open support. One of them, Mr. Brand, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has come out in defence of the strikers, and has proposed a system of co-operation on his own land, under which he allows laborers to invest their savings in his farm and gives them a share of the profits, thus giving them the benefit of expensive machinery. Lord Derby, also, has taken what may be called the "reasonable" view of the agitation, but as a rule the laborer finds the landed interest arrayed against him. The agitation, too, in the presence of this hostility of the "nobility, gentry, and clergy," has been taking on more and more of a political cast. The ballot is now called for as the necessary guarantee of the laborer's rights, and, of course, it will not be possible to use it for this purpose without making it in some way an instrument for the political abasement of the landholders. For instance, there is already a loud outcry against landholding and clerical magistrates as persons unfitted by their class sympathies and associations to adjudicate in cases in which the laborer is a party.

Behind the laborers' agitation (which is on the surface thus far a question of wages mainly), and serving as a powerful support to it, is the vigorous discussion by the Radical school of politicians of what is known as "the land question," by which is meant the tenure of land in England and the political relation of landowners to the state. This has been attacked from two sides: on the legal side by those who seek simply the limitation of the power of entail, or "settlement" as it is called, still enjoyed by English families; and on the historical side by those who maintain that the manner in which property in the soil is divided in England is not only not natural, but is the result of a usurpation protracted through centuries, by which the tenancy in common, or "village communities," which were the original form of land tenure not in England only, but throughout the world, have been destroyed, to make way for the feudal régime of great estates, with all its attendant evils, and that the road to reform now lies backward. Neither of these assaults is carried on ostensibly in the interest of the laborers' movement, but what a powerful help they lend to it is easily seen.

What will be the effect of all this on country life in England is a question which is interesting in a very high degree to Americans as well as to Englishmen. When we go into our agricultural and scientific schools in this country, and find that very few of the pupils —indeed we might say none—mean to be farmers; or go into the farm-houses, and find how rapidly and generally the young men are forsaking the paternal acres and flying to the great cities; or go into the region of fertile lands, and find how rapidly farms are being transformed into vast factories, worked by machinery, with the aid of a few unskilled laborers of whom the proprietor knows less than of his horses, we hear constant lamentations over the difference between American and English sentiment and habits with regard to country life. England swarms with farm-houses and manor-houses and cottages, whose inhabitants love the ground, live on it, and till it from youth to old age. The dearest ambition of the successful Englishman, we are told, is to get "a place in the country," and make it the scene of all that is most delightful in his family and social life. In the United States, on the other hand, country life is almost as much of an exile to the average man as it used to be with the nobles of the French court under the old régime. Everybody tries by hook or by crook to escape it, except the fortunate few who, in the country or in the town, can surround themselves with luxury. Now, what renders farming more attractive in England than America is mainly the cheapness and certainty of labor of all kinds. The farmer there has hitherto filled the position simply of a superintendent or capitalist, and had few or no risks or anxieties to encounter except such as arose from the badness of the weather or the diseases of cattle. Make labor uncertain, either as regards wages, supply, or manageability, and farming would undoubtedly become even less attractive in England than here, for it is not lightened there as it is here by the sense of proprietorship in the soil. A great deal of the comfort of an English farmer's life will be gone after he finds that he has to contend with an unruly trades-union before fixing the cost of getting in his harvest, and most of the few attractions which the pursuit now possesses for capitalists would vanish if, in addition to the loss of personal comfort, the returns were made more uncertain than they now are. Moreover, the revolution, whatever its nature may be, which severs political influence from the possession of land and at the same time lessens the amount of social deference it brings with it, will undoubtedly drive most of the landholding gentry into the towns. It is reasonable to expect, too, that the education of the laborers and their children, which is now rapidly beginning, will spread among them also that horror of solitude and love of social distraction and excitement which have made country life disagreeable to so large a proportion of our own population. The example of France and Belgium, where the people cling with such tenacity to their small farms, does not tell against this view, because the peasantry is not educated in these countries. The question is, whether, when you educate the peasantry anywhere, or, in other words, raise the people out of the condition of peasants, you can get them to stay in the country, digging and delving all day long, and sleeping through the night the heavy sleep of muscular fatigue? We suspect it will be found elsewhere as it has been found here, that the common schools are the great enemies of farming, that they inevitably drive out of it all the more intelligent and enterprising portion of the population, and that it cannot and will not be carried on anywhere successfully without a real peasantry; and that in the absence of a real peasantry, the tendency of farming in every country will be towards vast estates like the Roman *latifundia*, which Pliny said had ruined Italy, but which in our day will be worked by machinery, and not by slaves.

What effect this change will have on manners and morals, or whether it may not be met and obstructed or delayed by some counteracting tendency, such as might be caused by the discovery of some cheap and simple "power" that would render possible the diffusion of manufactures, we do not propose to discuss here. But they are questions which must be discussed, and they interest all countries in nearly an equal degree; and a glance at them is sufficient to give a very chimerical air to the schemes of those who imagine we can be carried back in our day to village communities, as well as to the notion of the Russians, that their retention of the village community will save them from the inroads of the socialism which threatens Western society. The modern man may or may not be disposed to abolish individual property, but he is certainly by no means disposed to settle down to remote and lonesome agriculture, and turn away his eyes from the flaring gaslight and crowded pavements of what he calls "the great centres of industry."

THE NEW ROMAN THEATRE.

[The following extract from a private letter has been handed us for publication. It will be found to shed a curious light on the state of mind of the Pope's recent subjects.]

Rome, August.

NOT for an empire would we have missed being at the Corea yesterday. Certainly it is not every day that the opportunity presents itself of enjoying, for the sum of one franc ten centimes, such strong emotions as those prom-

ised by a piece bearing the following terrific title: "*The Mysteries of the Spanish Inquisition, with the Seventy-seven Thousand Victims of the Grand Inquisitor Torquemada.*" Only, as we judged that to assist in one single evening at the punishment of seventy-seven thousand heretics was rather too fatiguing, we went to the theatre at eight o'clock instead of six, nourishing the sweet hope that at that late hour some thirty-eight thousand five hundred would have been already hanged or burned, and that there would not be more than thirty-eight thousand five hundred left for us to see executed. We found this a reasonable number, and that no more could decently be exacted from a man just risen from the dinner-table.

When we arrived at the Corea the curtain was up and the public in convulsions of laughter. We were agreeably surprised at this hilarity. On the stage we perceived two Dominican monks, Torquemada, the terrible, himself, and one Brother Gorenflot, who was completely drunk. Torquemada called Brother Gorenflot's attention to the fact that he had dropped his rosary, and commanded him to pick it up. The brother made three staggering steps and stopped. It was this pantomime that excited the hilarity of the public. Finally, Gorenflot succeeded in picking up his rosary, and Philip the Second appeared. He enquired after a certain Jewess, Rachel by name, who was to be burned alive in the course of the day, and who was the illegitimate daughter of Don Sebastian of Portugal, dispossessed of his dominions by Philip the Second. Sufficiently complicated, you perceive.

This Don Sebastian had been arrested, and was now brought and left alone with Philip the Second. I leave you to imagine how he treated the latter, and whether he spared the Dominicans. During this scene, applause, cries, and stamping greeted every word. Philip put an end to it at last by ordering the removal of Don Sebastian, and Torquemada, entering, commanded that he should be put to the torture. Then the king and the inquisitor fell on their knees near the footlights, and prayed devotedly for the soul of Don Sebastian. Shrill whistles are heard from every corner of the amphitheatre, and the simple public indulges in the most energetic language towards Torquemada: "*Ammazzalo ! passa via, vassallo !*" "Kill him! away with you, scoundrel!" These, and other objurgations, pronounced by the lips of five hundred Roman *popolani*, with their peculiar and well-known accent, should be heard to be appreciated.

Rachel now appears. She is called upon to renounce her religion. She refuses, and of a sudden piercing, terrible, heart-rending shrieks are heard from behind a curtain at the back of the stage, which, opening in the middle, discloses Don Sebastian hanging by the hands and expiring from the torture. A veritable tempest now burst forth among the audience. A few sceptics laughed, but the mass of the public were quivering with excitement. Cries of horror were heard on all sides, and the exclamations above alluded to were repeated with redoubled emphasis.

The curtain down, we look at the audience, and see that the women are weeping hot tears, while uncontrollable sobs burst from their bosoms. The men, who are trying to be brave and repress their emotions, have red eyes and great tears pearling down over the ends of their noses. The actors are called before the curtain, and the applause is loud and vigorous, but Torquemada appears in the midst of his companions and the tempest of hisses recommences. Between the acts the audience is agitated. We overhear two young men exchanging their impressions. "And to think," says one, "that there are quantities of fine works like this that we do not know, because the Pontifical Government has always forbidden their representation."

Meantime, the orchestra, troubling itself not at all about the seventy-seven thousand victims who have been immolated during the four acts just represented, plays its little habitual polka, and cheerfulness returns to the audience. But the curtain rises, and every brow grows dark again. A funeral pile occupies the centre of the stage. We learn almost immediately that a plot has been formed to deliver Rachel from the flames, and the Gorenflot already mentioned appears in the costume of a squire. He relates that having seen frightful things in the prisons of the Holy Office, and having been himself put upon bread and water for forty-eight hours, he must have the lives of twelve Inquisitors; he must kill twelve! not one more or less—twelve! At the same moment he perceives a spy of the Holy Office, tears off his mask, and, throwing him upon his shoulders, carries him off into a neighboring house. Then he reappears alone, and announces that he has thrown his man into a well. "One!" exclaims he. The audience writhes with delight, applauds, laughs, weeps with joy, howls.

Solemn music is heard, and the procession advances—Torquemada at its head. Rachel mounts the pile. At this moment the conspirators throw themselves, sword in hand, upon the members of the Holy Office, put them to rout, and deliver Rachel. Torquemada is pursued, seized, carried to the pile, and bound to the stake. Then the fagots are fired, and while the curtain slowly descends we see the Grand Inquisitor struggling to burst his bonds, surrounded by flames, half-strangled, his eyes starting from his head, his tongue protruding from his mouth. This is the *bouquet*—the climax.

After what we have related it will be easy to imagine the reception of this *dénouement*. The cry of every animal in creation mingles with applause and frantic bravos. The audience slowly disperses, radiant with delight, and exchanging felicitations upon the chastisement inflicted upon Torquemada. We came out among the last, and were fortunate enough to see Torquemada, Rachel, Don Sebastian, and Philip the Second chatting amicably together, and, transformed into harmless citizens, directing their steps towards the *Café di Roma*, with the intention of taking an ice.

Correspondence.

"NATIONAL APATHY."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: You promise to give us some explanation of the causes of this phenomenon which you so well describe. If only to elicit your comments, I venture to suggest one of the possible causes, namely, that we have in our public men only party and not personal responsibility. Take the subject, which you adduce, of taxation. The general party cry is high or low tariff, greater or less revenue. The details of adjustment, which are all-important both in themselves and with a view to continuity, are arranged in secret committee, under the pressure of private interests, and thrown into the House, to be carried, almost without debate, by a purely party vote. There is nothing in this which can possibly excite personal enthusiasm on the part of electors; and thus at the primary nominations, there being nobody who fills the public eye, the voters are quite indifferent, and the meeting is manipulated by skilful politicians like Banks or Butler. The nominees then sail into power on the most general party cries, the voters either swallowing their dislike to the individuals on the strength of these cries, or abstaining altogether—apathy, in either case, being an inevitable result. Campaign speeches are of the same nature. I have been told, by one who was with Banks in New Orleans, that the latter, bewailing in confidential moments the hard fate of politicians, would remark "that the people of Massachusetts were a set of d——d fools, and would swallow anything you chose to say to them"; which might be perfectly true of the portion who went to hear him. Sensible people, knowing what they had to expect from Mr. Banks, would stay at home, or, if they went from curiosity, kept silent, the noise being made by those who care little for matter if the manner is sufficiently inflated.

If we expect to excite public interest in elections, there must be created a personal responsibility. A scheme of taxation in detail should be introduced by the Secretary of the Treasury in the interest of the whole country. The discussion of this in public debate would command the attention of the country, and bring out the individual qualities of members, so that even silent voters would have a personal character among their constituents, and give a basis for a bolt in force if the primary nominations were unsatisfactory. Public speakers, also, would have material for attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, instead of wasting themselves in declamations in which the feeblest can often surpass the best intellects.

The civil service affords another illustration. President Grant has undoubtedly made many bad nominations, and, while professing to favor reform, has done little or nothing to promote it. Now, when a large part of his supporters are, like yourself, condoning this failure for the sake of escaping the greater evil of Greeley's election, a very great degree of enthusiasm is not to be expected. I believe that it was simply impossible for the President to do otherwise, because the only power he has to influence legislation consists in the disposal of offices, and he is forced to use this power to satisfy the Congressional majority. If a reform is ever to be effected, if the great qualities which you recognize in the body of the people are to be made available, I believe that a detailed scheme must be introduced by a cabinet officer, upon which, with the support of independent members, he can go to the people as *against* Congress. Individuals would then be brought into a definite position, and we should go to the polls in a different state of the public mind from that which is induced by the shallow generalities of party majority.

G. B.

Boston, Sept. 13, 1872.

A WAY OUT OF THE MUDDLE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Very many of us plain people who are not politicians, are asking each other if there is not some way out of the miserable political dilemma in the jaws of which tricksters have placed the people.

I do not know, in a somewhat large acquaintance in several States, a single

Grant man who does not freely own among his friends that he would much rather vote for somebody else than Grant; nor a single Greeley man who would not much rather vote for some other man than Greeley. Neither of the Presidential conventions did the will of the people, and the nominations of both sides are, by the almost universal private confession of their supporters, so unfit to be made that scarcely any man "not in politics" supports either, except as a choice of evils; and a very poor choice at that. It has happened before now that a person was chosen President who was odious to nearly or perhaps even to quite half of the American people; but unless some way can be found out of the present situation, we shall, no matter which party wins, have a President disliked and distrusted by nearly the whole nation, and by the whole of its disinterested intelligence. Surely, that is not republican government.

But if it is not republican government, is it not a grave danger to the Republic that self-seeking politicians of both parties should be allowed, by an unheard-of trick, to silence the common sense of the people, and to oblige the voters to vote—on either side—for men they distrust and in a great measure detest? That there was trickery and "management" for unworthy purposes nobody, I think, denies. You who support Grant, and do not like him, do not doubt, I suppose, Mr. Bromley's report, that if even twelve resolute men had, at Philadelphia, opposed Grant's renomination, they could have carried the Convention for some fit person, so little was he really liked even there. Nor have I seen a single man who was present at the Cincinnati Convention but has assured me that if the honorable delegates in that body had beforehand suspected the trick of Gratz Brown, they could easily have nominated Adams or Trumbull, or some other good and fit man.

That the two candidates are not merely disliked, but unfit for the place, is so undeniable that the newspapers on each side are filled with extracts from speeches or writings of the now prominent supporters of these candidates, declaring, within the year, their incapacity and exposing their misconduct. In fact, all reputable public men are demoralized by the political situation, and afford a disagreeable spectacle to the nation by the attitude into which they have been forced, or have allowed themselves to be put. The Grant organs make it a point against Trumbull, Schurz, and Sumner that they support Greeley, whom they have always disliked and distrusted; but it is well known that Blaine, Garfield, Dawes, and others of equal prominence, now supporting Grant, dislike and distrust him as strongly as the other men do Greeley.

What is the result of this state of things? This is one result, and one of the worst: In former Presidential elections, where parties were nearly evenly divided, the decision was made by a considerable body of independent and intelligent voters, who are not the slaves of party, and who have in such times, with great benefit to the country, held the balance of power. But in the present campaign the balance of power lies with the lowest class of our voting population, with the camp-followers, who stand ready to rush to whichever they shall, near the close of the battle, believe likely to be the winning side. Hence the extreme importance attached by the Grant organs to the vote of Maine, and the general admission that the success of the Grant men there has weakened the Greeley side. For the Greeley men did not expect to carry Maine's electoral vote; they have lost nothing which they expected or hoped to gain; but they as well as their opponents know that on such results depends the attachment of the meaner part of the voters—the camp-followers; and that on these depends the victory in November.

Hence, too, the whole canvass is bitterly and almost entirely personal. Principles are very little discussed; the whole canvass turns on the character of the candidates and their supporters; and as there is, so far as I can see, impartially reading journals of both sides, nothing to choose between the two—I mean nothing for one to choose who carries his conscience to the polls—there never was so disgusting a struggle. See how the journals and orators watch their men. If one points out that Grant has lowered the dignity of the Presidential office by his trifling conduct—a grave fault in him, as I think—the reply is pat and true, that Greeley going about the country electioneering for himself is as disagreeable and unprecedented a spectacle as anything of Grant's. When Grant is charged with avariciousness and unscrupulous greed, his friends point out that Greeley but lately lent his name, for money, to two of the worst rogues in New York, Tweed and Nathaniel Sands, to establish a tobacco monopoly. If Grant is charged with disgraceful double-dealing in the civil-service business, his allies can point to a recent letter from Greeley, in which he coolly promises in advance to divide the spoils fairly among all who support him, no matter what their party bonds. If it is said that Grant keeps such bad company as Tom Murphy, the obvious reply is that Greeley's friends, Cochrane, Colorado Jewett, George Sanders, etc., are no better. If Grant's "fuglemen," Cameron, Butler, Morton, Harlan, and others of that kind, are called by their proper names, as they deserve, Grant's friends match man for man by naming among Greeley's chief supporters and managers Cochrane, Depew, Cary of Ohio, Fernando Wood, etc. If you, a Greeley man, should charge Grant with misusing his political influence to enrich his relatives, I, being a Grant man—which I am not, by the way—should reply that Greeley has been known to accept $1,000 personally for his political influence used in lobbying a bill in Congress. So at least says Judge Hoadly of Cincinnati, and adds that a friend of Greeley's admitted the truth of the charge. If you should say that Grant is surrounded by vile and suspicious characters—and you could truthfully say that—I might as correctly point out to you an equally vile and suspicious set who surround Greeley. Finally, if you and I should look at the tails of the two tickets, we should see on one side Gratz Brown, political trickster, and accused of drunkenness; and on the other, Henry Wilson, who had such bad luck in denying that he had been a Know-Nothing.

In short, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other, and whichever way the election turns, if Grant or if Greeley is put into the White House, in either case the country suffers and is disgraced. I trust you will not laugh me contemptuously out of your columns if I attempt to show you that the Constitution of the United States provides a remedy for precisely such a case as this.

The framers of the Constitution fondly believed that party spirit could be kept down in the country, and, in the article which prescribes the method of choosing President and Vice-President, they provided that the person receiving the highest number of votes in the Electoral College should be President, and he receiving the next highest should be Vice-President. As soon as parties were formed and well-defined, this was seen not to work, for it would invariably secure the officers of opposing political opinions, which would make confusion, so an amendment was adopted, under which we now live and elect, by which the Electoral College votes first for President and next for a Vice-President; and it has become customary for the electors, who were originally designed to be an independent body of citizens, uncommitted to any man, to be the mere agents of the parties they represent, and to record as a matter of course their votes for the nominees of their respective parties.

This being a custom long in use, it would certainly be an odious and atrocious piece of treachery for two or a dozen, or any number of Democratic electors, for instance, to carry their votes to the Republican side if the Electoral College were nearly equally divided, and thus defeat the vote of the people; and probably no man would dare to perpetrate such an act; nor will anybody be found silly enough to suggest it. But suppose an entirely different case. Suppose a party saddled by the political management of bad men with candidates conspicuously unfit and improper; suppose that in some way the party thus burdened succeeded in the election; then suppose the electors chosen by this party to be men of the highest character, the strictest integrity, and the sincerest patriotism, is there anything which should make it repugnant to them to do their plain constitutional duty of selecting, as men of independent judgment, better men—the best men *of their party*—for the two places? I, for my part, see nothing. I go further, and say that, acting under oath, and with a due sense of their responsibility to the country and their party, and of their *plain constitutional* duty and obligation, they could not do otherwise. Here are the words of the Constitution:

"1. The electors shall meet in their respective States, and *vote by ballot* for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; *they shall name in their ballots* the person voted for as President, *and in distinct ballots* the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall *make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each*, which lists they shall sign, and certify and transmit, *sealed*, to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and *the votes shall then be counted;* the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed."

There is not a shadow of doubt, and there has never been, that the electors are intended by the Constitution to exercise a distinct and independent right of choice. I need not quote you authorities on this question, for it has never, so far as I know, been disputed.

Now, I repeat, that for a few electors of one party to give the election to their opponents by going over to them would be an atrocious and demoralizing act of treachery. But that the body of electors of a successful party should, in the interest of the whole country *and of their party*, put aside unfit candidates, and join hands to declare the election of fit and proper men *of the same party*, that I believe to be within their power and their duty; and in doing this I believe that the electors of either party in the present case would receive the support of the people.

Bear in mind that the people do not actually vote for President and

Vice-President; they vote for Presidential electors. Go back further, and the people vote, really, to put a certain party in power. The two parties appeal to them for power and rule. The people, by their vote, say this party shall have power and rule, to the exclusion of the other. That is what the election means. It is not a gift to an individual, but an approval of a party—a declaration that the principles and policy of that party shall prevail in the Government for a stated time. And, acting in obedience to and conformity with that declaration, the electors have, under the Constitution, the undisputed right to select from that party its best men. They are put there for that purpose, and it seems to me that their independence, so carefully provided and guarded by the Constitution, is of very great importance in such a case as that which is now before the country, and ought to be exercised, no matter which party may prevail; for in this way only can the people under the Constitution protect themselves against the base tricks of caucuses and conventions. X.

[We ought to mention that the writer of the above is not a mere speculator, but a practical politician of the best kind, with exceptional claims to attention.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A SECOND attempt within a few years to found in this city a literary journal under the name of the *Athenæum* has just been made. The prospectus of the *American Athenæum* indicates that its field will be literature, science, the fine arts, music, and the drama. It is calculated, to quote the language of the prospectus, "to supply a want that has been long felt by publishers, professional men, and the cultivated public generally," and "its great aim will be to maintain the thorough independence of its criticisms, uninfluenced by advertisements and other means by which works of Literature and Art not unfrequently obtain a meretricious fame." Several of the reviews in the first number are unfavorable enough to supply any "want that has long been felt by publishers" of this sort of candor. The defects of most "first numbers" are visible here, but they need not be dwelt on. The London correspondent hardly allows for the intelligence of the public he is addressing, and, unless the printer is at fault, is a poor writer of English. There are some singular errors in the spelling of names of "American Artists at Home and Abroad" on the twelfth page; and the proof-reading generally is susceptible of improvement. The literary department is noticeable for its fulness rather than its quality. Mr. John Fraser, lately Deputy Professor of English Literature and Language in the University of Glasgow, is the editor, and Mr. J. Bartlett Cooke the publisher. ——An enquiring reader of the *Nation* is directed for a review of Stephens's "Constitutional History of the Late War between the States" to No. 203, Vol. VIII. p. 399.

—A correspondent of the *Athenæum* (Sept. 7) offers an explanation of the passage discussed at some length in the *Nation* last year, act iii. scene 2 of "Romeo and Juliet"—"That runaways' eyes may wink." "What," he asks, "is the meaning of these words? Obviously, as it seems to me, that people *in the ways*, or streets, *may not see* Romeo. By *runaways* the poet means those who *run in the ways*, or streets, the *wayfarers*, as we say. We may compare Jer. v. 1: '*Run ye to and fro through the streets* of Jerusalem, and *see* now, and *know*.'"

—The beginning of a new era in the usefulness of great public collections has been made by a series of photographs from the collections in the British Museum, by S. Thompson (London: Mansell & Co.) It is only necessary to enumerate the subjects comprised in the first seven parts to appreciate the very high value of the enterprise. Not only is the Museum rendered accessible to persons in all parts of the world, but they are admitted to view its contents as trained observers, as it were. The objects presented are selected and arranged on scientific principles, in a connection which the ordinary looker-on could never discover for himself, or only with great difficulty. Of the upwards of a thousand photographs now issued, about 150 relate to prehistorical and ethnographical examples of human ingenuity—tools, weapons, implements, and ornaments; 120 illustrate Egyptian sculpture, painting, and architecture; 250 treat of Assyria, 190 of Greece, 100 of Rome and Tuscany; 50 are devoted to mediæval art, 100 to seals of corporations, sovereigns, etc. Each division is accompanied by a catalogue, and may be bought separately; or the photographs may be had singly at a price not exceeding two shillings. An admirable introduction aims "to supply evidences of man's advancement, from the lowest stage of his history; the conditions of social life, of belief, and of science, from the earliest to the latest epoch." The photographs are among the best productions of the art. Any well-meaning merchant-prince, whose mind turns to the little village where he was born with thoughts of how to benefit it with some public endowment, has it now in his power to found a British Museum in miniature—systematic, compact, and for purposes of instruction practically complete. When other museums, as they must in time, take the same steps to popularize their treasures, it ought not to be necessary for American students to envy greatly the opportunities of Europeans.

—Dr. R. A. Smith, an English physician, has for forty years been engaged in studying the vitiation of air, having apparently been moved to do so by the assertion of Dalton that, scientifically speaking, he could not distinguish the air of Manchester from that of Helvellyn. This was an inability which goes far to vindicate the superiority of our bodily senses, in matters of vital chemistry, over the tests of the laboratory; for readily as we dull our perceptions by habit, which is indeed second nature in very many definitions of that term, the people are few who do not at once feel and keenly enjoy the difference between the depressing air of crowded cities and that of a mountain region. To remove the stigma from chemical analysis seems to have been at least one of the motives urging Dr. Smith in his researches; but it was not the only one, as may be seen when he comes to speak upon the duties of municipal government in respect to filthy and otherwise unwholesome houses. We wish no man could be made a member of our common councils until he had passed a competitive examination on the passage following, and had beaten all his opponents in the zeal at least with which he declared his willingness to act according to his knowledge:

"Let those courts, alleys, and streets which show the greatest mortality and the worst air be destroyed or improved, without foolish mercy. There is a want of willingness to pull down dangerous property, but a readiness to rush forward to save the life of the greatest criminals. Reason is out of the question in the matter. We are misled by an uneducated feeling. We like to save property, forgetting that deadly weapons and poisons are subject to peculiar laws, and their indiscriminate use is forbidden to the nation. And houses that produce death are not property; as well might a man claim his debts as such. If a man sells unwholesome meat the law interferes; if he sells the use of a room with fever in it, the nation seems not to complain. Officers of health point out such places, but the public still refuse to destroy them, and great numbers are slain annually by legal methods, while strict methods are taken to prevent a few annually being killed by arsenic—a death more agreeable than the lingering misery in the lower parts of our crowded towns. I know that the lowest classes living in poisoned houses die from other causes than bad air; but I am speaking of air at present, and that is one of the causes. The time must come—and the sooner the better—when it shall be enacted that no land shall contain more people per acre than we know by experience in several places can live healthily thereon. The same thing must be said regarding houses, although these are more difficult for governments to deal with, because of the degradation of some of the population. Still the limitation must be obtained, and for that we must strive."

—Dr. Smith has not found that his investigations have produced very brilliant and striking results. "I feel," he says, "that, whilst I have succeeded in doing much of that which I intended to do, I have not got beyond the limits which earlier observers attained by the mere fineness of unaided sense and by sound reasoning without experiment." But he hopes that he will be found to have confirmed the suspicions of others and to have put into plainer language and in detail what others only imagined somewhat vaguely. He has made many experiments, and in giving us the results he asks for careful attention to the value of minuteness in considering his figures. Thus, for example, a difference of nineteen one-thousandths of a single part of oxygen in the air of a given place may mean something very dangerous indeed to the inhabitants. It looks like stating an insignificant difference when it is said of the air one breathes that out of its 100 parts there is to-day only 20·980 of oxygen; while last year, before the bone-boiling establishment was set going, there were 20·999, or nineteen one-thousandths of a part more. The nineteen thousandths may be displaced by organic matter, or by the gases of putrefaction. It is as if 190 quarts of putrefying matter were present in every million quarts of drinking water, or 13·3 grains in every gallon. Or, rather, it is worse than this; for of water we drink not very much, and the thirteen grains and three-tenths we should not drink in a day, but through our lungs we draw two thousand gallons of air in a day. And it should be recollected that sometimes, as in crowded theatres, the proportion of oxygen is as low as 20·7, and that in some of our tenement-houses the air of a theatre gallery would be a draught of luxury. Dr. Smith details one experiment which sets in a clear light the fact that no great diminution of the percentage of oxygen in the air is necessary to make an atmosphere almost deadly to human beings, and the fact that we may be about as ignorant of the noxious quality of the air we are breathing even while we are taking it into our lungs, as we are susceptible of injury from it. In some of his experiments he used an air-tight chamber, the atmosphere of which he vitiated by burning candles in it. On one occasion a young lady, who was anxious

to make the experiment, got into this enclosure just as the candles were put out, and at the end of five minutes, during which she made light of the difficulty, it was necessary to help her out, the partial asphyxiation having taken place in an atmosphere in which the percentage of oxygen was about 19·0. Rain also, in which are collected the solids and liquids of the air, has had a great deal of Dr. Smith's attention, as, in examining its chemical properties, his experiments could be made without putting health or life to the test, and he has collected and analyzed samples of rain water collected from all parts of the British Isles, some being sent him from the Hebrides on the north, and some from Valentia Bay, on the west coast of Ireland. Tried by this test, the much-maligned London air turns out to be, says *Nature*, about the best in the United Kingdom, while that of Glasgow seems to be the worst. But we suppose a proficient in "gerrymandering" might cut out two or three worse Glasgows in London if he took particular districts, and not the whole metropolis in the average.

—New English publications have long been recorded in two good weekly lists—the London *Bookseller*, a subject-catalogue, and the *Publishers' Circular*, an author-catalogue. Of course, the same titles are given in nearly the same way in each. The only difference (except in accuracy, as to which we have oftenest found the *Bookseller* wanting) is in the arrangement. French literature is to see a similar duplication of labor. For twelve years C. Reinwald has issued an annual list of new publications, alphabetically arranged by authors, with an index of subjects. Now G. Bossange (successor of Hector Bossange, well known to most American purchasers of French books) has brought out the first of a series of annual catalogues, arranged in fourteen subject-divisions, with an index of authors. And the best of it is that both Bossange and Reinwald are ready to give their catalogues to probable customers; you are not obliged to pay your money in order to take your choice. Reinwald's list for the two years 1870–71 will be shorter than it has usually been for one. Publication, and perhaps literary activity, almost ceased during the siege. Lenormant relates in his fourth "Lettre assyriologique," as a fitting preface to an explanation of a Himyaritic inscription, how he stood one winter morning, gun on shoulder and up to his knees in the snow, at Vitry, and discussed with a brother archæologist the chances of their ever resuming their former studies. He had not much leisure or calmness for writing in those days, nor had others. But a certain number of important works had been prepared, or nearly prepared, for publication before the war, and appeared immediately after it; and, as in our own country, the guns had hardly ceased firing when scores of writers seized the pen to describe their experiences—in the trenches, in an ambulance, as prisoners in the hands of the Prussians or of the Communists, or to make or defend themselves against accusations of treachery. It is true that long months of enforced idleness, and the habit of receiving a daily allowance without performing real labor in exchange for it, had thoroughly demoralized the workmen. It was difficult to find a pressman or a bookbinder who would take the necessary care, and as of old make the clearness of the type and the neatness of the binding a fit vessel for the transparency and sparkle of the style. We have seen few books published in 1871 or 1872 that equal the former beauty of French typography. But books were published, if not with their previous elegance or cheapness, yet in numbers sufficient to show that France was in no danger of losing its rank as second among the book-producing nations of Europe. During the war, the most curious and in a way the most characteristic productions of the French did not appear in book-form, but in the newspapers and pamphlets. The foolish levity, the almost incredible vanity, exultant at the commencement of the campaign, mortified, bitter, enraged, as the Prussians moved on from success to success, are best seen in the *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and other journals; and these journals cannot be taken to represent merely the eccentricity of a few Bohemians, for some of them enjoyed a circulation of a hundred thousand copies. M. Borchardt, in his "La Littérature française pendant la Guerre de 1871–1872," has collected some of the most striking of these utterances, and commented upon them, as a German might be expected to do, not very charitably. He does not allow enough for the exciting effect of war upon even the quietest natures, and especially a war from which national vanity could draw no consolation. We wish we could think that the French are the only nation guilty of such extravagances in war times; but we have too vivid a recollection of the bad taste, inconsistencies, sophisms, lies, absurd hopes, unreasonable complaints, and the ferocity that disfigured American periodical literature at the South, and at the North too, from 1861 to 1865. In M. Bossange's catalogue, the division "Evénements de 1870–71" is surpassed in length only by "Histoire et Géographie," "Education," and "Sciences médicales," and might have received some of the works recorded under "Législation," "Economie politique" and "Sciences militaires." The classification is peculiar, and produces some startling results. Bibliography, which Brunet places among the adjuncts to History, here takes its place with Typography under "Sciences appliquées à l'industrie." One finds the new combined edition of Quérard's Pseudonyms and Barbier's Anonyms between a treatise on agriculture and another on butter and cheese, while Lorenz's "Catalogue of French Literature for the last Twenty-five Years" is preceded by Lévy on "Geese, Ducks, and Turkeys," and Lejeune's "Brick-maker's Guide." The numerous entries under Education would be an encouraging sign for France, were it not that she has always been very prolific in educational works, without, as far as one can see, any satisfactory result. Theology holds its own; Belles-Lettres and Fiction are crowded; Fine Arts, considering the costly nature of the books, is well represented; the Natural Sciences and Technology not so well; and Philosophy and Legislation come off worst of all.

—The civilized art of counterfeiting ancient inscriptions and objects of interest to the archæologist has recently made some progress in South Arabia, and even in Yemen, a country altogether impervious to the influences of art and science, where scarcely a European resides, and where it is hardly safe for one to travel. It is not a little remarkable that the natives have been so successful in their first attempt as to deceive connoisseurs and even experienced directors of museums. English curiosity-hunters and the British Museum, or rather its agents, are the unfortunate dupes in these transactions. The things counterfeited are bronze tablets, or smaller objects of metal, bearing Himyaritic inscriptions. The credit of detecting the fraud is due to the celebrated Joseph Halévy, the only European traveller who has recently entered Sanaa, the capital, or rather nominal capital, of Yemen. Halévy had made exact copies of over 600 Himyaritic inscriptions from the interior of Yemen, and showed them and other things to a coppersmith of Sanaa. It would seem that this shrewd fellow took impressions of the Halévy inscriptions, and, from an ingenious combination of parts of them, produced the counterfeit tablets—a hypothesis which is strengthened by the fact that the tablets sold to the English contain literal extracts from the Halévy inscriptions. It was quite possible, of course, that there might be discovered more tablets than one bearing the same inscription; but, unfortunately, those on the coppersmith's tablets do not point to the place where he pretends to have discovered them, but to the precise spot where Halévy's were found. There is, moreover, about these objects an appearance very unlike that of age, of itself sufficient to awaken suspicion. The possibility, however, that this appearance might be due to an exceptional preservation, and the improbability that the counterfeiting could be carried to such perfection in South Arabia, left some doubt still as to the authenticity of the tablets—a doubt which has since been completely cleared up. Herr von Maltzan relates that he was resident in Aden, and witnessed the discovery of the forgeries. The smith had sold a bronze amulet, in the form of a seal, and with Himyaritic inscriptions, to the Governor of Aden as unique and very ancient. The Governor showed his purchase to Herr von Maltzan, and informed him it was the only one of its kind. Later, Herr von Maltzan saw a duplicate of it with an English officer, a third in the hands of an Arab, a fourth with the Cadi, a fifth and even a twelfth, the possessor in each instance believing himself the happy owner of a unique. There was no doubt they had been all made from the same mould, and the name copied from Halévy's inscriptions. Several of the tablets were sold to the British Museum.

—Though the 2d of September, the anniversary of the surrender at Sedan, was widely observed in Germany with public festivities, yet in official circles, and with intelligent and thoughtful persons, the feeling prevails that it is not wise to set apart a national holiday to commemorate a victory upon foreign soil and the humiliation of a neighbor whose friendship in the future is so important to the development of the German Empire and to the peace of Europe. This feeling found utterance in journals believed to be officially inspired, and hence in Berlin the celebration was of a very mild type. Display of flags, extra performances at the theatres, school excursions, etc., but no guns, parades, processions, no general illumination, and nothing that seemed in any way to commit the court. Indeed, the attitude of Germany toward France is one of watchful sobriety rather than of boastful superiority, and this shows good taste as well as good sense in high quarters. For a time the popular enthusiasm will glorify the military successes of 1870–71; but in the end, the anniversary of the coronation of the King of Prussia as Emperor, or of the adoption of the Imperial constitution, is likely to be fixed upon as the national holiday of Germany.

—One of the most learned ecclesiastical lawyers of all Germany, Herr Friedberg of Leipzig, has an article in the lately-published German *Annual* on the subject of the Church and the New Empire, which is favorably reviewed by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Both articles point, in a manner not to be mistaken, to a coming contest between the empire and the Church, in which the empire will take the initiative, and of which Friedberg says that it will

be "sharp and bitter," and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* "violent." When the question of expelling the Jesuits arose in the German Reichsrath there were those who solemnly protested that the war against them was not meant as a war with the Roman Catholic Church. Views on this matter are beginning to change, and now the *Allgemeine Zeitung* asserts that the measures against the Jesuits were only the first step against the Church itself; for, it asks, "Is it not evident that the recent disturbing events in the religious world have been brought about by the Jesuits? Is it not evident that the present Pope is completely under the influence of the order? Is it not evident that Jesuitical principles govern the Catholic Church to-day? Have not Catholic priests assured us again and again that they are brothers to the Jesuits? In fact, is not the whole Catholic Church identified with the Jesuit order? It is a terrible thing to say, but we will say it: The present Jesuitical-Ultramontane-Roman Catholic Church is dangerous to the state." In view of the attitude of the Church to the state, Friedberg proposes the following questions: 1. What means shall the state take to preserve itself from the dangers threatening it on the part of the Church? 2. What power shall enforce the laws guarding against such danger—the several states composing the empire, or the empire itself? In answer to the first of these questions he proposes that the Church shall be completely under the control of the state; that civil marriage shall be made obligatory; that no schools shall be left under the control of the Church; that the poor shall not be cared for by the Church; that no clergyman shall preach or have the care of souls unless favorably disposed towards the state and the above laws; that the education of the clergy shall be superintended by the state; that no order of monks or nuns shall exist within the empire without the consent of the empire; and that the Jesuits shall not be tolerated. He further proposes that the enforcement of these laws shall belong to the empire, and not to each individual state. These methods are certainly very severe, and, if adopted, would be nearly tantamount to forbidding the Catholic Church on German soil. It is not a little significant that some of the papers that lead public opinion in Germany favor this scheme, and that the scheme itself should be produced with the sanction of so great a name, and in a work which is a manual for the use of the officers of the empire in almost every branch of the service.

—We have already noticed the promised appearance of the *China Review*, a bimonthly publication from the press of the (Hongkong) *China Mail*. The first number was issued on August 31, and the table of contents augurs well for its prospects. They comprise: 1. An introductory notice. 2. The Shih King—a review of the fourth volume of Dr. Legge's "Chinese Classics." 3. The Adventures of a Chinese Giant, translated from the Chinese. 4. A Chinese Farce, with an introduction. 5. Su Tung-p'o, from an unpublished History of the Kwang-tung Province. 6. Mr. Wade, C.B., on China—an unpublished State paper. 7. From Gotham to Cathay, being Divers Experiences in Strange Places. 8. Rhymes from the Chinese, with prose comments. 9. The Coinage of Japan, as it was and is. 10. China's Place in Philology—a review of Mr. Edkins's last work. 11. Short Notices of New Publications. 12. Notes and Queries on Eastern Matters. 13. Books wanted, exchanges, etc. We are glad to learn that the subscription list is rapidly filling.

—The Rev. Justus Doolittle, late editor of the *Chinese Recorder* (Foochow), a publication that has, we regret to notice, been discontinued, has brought out the first volume of his "Hand-Book and Vocabulary of the Chinese Language," and thereby set sinologues, who seem to be gifted with a peculiar development of the critical faculty, by the ears. A large number of local reviewers find his work to be all it professes to be, while an equally large number condemn it as next to useless. They admit its accuracy as regards concrete terms—a matter in which a dictionary-maker is scarcely likely to go wrong—but dispute its use for compound terms, which appear to be the bugbear of all who are so unhappy as to rush into print upon so delicate a matter as Chinese philology. We take it that the truth lies between the two extremes. A competent authority says it is a very fair vocabulary but a bad dictionary. The second volume (now passing through the press) promises great things, and, if it fulfils one-half of them, will be a unique compilation. Mr. Doolittle is tolerably well known in this country as the author of "The Social Life of the Chinese" (Harper & Bros.), a work containing more, and more ill-arranged, information concerning that people than any other yet published.

—A work which has caused some little excitement in Chinese circles is a voluminous publication by Baron von Gumpach, late astronomer at the Pekin College, and entitled "The Burlingame Mission, a Political Exposé," written with the avowed object of damaging the character of Mr. Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, the quondam friend and employer of the author. Its 900 pages contain as much abuse as is often to be found within the covers of a single book. Not that it is devoid of ability; but its scathing denunciations of official trickery are accompanied with such virulent personal attacks as to forfeit the attention that a more judicious writer would assuredly have gained. The chapters on the Tientsin massacre and future foreign policy in China show, however, both considerable knowledge of Chinese policy and rare command of language. The work is published at Shanghai, but bears no printer's imprint, a lawyer having expressed an opinion that any page "contained libels enough to hang a man." We learn that Mr. Trübner wrote to request that his name might be removed from the title-page as London publisher.

FAWCETT'S ESSAYS.*

THE name of Mr. Fawcett has become well-known of late years as that of the Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, as being blind from an accident, and as a representative in Parliament of the most positive and uncompromising radicalism. The volume before us contains the application of the most radical doctrines of political economy to the great social and economical problems of the day, and it adds sensibly to its value as a contribution to this discussion that it is written in full and equal partnership by the professor and his wife. So far as this fact goes, it tells powerfully in favor of female equality; for Mrs. Fawcett's papers are fully worthy to stand in the series with her husband's. The volume, as a whole, is able, candid, and up to a certain point completely satisfactory.

In saying that it is satisfactory "up to a certain point," we mean that it stops just short of a profound and exhaustive analysis of the questions discussed. We can best illustrate this by referring to the papers, by Mrs. Fawcett, upon the Woman's Rights question, which are probably those which will excite most interest in this community. The two papers entitled "The Electoral Disabilities of Women" and "Why Women Require the Franchise" contain a very complete, and we think we may say sufficient, refutation of the old stock arguments against female suffrage; but they do not touch the considerations which have most weight in the present state of the controversy. It is very evident, to the most casual observation, that the female-suffrage movement has lost ground in our community within five years, and the reason for this—apart from the unsavory performances of some of its leading champions—is simply that people see now, or think they see, that the distinction of sex is something more than a mere accident, and that enough importance has not been attributed to it in the discussion. Mrs. Fawcett, for example, treats the question just as if the sexual relation did not exist, and, by thus leaving out of consideration the most important element in the problem, has wholly failed to reach any satisfactory solution of it. Her argument is directed towards a phase of the controversy which lost all its importance long ago.

On this point we will borrow an illustration from a kindred subject of debate—education of the sexes in colleges. We noticed not long ago the sentimental names given to paths, etc., in the grounds of a very promising Western university. Now, it will take years of successful co-education in this institution to balance the discredit thrown upon the system in the eyes of thoughtful people by this deliberate naming of a path "Flirtation Walk." It was done, no doubt, as a harmless joke, but it is making real what the opponents of the experiment have all along urged—that co-education will bring together too inflammable material, and cannot but lead to mischief. All that is said and proved of the scholarship of the young ladies, and of their demeanor now while the experiment is new, has nothing to do with the real question any more than the intellectual equality of women and the courtesy shown them at the polls have to do with the question of female suffrage. It is this vulgar aspect of the movement, as we cannot but call it, illustrated by this unlucky path, that has disgusted many of its old friends; it seems to them that it is playing with edged tools. We express no opinion as to the weight that this argument ought to have; we simply say that it is on this point that the battle is at present waged, and that the champions of the reform in question must meet this issue squarely, if they would regain for their cause the ground it has lost.

As Mrs. Fawcett has missed the vital point of the Woman Question, just so her husband does not seem to us to go to the root of the even more important questions with which he deals in his opening papers. We can hardly say what is lacking; the papers are eminently clear, instructive, and judicious, and are a welcome contribution to the discussion. But we feel that after all he only touches the surface of "Modern Socialism," and that in regard to "State Intervention" we have valuable suggestions and discussions of detail, but no broad general principle. These two papers are the key to the first half of the volume, and although we may pronounce them inadequate on

* "Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects. By Henry Fawcett, M.P., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, and Millicent Garrett Fawcett." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872. 8vo, 368 pp.

general and theoretical grounds, they contain much of real value, and serve as a sufficient introduction to a series of admirable papers upon special economical points—Free Education, Pauperism, Hours of Labor, National Debts, and Agricultural Laborers; all but two of these are by Mr. Fawcett himself. These subjects are all treated from the point of view of Political Economy, and often contain conclusions differing from what we in this country are accustomed to regard as "radical." Mrs. Fawcett is opposed to free education, on the ground that it is the same in principle as relief to paupers—it is as much the parent's duty to provide his child with schooling as with food and clothing; if he cannot do the latter, he is called a pauper, and treated as such, why not if he cannot do the former? "As a rule, it is not the poverty but the self-indulgence of a parent which stands in the way of his child's education; this self-indulgence would be checked by making him pay the school pence; it would be encouraged by a system of free education" (p. 62).

The lecture upon "Regulation of the Hours of Labor by the State" is a very complete exposure of the fallacies of the movement, in the interest of the working-classes themselves. The author shows, by the example of the Newcastle strike, that they have it in their power to bring about all needed reform without any aid from the state. Mrs. Fawcett discusses the economic aspects of national debts from the experience of the several nations. And in the article entitled "What can be done for the Agricultural Laborer?" her husband shows that it is only from education that any real benefit can be expected for this class—that is, that any elevation of their condition must come from their own intelligence and self-restraint, and that nothing which can be done for them will have any lasting effect, except in so far as it acts upon their minds and characters. In a postscript to this paper we have a very interesting account of the agricultural laborers of Northumberland and one or two other northern counties, where this class is far more intelligent and much better off than in other parts of the kingdom.

The article (from the *British Quarterly*) upon "Pauperism, Charity, and the Poor-Law," is the most important, and, upon the whole, the most satisfactory of these special essays. Professor Fawcett has already pointed out, in treating of socialism, that the Poor-Law of Elizabeth, "which first gave to every Englishman a legal claim to maintenance," is "distinctly socialistic in its tendencies"; and the paper in question is an excellent account of the unfavorable workings of this law. Even here, however, something is wanting to the completeness of the discussion. When we are told (p. 95) that "England is the only country in which a man can claim maintenance as a legal right," we naturally expect some comparison of the practice of England with that of other countries, as well to illustrate and prove the statement as to show wherein other nations follow a better plan. Certainly it would seem that there was the same legal claim in this country; every person who cannot support himself necessarily "comes upon the town," and the "Law of Settlement" which Mr. Fawcett criticises does not appear to differ materially in principle from the New England law. And at any rate, however formally this legal right to a maintenance may be put in the English Poor-Law, the principle itself amounts merely to this, that if a person is perishing of want, the state will step in and save his life. It is very well to point out the socialistic tendencies and the disastrous effects of the law; but after all, would Mr. Fawcett say that the state should suffer its citizens to die of starvation in open day? We wish he had met the question, what is to be done with the very destitute when this right is abolished?—which he regards "as a more than probable contingency" (p. 84).

Following the seven economical papers above described, come Mrs. Fawcett's four papers upon female education and suffrage, two of which we have already spoken of. The two upon education are admirable and instructive papers—particularly instructive to us, as showing how different the problems are in England and America. We find it hard to understand the comical resistance made to the inspection of girls' schools (p. 190); our "female seminaries" are only too glad to attract visitors. In like manner, the characteristic faults of these schools, enumerated p. 192, hardly apply, we think, to American schools of the same class; our girls, on the contrary, receive a too narrow and severe education, and have too few accomplishments—we speak of them, of course, as a whole; not of fashionable schools. It is suggestive, too, to notice that co-education is not one of the reforms considered by Mrs. Fawcett.

The three political papers which finish the book are of less importance than those already described. Mr. Fawcett discusses the House of Lords, generally from the same point of view as Mr. Mill in his "Representative Government." He differs from Mr. Mill in thinking that the present House should not be taken as the basis of a reformed second chamber—from this he would wholly exclude the hereditary character. Lastly come two papers by Mrs. Fawcett, reviewing Mr. Stern's book on "Representative Government," and describing Mr. Hare's plan of personal representation. It is not agreeable, by the way, although it is no more than we deserve, to find that American politics are referred to far oftener by way of warning than of example, as in this review of Mr. Stern, and in speaking of the Maine Liquor Law.

We will call attention to two special arguments on the Woman's Rights question where the author has failed to meet the point. When it is objected that women ought not to vote because they cannot be soldiers, this is not making the suffrage "rest on a military basis," but simply assuming that those only, as a class, shall govern who have the physical power to enforce their decrees. Again, when Mrs. Fawcett urges that at present women suffer from "class legislation," she is using an argument which is almost without weight in this country, and is rapidly losing its importance in England. The present generation is chivalrously eager to redress grievances and to establish equality. It takes time to do this, and it is better that it should; but it is a fact that when a grievance in respect to equality is once pointed out, it is sure of speedy attention. In some States of the Union women have an advantage over men in respect to property; their property is not liable for their husbands debts, but their husbands' are responsible for theirs. Just so a vigorous effort is making to gain admittance for girls to Harvard and Yale, but nobody proposes to admit young men to Vassar.

The value of these discussions to American readers will be found to be rather in the instruction they give as to English problems than the light they throw upon our own. All the leading economical questions which now disturb English society are here admirably stated and argued in a very candid tone, but with very positive convictions, and there are abundant statistics and detailed facts to support the argument. Much of the argument is of direct application to American society; but most of it, being the consideration of special questions in the light of general economical laws, has reference to problems and dangers which at present we do not feel.

A GERMAN CRITIC ON AMERICAN PHILOLOGISTS.*

THE great magazine of Germany, and of the world, for the comparative study of languages, enters with this number on a new series. Twenty-one years ago, it began with a little circle of contributors and subscribers. The philologists of the old school were still distrustful of the study and kept aloof from the new periodical; but there was a rapid growth of interest in the science. In a few years the same editors began a similar magazine for the Arian, Celtic, and Slavic languages; and now devotion to these studies has spread to the schools and the text-books of grammar, and modified the whole system of instruction in languages in Germany, America, and, more or less, the whole world. The twenty volumes already published have been most powerful aids in this progress. They are made up mostly of important original contributions or of fruitful criticism. No important book on these subjects is published without indebtedness to it; indeed, the constant references to it in German works make it almost as necessary to a student as Webster's Dictionary is said to be. A complete set is a treasure to be eagerly grasped, as the early numbers can no longer be had. A general index is to be completed this year. It has no equal or rival in its own sphere. It has always kept an open eye on America, and has had appreciative notices of the labors of our scholars.

The present number has two articles mainly devoted to Americans. The first is "Corrections," by Misteli, called forth by remarks on his theory of accent by Prof. Whitney, published in the "Transactions of the American Philological Association, 1869–70." Misteli corrects Prof. Whitney's suggestion that he is an Italian; otherwise, he differs mainly in maintaining that he never did differ, so far as he knew; and he presents his thanks very cordially to the illustrious editor of the Atharvaveda.

The other article is a review of Prof. March's "Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon," by Moritz Heyne, known to all students of such matters by his "Brief Comparative Grammar of the Old German Dialects," and his admirable editions of Beowulf, the Heliand, and Ulphilas. He begins by saying that there is little study of Anglo-Saxon in England, but it flourishes in America. In the higher schools of the northeastern part of the United States it is pretty universally taught; and it is taught in a manner thoroughly scientific, and at the height of our best and latest grammatical knowledge, making in this also a complete contrast to England, where they issued Thorpe's grammar as late as 1865, Heyne himself, it might have been added, seeing it through the press. This somewhat overstates the universality of Anglo-Saxon study among us. Eminent as is the professor in this branch at Harvard, it is there, as well as in the Sheffield School, an optional

* "Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung auf dem Gebiete des Deutschen, Griechischen und Lateinischen, unter Mitwirkung von Dr. Ernst W. A. Kuhn, herausgegeben von Dr. Adalbert Kuhn, Professor und Director des Köllnischen Gymnasiums zu Berlin. Band XXI." Neue Folge, Band 1, Erstes Heft. Berlin, 1872.

study, and very few students take it, while elsewhere in New England it hardly gets into the catalogue, much less into the recitation-room of any college. The University of Virginia may justly claim to have been our centre of Anglo-Saxon study. President Jefferson established it there, and it has generally been one of the most popular courses, the classes often counting by the hundred. Just now, Pennsylvania, perhaps, best deserves Heyne's praise. There are more students of Anglo-Saxon at Lafayette College than in all New England; so there are at Jefferson, and perhaps at Gettysburg and Haverford. But possibly Heyne includes Pennsylvania and Virginia in the northeastern part of the United States.

As to March's grammar, he doubts whether so much and such comparative matter as it contains is desirable in the grammar of a single speech; he fears it may embarrass and mislead beginners. It may be said in reply that this grammar is not meant for children, but mainly for students well advanced in a college course, who know something of the comparative grammar of Greek, Latin, English, and German. After a student has learned one speech scientifically, he can never learn another with satisfaction without knowing the relations of everything he learns. A child may memorize mathematics at first, but as soon as he has understood anything, he relucts at every attempt to cram him. In America, even grammars for beginners are bringing in comparative matter. Within the last year or so Goodwin, Crosby, Allen and Greenough have used it successfully. It may also be said that the best way to study comparative grammar is in connection with some particular speech, where its laws can be continually applied to particular words. General lectures on such a subject amount to little. March's grammar is plainly intended for such study.

A further criticism is that rules are often given instead of laws of speech. Thus the rule for accent is given that it falls on the first syllable, instead of the law that it falls on the root syllable; old-fashioned lists of objects are given under gender; the paradigms are filled up to the full number of cases used in syntax, although the same form is found in two cases; the three persons of the verb are given in the plural, though they are all alike; the classification of irregular nouns and verbs is that of the old grammars. The fact that the laws are fully stated in the grammar as well as these rules, might not be suggested to Heyne's readers. But the principles of accentuation are fully given and compared with those of other tongues; the gender lists might have suggested the third volume of Grimm's grammar as well as school couplets; and as to filling up paradigms, there is nothing which working teachers more find fault with in a grammar than the absence of a full exhibition in this tabular way of the syntactical uses of words. That there may be nobody misled by it, a statement of the etymological facts faces the paradigms all the way through the grammar. Heyne specifies the instrumental case as in general too often given, and that in *ŷ* or *î* as not given. He perhaps overlooked the statement which yet is given in the largest print in the general caption, "The instrumentals are etymologically datives except *-é, -ŷ*." He says the adjective has no instrumental, but he has found that out since his grammar was published, and what he says about it in his new edition to which he refers is by no means conclusive. He admits that besides the common form in *-um*, there is another in *-e* which is not uncommon, and is usually found used as an instrumental. But he thinks he has found examples of it in the dative. The only one he gives is *forgifath gif ge hwät ágén aenige habbath*—forgive if ye have aught against any—which he quotes as from Matthew xi. 25. Now there is no such passage in Matthew; it comes from Mark. And the *aenige*, which he says is a dative for *aenigum*, is a mere printer's blunder for *aenigne*, the regular accusative after *ágén* ("March's Grammar," § 341), and corresponding to the Latin accusative *aliquem*, which it translates. Heyne doubtless took it from Thorpe; but the reading is *aenigne* in Marshall's edition, from which Thorpe's was printed, as well as in Bosworth's and in all the MSS. as given in Skeat. That the Friesic has a dative in *-e* is of some weight, but the old Saxon instrumental and the Anglo-Saxon adverbial forms in *-e* are strong on the other side, and a more cautious induction is plainly needed.

The explanation in the grammar of the persons of the plural should not be called *quite casual (rein beilaufig)*, quite the contrary; it is in due course, an essential part of the plan of the book.

Two things Heyne mentions as not up to the height of the latest investigations, the exposition of Grimm's law, and the statement that in Teutonic the adjective follows the pronominal declension. As to Grimm's law, there is in the grammar, besides the current German statements, which are admitted to leave the problem unsolved, another hypothesis, which we leave to its fate. But the trouble about the adjective seems to be merely a misinterpretation of an incautious expression. The definite and indefinite declensions are treated separately, and this expression is part of the discussion of the indefinite form and intended to apply to that only, as may be seen by looking at the explanation of the other form. But since it has misled a Heyne, it certainly ought to be made more precise. He remarks on the brevity of the derivation and prosody. His statement that the comparative method is given up in the syntax might mislead. The attempt to carry that method through and exhibit the syntactical relations of Teutonic, Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit is made with much labor, if with no very imposing results.

And now, having given Heyne's criticisms in the way of correction, it should also be said that he speaks of the grammar as containing wide-reaching, original investigations, based on great erudition in the Anglo-Saxon texts, andover and, above combining the results already won, as making its own contribution to the deeper knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon and the general German grammar. He especially commends the lists of verbs, the syntax, and the prosody.

ENGLISH LAWS OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.*

THE English divorce act which went into effect in January, 1858, transferred nearly all the jurisdiction which had been exercised during and since the Catholic age by ecclesiastical courts and persons to a new court, consisting of a judge of a probate court which had just before been created, of the Lord Chancellor, and of the chief judges, together with the three senior puisne judges of the common law courts. The judge of probate is called the Judge Ordinary of the Court of Divorce, and by the original law (20 and 21 Vict., c. 85) needed that two judges of the Superior Courts should sit with him; but by a subsequent amendment of the law was invested with all the powers and authority of the court in the first instance, unless he chose to call for the assistance of one other judge. The full court now sits only for the purpose of hearing certain appeals, and, by an amendment of the law, all the judges of the three common law courts belong to it. The great feature of this new tribunal is that not only most of the powers of the old courts ecclesiastical are transferred to it, but that it has also the power to dissolve marriages in cases of adultery—a power which formerly belonged to Parliament alone, and was very rarely exercised. With these changes, the old suit of a husband for *crim. con.* became in name extinct. The divorce law, however, allows a husband, either in a petition for judicial separation—for so the old suits for divorce *a mensâ et toro* are now called—or for dissolution of marriage, or "in a petition limited to such an object only, to claim damages from any person on the ground of his having committed adultery with the wife of the petitioner," etc.; but we are informed by Mr. Browning that damages are now never claimed from an adulterer except in suits for dissolution of marriage. The right of limited petition is thus practically found to be useless.

The English divorce law is framed upon the principle that the wife's adultery is a greater social evil than that of the husband. Hence, while her crime, if proved, involves dissolution of marriage, his wrong, in order to have that effect, and to go beyond judicial separation merely, must be more than simple adultery: he must have committed "incestuous adultery, or bigamy with adultery; or rape, sodomy, or bestiality; or adultery, coupled with such cruelty as of itself would have entitled the wife to divorce *a mensâ et toro*, or adultery coupled with desertion, without reasonable excuse, for two years and upwards." On the other hand, the Roman definition of this crime, making it to consist in illicit intercourse with a woman in a state of matrimony, has not entered into the English law.

Either of the parties in the suits before this court of divorce may ask that questions of fact be tried by the court or by a special or common jury; but the court is not obliged to grant a jury on such request, except in suits for dissolution of marriage. Cases of nullity of marriage, on account of their peculiar nature, are usually tried by the judge in his chamber; but he must hear suits for dissolution in open court.

In these suits for dissolution, the party who is alleged to have been a partaker in the wrong with the respondent is joined—except in peculiar cases—with her or him, and is called the co-respondent. If the respondent is a wife, and the suit goes against her, the co-respondent may be condemned to pay the costs, and at the same time a claim for damages may be brought against him by the injured husband.

By an act of 1869, known as the "Evidence Further Amendment Act," the parties to any proceeding instituted in consequence of adultery, together with the husbands and wives of such parties, are made competent to give evidence. But no witness, whether party to the suit or not, "shall be liable to be asked, or be bound to answer, any questions leading to his or her guilt, unless such witness shall have already given evidence in the same proceeding in disproof of his or her alleged adultery." By a decision of the court, the charges against a husband ought not to rest on the unsupported testimony of the woman with whom the crime is alleged to have been committed,

* "An Exposition of the Laws of Marriage and Divorce as administered in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, with the Method of Procedure in each kind of Suit. Illustrated by Copious Notes of Cases. By Ernst Browning, of the Inner Temple." London: W. Ridgeway. 1872.

especially if she is a person of loose character. In one instance the court dismissed the petition, on the ground that the evidence was of this description, without entering into the case at all.

We pass by many things of interest in the clear and succinct chapters of Mr. Browning's valuable work relating to the marriage laws of England and the conflict of marriage laws; to suits for dissolution of marriage and for separation, and to defences in such suits; to suits for decrees of nullity and for restitution of conjugal rights; to alimony and damages; to the effect of dissolution on settlements of property; to the custody of children; and to appeals, whether to a full court or to the House of Lords. We can only notice two particulars. The first of these is, that the original divorce act authorized the court, in cases of divorce and of judicial separation, if it were made to appear that the wife, being the guilty party, was entitled to any property in possession or in reversion, to order such settlement of it, or of any part of it, for the benefit of the innocent party and of the children of the marriage, as it should judge best. The court having held that, under the powers granted to it by this act, it could not touch marriage settlements, the authority to do this was conferred by a subsidiary act passed two years afterwards. This is noticeable as almost the only provision of the law which has a moral aspect and looks as if it were intended for the punishment of the guilty party. But the true explanation of it must be, as we think, that the innocent party who had enjoyed advantage, or had expectation of advantage from the other, ought not to be injured by her fault. Thus the law throughout keeps to a cold regard for the civil rights of the parties, and to those alone.

The other point which we wish to notice is this: that by the act in its original form a decree of dissolution took effect as soon as it was pronounced, subject only to an appeal to the House of Lords. But by a statute of 23 and 24 Vict., c. 144, every decree for divorce was made a decree *nisi*, and could not become *absolute* until after the expiration of three months. This period of suspense was extended to six months by 29 Vict., c. 32, s. 3. Or, in other words, the decree was to stand unless within this interval the Queen's proctor, or some other person, could show that it had been obtained by collusion, or that material facts had not been brought into court. Such intervention by persons other than the proctor has been, as Mr. Browning remarks, rare, and is not encouraging. The right of appeal lies to a full court within three months after the judge ordinary has pronounced his decision, and then, within one month, an appeal may be made from the decree absolute to the House of Lords. When these terms shall have expired and a marriage is dissolved, it is lawful for both parties to marry again immediately. In an undefended suit, both petitioner and respondent may marry again after the decree is made absolute.

We have no materials for judging whether the new English divorce law meets the wants of legislation in all respects, and whether, as in some of the United States and other Protestant communities, the door, once opened, may not be opened wider and wider, until almost every serious cause of difference between married parties will be made a ground of dissolution of marriage, and divorces be greatly multiplied by the temptations suggested by the law itself. The liberty conceded to both the parties to marry again as soon as divorce is decreed on account of the crime of one of them, is questionable on moral grounds, we must be permitted to think; it tempts to the commission of a grave moral offence; it places the innocent and the guilty on the same level; it gives one who has entered a family to destroy its peace the opportunity by his crime of forming a legally honorable connection with the partner in his guilt; and in more ways than one it weakens the feeling of the sanctity of marriage which is necessary for the maintenance of all the great interests of society.

Princeton College during the Eighteenth Century. By Samuel Davies Alexander, an Alumnus. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1872.)—We must offer an apology for delay in noticing this valuable and highly instructive work—the fruit of patient and loving labor sure of not being rewarded beyond its deserts, and which cannot, therefore, be too early or too widely made known for public appreciation. Mr. Alexander has succeeded in tracing more or less fully the post-graduate careers of 646 out of 894 alumni of Princeton from the year 1748 to the close of the century. The several classes are taken up in their order, and the members of each noticed alphabetically, but of those concerning whom the compiler has failed to obtain any information not even the names are mentioned, which we cannot but regret. To have inserted them in their proper places would have facilitated rendering that assistance which the compiler craves in preparing a supplement to embrace them; and it would have left the work complete even in its incompleteness. However, the biographies are very attractively written, being interspersed with anecdotes personal and historical, which make continuous reading by no means difficult. Some of the best of these are told of clergymen. Bishop Clagget (1764), for instance, who had a fancy for wearing his mitre on state occasions, was to officiate at the consecration of a church in Alexandria:

"Putting on his robes and his mitre at some distance from the church, he had to go along the street to reach it. This attracted the attention of a number of boys and others, who ran after and alongside of him, admiring his peculiar dress and gigantic stature. His voice was as extraordinary for strength and ungovernableness as was his stature for size, and as he entered the door of the church where the people were in silence awaiting, and the first words of the service burst forth from his lips in his most peculiar manner, a young lady, turning around suddenly and seeing his huge form and uncommon appearance, was so convulsed that she was obliged to be taken out of the house."

Azariah Horton (1770) was the son of a minister of the same name, of South Hanover (now Madison), New Jersey, part of whose will read: "and my further wish is that my negro wench Phillis, and her two sons, Pompey and Pizarro, be sold, the money arising from the sale to be equally divided between my wife and son Foster and daughter Hannah." To the certificate of church membership which James Crawford (1777) received from his pastor, Rev. John Craighead, the year of his graduation, were added these words: "And also he appears well affected to the cause of American liberty." This incident, as Mr. Alexander points out, is an evidence (by no means solitary) of the political preferences of the Presbyterian clergy during the Revolution, and it must be added that in their patriotic leaning they had the support of nearly every Princeton graduate of the time. Among these are to be found names of all degrees of greatness and renown in our national history, and a gratifying number of examples of what Mr. Galton would call "hereditary genius." Richard Stockton, Joseph Reed, Benjamin and Richard Rush, Oliver Ellsworth, Luther Martin, Philip Freneau, James Madison, Aaron Burr, Brockholst and Edward Livingston, are some of the more eminent alumni with whom this generation is familiar; but Princeton had also trained the teachers of Madison and Burr and Hamilton and Wirt. Indeed, it is hard to say if the obscurer names in the catalogue should not stand for even higher services to the country than the most famous. No one of us could name the founders of Dartmouth, Brown, Union, Hamilton, Dickinson—all Princeton graduates; or of the dozen other colleges that Mr. Alexander enumerates in his preface which they either founded or revived. Yet if we consider the formation of the Union to have been the work of a hundred years, ending with the surrender of Lee and Johnston, and if it is true that the schoolmaster carried the day at Gettysburg and Appomattox, these nameless pioneers of the higher education had a part not less noble than that of the framers of the Constitution and the heroes of the Revolution. Certainly they have an equal claim on the remembrance of their Alma Mater.

We presume Mr. Alexander will feel obliged to us for pointing out a few errata which lie mostly on the surface. Page 39: *Sabin's* "Loyalists" should be Sabine's. Page 54: "Shipping" should read Shippen, and "1749" should read 1754, as will be seen by reference to page 33. Page 66: the date of Dr. Benjamin Rush's death is not given, but as this omission occurs elsewhere where it would seem to have been not difficult to supply it, it may be intentional. Page 316: the sketch of Jacob Lindly would have been improved and corrected by reference to Walker's "History of Athens County, Ohio," p. 253. Walker's notice is in error in giving the year of his graduation at Princeton, but it is probably correct in stating that he became president of the Ohio University in 1808 (instead of 1804) and that he died (Jan. 29) 1857 instead of 1856. Walker, by the way, uniformly spells the name Lindley.

Studies in the English of Bunyan. By J. B. Grier. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—Mr. Grier is a tutor in rhetoric in the college at Easton, Pennsylvania, and this volume informs us of his method in the class-room at the same time that it makes a book having a much wider interest than the common run of text-books. "As I walked through the wilderness of this world," says Bunyan, "I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream." Any plan of teaching rhetoric and composition which should set the young men, or the young women either, to the careful studying, sentence by sentence and word by word, of a style such as that, would seem to be a good plan. This is what Mr. Grier has endeavored to do. Taking as his text a few pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress," he divides them into very short portions, and the class being assembled he first calls for the parsing of the sentence, making the pupil find the "predicative combination which is the framework of the sentence"; and what the predicative combination may be, is taught to the benighted boy by a chapter or two of appendix which is adapted from Fowler's English Grammar. The "pre-

dicative combination" and then to the "subject" and "predicate" are fitted the "adverbial combination"—or "adverbial element," as it used to be called in the days of "Greene's Analysis"—the "adjective combination," and so on, after which comes the rest of the grammatical analysis, to show whether the sentence is confused, or complex, or simple. When this is done it is in order to make an etymological review of the sentence, and after the grammatical review and the etymological are concluded a rhetorical analysis follows. A lesson in some good grammar accompanies the instruction in Bunyan. This may seem like elementary instruction for a college; but we doubt if there are many colleges the world over where English is spoken in which instruction quite as elementary would not be exceedingly useful. And outside of colleges the case is of course worse. What senators or representatives write good English? How many large manufacturers aspiring to become governors of States can send neatly and well-expressed replies, to say nothing of grammatical and well-spelled replies, to their business correspondents? How many, indeed, of us whose business it is to write do it decently? We suppose Briareus could count on his fingers all the editors and tutors in English who could sit down to-morrow morning and write like this:

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, What shall I do?"

Of the state of things inside of the colleges a witness competent to speak of a college which is among the six or seven best in this country speaks as follows. The University of Michigan is the institution in question, Professor M. C. Tyler being our authority:

"There is a stateliness in the name University which is apt to impose upon us with the beautiful hallucination that because a person is inside of so august an establishment, he must certainly be a master of these rudimental and alphabetic subjects. But this is a sphere in which all illusions are barriers to improvement; and I can think of no better way in which to inform my fellow-teachers of the real condition of English culture among our students, than to give them some samples of the orthographic curiosities which I collect from week to week in the essays and speeches which are laid upon my desk. Here are a few gems which I found glittering in essays written by Sophomores: 'axidental,' 'wrot iron,' 'meny,' 'scientiffic,' 'tital,' 'imoral creachers,' 'oppertunities,' 'lucretive,' 'merchantile,' 'the vast pararies of the west,' 'togather,' 'togeather,' 'has to pas,' 'perhapse.' I assure my readers that though the above specimens are gems, they are by no means rarities with us. Indeed, the fields referred to are so rich in this form of treasure, that in almost any batch of a dozen essays brought in for examination, I could promise to find jewels quite as many and quite as brilliant. One year I had the curiosity to see what I could collect of this kind from the speeches carefully prepared for Junior Exhibition by members of the classical section of the class, then in the third year of its course; and this was the luck I had: 'ageant,' 'unintelligable,' 'contrairy,' 'plausable,' 'Cipio Africanus,' 'clowd of darkness,' 'faverite.' I will add that the samples now given were taken from the writings of students who have been since graduated; but that the supply is still apparently as abundant as ever.

"What have we a right to infer, with reference to the state of English culture in the University, from the fact that in every dozen essays written by our students can be found so many and such gross examples of ignorance and neglect? May we not conclude that, if the students are capable of such outlandish pranks in spelling, they will be equally heedless in the choice and combination of words, in pronunciation, and in the mechanical execution of manuscript? If it were necessary, I could support the implication which this question suggests by documentary evidence that would be simply overwhelming."

These no doubt are specimens of the English of the lowest quarter of the junior classes of students in a college of wide range. But defective grammar and bad rhetoric are not exceptional in universities of higher rank than that at Ann Arbor. On the other hand, it is of course true that ninety-nine in a hundred of our good writers are bred at the universities. It is because we think this plan of Mr. Grier's a means of breeding more of them that we are glad to call attention to its merits. It is not complete; there are things to be learned in regard to good writing which the Elston tinker did not know, and which, if he had known, he would not have used in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan is a good writer; so, too, is De Quincey a good writer; and while Bunyan was tagging laces in Bedford jail, Milton was writing in an English style which will be of equal date with his great contemporary's. But hardly anything could be better practice than this minute and thorough study of such English as Bunyan's.

As regards the execution of Mr. Grier's plan, it is no doubt to be remembered that this little volume does not present it in its fulness; and that even though we should have here every word of comment, the instructor who should propose to use it would not the less be compelled to fill out the details of it from his own resources, and would necessarily depart from his model. We should not agree with all of Mr. Grier's rhetorical remarks, and, perhaps, neither his instruction nor ours would, in the long run, be the worse for the difference, though we should doubtless prefer our own. And, moreover, we should disagree with some of his philology, the chasm becoming widest, perhaps, at the fourth and fifth lines of page 118, if we get the author's sense.

A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges, founded on Comparative Grammar. By Joseph H. Allen and James B. Greenough. (Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1872.)—The reaction against the full and minute Latin Grammar of Andrews and Stoddard, or rather against the vicious manner in which that manual has been used in certain quarters, produced some four years ago the little work of Messrs. W. F. & J. H. Allen. But this fell into the opposite extreme of excessive brevity. It did not even contain a full exhibition of the paradigms. Its successive editions, however, which followed each other with quick rapidity, embodied many additions to meet the demands of practical teachers, and these improvements, with the real merit and value of the work, secured for it a wide and growing popularity. The grammar before us is not called, and perhaps ought not to be called, an enlarged edition of the Messrs. Allen's little Manual. Still, Mr. J. H. Allen is one of the joint authors of each of these works, and they are still further identified by having, in the main, the same arrangements of subjects, the same numbering of the successive sections, and, to a considerable extent, even the same phraseology. But we do not find any reference whatever in the later to the earlier work. This may be owing to the very great differences which nevertheless appear between the two. To speak of nothing else, the new grammar contains twice as much material as the old, and this is brought in without any sacrifice of lucidity, and without the introduction of any subjects which should have been omitted. This, of course, greatly increases the value of the book, for it still covers only two hundred and fifty pages, and ought, so far as its size is concerned, to escape the condemnation of those who stand in chronic dread of voluminous Latin grammars. But we think it sufficiently large and complete to answer all the ordinary demands of students of Latin, whether in preparatory schools or in college. We have, to a limited extent, tested the claims set forth in the preface so far as the rules and principles of syntax are concerned, and in each case have found our demand satisfactorily met.

The general methods of the work show sound judgment, and will commend themselves to good and enterprising teachers; for while the authors have not been led by their familiarity with the most advanced linguistic scholarship to depart from the simplicity of their task, they have at the same time made this new grammar peculiarly useful by giving just enough glimpses into the growing field of comparative philology to awaken the curiosity and engage the interest of such boys as give promise of developing any natural aptitude for broad linguistic studies. The substantial contributions to Latin Grammar gathered from this field are used without parade, and in a way to occasion no perplexity to teacher or learner.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Alvergnat (V.), Modern Class-Book of French Pronunciation.	(Schoenhof & Moeller)
Bastian (Dr. H. C.), The Beginnings of Life, 2 vols.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Baumgarten (M.), Der Protestantismus in Deutschen Reich, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Blackmore (R. D.), Clara Vaughan	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Bluntschli (J. C.), Rom und die Deutschen, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Boise (Prof. J. R.) and Freeman (Prof. J. C.), Selections from various Greek Authors	(S. C. Griggs & Co.) 2 00
Boise (Prof. J. R.) and Jones (E.), Exercises in Greek Prose Composition	(S. C. Griggs & Co.) 1 25
Braddon (M. E.), Robert Ainsleigh, 2 vols.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Buchenau (Prof. Dr. F.), Ueber Petroleum, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Brassey (T.), Work and Wages, practically illustrated	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Campbell (Rev. C. D. N.), Sermons	(Hurd & Houghton) $1 50
Cooper (J. F.), The Pioneers, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 75
De Mille (Prof. J.), Picked Up Adrift	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Derrick (P.), Olive Varcoe: a Tale, swd	(A. K. Loring) 0 50
Egg eston (E.), The End of the World: a Tale	(Orange Judd & Co.)
Eggleston (G. C.), How to Educate Yourself	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 0 75
General Index to Fourteen Popular Treatises on Natural Philosophy.	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Gilman (Mrs. C.) and Jervey (Mrs. C. H.), Stories and Poems	(Lee & Shepard) 1 75
John (Rev. S.), Oriental Religions	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 5 00
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Mayo (Dr. W. S.) Kaloolah	" " " 1 75
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New York Illustrated, new ed., swd.	" " " 0 50
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Reid (C.), Ebb-Tide, and Other Stories	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Rogers (Prof. J. E. T.), Social Economy	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 0 75
Skinner (O.), The Issues of American Politics	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Stone (W. L.), History of the City of New York	(Virtue & Yorston)
Walford (E.), Juvenal	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 00
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1872.

The Week.

THE only noteworthy contribution to the literature of the campaign made during the week, has been a speech of Mr. C. F. Adams, jun., at Quincy, Mass., in which he, as one of the originators of the Cincinnati movement, explains why he was disappointed in it, what he intends to do under existing circumstances, and what he looks for as the result of the present muddle. The reasons of his disappointment have been so frequently set forth in these columns that we need not reproduce them. What is most important in Mr. Adams's address is his strong expression of the hope and belief, in both of which we share, that the Greeley movement is likely to make the way far plainer for real and honest reformers four years hence than it could possibly have been this year, even if the Cincinnati Convention had done what was expected of it. Perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of any real change for the better in the matter of nominations was the avowed faith of most of the politicians that it was not only still possible to have a "hard-cider and log-cabin" campaign, and that it was possible to sing and cheer any picturesque old "champion" into the White House, without reference to his mind, manners, or antecedents, but that this was the only possible way of beating Grant. This delusion, as Mr. Adams points out, the Greeley canvass has thoroughly exploded. It is well known that the Greeley type of man has not gained but lost in public opinion, and that when reform is attempted hereafter it must be attempted with the heaviest mental and moral metal the reformers can command. As a striking illustration of this, Mr. Adams called attention to the fact that the one man in America who has made a deep impression on the political mind of the country—made a real reputation, in short—during the last ten years, is a man of facts, figures, and arguments—Mr. D. A. Wells. Of this all old "war-horses" and "champions" would do well to take note.

The Springfield *Republican* has announced this week that "the essence and the basis and the hope of the Liberal movement are found in the principles of the Christian religion," and that "the Cincinnati platform is the outgrowth of the Sermon on the Mount." This information will take a good many people by surprise, and, if true, ought certainly to have been communicated to the public at an earlier period in the canvass, for very few, if any, have even suspected anything of the kind since Mr. Greeley's nomination. In the first place, it is rather odd that a body pious enough to take the Sermon on the Mount for its platform should have planted on it, as a candidate, the most obstreperous old "war-horse" and one of the wildest and most unscrupulous vituperators the country contains; and, in the second place, people find it hard to believe that a movement has "its essence and basis and hope in the Christian religion" of which one of the first effects has been to set hundreds of newspapers and hundreds of orators lying and equivocating for its defence and propagation. There is no Democratic orator or Democratic editor now in the field for Greeley who does not in his heart despise and dislike Greeley, and yet he is daily engaged in trying to persuade his countrymen that Greeley is a great statesman and an able and honest man. The fact is, if we are going to take a theological view of the matter, it must be admitted that no movement in American history has set in motion so much of the devil's machinery, is doing so much of the devil's work, or is in all its methods so hostile to the principles which lie at the basis of Christianity. In saying this, too, we have the pro-slavery movement in our mind. Slaveholders were honest men. They believed what they preached, and showed, when the occasion came, that they knew how to die for it; but you, Greeleyite brethren, do not, even one-half of you, believe what you say about Greeley. You know he is not what you represent him to be; in other words, you are engaged in a game of imposture on a gigantic scale; and to talk of Christianity in connection with your movement, or your "hopes," or your "essence," or your "basis," is to blaspheme it. Christianity is a religion of love, but it is also a religion of truth. It commands men to forgive their enemies, but it also commands them to stop lying and deceiving.

The *Christian Union* has been making enquiries as to the levying of assessments for political purposes in the Custom-house of this city, and has satisfied itself that nothing of the kind is now done. Some slight voluntary contributions are made, but this is all. We are very glad to hear this, and hope that the same thing may be said of other custom-houses; but the civil service will never be reformed in this particular until there is an absolute cessation of the forwarding of circulars soliciting contributions from office-holders, signed by persons high in authority. Requests of this kind are apt to be regarded as commands, or at all events are apt to intimidate subordinates. In fact, the collector of this and every other port ought to *keep out of politics*. The real collector does, and we propose that the political collector should either do the same thing, or else go into some other calling. If he merely voted, he would be no worse off than the rest of the community, and the community would be much better off. We also must express our dislike for the cant we hear about office-holders on small salaries "wishing" to subscribe to campaign funds. They wish nothing of the kind. Persons of the same means in other walks of life never think of such a thing; they want the money for their families; and Federal officers on $1,500 a year ought to be encouraged by their superiors *not* to give money for campaign purposes, but to keep it for the clothing and education of their children, and for their own washerwomen. It is a ridiculous and shameful thing for a man in this position to give $25 to help to secure the valuable services of a Banks or a Butler or a Fenton for the American nation.

Both Democrats and Assistant Democrats—as some one has happily named the Greeley Republicans—were naturally much depressed just after the New England elections. Vain sacrifices on the part of the one, and very vain boasting on the part of the other, seemed to be proved by the results of the coalition in Vermont and Maine. During the three or four weeks since then, however, they have taken heart of grace again, and are now working and waiting in the professed hope that they are to carry Pennsylvania almost certainly, Ohio probably, and Indiana probably—in fact certainly, if anything is certain in politics, and by a decided majority. The grounds of this confidence are not unplausible. Indiana, after having gone Republican for some years by steadily decreasing majorities, went Democratic at the last election; Mr. Hendricks, known as an able man, respected for his ability, and in training as a party candidate for the Presidency, is running for governor; a Republican leader formerly influential, Mr. Julian, is a prominent Greeleyite. As for Ohio, it was the seat of the original Cincinnati movement—a movement of men impressed with the belief that the Republican party ought to be put out of the way; it is the home of many thousands of German voters who are opposed to Grant; the Republican majority in Ohio has been fluctuating, and once of late years has been a minus quantity. As regards Pennsylvania, we confess ourselves unable to get or give a succinct and reliable account of the true state of the case there. Of the hundred or two of men who could explain the precise nature of this Cameron-Curtin-McClure-Hartranft coil, with its railroad radiations and Washington-lobby connections, not one but is engaged up to the eyes in the active fight on the one side and the other, and the truth is not to be had or expected from any one of them. We certainly cannot give it our

readers, and we, as having had experience, advise them to give up the attempt of learning it from the newspapers. Somewhere or other there must be some tremendous and persistent lying going on, and we grope in the dark after Forney's motives, Curtin's motives, Yerkes's or Geary's motives, Cameron's relations with Hartranft, and a dozen other things necessary to be known before a just estimate of causes and results can be made. We do not, however, so far as we can see, find reason to believe the Greeley prophecy that Hartranft is to be defeated; on the contrary, it appears to us that he will be elected; and that in any case the other results of the election will be such as to leave it beyond doubt that it is with him personally and his managers in the State canvass that dissatisfaction exists, and not with the general record of the Republican party. The pardoning of Yerkes, in order, as it would seem, and as is alleged, to enable him to make an electioneering affidavit, was one of those things which it is impossible to characterize in moderate language, no matter what the merits of his story may be.

Among the few things certain in the perplexing canvass in Pennsylvania we may count these: Mr. George H. Stuart, the eminent Philadelphia merchant, and a man of great consideration in that community, and of weight in the religious world, is one of many business-men who certify that, after careful examination of the wilderness of charges brought against Hartranft, they find him blameless, and advise his election. Mr. Forney, whose singular course is not the least of the anomalies of the campaign, is a self-confessed beneficiary of the Evans corruption fund. Governor Curtin, in his speech at his home in Bellefonte, said that against General Hartranft he had nothing to say except that he allowed himself to seek the governorship under the auspices of the Cameron ring—and the Cameron ring is not the Curtin ring we must recollect, but its victorious enemy. These things, together with the enthusiastic endorsement of Hartranft by his companions-in-arms, all of whom appear to think very well of him as a soldier, have inclined us to think him a calumniated man. At the same time, it will require a more decisively favorable result of the election than we are now expecting to make us think his nomination other than unfortunate. Such, too, seems to be the opinion generally among Republicans outside of Pennsylvania. These latter, however, may be presumed to know their own business tolerably well, and for anything that can now be said, and proved, he may be the strongest candidate that could be put up. Very possibly the disruption of the party in Pennsylvania may be just like the disruption here—one which simply could not be healed, and one of the parties to which had to be exterminated. Tuesday will show what is the truth of the matter.

Meantime, to go on with the things certain in the Pennsylvania canvass, about 13,000 colored votes will be cast in Pennsylvania for the first time in a gubernatorial election, and these, it is reasonable to expect, will be solidly for the Republican candidates in October as in November. Then the campaign work has been done with great skill and energy on the Republican side—speakers, torches, music, and documents being applied systematically and without stint, bolting encouraged, labor-reform tickets set up, and all sorts of bargaining and every kind of persuading being used by masters of the art. It is very difficult to believe that, under these circumstances, the Democracy, led by Mr. Buckalew, are going to succeed, and, as we suppose, they will not. Indiana appears more doubtful, and we confess we should not be distressed were it to be the result of the election that Mr. Morton is dropped out of the Senate. The exacerbations caused by him and Mr. Conkling have been as influential as anything else in making this contest so hard a one, and in offering the unterrified Democracy with the South leading it one more chance to open a record which ought to be closed. We hope the party, when it turns over its new leaf, will bear both these gentlemen in mind.

Dr. Ayer, the well-known Massachusetts advertising physician, has acquired a fortune by the sale of his pills, and has become ambitious. For some time he has been busy, if his neighborhood papers tell the truth, in "laying pipe," "pulling wires," "seeing" people, "log-rolling," "working," "hiring workers," and otherwise exerting himself after the approved methods in procuring from the caucus or district convention of the Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts a nomination as Congressman, and there was fear that he would get it. This was undesirable, we are told, for two reasons: one was that he is not fit for the place, which certainly used to be a reason in Massachusetts; the other, that if he were elected there would be every probability that General B. F. Butler would count for at least two in the Massachusetts delegation instead of counting for one, the Doctor being understood to be the warm friend of the General, and the General being known not to be warm friends with the holy and the wise; nor with the unholy or the unwise either, unless he can make them serve his turn. There was a third reason which turned the scale against the industrious Doctor, when we fear the other two, excellent as they were, would have been unable to prevent the disgrace of the district, and that was, that not only is Dr. Ayer not a fit man for the place, and Mr. Butler a man whose influence should be diminished, but Judge E. R. Hoar consented to allow his name to be used as a candidate. The escape was a narrow one, the ex-Attorney-General beating Ayer by only ten votes. It is true that many of Ayer's delegates were pledged to him before Mr. Hoar had appeared as a candidate; but think of a delegate's being pledged to Ayer! Massachusetts is to be congratulated on this strengthening of her delegation. The loss of Banks and the gain of Hoar is indeed a gain.

The controversy raised by the late refusal of the Bank of Commerce and the City Bank to pay the certified checks to the Gould operators, has ended substantially in the approval of the course of the banks by public opinion, but they have acknowledged the illegality of their course by paying the amount of the checks with costs. An attempt was made to annul the transactions for which the checks were given, on the ground that the refusal of the banks constituted non-payment; but the Stock Exchange has ruled that where a certified check is given on a bank in good standing at the Clearing-House, and payment refused, "there is no such default as to authorize the closing of the contract under the rule," but any claim for damage sustained must be presented to the Arbitration Committee. The money market is still in a disturbed condition, as the banks are still short of money, and the "operators" are consequently occupied with daily raids on borrowers and holders of stocks. No great prospect of a change, for some weeks to come, is held out by any of the financial authorities. The demand for money at the South and West continues as strong as ever. On the other hand, the flow of foreign capital into the country is in no way abated, and seems likely to increase, in spite of the rise in the discount of the Bank of England. Two new loans are reported as having been effected in London, one of $5,000,000 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the other of $6,000,000 by the Alleghany Valley Road. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that the Geneva award will be paid "at once and without a murmur," and the *Economist* congratulates the British public on the fact that the payment comes in a lucky year, when there is probably a surplus in the revenue of $20,000,000.

The result of the last meeting of the International at the Hague is the disruption of that body, though the centralizers have nominally achieved a victory. The Association, as we have already explained in these columns, was originally intended to cover Europe with a great trades-union, which would secure to strikers in any one country the co-operation of their fellow-workmen in all others. When the organization was completed, the "General Council" was intended to be simply a means of intercommunication between the

local sections; but, as time rolled on, and politicians poured in, and the aims of the body became wider and higher, the Council began to assume authority over the sections; and at the Basle Congress a new rule was adopted, which gave the Council "the right of suspending any branch of the International until the next meeting of Congress." The branches have been kicking against this ever since the chiefs made common cause with the Paris Commune—the English, Belgians, Dutch, and Spaniards wishing to have nothing to do with politics, while the Germans and French, headed by Karl Marx, wish to have the association, above all things, political; and, instead of confining it to the discussion of wages and labor, to use it for the complete reorganization of society. On this issue the parties came into collision at the Hague, Marx and his friends gaining the upper hand, and securing increased power for the General Council. The sober-minded have accordingly seceded, and the General Council is to move for one year to New York, in order to be free from the suffocating influences of European despotism. The Congress at the Hague has as usual been mainly composed of men who have hardly ever done a day's work with their hands, and whose fury against the "bourgeoisie" has therefore something very comic about it. The proceedings suggest once more the question, which nearly all socialist plans for regenerating society thrust into every sensible man's face, namely: Since you cannot create a body capable of managing a small organization of true believers, where are you going to get the force which is to superintend your "regenerated" society, which is to put every man to the right kind of work, give each his due, and get from each his best service, educate all the children, and distribute all the capital and all the profits, and see that nobody is poor, or desolate, or oppressed? When we see the mental calibre and moral quality of the "parties" who now offer themselves for this work, and meet with philanthropic people of fair repute for sanity who can hardly rid themselves of the suspicion that there is something in their schemes, we cannot wonder that the knaves are so plentiful and look into the future so hopefully.

There have been two curious incidents in France of a politico-ecclesiastical kind, which have been occupying the public mind very seriously. A Jesuit father, Dufour, was accused by the conductor of a train of improper conduct in a railroad car with a lady of rank with whom it was shown his relations had been for some time previous of a very intimate kind, he having been in the habit of making long walking excursions with her. There seemed to be no doubt about the truth of the charge, but the court saved the father by one of those *tours de force* of which only French judges are capable. It ruled, in the first place, that the offence was not "an offence against public decency," as the car was not a public place, and the conductor had no business to be prying into it; in the second place, it ruled that, as the conductor was a sceptic or Voltairian, and an enemy of religion, his statement was doubtful, and it refused, contrary to all the French rules of evidence, which admit everything near and remote calculated to throw light on the issue, to allow him to produce testimony as to the former relations of the accused persons, so as to strengthen the probability of his own story; and it then committed the crowning absurdity of severely admonishing the father and the lady on the impropriety of their behavior. The case has excited all the more attention in France because the German Jesuits are flocking into the country by the score, and because a determined effort is being made to take the public schools out of clerical hands. This effort is deriving much support from a terrible scandal which has just taken place near Bordeaux by the atrocious conduct of a certain Father Ange, a member of the order of Christian Brothers, in charge of a school at that place. Three hundred fathers of families have petitioned the prefect for a lay teacher, and refuse to send their children to the public school as long as it remains in the hands of an ecclesiastic. Father Hyacinthe's marriage has of course fed the flame of discussion which these incidents have excited, and has brought out the confession from the *Journal de Paris*, a staunch Church paper, that from twenty to thirty priests marry every year in the diocese of Paris alone. But a priest's marriage, or the marriage of a man who has ever taken orders, is null in French law, and the children born of it illegitimate. The Jesuits at Brest have returned public thanks to God for Father Dufour's escape.

Political speculations concerning the meeting of the three Emperors at Berlin were baffled by the programme of their daily occupations. The Emperor of Russia arrived in the afternoon of Thursday, September 5, the Emperor of Austria on the evening of September 6, and visits of state consumed what remained of these two days. On Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, the three Emperors appeared together at parade, and on returning, at 1 o'clock, to their respective palaces, they received separately visits of courtesy. At 4 o'clock was the grand dinner at the Schloss, at 7 an opera, at 9 an illumination and a military serenade; and after this a supper. Retiring at midnight, they attended worship betimes on Sunday morning at the churches of their several faiths; at 1 P.M., they rode in company to the Zoological Garden, at 3 went to Potsdam, and there remained till 10, dividing the time between a family dinner at Babelsberg and a brilliant supper and illumination at the New Palace, under the hospitality of the Crown Prince. On Monday and Tuesday, at 8 A.M., the Imperial party went by rail to Spandau and Wustermark to witness corps and field manœuvres, returning in the afternoon to dinners, soirées, concerts, at Berlin. At every public appearance they were greeted with the most hearty enthusiasm of the people. Wednesday was devoted to picture-galleries and to visits of courtesy; in the evening the Emperor of Austria took his departure, and the Emperor of Russia followed him on Thursday morning. In this crowded programme there was no opportunity for a private political conference, nor was there any between the Emperors. If any such conference was held by the three Ministers, Gortchakoff, Bismarck, and Andrássy, the secret has been most carefully kept. But there is the best authority for the statement that at no time were the three Ministers together in consultation, though Bismarck had long interviews with Gortchakoff and Andrássy in turn, and these again had opportunity to confer with one another. No treaty was made, no "Holy Alliance" formed, but good-will was promoted upon all sides.

The real diplomacy preceded the meeting. In view of the domestic strifes of the Austrian Empire, it had become important for that Government to put itself openly upon a friendly footing with the new Empire of Germany, and the visit of Francis Joseph to Berlin was agreed upon many months ago as a token that Austria accepts without grudging the results of Sadowa, and that Germany has no intention of "annexing" the German population of Austria. But as soon as this visit was fixed upon, it became of the greatest moment to Russia to place herself openly in accord with the new order of things. If Vienna was going to Berlin, Petersburg must go there; and this would also be a symbol of fraternity between Austria and Russia. Moreover, the visit must not be to Wilhelm as King of Prussia, but to Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany; and so a grand Imperial Court was assembled for the occasion of all the princes, dukes, and notables of the Empire. These preliminaries required weeks of negotiation and volumes of correspondence; but once these were arranged, and the meeting brought to pass, the substantial object of the conference was attained, and it proclaimed itself as a symbol of unity and a guaranty of peace. The convenient device of a deputation of the civic authorities of Berlin to congratulate Prince Bismarck upon the restoration of his health, gave the Chancellor the opportunity of interpreting the conference in these sententious words: "The friendly personal meeting of the three Emperors will strengthen in our friends the assurance of the preservation of peace, and will make plain to our enemies how desperate would be the attempt to disturb it. For myself, I should not be sorry to have the world-history seem for a while to stand still."

THE PROVIDENCE IN THE TREASURY.

THERE is probably nothing more remarkable in the present remarkable canvass than that Mr. Boutwell has not figured in it more prominently as a "thief," and "embezzler," and "bribe-taker"; for there is nobody in the country whose temptations are so great, and, if we are to believe even half what we hear, there never was a time when men, even of the highest standing, succumbed to temptation so readily. According to one account, three senators, who have borne a good character for years, are nothing but corrupt jobbers, using their official position for the purpose of filling their pockets and those of their relatives and friends. We mean Messrs. Trumbull, Schurz, and Doolittle. One senator who has not stood so high as these, but nevertheless enjoys great influence, has, we are assured on the same authority, been guilty of theft and arson. According to another account, nearly all the leading Republicans in the House of Representatives, headed by the Speaker, have sold their votes on important bills without the slightest scruple; indeed, we are told that the Speaker "is always for sale," and is now worth a million in dishonest gains. In the midst of this sink of corruption stands the Secretary of the Treasury, not only charged with the custody of the national funds, but charged with the duty of keeping down the price of gold, and even of "keeping money easy." In other words, just as Congress, under our tariff system, has it in its power to raise or lower the price of nearly all the principal necessaries and luxuries, the Secretary of the Treasury has it in his power to determine in any given week the purchasing power of the paper dollar by raising or lowering the price of gold. That his position is popularly believed to be one requiring wonderful self-restraint may be inferred from the praises bestowed on him for applying the surplus funds in his possession to the reduction of the national debt, as directed by the Act of Congress, instead of appropriating them to his own use, or giving them away to his friends, which people seem to think would have been the natural thing for him to do, and was hard for him to avoid doing.

There is, indeed, in the praise bestowed on the Administration by the orators who defend it in the present canvass for using the public money in the manner directed by law, a striking illustration of the irrational and unhealthy condition of the public mind on matters of finance. In private life, if a gentleman learnt that his friends were filling the town with glorifications of him because he had not run away with funds committed to him for safe keeping, and every morning sent round handbills giving notice that So-and-so was at his house last night as usual, and thus far had not shown the least disposition to abscond, he would certainly repress their zeal with a good deal of indignation. Nobody with even a shred of self-respect left would submit to such marks of affection in silence; and, if we were all in a right frame of mind about our politics, public men would be just as sensitive on this point as private persons. But the Administration is as much pleased with the public declarations of its press and orators that Grant and Boutwell are not common thieves like Tweed or Sweeny, as if they credited them with the originating genius of Turgot or Stein; and the press and orators themselves, after having proved that the President and his Cabinet do not steal, look round with pity and contempt on "the reformers." To this complexion has it come at last. We have gradually so lowered our ambition in matters of administration, that what we seek of our Minister of Finance is not that he should reform our taxation or our currency, or infuse purity into our fiscal concerns, but that he should keep out of the penitentiary.

Now it so happens that we have in Mr. Boutwell a gentleman who finds it easy to avoid stealing and jobbing; but does anybody suppose that, as things are going, and are likely to go if people do not bestir themselves during the next four years, it will be possible to keep the enormous power Mr. Boutwell wields out of hands that will be by no means as scrupulous as his? And suppose we had in the Treasury, while our finances are in their present condition, a man who would enter into any of the numerous "combinations" which are every day springing up in Wall Street, what sort of defence should we have against him? The delicacy of our public men about these matters is certainly not increasing. If anybody had suggested even ten years ago that the American Minister in London would sell his name to a speculative mining company, to assist them in palming off their shares on foreigners, he would have been laughed to scorn; or, if he had predicted that Horace Greeley would take stock, along with a batch of swindling City Hall politicians, in a company for manufacturing tobacco, great numbers of intelligent men would have treated him as a malignant lunatic; and yet our eyes have seen these things. We have now a condition of the currency which enables the Secretary of the Treasury, by choosing a particular time for the exercise of enormous discretionary powers with which we have armed him, to make or mar the fortunes of scores of very wealthy and utterly unscrupulous speculators, or which enables him, by simply refraining for a particular time from doing a particular thing, which he might lawfully do, to aid in the success of the most outrageous conspiracies against the mercantile community. Anybody who has seen the part which Mr. Boutwell played in the convulsion of "Black Friday," and which he was by many expected to play in the financial disturbances of week before last, understands what we mean. We believe in the force and value of character as much as anybody, but there are strains to which no community in its senses ought to subject character even in times when a good name is of much value. In our day, when a good name is for political purposes of little or no value, there is something almost appalling in the coolness with which we make a single person master of the money market, and with which we continue a system of finance in which a single will takes the place of law, and with which we allow it to set law aside even in cases in which the law exists and is plainly laid down. We shall, if we persist in our policy, wake up some fine day to look upon a scandal which will make the "scandals" of the present campaign, supposing them all true, seem mere bagatelles. When we are told that the Speaker of the House "is constantly for sale," and that one of the leading senators has committed arson to defraud an insurance company, we may rely upon it that the day is not far distant when we shall be told, and when thousands will believe it, that the Secretary of the Treasury is at the bottom of a "corner" in gold, or has instigated a raid on the banks. Possibly the story will be false; but even if it is widely believed the mischief will be enormous, for confidence is at the basis of all sound finance, and a Secretary of the Treasury has, like a judge, not only to be honest, but to maintain a character for honesty.

The evil of which we complain is the natural and proper result of dishonesty. Whatever of confusion there is in our finances is the result of a protracted and persistent effort to conduct national finance on principles which, in private life, would be called knavish; and performances of this sort on a great scale water the soil on which individual knaves grow. The policy which we are now pursuing with regard to the public debt, and which gives Mr. Boutwell his great power, is one which, if pursued by an individual, would destroy his character. If a merchant refused altogether to redeem his overdue promissory notes, and devoted all his spare cash to buying up his own bonds at a discount, he certainly would not long retain the good opinion of his neighbors. We are undoubtedly reducing the bonded debt through this process, but if our morals continue to decline under it, as they have declined thus far, it is hard to say where we shall be by the time it is all paid off.

THE JAPANESE EXPERIENCE OF OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

A CURIOUS illustration of the indirect but baleful influence of our vicious and absurd civil-service system has been recently brought to light in the history of certain experiences that have befallen the Japanese in their intercourse with our Government. Thus, it is well known that, from the time when the Americans, under Commodore Perry, broke through the seclusion of Japan and negotiated the first international commercial treaty, the Japanese have

evinced the most friendly regard for the Government and people of the United States; and in their efforts to "conform"—we will not say "elevate themselves"—to the standards of Western civilization, have made no secret of their intention to accept our methods and experiences as their models and examples, rather than the methods and experiences offered them by the people and governments of Western Europe. To the United States came accordingly the first Japanese embassy, and subsequently their first foreign resident representative or diplomatist. With this latter personage came also, for the purpose of acquiring an American education, a considerable number of young men, selected with care from the noble or higher classes; and later, and for the same purpose, a carefully selected corps of young women. But as the services of all these persons were prospective, and as the occasion for service with the Japanese in dealing with foreign nations, their methods, tools, machinery, and other agencies, was immediate, a movement was made by the Japanese Minister, soon after his arrival, to obtain in behalf of his Government the assistance of such citizens of the United States as, through abundant knowledge and experience, were especially qualified to impart just that information and assistance which the several departments of the empire felt that they needed. He accordingly applied to our officials in Washington for advice and co-operation; and taking it for granted—in unhappy ignorance of our civil service—that the same barbarous custom that exists in China and Japan, of calling only men of great attainments to high public office, prevailed equally in the United States, he naturally expected to find in our Federal officials occupying stations corresponding to the requirements of Japan exactly the material that was wanted. And in accordance with this hypothetical but erroneous view of the situation the Minister appears to have made his selections—no one in authority at Washington taking sufficient interest in the matter to advise or influence him to the contrary.

The first requisite of the Japanese was a man learned in international and civil law—one skilled in the foreign policy of the United States and other nations, and who, as a high attaché of their Foreign Office, would assist in the drafting and negotiating of treaties, in the settlement of foreign claims, and who, above all, through wise counsels, would guard the empire from international difficulties and liabilities. The salary offered was understood to be $15,000 gold per annum, with a guaranteed term of service of several years. For this office a subordinate of the State Department was selected—a man brought into the Department through the favoritism of a former Secretary, past middle age, of no social position, of dissipated habits, and who could not hopefully have aspired to the smallest office of diplomatic responsibility under his own Government.

The second requisite of the Japanese was a man skilled in the methods and machinery of American agriculture, the mechanic arts, and manufacturing and mining chemistry. For this office the then head of the Agricultural Bureau of the United States was chosen, and his name was "Capron." To most Americans, this simple announcement is sufficient to give an idea of what, in this case, the Japanese got for their money; but as some may not know the history of the Agricultural Bureau, it may be well to call to mind that its first Commissioner was one "Isaac Newton"—not "Newton" who investigated the laws whereby apples fall—but Newton who acquired his knowledge of agriculture by peddling ice-cream in Philadelphia, and who, when once taken to task by a Congressional Committee for bad spelling, triumphantly retorted, "If S-h-u-g-g-a-r don't spell sugar, what does it spell?" Capron was the successor of Newton, and although the phylacteries of the former were somewhat broader than those of the latter, they were not sufficiently large to prevent the Agricultural Bureau from being what it yet is, the laughing-stock and contempt of every educated agriculturist, wool, cotton, and grain dealer throughout the country. Of the suite which Capron took with him, it is enough to say that they were like unto himself; had no standing or recognition in the professional circles of the country, and would have found it extremely difficult to earn a living in any other than Government employment.

The third requisite of the Japanese was men gifted in finance and in the modern methods and theories of assessing and collecting revenue—men who should be able to take the existing fiscal system of Japan, and shape and modify it in such a way as to promote the interests of the empire. For assistants, a selection is understood to have been made from the officials of the San Francisco Custom-house; but for the chief place in this department a deputy in the office of the Internal Revenue was taken. If there is any truth in the proverb, "Like master, like man," and if the head of the Treasury Department, as is currently reported, does not believe in the existence of any such science as political economy, and classes Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" in respect to truth with the Koran, then the financial qualifications of the subordinates of such a master may easily be predicated. But in this case hypothesis does not need to be indulged in, for it is known that however worthy may have been the private life of the Deputy Commissioner in question, his qualifications for acting as financial adviser to the Japanese were based mainly on a somewhat limited experience as an internal revenue officer, appointed originally for political considerations in a country district of Indiana.

The fourth requisite of the Japanese was a man experienced in matters relating to education, and as in this department the Federal Government had but a single officer, and as no one in Washington takes any special interest in his office or his work, the Japanese were forced, as it were, to look elsewhere. And having once got out of the sphere of the Government civil service, and beyond the taint of political influences, they found that high reputation and position in private life do as a general rule imply high individual ability; and so inferring, they are understood to have secured the services of one of the most competent men that the country could offer, namely, Prof. Northrop of New Haven.

Of persons thus selected, all but the last-named have departed for the field of their labors, and entered upon their work; and the report of their usefulness which comes back to us is exactly what might have been expected. One distinguished himself during the first month of his residence at Yeddo by getting publicly drunk, and then entering a complaint to the authorities that he had been robbed in a place which he had no business to be in. The Japanese, it is understood, have quietly set him aside, making no complaint—paying him with great regularity his salary, but in other respects ignoring, as far as possible, his existence, official or otherwise. Meantime, the person in question has sunk so low that he has been excluded, in a great degree, from the society of his own countrymen in Japan, and from that of other foreign residents.

In regard to other members of the corps selected by the Japanese in the United States, we copy the following extract from the news summary telegraphed from Washington under date of July 28, 1872:

"A private letter received here from Japan speaks in severe terms of the character of the officials employed by the Japanese Government on the recommendation of the heads of departments of the United States Government. The letter, which is from an accomplished and trustworthy citizen of the United States temporarily sojourning in Japan, says that Mr. Capron, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, and employed by Japan in a similar capacity in that country with a number of American assistants, is regarded by the Government as almost useless, and that his commission has broken to pieces. 'It will in a fragmentary form go to Yezo,' adds the letter, 'but it will do nothing, and the officials here have lost confidence in it.'"

The scandal of General Schenck's connection with the "Emma Mine," and the detriment that has thereby accrued to our financial interests—Federal, State, and corporate—in Europe, have been made painfully apparent to every American who has been brought in contact the past summer with English and Continental bankers; but there is another matter currently talked about in the East, which equally illustrates how the common interests and honor of our country suffer from the practice we indulge in of making our diplomatic appointments depend on political services to party rather than on qualifications and ability. Other recent American correspondence from Japan which we have seen, thus gives us a hint of it. It says:

"The Japanese Ministry want solid counsel upon almost all of their foreign associations. They will not take anything of the sort from English, French, or German sources, but they would gladly accept it from the United States if they could fairly feel that our representatives here were animated by a genuine regard for the welfare of their country. Of this they are not now convinced, nor will they be until United States officials exhibit a disposition to measure their own countrymen and the natives with whom they come in contact by the same standards, politically, commercially, and socially. The Japanese diplomatists are as clever as any of ours whom they are likely to meet, their merchants are just as shrewd and quite as honest, and their people generally are as respectable for intelligence and humanity. Yet in all intercourse, an assumption of superiority is maintained on our side for which there is no sort of warrant, and which certainly would not be tolerated or attempted in European communities. And in commercial transactions, the Japanese have too often reason to suspect us of trampling upon their rights. The position of the United States Minister is extremely delicate in this respect. As there are no courts here for the settlement of foreign accounts, all disputed claims on the part of Americans are turned over to him for presentation to the Japanese Government. It of course becomes his duty to ascertain their validity, but such investigations are naturally distasteful, and it may be that a Minister cannot always give the time to consider them very minutely. It need hardly be said that no punishment or disgrace could be too severe for a Minister who should present a claim known to be fraudulent; but who can tell with what skill the irregularity or injustice of some of these accounts may not be concealed? It is certain that false claims for vast amounts have hitherto been submitted to our Minister for presentation, and I believe it is indisputable that some demands have actually been urged and settled which could never be justified in equity or honor. Mistakes like these are very dangerous. They directly impair our influence and imperil our reputation, and they should be guarded against by measures so peremptory as effectively to prevent their recurrence."

Of the nature of the demands which some of our virtuous fellow-citizens, dealing with Japan, have made against that Government in times past, and would doubtless make again if opportunity offered, the following is an example which has already passed into history. When the Americans first began to trade with Japan, after the negotiation of the commercial treaty by Commodore Perry, there were two coins in general circulation in that country—an oblong silver coin, called the "ichibu," and a thin oval gold coin, called the "kobang." During the long years of the non-intercourse of Japan with the rest of the world, it had happened that the silver coin had become so overvalued as to exchange equally with the gold "kobang," although, comparing equal weights, the silver "ichibu," according to American and European standards of value, was worth but one-third of the gold coin. It happened, however, in the treaty negotiated by the United States, and also in the subsequent British treaty, which, to all intents and purposes, was a copy of the American, that—probably through some inadvertence or want of knowledge, but possibly because some sharp Yankee saw his pecuniary opportunity—the Japanese Government were induced to bind themselves for the space of one year to give Japanese coin in exchange for American or British, weight for weight, metal against metal. Taking advantage of this, the foreign trader or merchant operated as follows:—Bringing $100 to the custom-house, he first exchanged their weight for the "ichibus," receiving 311 of the latter. With this money he went into the market, and obtained as many gold "kobangs," worth about three times the intrinsic value of his dollars. The "kobangs" were then sent with all haste to China, exchanged back into dollars, and the same operation repeated. Such an opportunity to coin money was naturally not long neglected by the foreign residents, and as real trading transactions would not suffice to get the kobangs fast enough, a fictitious trade was soon inaugurated, and documents were presented to the Japanese authorities representing exchanges of articles of the most absurd character, as warming-pans, elephants, etc., and demanding coin facilities for trade for persons having no real existence, and bearing names which, not understood by the Japanese, were of the most insulting and offensive character. Leon Levi, in his "History of British Commerce," states as an actual fact that one person alone, probably with an idea of clearing out the market at once of ichibus and kobangs, entered an application at the Japanese custom-house for one sextillion, two hundred quintillions, eight billions, nine hundred and ninety-nine millions, two hundred and twenty-two thousand, three hundred and twenty-one ichibus, in exchange for an equal weight of dollars. Of course, under such a condition of affairs the supply of kobangs soon ran out, the country being literably drained of them, and when this happened, and the Japanese found it impossible to comply with the treaty stipulations, the proposition to compel them to pay indemnity was so urgently put forward by the traders, and so treated by the diplomatic corps, as for a time to threaten the further continuance of all commercial relations.

A PLEASING PICTURE.

THE Rev. Cotton Mather held the theory that America was originally peopled by a shrewd device of the Devil, who enticed the Indians to this country in order that in this remote and unknown region he might have them all to himself and out of the reach of the Gospel. We are inclined to think that if Mr. Mather were to rise from his grave, and read our newspapers during the last two months, he would be driven to the conclusion that the advent of the white man was no such serious blow to the seignorial rights of Satan, whom he calls "the great landlord of America," as at first sight it might seem. In fact, judging from the statements of the newspapers, he would probably confess it to be very doubtful whether the Devil is not, on the whole, doing better with the Caucasians than ever he did with the Iroquois, and whether he did not make a great mistake in concealing this continent so long from the Old World. We do not know in what history a more shocking picture of manners and morals is to be met with than the *Times* and *Tribune* now daily draw of American society. Tacitus and Suetonius tell some sad stories of the ancient Romans, who were undoubtedly bad fellows, but in comparing them with ourselves we must remember that they made no such pretences to virtue as we make. The Roman rascal was an honest fellow, however cruel or licentious, while nearly all our knaves are professed moralists.

In the first place, the General who saved the Republic "from the greatest rebellion the world ever saw," and who five short years ago was the idol of his countrymen, turns out to be a beastly drunkard, who sells the various offices in his gift to the highest bidders after having put some of his own relatives into some of the best, and takes bribes however small from anybody however mean. The Senator who has been nominated for the vice-presidency by one of the two great parties is a deliberate liar and sneak, which would be sad if he were a simple worldling, but which is perfectly atrocious considering that he is a member of a church and professes to be a very pious man. Turning to the opposition ticket, we find that the candidate for the Presidency, besides his general political recreancy, entered into partnership with several notorious swindlers for the manufacture of tobacco, and induced one of the corrupt judges to issue a fraudulent injunction to help him in getting pay for joint-stock shares which had cost him nothing. The second person on the ticket is an habitual drunkard. The person whom it is supposed the opposition candidate would, if elected, make Secretary of the Treasury, and who is now a Senator from one of the greatest States in the Union, was in his youth convicted of theft, and escaped jail by the clemency of the prosecutor; in mature manhood, burnt down his own house in order to cheat an insurance company, sold his votes when a member of Congress for cash down, and sold pardons when he was Governor of New York. The late Assistant Secretary of State took a large bribe from a band of swindling railroad operators to induce him to betray his client as the trustee of a mortgage. The Speaker of the House of Representatives takes bribes freely to influence his votes and his appointment of committees. The Administration candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania, it is charged, when State Auditor, in company with one swindler, shared the proceeds of a fraud on the State, and in company with another speculated in stocks with the funds of the State, and this on the testimony of the swindler himself; but the swindler, on being pardoned out of jail by the corrupt governor, testifies that the affidavit ascribed to him was a forgery, and that the accusation was got up by the unprincipled head of a medical college who sold diplomas to all comers for a trifling sum. The same Auditor also trumped up a false claim for taxes against a corporation, and then speculated in its stock for a fall. The Administration candidate for the governorship of New York, on the other hand, though outwardly a respectable and honorable man, when a general in the army avoided going under fire through personal timidity, and is ready to support any party which will give him an office. The opposition candidate for the lieutenant-governorship is a man who makes a living by "lobbying," or, in other words, by bribing legislators. One of the most prominent supporters of the opposition, and a United States Senator to boot, used his influence corruptly to get a cotton permit for a man with whom he then went into partnership and shared the profits. Another, who was a distinguished general of cavalry, when appointed to a foreign diplomatic position

took a prostitute into the society of the capital to which he was accredited; and when he tried to prosecute an editor of a leading paper for saying so, the editor got off by corrupting the grand jury. The Attorney-General of New York, too, made arrangements to let certain notorious criminals escape prosecution on their consenting to pay money towards the support of one of the candidates in the pending Presidential contest, and probably, something for his personal use. The leading diplomatic representative of the Government abroad also took $58,000 from a swindling corporation to help them to palm their stock off in the markets of the city in which he was resident.

The Sheriff of the great city of New York is a very important officer. The late incumbent of that office, we are told, can neither read nor write, has undergone a term of imprisonment for theft, falsified his accounts as sheriff, committed perjury, given fraudulent checks in payment of gambling debts, and tried to defraud the city out of $104,000. The present Sheriff, on the other hand, while equally ignorant, having begun life as a keeper of a pothouse, has defrauded litigants and prisoners of large amounts by overcharges, and the city of $14,000 by making fraudulent alterations in a lease. One supports one candidate for the Presidency and the other the other, and each is attacked by the newspapers of one side and defended by those of the other.

In the press the state of things is about as cheerful. The *Tribune* says the editor of the *Times* is "a cad" (English slang for a low fellow, a low-bred man) and a flunkey or lacquey; and the *Times* says the editor of the *Tribune* is "a vulgar rowdy," "a booby," "a professional defamer," "a liar," "a lunatic," "a vile slanderer," and "a hack"; and a "literary swindler," that "there is no crime which he will hesitate to ascribe to any man who offends him—murder, burglary, arson, he will swear to anything"; in other words, that he is a perjurer. The same paper says the chief editor of the *World* is either "infamous" or "constitutionally incapable of acting as an honorable man"; and, supposing him to be on his death-bed, and tormented by remorse, offered "to mingle a little pity with its contempt for him." It also says the editor of the Chicago *Tribune* is a noted liar, and insinuates that the editor of the Springfield *Republican*, whom it familiarly calls "Sam," is a liar too. The *Commercial Advertiser* mentions, casually as it were, that one of the editors of the *World* is a thief, a charge which the *Times* copies gratefully, while the *Tribune* observes that the material for the ideal of a perfect journalist entertained by the *Evening Post* is obtained by mingling "ignorance, bad manners, and lying." It adds that the *Post* has "neither enough intelligence nor enough honesty to conduct a controversy with anybody on any subject," and is "a refined rascal," and an utterer of "deliberate falsehoods." It will thus be seen that there is strong testimony that nearly all the leading editors in the country are liars, lunatics, blackguards, thieves, perjurers, and that, in some cases, editors are all these things together, thus presenting the world with characters at once composite and disgusting.

"A REVIVAL" IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 12, 1872.

RELIGIOUS emotions and passions seem to obey a secret law of periodicity, like the movements of the heavenly bodies. This is well shown in all free Protestant countries by the outbursts which go under the name of revivals. We have now in France something which may pass under the name of a Catholic revival, but the moving cause of it is not difficult to perceive; it lies evidently in the misfortunes of the late war. The national feeling, which has been so deeply wounded, looks for consolations to a world where consolation and hope are always found. France, which could find no allies in Europe, can still find allies in heaven. It is not very singular if this revival has taken especially the form of Mariolatry. All the shrines which are visited now by thousands of pilgrims are particularly those which are devoted to the Virgin Mary. There is, I suppose, some deep and mysterious philosophy in this sentiment. The hero of the popular resistance against the English conquest is Jeanne d'Arc, a woman. She personified in the Middle Ages the French unity, and all the sneers and pleasantries of Voltaire have not succeeded in diminishing the prestige of this popular heroine. The figure of Mary, which is so well adapted to the Celtic mind, is a living and eternal protest of weakness against strength; it is the deification, as it were, of the negative forces of mankind—a glorification of defeat, of suffering, of helplessness.

It is idle to discuss with those pilgrims who go to La Salette or to Lourdes; they obey instincts which lie much deeper than any reasoning. And the true philosopher must confess that, in this instance, these instincts are of the right sort. These poor people are chiefly led to the altars of the Virgin by the love of their distressed country, by a profound sympathy for its misfortunes, by a great horror of the crimes which have been committed during the Commune, and by a desire to see France free from invasions and revolutions. The Catholic Church, of course, is all ready to use for its own profit, and for the profit of the Papacy, these very natural sentiments. The leaders of the Church count their armies, and would like to bring them against the Republican armies. But the movement is, I believe, chiefly a national movement, if we regard the immense majority of the pilgrims and try to analyze their sentiments.

If you leave the railway at Grenoble, and go to a town called Vizille, you will not be very far from the mountain, belonging to the system of the Jura chain, on the top of which is the now famous church of La Salette, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. A few years ago a young shepherd, named Maximin Giraud, and his young sister were on the mountain. They had an apparition; they saw a woman come to them, who told them that she was the Virgin Mary and that a church must be built for her on the mountain; she showed them a spring near which the church must be built. It was a great pity her people of France had become so irreligious; she could not long withhold the heavy arm of God from them; awful misfortunes would soon fall upon them. The Virgin then grew to enormous proportions and ascended slowly towards heaven. Her head vanished first, then her body, lastly her feet. Giraud and his sister told the story of the apparition. It was accepted by some, rejected by many even in the church. The discussion which took place at the time even led to a lawsuit, and not the least curious incident of it is that it was Jules Favre, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the 4th September, who undertook to defend the veracity and sincerity of the little shepherds. A church was built on the mountain. The waters of the spring were sent in bottles to all believers in its miraculous powers, and Maximin Giraud, who is now a man, keeps, much to the annoyance of the church, a small shop on the mountain, where he sells *objets de piété*—chaplets, pictures, bottles of the miraculous water, and also bottles of a liquor which he composes of brandy and the herbs of the mountain. He has turned his miracle to his own profit, and makes a living by it. Two convents, one of sisters, the other of brothers, are annexed to the church, and Giraud's sister has entered the convent as a nun. Every year, thousands of pilgrims ascend the mountain on mules or on foot, and spend a few days or hours on the summit. This year, a special train composed of pilgrims gave occasion to the Radicals of Grenoble for an anti-clerical demonstration.

The city of Grenoble has a paper of the reddest Red, which was established during the latter part of the Empire by Delescluze, who became the last Minister of War of the Commune, and who was one of the few Communist leaders who died on the barricades. This paper has succeeded in establishing the domination of the Radical party in the municipal council of the town. When the pilgrims' train arrived, a demonstration was prepared. The pilgrims were divided into cohorts, each of which was under the guidance of a voluntary captain, who was to provide for food and lodging. The men of each cohort bore a badge, some red, some blue, some white. These white cockades gave the Radicals the occasion they wanted. They maintained that the pilgrims were making a sort of holy crusade in favor of Henri V. They received them at the railway station and pursued them through the town with their insults. There were many priests, of course, among the pilgrims, and they were pursued with threats like these: "You will be hostages some day"—an awful and ferocious allusion to the fate of the Archbishop of Paris and the Dominican monks during the Commune. These revolting scenes were again enacted the next day at Vizille, where the pilgrims arrived in omnibuses and cars of every description. The Radicals of Vizille, who were once famous for their Bonapartism, the sons of the men who received Napoleon I. with enthusiasm on his fatal return from the Island of Elba, insulted the men, the women, and the friends who formed the inoffensive procession. It is quite conceivable that under such circumstances the religious fervor of the pilgrims became even more excited. They felt that they were martyrs for a holy cause. Eye-witnesses, even newspaper reporters, cool and disinterested as they were, have given the most curious account of the proceedings on the mountain. Hundreds and thousands of people, without shelter in the night, slept under the sky or in the church. Barely fed, they spent all their time in praying, in singing. Several bishops sanctioned the proceedings by their presence, and delivered sermons, in each of which the misfortunes of France and the impiety of the age were largely dwelt upon. There was much sobbing and crying; miracles took place; paralytic girls who were brought to the communion-table, left it quite free in their movements, and with a transfigured look. There is no doubt that such scenes seem to develop hidden powers and capabilities in the human frame. We find ample proofs of it in all great religious movements in all times.

Let us go from the Jura to the Pyrenees. There we shall find at the entrance of the valley of Argelès, in the vicinity of watering-places much visited in the summer, a little village named Lourdes, which, since 1858, has

become as holy as La Salette. There is a grotto where also the Virgin Mary made her appearance. A church is now erected near the spot to Maria Immaculata. The pilgrimage of Lourdes may almost be called fashionable, as it is accessible by rail, and is in the way of travellers who visit the Pyrenees. A pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella in Spain or to Notre Dame du Puy in Auvergne was, in ancient times, and is even yet, a hardship; but now railway companies have realized the programme of "religion made easy," so much attacked by Pascal in his "Provinciales." For instance, I see before me the time-tables of the Southern Railway of France; there is a special pilgrims' train which allows nine hours at Toulouse for a visit to Sainte-Germaine of Pibrac; twenty-three hours at Lourdes; six hours and a half further on for Notre Dame de Verdelais; three hours at another station for Notre Dame de Bon-Encontre. How charming these names are, by the bye—like the various denominations given by the Greek mythology to the same god. A national pilgrimage is announced at Lourdes for the 6th of October. The committee say that "on that day France will make before the grotto of Lourdes the most meritorious and solemn confession of faith." Among the members of the committee are seen the names of Madame de MacMahon, Madame de Lamoricière, Madame de Tocqueville, and hundreds of others.

There is a religious paper published at Lourdes, and I read in its columns such phrases as these: "At last, we have entered on a new path. France seems at last tired of her revolutionary agitations. And what is the cause of this social renovation? The apparition of the Holy Virgin in our grotto cannot be wholly without weight in the balance of our destinies. It was perhaps the culminating moment of the period. Why should the Queen of Heaven come down among us if it is not to revive our hopes, if it is not to make her subjects happy, as we know that France is the kingdom of Mary?" The Abbé of Lourdes, who is the chief editor of this local paper, becomes even more grandiloquent: "I know," he says, "you have heard men say: There come times when nations have existed long enough. What has become of the Persians and of the Greeks? I will answer you that the oldest daughter of the Church has the privilege of resisting age as much as the rock on which the Church stands itself. France is still the France of the Crusades, and the day is not far distant when she will again seize the sword of St. Louis." After such an ominous declaration, it is not wonderful if the three Emperors of Germany, of Russia, and of Austria found it necessary to make a pacific demonstration at Berlin. The poor Abbé of Lourdes is, however, not quite so confident as he would like us to believe. He ends by saying: "If France disappeared from the map of Europe, what would become of civilization? Where would be the rampart of the Church? Persecution of it would soon be organized with a horrible cruelty. When God abandons France he will abandon this world, for tradition says, 'Deus amat Francos.'"

I have only made these citations to show you in what a world of illusions the lower clergy of France is immersed. However childish and innocent and naïve such phrases appear in print, when they are uttered in the pulpit they have quite another effect; they fall on ground ready to receive them, on souls already moved by the ceremonies, by prayer, by a sort of religious fever. Now, would you know how many pilgrims have been this year already to Lourdes? From the 1st of May to the 31st of August only, the Southern Railway has sent to Lourdes as many as 117 special trains, which supposes nearly a hundred thousand pilgrims. The months of September and of October will be quite as animated, as the autumn months are beautiful in the Pyrenees. It is only just to say that there are, under the name of pilgrims, many persons who are merely excursionists, and who wish to profit by the cheap rates of these special trains.

Notes.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "Ballads for Little Folk," by Alice and Phœbe Cary, illustrated; and "My Recreations: Verses by Emily E. Ford," of which the publishers say that it "will persistently refuse to disappear in the limbo of unrecognized genius." In that case, it is a pity that the edition is to be limited.——A. Williams & Co., Boston, announce, by special arrangement with the author, a book for boys, entitled "The Deserted Ship: a Real Story of the Atlantic; being adventures in the early life of Cupples Howe, mariner."——Ginn Bros. will issue immediately "The National Fourth Music Reader," giving instruction in musical theory. ——The enterprising publishers of the *Anglo-American Times* have added a third to their publications relating to this country—a magazine of American periodical literature called the *Transatlantic*, of which the first number (for August) is before us. As its readers on this side of the water will probably be few, we need only say that its contents are well selected, and give a very fair idea of our current literature of all grades. Dr. Gryzanovski's article on the International in the *North American Review*; "John Brown and his Friends," from the *Atlantic*; a letter of Mr. Nordhoff's to the *Tribune* from Southern California; "A Nevada Funeral," by Mark Twain; "Dolly Varden," by Bret Harte; extracts from *Lippincott's*, the *Phrenological Journal*, the *Galaxy*, etc., should be an attractive bill of fare for the "average Englishman." Besides these, there are several articles contributed by the editor, which are also worth reading.

—Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has just been translated into Armenian, and Disraeli's "Lothair," which had already appeared in Dutch and French, can now be enjoyed by the Italian enemies of the Pope.

—The Twentieth Annual Report of the Boston Public Library, just published, is rendered more than usually valuable on account of three plans which it furnishes of a building designed for a branch library in Roxbury. Though only 81 feet long by 56 feet wide, and two stories high, and to cost $40,000, it contains a double delivery-room (for adults and minors), a reading-room 37 feet by 45 feet, a librarian's room, a trustees' room, and storage for 50,000 volumes, or, with some changes, for perhaps 80,000. The arrangement is such that all the books are within a very short distance of the delivery-counter, those most used being immediately behind it, and the librarian's room communicates directly with the public-room, the delivery-counter, the book-shelves, and the reading-room. The attendants will not have to take any needless steps; the public will get its books in the least possible time. How this good result is obtained can be easily understood from the plans. For city and town libraries, in which the public is not admitted to the shelves, the present design is much better than the ordinary method of a large central hall surrounded by alcoves, an arrangement which seldom gives a good light for readers—unless the light comes from the top—obliges the attendants to travel far for the books, and makes the cost of storing a given number of volumes more than double what it will be on the Roxbury plan. Architects like a central hall on account of the fine vista of a long line of alcoves; but, on this point at least, let no library committee listen to them. Undoubtedly a spacious, handsome hall gives a pleasure to casual visitors that is not to be despised, and perhaps has an unconscious elevating effect upon those who frequent a library. Let there be such a hall in the building for a reading-room, if it can be afforded (for committees must always remember that what is spent in building cannot be spent in books); but do not arrange the circulating part of the library along its sides, or so spread it over a wide area as to cause an average journey of sixty yards to get any volume called for, when the library can be compressed into a small room, and volumes got by an average journey of twelve yards. To this end, books may be advantageously placed in parallel stacks of shelves separated by the narrowest passable alleys; though when, as in various Athenæums, the shelves are accessible to the public, the passage-way should be somewhat wider, both to allow of a more comfortable consultation and comparison of the books on the spot, and to avoid giving the reader a feeling of being crowded. One other point deserves mention. The galleries should be so constructed that it shall never be necessary to climb to reach a book. It is time that ladders were banished from libraries.

—A modestly composed manual on the antiquity of engraving, and the utility and pleasures derived from prints, has been published by Gebbie, of Philadelphia, in which the history of the art is traced with considerable research, while time is taken to make a passing obeisance to most of the great names that have illustrated it. These enquiries, which are only signed with the initials W. S. B., betray intimacy with a number of divergent schools, and are interesting because they are understood to be inspired by the study of one of the most ample private print-collections in the country—that of Mr. James W. Claghorn.

—City corporations will grow richer rather than poorer when they provide free ice-water for the public fountains, and reconcile themselves to some loss in liquor-sellers' licenses. On one of the hot days of August—a period of twenty-four hours following six o'clock A.M. of August 10—no less than 7,202 persons drank of ice-water at Mr. Probasco's fountain in Cincinnati, and 117 buckets and pitchers were filled from it. The continual persuasion of a temperance-lecturer like this fountain is an incalculable benefit to the cause of temperance. The history of the Cincinnati fountain we find narrated in a little pamphlet issued by Robert Clarke & Co., of that city. Mr. Probasco paid for it $110,000, and the councils expended a further sum of $50,000 for the esplanade in which it stands and for the subterranean ice-chamber, where the water is chilled in a coil of two thousand feet of pipe within a cellar of ice ten feet square. The story of the fountain is not without incidents, such as the resistance of fifty determined butchers to the removal of the markets originally on its site, and the accident at its final dedication, where the oratory of Governor Hayes was punctuated by the fall of the benches, one bank

at a time, the last group to go being the city fathers, who plunged beneath into inarticulate ruin. This ceremony was on the 6th of last October. It is not necessary to sulk over the fact that this splendid fountain is a work of foreign art, put up by a member of the Munich bronze-casting house, who came to this country for the purpose. Something, however, might be said in favor of having spent the money among American sculptors, even at the risk of getting one of our frank native abortions. As Mr. Probasco presents it as a work of art, it may be humbly asked, What is the lesson of art it is meant to teach? Much praise has been lavished on the Cincinnatians by editors and orators for refusing to entertain the idea of a fountain decorated with Neptunes, Nereids, Egerias; and their provincial contempt for the classics has resulted in the manufacture of a brand-new mythology. Instead of the fair humanities of old religion, the water is dispensed by a lady-nondescript, who spouts little jets out of a riddle formed in each finger. The attendant figures were ordered in a spirit of absolute realism, the reward of which restriction is that they are completely local—Bavarian, in fact. A distinctly German farmer, a distinctly German fireman, a sick German, nursed by a girl who represents the artist's daughter, and a German bather, conceived in the sentiment of Kaulbach, are brought together in Cincinnati to hold up their hands in supplication for water from the Mount Auburn reservoir. This slight incongruity is fastened upon the Cincinnatians that they may conceive modest ideas of American plastic art, that they may be confirmed in their honest Bœotian scorn of the antique, and that they may intimately learn the habits and dress of the Bavarian peasantry. It would be most unfair to disparage the intrinsic merits of this splendid monument, which is a masterpiece of German taste. The designer is Professor von Kreling, of the Nuremberg Academy, and the drawings for it have been in his portfolio, waiting for some grand opportunity, since 1840. It is forty-three feet high, and contains twenty-four tons of bronze obtained from Danish cannon. The exterior basin supporting the four ice-water fountains is forty-three feet across. This is made of porphyry from the Fichtel Mountains in Bavaria. The whole monument is dedicated by Mr. Probasco to his deceased partner and brother-in-law, Mr. Tyler-Davidson, and called from him the Tyler-Davidson Fountain.

—The usual wail at the names of American towns, mountains, lakes, and rivers we see appearing again, after a short interval of rest, in a letter from a correspondent of the *Evening Post* who has been visiting Colorado, and who greatly mourns such names as Long's, Gray's, and Pike's Peaks for three mountains which are much finer than these names. Certainly the alliteration in Pike's Peak is not pleasant, but how Gray's Peak would sound would depend on the merit of the poem in which it was used. Poetry does much more towards making ordinary names impressive than fine names do towards making poor poetry good. The writer speaks of the advantage that Byron had in writing about Mont Blanc, but we over here have the White Mountains, and as we can hardly be expected to give French, German, and Italian names to our hills and streams, and pronounce them accurately, we must content ourselves with the English language and such Indian names as may seem fit. At times one hears regrets that more of the Indian names have not been kept, and in many cases it would have been much better if they had been, while in many cases it is very well, indeed, that they were dropped; think, for example, of the names of many of our gunboats during the war—uncouth combinations, which must have been anything but inspiring to either sailor, horse-marine, or poet. In New England, where the growth of separate parts of one town has made the distinction of North and South, etc., inconvenient, there have lately been many changes of names, and most high-stepping are the titles which have been often chosen. Then in this State there are a number of people who want to change the historic name of Dobb's Ferry to something or other "on-Hudson," as gross an affectation as was ever imported into this free country. The *Evening Post* writer imagines "a mountain veiling his lofty head in helpless rage when the tremendous name with which God or Adam first called to him out of Paradise is changed for that of some local politician or militia general." Such rage on the part of the mountain is unreasonable, however, since, however well he himself knows the name given him in his baptism, no investigation by mortal man can discover it; it is wholly lost. Still it was very improbably a French name, or an Italian, or a German, however sonorous such may be in general. All this is a part of a widespread affectation, a yearning for elegance, a vain belief that any brand-new village, staring with white paint, can be made as interesting as any town or city in Europe by a mouth-filling name. A little rudimentary knowledge of the etymologies of the best-known names of Europe might console our new-fangled godfathers of old places. What is Naples but a shorter form of Newtown? Take the Pyrenean *Eaux-bonnes, Eaux-chaudes*—how many refined selectmen in any American watering-place would endure names of only that degree of pretence? In Germany we doubt if there is any such affectation; the Bavarian pronounces his Schweinfurt or Schweinheim without finding them offensive, and indeed, the world over, people are content with a good descriptive name, and are willing that a spade shall be called, if not a spade, at any rate "an agricultural implement." Our young ladies would have it a tripod, at the least, or a rood, or a teocallis. We should ill exchange our Red Banks and Lynchburgs and Sulphur Springs and High Bridges for the finest of Glenmarys and Charlemonts and Melroses.

—M. Lagrèze has had the happy idea of describing in a single book the three monuments of antiquity which reveal to us Pagan life at its decline, Christian life at its dawn, and Moslem life at its apogee—Pompeii, the Catacombs, the Alhambra (Paris, 1872). He has visited the places, has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the results of the latest researches in regard to them, has described them, narrated their history, and painted the lives of their former inhabitants with imagination and sentiment; and he has had his book plentifully illustrated with good woodcuts of Roman antiquities, Christian inscriptions, and Moorish architecture. Of course, for a thorough treatment of the three subjects one must go to Gell, Zahn, and Overbeck, to Northcote, Marriott, and De Rossi, to Lewis and Owen Jones. But one cannot always peruse folios and polemics, and M. Lagrèze's lively picture of Roman life and sketches of the history of the Moors in Spain are very agreeable reading.

—Adolph Henze, an enthusiastic patriot, and of course an admirer of Bismarck, has just given to the world a detailed analysis of the great statesman's handwriting; and, what is more, seems to think that he sees Bismarck's entire history reflected in it as in a mirror. Henze proves beyond a doubt that the battle of Sedan might have been predicted by a careful inspection of the ch's and tz's of Bismarck's writing, and we may expect him shortly to enlighten us as to the Chancellor's future career. He tells us that Bismarck's chirography is the longest—and for the truth of this we can vouch—of any handwriting in existence; *ergo*, Bismarck is the greatest man in the world; for if he were not, how could he write the longest hand? That the characters are firm, from which flows his tenacity of purpose; true, straight, inspiring confidence, bearing witness to like qualities in himself; plain, well-defined—which we deny *in toto*, as a faithful copy of one of his letters is before us, and the characters are very ill-defined and certainly not very plain—"consequent," sharp, testifying to the Bismarck logic and acumen. It may be we have here made the effect the cause; but what matter? Herr Henze can prove that they are convertible. It is a pleasing thought that if some catastrophe should blot the German Empire from the globe, we could read its past history in the hieroglyphics before us.

—"Lectures on Buddhism," being three discourses delivered at Hongkong by the Rev. Dr. Eitel, a German missionary connected with the London Missionary Society, is a small pamphlet giving more information on this little understood subject than many volumes by preceding writers. Dr. Eitel takes rank as one of the foremost living Sanskrit scholars, and, like Max Müller, has the faculty of presenting his views in an eminently popular and winning way. Even in so money-loving a community as Hongkong every copy of his brochure was sold, and a second edition is called for. For his "Dictionary of Sanskrit Terms" the honorary degree of doctor was conferred upon him by the Strassburg Faculty.

—The most important work of late issued from the China press is the fourth volume of the Chinese Classics, by the well-known Dr. Legge of Hongkong. Like its predecessors, it consists of the native text, a translation, critical and exegetical notes, and copious indexes to the whole, and is printed in a style that would reflect no discredit on the best of our own publishing houses. To those familiar with the previous volumes of the series, we need not insist upon the immense scholarship and research displayed by the learned Doctor in the lifelong work which has placed him in the foremost rank of sinologues. No living foreigner, in all probability, possesses an acquaintance with the classic lore of China in any way comparable to that of Dr. Legge, and, as regards accuracy of rendering, his version may challenge the most exacting scrutiny. The volume before us, known as the Shi King, comprises the classic odes of China, and, being written in the metrical form in use presumably some two thousand years before Christ, presents unusual difficulties to the translator. It is scarcely too much to say that sentences occur of which the meaning is as obscure as anything to be found in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt; and though the modern Chinese attach to them a conventional significance, there is no evidence to show that it corresponds with the original intention. This is to a great extent due to the fact that the infamously celebrated Emperor who built the great wall, decreed the destruction of every printed or written book within his dominions, hoping thereby to pass down to posterity as the founder of Chinese literature. So deeply engraved in the minds of the people, however, were the classic

books that the text was in the subsequent reign easily recovered. Still, much in the way of comment and explanation was lost, so that as characters began to modify their significations—for even in conservative China such changes have taken place, just as our word "prevent" has entirely passed out of use in its primary sense—doubts arose as to their meaning, and the received intention can only be regarded as approximately correct. The mass of commentary upon the sacred books, amounting to as many volumes as would make a respectable public library, has not tended greatly to clear up doubtful points, while verbose enough regarding renderings of slight importance. Hence the work of the translator has been one of extraordinary difficulty, and that he has achieved so marked a success is matter for sincere congratulation. We cannot, at the same time, disguise from ourselves that everything like grace of diction has been sacrificed to rigid accuracy, and it becomes a nice point whether a prose version in English of a poem, or even verses, in another language can be accepted as in all respects fulfilling the idea of translation in its highest sense. Upon this point, however, we shall leave Chinese scholars to enlarge, simply contenting ourselves with re-echoing the verdict passed by those in China competent to judge, that Dr. Legge's work marks an era in Anglo-Chinese literature. A sure proof of its value lies in the fact, communicated by a correspondent at Hongkong, that a member of the Canton literati has *pirated* the edition, printing from native wood blocks and Roman type, set up in a manner that would drive an American printer to despair; the whole impressed on paper not quite so good as that used by a grocer for his sugars.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE IN FRANCE.*

THE best evidence of the hold which France still has upon the sympathies of mankind is the eagerness with which the process of her reconstruction is watched, the approval manifested towards those of her statesmen who discern and declare her defects, and even the perhaps too officious advice we all have to offer her as to the reforms which she imperatively needs, and the order in which they should be taken up. No one can doubt that for interested lookers-on the present development of France promises the most important lessons in the science of government, in political and social economy. Exactly how much we may learn, and how much it will profit us, will depend on the knowledge which we bring to the observation of passing events—it being as true here as in the use of the microscope, that what one sees depends upon what he knows, or knows how to look for. And if we would either divine correctly the true way for France out of her present difficulties, or estimate the just value of her steps towards recovery, we must have an adequate idea of the causes which have brought her where she now lies. In other words, we must put ourselves in the place of Frenchmen patriotically engaged upon this very problem, with the advantage on our part that we can approach it without prejudices, and without the temptation to conceal the truth because it is disagreeable. Some of these causes are as old and as difficult to trace as they are difficult to remedy. Others are much more recent, and perhaps on that account all the more unsuspected; and this is the case with the one which we purpose now to consider, with the aid of the valuable memoir of M. Jannet, embodying the results of a private enquiry made five years ago under the auspices of the Société des Etudes Pratiques d'Economié Sociale.

This enquiry contemplated the practical results of the laws of succession in Provence, with reference to their influence on family morals, as well as on the system of agriculture. It revealed first of all the fact that this portion of the Code Napoléon has but just begun to bear fruit in Southern and Southeastern France. "For one or two generations the people strove against the application of it, as being repugnant to their traditions and received ideas; the present generation alone is fully imbued with its spirit, and will push its application to the furthest limits." Not that the Code Napoléon is the prime source of this evil legislation, nor that the First Consul, already weighted down with the curses of posterity, must add to his sins this of the *partage forcé*. When the Civil Code which perpetuates his name was under discussion, he proposed to leave this compulsory division in force for all fortunes of 20,000 francs and upwards, but to make the disposition of property below that amount absolutely free. He was overruled, in favor of the example of the Convention of 1793, which suppressed the right to devise property *(droit de tester)* for fear lest aristocratic fathers should disinherit their patriot children. So it happens that, since 1803, a decedent can dispose absolutely of only a portion of his effects *(quotité disponible)* according to the number of his children—never exceeding one-half; while the remainder must be divided among them as co-heirs having a right to an equal share, *and that in kind*, of each article of the inheritance. The law is precisely the same for all divisions of property made during life, which are not valid without the consent of the children, but which nevertheless afford a means of evading the law in cases where a division in kind would be impracticable or ruinous, from the nature of the soil or from other circumstances.

First among the ills which flow from this prolific fountain, M. Jannet depicts the disorganization of small farming. Small proprietors and small properties, it is true, antedate the Revolution, though their numbers were greatly increased by the confiscations of that period and the division of communal possessions. The tendency of the *partage forcé* is to multiply them indefinitely, and it has on this account been lauded as an element of stability for the country. But precisely the past seventy years have been most remarkable in the history of France for unrest, change, revolution, and war, of which we have not yet, perhaps, witnessed the climax. The fact is that the laws of succession now destroy more small patrimonies than they create, and constantly impoverish those which remain. In the process of subdivision a point is reached at which it becomes unprofitable, and indeed impracticable, to use the labor of beasts in cultivating. For this purpose a piece of ground must be at least fifty yards long; yet often, when this condition is satisfied, the width does not exceed four or five plough-lengths. In the canton of Cadenet, arrondissement of Apt in Vaucluse, a certain proprietor's landed fortune consisted of eight "parcels" or lots worth $1,200, some of which were 800 feet long, but only 10 feet wide—too narrow for the working of beasts. Frequently the proprietor of one of these parcels is compelled to lease enough more from his neighbors to enable him to use a plough on his own and to raise a few head of stock. The result is a widespread condition of poverty on the part of this class. It has been calculated, says M. Jannet, that more than half *(la forte moitié)* of the small French proprietors have an income of less than $16. For all such, compulsory division means selling out to the sheriff; and, in fact, there are in France 8,500 auction sales of this kind every year. In 1865, 937 sales of property, worth $100 or less, produced $51,800, while the costs amounted to $64,000; and 1,382 sales of property, worth from $100 to $200, produced $207,700, at a cost of $100,000. In the unfertile and hilly regions of the Basses-Alpes, the *partage forcé*, when carried out, results in depopulation. "Estates, becoming too scanty to sustain a family, are converted into commons, or abandoned to the devastation of the torrents," and, while the territory thus grows poorer and poorer, the taxes grow heavier and heavier, since the official appraisement remains unaltered. The final issue of this state of things is that the land put up at auction is either bid in by small proprietors anxious to enlarge their insignificant domain—in which case the value of the land to the State is enhanced by the very fierceness of this wretched competition—or by capitalists who supplant the small proprietor with the small farmer.

What becomes of the families whose ruin is implied in these annual sales? Where there does not exist a normal and periodic emigration (such as is to be found in the Basses-Alpes, for example), "les familles ruinées vont seules grossir la population urbaine." They flock to the cities, bringing not a fresh, strong, virtuous infusion of country blood, but shiftlessness, despondency, vice, and misery. They furnish the unsettled, discontented, cowardly, and brutal material of which revolutions are bred in France, at once the product and the producers of social disorganization. "In reading over this memoir," says the author, in his preface to the new edition, "after an interval of four years, I have been struck with the fact that those regions in which the disruption of families was the rule have proved exactly the ones in which the International, and the divers associations of the Radical party, have taken root and spread with the greatest rapidity." Eighty years ago it would have been possible to make a similar observation with regard to Champagne. Here, as in some other parts of France, the *partage forcé* had long been practised, although in some measure neutralized by other customs; but in the seventeenth century it began to take effect. "The condition of the peasants grew more and more miserable from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, in contrast with other parts of the country, notably the South and West. Deprived of a sound constitution of the family, they developed secretly the spirit of antagonism, and the Revolution found among them the scene of its earliest violence. They were all the more disposed to make war on the chateaux from the fact that the nobility and the burgesses of the towns had a different law of succession, founded on entail and the right of primogeniture." In the late war with Germany, "except a few battalions of Mobiles in which the sons of ancient families and the sons of peasants joined with a common devotion, the people of the South [in their turn infected by the *partage forcé*] showed none of the patriotic *élan* of their fathers in previous invasions. Demagogic agitation took the place of it."

We have touched upon only one of the three evils which M. Jannet endeavors to ascribe to the French law of succession, and our space warns us to be brief. To exhibit the change which is taking place in rural society,

* "Les Résultats du Partage Forcé des Successions en Provence, etc. Par Claudio Jannet, avocat à Aix." Nouvelle édition. Paris, New York: F. W. Christern. 1871.

he gives as the original type the *famille souche*, which corresponds as nearly as may be with the American farm life of forty years ago. It supposes the succession to the estate in its entirety of some one of the married children, and the independent establishment of the rest with an allowance. The home thus perpetuated is the refuge of such of the family as meet with misfortune, and the centre of the family traditions and affections. M. Jannet traces all the steps of demoralization by which this kind of family passes into the *famille instable*, without a homestead, without integral transmission, with no strong ties of interest or affection, impatient for a division of the patrimony, and separating carelessly when each has received his portion; living in crowded villages as the centre of the township, and going long distances to till the petty fragment of soil inherited. In so doing, he reveals phases of the domestic relations in rural France which it is hardly too strong to call sordid and repulsive. For instance, a father who, wishing to make provision for his old age, divides his property among his children, instead of leaving it in his will, is often only able to reconcile them to his endowing one with a larger portion than the rest in consideration of that one's receiving his parents into his house. "The extra endowment is not generally included in the son's marriage contract, for fear lest, having an irrevocable right, he neglect to discharge his obligations towards his parents." The *quotité disponible*, out of which the extra endowment is taken, is usually also burdened with the cost of purchasing exemption for the sons from conscription. Since 1855, the average price of exemption has been $500, a sum large enough to swallow up all the peasant's little economies, to leave no dowry for his daughters, and to render a division in kind inevitable after his death. Long before that, he may have had to endure the sight of his sons "passing their time in the cafés, assured of their future by rights which give them the means of living," and not respecting him "because they perceive that they do not depend on him for a living, and that the future belongs to them." After his death his children become strangers to one another, never so much as dreaming of living together, and neither giving nor expecting mutual aid in reverses. "In this respect the peasants are no whit inferior in selfishness to the bourgeoisie. When the Civil Code laid down the principle of the equal and absolute right of the children to their father's property, at the same time it shattered every bond of solidarity between them; for the moment they no longer owe anything to their common author, but are invested with a personal right which they derive from society, there ceases to be any basis for reciprocal moral obligation. In this manner has the family been 'simplified,' according to the expressive euphemism of a sceptical contemporary."

The mother's fate is decidedly worse than the father's. Before the Revolution she occupied a high position in the family, which continued after the father's death to group itself about her. The Civil Code denies the widow all right, even of simple enjoyment, in her husband's inheritance. This wrong is of course remedied as far as may be in practice, but it has been the potent ally of other influences in degrading woman in the family, both in the relations of wife and of mother. "It should not be overlooked that our modern laws, in suppressing the ancient maxim that *don entre concubins ne vaut*, have given to immoral celibacy just that full and absolute liberty which they refuse to moral and fruitful families." The Civil Code has reinforced this odious distinction in making a large family the dread and penalty of the small husbandman, and in fostering that *stérilité systématique* constantly alluded to in the work before us. Physicians (for example, Bergeret) have borne concurrent testimony with M. Jannet's as to the direct connection between the laws of succession and the deliberate suppression of offspring, and consequent stationariness of the French population. Among those who protest most energetically against this feature of the Civil Code are the newly annexed Savoyards, accustomed to testamentary liberty, and who see their brethren across the Alps under a law (Italian Civil Code of 1866) which leaves one-half of a man's property at his absolute disposal, whatever the number of his children. Such was the liberty also of the people of Nice, who, under the old Sardinian constitutions, could boast of a law, repealed only in 1848, which exempted all Sardinian subjects having twelve legitimate children from all public taxes and burdens, even to customs duties on goods and provisions necessary to the support of their families, during their entire lives. In all the Departments under M. Jannet's consideration, population is shown to be either stationary or retrograde; and as the *partage forcé* is carried to the greatest extent, for obvious reasons, in the most fertile districts, so systematic sterility and its attendant vices there flourish most.

We must forbear discussion of other topics which offer themselves only too freely, simply pointing out the fact that industrial as well as agricultural continuity is hindered by the law of succession. Thus the *partage forcé* is rigorously enforced at Marseilles, and "houses being no longer able to perpetuate themselves under the same firm, the heads of families liquidate early in order to enjoy their income, and leave their sons without guidance or traditions—a great waste of productive energy." In 1865, 130 eminent Paris merchants petitioned the Senate for some relief from this hardship, and most of the manufacturers' complaints of free trade have made mention of testamentary liberty as one of the chief causes of the superiority of English industries, and the ground of protection for the French. Unhappily for the cause of free trade, its application has brought the vast agriculture of Hungary and Russia into competition with the disorganized and hand-to-mouth cultivation of France, and naturally the French mind has looked to barring out the intruder rather than to improving what is defective in the native system.

It cannot be denied that if all this has much to teach us concerning the hidden causes of French decadence, it has also more than one moral which we may take home to ourselves. We see in it an act of special legislation, properly so-called in its inception, involving a thousand consequences never imagined by its authors—enfeeblement of the "spirit of devotion and discipline, of patriotism and social stability, of race-fecundity and colonizing expansion, of agricultural [and industrial] prosperity": an act in the interest of civil equality bearing most heavily upon the humbler and poorer classes; or, in the interest of human equality, debasing the woman without elevating the man: an act to prevent unnatural treatment of children by their parents, producing equally unnatural treatment of parents by their children; and, to promote family attachment, producing only selfishness and dispersion: an act to keep the rich from getting richer, only serving to make the poor poorer, and destroying the provincial nobility without substituting for it corresponding virtues and traditions: a well-meaning act, whose dreadful consequences have lain concealed for nearly three-quarters of a century. We cannot help, too, comparing one of these consequences—the transformation of the *famille souche* into the *famille instable*—with a like process that has been going on under our own eyes. With us it is a healthy development instead of an organic decay; yet we cannot but regret the gradual disappearance of those foci of our early civilization which once made New England blossom like the rose, which bred the men of the Revolution, and which, maintained in the same line from generation to generation while still sending forth the pioneers of Western settlement and discovery, have one by one succumbed to the railroad, the telegraph, and the power-loom.

THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

"THE Buccaneer," the best known though not the best poem of Mr. Richard Henry Dana's, is brought to the knowledge of this generation of American readers by the October *Harper's*, in which it is republished with illustrations. We hope it may send its admirers to Mr. Dana's modest volume of prose and verse, full of genuine sentiment, thoughtful reflection, and, now and again, poetical imaginativeness, which the occasional quaintness of external dress cannot conceal. Indeed, this occasional quaintness, as of bygone fashion, while it will strike the casual reader of Mr. Dana's works more readily than his solidly valuable qualities of sense, delicate sensibility, masculine vigor, and cultivated restraint, is very much more than overbalanced by these qualities. The newspapers and modern poets are making worse prose-writers and verse-writers and worse men and women than if the poem of "The Beach Bird," and that upon the Chamber called Peace, and the criticism on Kean's acting, were familiar to the students of Swinburne, Buchanan, and Miller, the magazines and the campaign press. We have not at hand any edition of "The Buccaneer" later than that of 1833, and it may have been earlier than this summer that Mr. Dana has made in the poem some changes which we have noted as we re-read it. They are all comparatively slight, and all seem to us to be improvements. Apart from its intrinsic merits, "The Buccaneer" and its companion pieces are worth the attention of their new readers as forming a literary monument of interest. Mr. Dana, born in 1785, is almost the Nestor of American literature, and was among the earliest of our poets to make a reputation which has proved worthy to endure. One smiles a little to see how Miss Edgeworth, and Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Monk Lewis, perhaps, and Byron, had their effect on these productions, with their heroes and heroines of sentiments so just and elegant, or of a gloom of soul so maddening, but in either case of conversational habits so overpowering; and no doubt "The Buccaneer" might have been different—the spectre horse not weird in just this way, nor the poem in such jeopardy from the bathetic as now it sometimes appears to be—had "Peter Bell" and "The Ancient Mariner" not been written. But, on the other hand, the author's style shows that his studies had not been confined to contemporary English, great geniuses as were Mr. Southey and Lord Jeffrey; and he does not long leave the reader without proof of his individual independence, while the native powers of his mind and the qualities of his heart secure for him his reader's respect and

liking, and for the reader a certain and sensible profit. The essay on domestic life, for instance, cannot be read without giving real pleasure, nor without inspiring a kindness and esteem for the author.

Hawthorne is another of our old-time authors who appear in this month's *Harper's;* but it is not so much in his own person that he appears as in reminiscences of him by another, and still more in biographical details, which are well enough known to make a skipping reader the best reader of the article. There is, however, part of a letter or two of Hawthorne's. In one of them he advises the writer, who is seeking a place in the New York Custom-house, to exercise on the Washington politicians his power of hard drinking, as they all guzzle brandy in great quantities, but tells him that he must by no means "let them see you corned." He remarks, too, "when applying for an office, if you are conscious of any deficiencies (moral, intellectual, or educational, or whatever else), keep them to yourself, and let those find them out whose business it may be." This was jocosely meant, no doubt; but, morality and self-respect apart, it was not bad advice as things went in Pierce's day. After all, the former days were not so much better than these.

The Hawthorne article, like "The Buccaneer," is illustrated—the former by a portrait which will make the original turn in his grave; and there are, besides these, two or three other articles with pictures, one being descriptive of the New York Harbor Police, and another of a trip down the Danube. Following these are chapters of fiction by Miss Thackeray, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and a lively person who writes "A Short Story for Gentlemen." Mr. Reade is not shining with great lustre in this first portion of his "Simpleton." The evils of tight lacing are his theme so far; and he shows in the usual degree his well-known and unrivalled power of nudging the reader in the ribs and turning the female heart inside out and back again while the reader is saying Jack Robinson. We do not know what writer should be at the same time more exasperating and more amusing to women of sense, or indeed to the other kind of women. Mr. Collins's story is to be about a woman of ill repute who wishes to get back into good standing, and who to that end takes upon herself the name, clothes, and "antecedents" of a lady whom she sees killed before her eyes on a battle-field of Eastern France. The lady is not killed, however, but only wounded in some impossible manner, and is cured by one of the miraculous German surgeons who perform the impossible sort of cures. "It will be seen," the advertisements say, "that the story will be one of thrilling interest." For the rest, *Harper's* contains the third part of the "Recollections of an Old Stager," who gives us some anecdotes about Webster, John Quincy Adams, and the forgotten George Evans of Maine; the fifth part of Señor Castelar's account of "The Republican Movement in Europe"; and some poetry, among which is an "improvisation" by Mr. Bayard Taylor:

> "Fondle me, Lalage!
> Girl of the soft white hand,
> Girl of the low white brow
> And the roseate bosom band;
> Bloom from an orchard bough
> Less downy soft than thou,
> Lalage!"

There are two other stanzas, each as good as this one.

Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, a Norwegian gentleman now resident in this country, contributes to the *Atlantic* a translation of another Norwegian lyric as pleasing as its predecessor, which he gave to the magazine two or three months ago. This "Thoralf Synnöv" is plainly not an "improvisation," though it may well be imagined that it has been made without difficulty, as certainly it can be read with ease and with delight. Our young friends Lalage and Synnöv differ somewhat as regards lissomeness, or, as one might say, as regards wooden stiffness:

> "Then it was last St. John's Eve—I remember it so well,
> And we had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell,
> And all the lads and maidens were seated in a ring,
> And some were telling stories and the rest were listening.
>
> "Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as clear
> As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of the year;
> And I—I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me dart,
> For every note of Synnöv's went straight into my heart.
>
> "And like the rushing torrents that from the glaciers flow,
> And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,
> So streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests far and wide,
> And Synnöv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.
>
> "'And little Synnöv,' sang I, 'thou art good and very fair,'
> 'And little Thoralf,' sang she, 'of what you say beware,'" etc., etc.

Surely a natural sweetness and freshness and sincerity like this of Thoralf and Synnöv might well be sought in exchange for all the art about which we hear so much talk from various manufacturers of verses. Usually it is as if an automaton-maker should lecture us from among his wood and leather about sculpturing or child-bearing. It is but a poor escape from the "materialism of American life" that leads us to an "art" which holds us off from all the realities of existence and tries to content us with a carved toy, surface polished and meaningless, except that it is so far from being "utilitarian" that it is utterly inutile for any and every human purpose. That we should be much engrossed by ledgers and newspapers and politics may be bad or may be good; on the other hand, to go with Mr. Boker and call "trade" "hell's minion," and make "Lalages," and call the making of them anything worth doing, is beyond peradventure bad. Fighting for "art" and "culture" with weapons like that very much resembles the course of the unarmed Arab when he suddenly meets a lion; it is said that, being unarmed, the friend of culture talks nonsense to the beast in a temperate voice, as empty of feeling as his words are empty of sense, until by-and-by the lion, his surprise overcome, eats the improvisator, and waits for his own defeat and death to come from some more sensible and forcible quarter.

Mr. Parton's "Jefferson" continues to be as readable as ever, though as was to have been expected, it is the writing of a partisan, and of a very intrepid propounder of *obiter dicta.* Here for instance are two or three sentences remarkable for what they assert, and perhaps more remarkable for what they omit to say; but Mr. Parton rattles them off as glibly as if there had been no long and difficult and splendidly successful *Alabama* diplomacy carried on abroad between 1861 and 1865; as if there could have been a more favorable set of circumstances for acquiring temporary distinction than surrounded Mr. Washburne during the Franco-German war; or as if it were Franklin's stockings that determined the action of France against England during our Revolution. "We have had, however," says Mr. Parton, "besides a large number of respectable ministers in the ordinary way, those whose opportunity was at once immense and unique—Franklin, Jefferson, and Washburne—and each of these proved equal to his opportunity." Mr. Washburne certainly behaved with commendable industry, energy, and hospitality on the conspicuous stage of Paris besieged; but it will be a singular historian of those times who shall speak of him as having advanced the credit of American diplomacy. It is such slapdash talk as this of Mr. Parton's that confounds solid merit and real services with merit far less solid or even with stupid demerit, and makes it harder for real fame to make head against flashy notoriety.

Other contents of the *Atlantic* are, "L'Ore, the Slave of a Siamese Queen," by Mrs. Leonowens, which is another leaf from that lady's chronicle of the harem, and very striking it is; Mrs. Agassiz describes a glacier in the Straits of Magellan, discovered when the *Hassler* was in those waters with her exploring party; "Guest's Confession," by Mr. Harry James, begins; "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" goes on, with its usual fine, full boarding-house flavor, and some remarks which will lead the unarboricultural reader to suppose white pine to be better timber than pitch pine; "The Comedy of Terrors" is dull as ever; there is poetry by Marian Douglas, Lucy Larcom, and Bayard Taylor, and there is a full allowance of literary and other criticism. As for the latter, we find something graceful in the art-critic's retirement from the discussion of Ward's Shakespeare statue, though he leaves us in doubt whether he still holds that there were in Elizabethan times two Shakespeares, a "real" and an "ideal," the former of whom Mr. Ward has represented; and whether he thinks there is great advantage in raising statues to the "real" Shakespeare, of whom we know next to nothing, rather than to the "ideal" Shakespeare, the poet, of whom we may say we know everything. We are pleased, too, at the writer's new interest in ethnology and the muscular system of savages. We have little time for conning our own former expressions, and it is pleasant to be reminded that our notions of Indian structure are the same to-day that they were when "The Indian Hunter" was first exhibited, though we may have made progress since then in the matter of exacting accuracy about such things in works of art. It may be worth while to point out to the writer that had he found more essential discrepancy than he did when he avoided the main issue and fell to collating our criticisms of five or six years ago with those of last month, he would still have been engaged in a profitless sort of argumentation.

The literary critic's quotation from Sainte-Beuve of a remark that no one makes a real book nowadays, suggests a question which it might be profitable to investigate, namely, How many of the really great and influential books of the world's literature have been designed and written as "books," in the sense in which men of letters and literary artists use the term? Shakespeare deliberately made "books" in the favorite fashion of the court, and predicted immortality for his "sugred sonnets," while the works which gave his comrades their bread and meat, and himself his, and his immortality, went to probable oblivion almost utterly unregarded by him. No literary artist working as such made the books of the Hebrew Scriptures; nor the books of the Iliad and Odyssey; nor those of the Koran. The books made not as books, but as a means to an end, and an end not intrinsically literary, might probably be proved to be

in the majority of those which have exercised supreme literary influence, literary and otherwise. The subject becomes a close and practical one when we either seek a measure for the value of literary performances or a guide to the best means of accomplishing the best results in literature.

Of the *Atlantic's* poetry, other than Mr. Boyesen's, there is need only of saying that Miss Lucy Larcom, who did well in her early poem of "Hannah at the Window," and who, since then, has produced nothing above a rather common level, has in this month's poem of "Phœbe" nearly or quite equalled her former self. "Phœbe" has not the pathos of the other poem, but it is very engaging and pretty; it is completely and definitely conceived, and it is well finished. "Penn Calvin" is one of those "liberal" grapplings with "creeds" which, twenty years ago, would have rolled up the eyes of the sewing circles, and made the author suspected of "deism"; nowadays the sages and pundits of the lecture-platform have so accustomed the Dorcas Societies to advanced thought of the profoundest kind, that the philosopher who says that God is good; that babes in arms do not go to hell; that there is good in human nature as well as a saving power in grace, is safe anywhere, and may be tolerant to any extent; while everybody of a certain age will admit his depth, nobody will seek his life. Indeed, we expect to see the thing so well understood in two or three years' time that no one will seek even his biography.

The most interesting article in the *Galaxy* is by Mr. Albert Stickney, who hits hard at Mr. Jeremiah Black and Mr. David Dudley Field, having the fear of neither of those gentlemen before his eyes, as indeed we do not know why he should. Both of them Mr. Stickney charges with perversion of the truth, and as one story is good till another is told, and sometimes after the other is told, we shall wait till Mr. Field and Mr. Black attempt reply before disbelieving that Mr. Stickney has left his antagonists in a position which nothing but custom and practice could make agreeable.

"Our Consul at Jerusalem," by Mr. Albert Rhodes, is not about any particular consul there, nor indeed is it very much about anything or anybody else, but it may be read. "The Fellowship of Music," by Dr. T. M. Coan, is a clever essay, showing widely cultivated tastes, tracing as it does with particularity the interdependence of the various arts, and particularly the relationship which music bears to each of them and to the human mind. "Royal Exiles and Imperial Parvenus" is by an English lady who, before she was in a manner banished to this country, was familiar in noble and royal circles, and who fairly well avails herself of her opportunity to make articles having interest. As much can also be said for the writer of the paper on the late Mr. Hackett, the actor, who appears in a very good light indeed, though what is said is but fragmentary. Mr. Trollope's "Eustace Diamonds" appears to be no nearer conclusion than at any time within three months, and we suspect the hero and heroines may be getting ready to be drawn, like Lily Dale and John Eames, through several more novels.

Bismarck's attack upon the German Jesuits takes up sixteen pages of this month's *Catholic World*. The writer says he cannot help laughing when he hears Bismarck protesting, "as a Protestant and an Evangelical Christian," against the pretensions of the Pope. The height of solemn farce, he thought to himself, when he read the protest, had now been reached, and the words reminded him of "one Oliver Cromwell, who, in common with a well-known kinsman of his, had a knack of citing Scripture for his purpose" —the kinsman in question being the devil, no doubt. But why so atrocious a man as Bismarck should not almost as a matter of course be so atrocious a thing as an Evangelical Protestant, the writer does not make plain. What else was to have been expected of his inborn villany and hatred of truth than that they should inevitably make of him a Protestant and an Evangelical? No one would suppose, to read the *Catholic World*, that Bismarck found the Jesuits and the Alt-Katholik party in a savage fight, and was in a manner compelled to take a hand in it. The fact is, the Jesuits are in the van of the uncompromising Roman Catholic Church party; they act upon the theory which other Catholics, with more or less sensible illogicality, do not and will not act upon, and endeavor to secure for "God" the absolute control of this world—government, education, what not. As most men are willing that God should rule the world, but define the term "God" in a way different from that of the followers of Loyola, the latter once in so often come to grief. Their fight with the German Reichstag is not the first instance in which too much logic and various forms of energetic action have brought them in contact with "the world," and it will, no doubt, not be the last. The Society of Jesus we are not done with yet, we may depend.

Scribner's has a "Letter to a Young Journalist, whose Education has been Neglected," a person who is getting a good deal of attention just now, and perhaps this advice of "W. P. A.'s" is as likely to be of service as most that is said to him. "What you may or may not have lost by not going to college," says "W. P. A.," "is this—direct contact with the powerful and well-trained mind of a competent living teacher, one who has both a perfect grasp and a living interest in his subject." But this is not all; nor half; nor a third. Doubtless there are as able men out of college as in it, and some of the ablest men in this country, as elsewhere, have been men self-trained, or rather trained by some exacting profession, liberal or other. But for the average man the average college does very much in many ways—by letting him come under the influence of several able men; make the acquaintance of the most favored of his contemporaries; learn how much they know; learn something of his own limitations; get a fair view of what there is to be known in the various fields of knowledge; and perhaps learn the great lesson of how to study. The tone of this letter, as regards the opponent and adversary, smacks not so much of the ideal young journalist whose education has been neglected, as of the actual young journalist, we fear. "Pigheaded doctrinaire," "knavish demagogue," "pretentious twaddler," are hardly the terms to which the tender journalist should be accustomed by his preceptors, even when abstract persons and not persons in the flesh get the benefit of them. The mere show and imitation of blood rouses the young lion.

"Ernst of Edelsheim" is some verses by Mr. John Hay, with a clever turn to them at the last; "Mr. Beecher as a Social Force" seems to us a good magazine article; and there are many other papers which keep *Scribner's* for October, like its brethren, of an even goodness without much that shows above the general surface as excellent.

A well illustrated article, entitled "From Lake Superior to Puget Sound," opens *Lippincott's*, with some pages which are sufficiently readable, we dare say—though we will confess for our own part that while we cannot be said to abhor the very thought of reading sketches of travel in America, we are not so fond of them either that we read any of them when we can help it. We speak of sketches of travel in America written by Americans; written by the foreigner they are another thing. Though for that matter, we are becoming so respectable, and populous, and so much bigger than any other people that the charm of the foreign tourist's volume is rapidly disappearing. The late Mr. Tuckerman collected his volume of the British traveller's abuse and the Gaul's philosophy not a moment too soon. "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" widens the breach between Miss Bell and Mr. Arthur, who in these last chapters continues his misbehavior, and of whom we suppose most of Mr. Black's male readers are not now so jealous as they are of the young German—or Dutchman, as the term of reproach goes. "Mr. Twitchell's Inventions" is an amusing enough story of a kind that we should like to see commoner in the magazines; the writer on the art galleries of Philadelphia speaks this month of Mr. Henry C. Carey's Maclises, Stanfields, Pynes, Leslies, Eastlakes, and Morlands; Lady Blanche Murphy writes about her picture gallery, the article consisting of some photographic remarks upon noted persons of whom she has seen something—Czartoryskis, Stuarts of the exiled line, the late Lord Derby; an old Etonian writes about Eton and his school days there; and besides these articles there are half a dozen more of the usual kind, which certainly is a good kind, as American and English monthly magazines go, and with a distinctive flavor not possessed by all our magazines.

RECENT NOVELS.*

A NOVEL in which almost everybody is moral, the heroine an Ultramontane Catholic with some of the instincts of a saint, and the hero a free-thinker, converted through love, is a curious thing to get from a man who afterwards wrote "Camors." It is an interesting story, nevertheless, skilfully told, and put into very readable English by its present translator. Sybille herself is a unique creation—not because she is either lifelike or possible, for we imagine her to be neither, but because M. Feuillet seems to have tried his hand at making in her an incipient saint. To be a saint he has understood that one loves God exclusively; and in his effort to combine an exclusive love for God with an absorbing passion for a man, he has produced a character which throws a good deal of light upon his own motives and mental processes, but which has no consistency nor possibility. On its face it is a very simple, pretty, religious little tale, but it has a taint of insin-

* "The Story of Sybille. By Octave Feuillet, author of 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man.' Translated from the French by M. H. T." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"A Waiting Race. By Edmund Yates." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"The End of the World. A Love Story. By Edward Eggleston, author of 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' With thirty-two illustrations." New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

"Olive Varcoe. By Francis Derrick." Loring: Boston.

"Clara Vaughan. By R. D. Blackmore. 2 vols." Berlin: A. Asher & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"Ebb-Tide and Other Stories. By Christian Reid." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"Ethel Mildmay's Follies. By the author of 'Petite's Romance.'" Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"Love and Valor. By Tom Hood." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"Glitter and Gold. By Horace Field, B.A., author of 'Heroism,' etc." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

cerity throughout which would be as perceptible were the novel an anonymous one as it is when it bears the name of M. Feuillet.

"A Waiting Race," by Mr. Edmund Yates, has been republished by the Messrs. Appleton, and will have a greater run than it deserves. This it is safe to say, because it ought to have no run at all. The story is an extremely unpleasant one, told in a jaunty way about lords and ladies, and exposing the hideous plagues that rage beneath a gorgeous exterior. Society is taken severely to task, and it is so fully proved that fashionable women will run away from their husbands, and that blue blood is probably bad blood, that the heart of the true republican beats with pride as he reads so searching an exposure of the aristocracy of England. There is nothing more than this in the novel, absolutely nothing. It simply reminds us of what one might imagine to be the work of a chastened "Ouida," who is not quivering with passion or appetite, but simply giving us full information about the ways and manners of her betters. That such books should be written and read enables one to understand the grounds old-fashioned people take against the reading of fiction, and, indeed, seems to remind one that time rolls on, and that one is rapidly getting to be old-fashioned one's self.

It is a pleasure to turn from such a novel to so simple-minded and innocent a story as Mr. Eggleston's "End of the World," which is announced on the title-page to be a love story, but which is much more and much better in its way than that. There are the young man and the young woman who are persecuted and separated by heartless parents; they also add to their sufferings by misunderstanding one another; there is the fever, which is epidemic with heroes, although in this case it is not the consequence of a fall from a horse in front of the heroine's house; and finally, of course, they are married. This is all told pleasantly enough, and in a way which every one will be glad to see in a story which does not pretend to any deep searching of the human heart, but which will, we have no doubt, be very popular among people who do not read most of the best and a multitude of the worst novels every year. But better than that, to our thinking, is the greater novelty of the scene to which the author introduces us, and the amusing people—Second Adventists, Western Methodist exhorters, confidence-men, and so forth—whom he has sketched in a very lifelike way. The plot of the story is certainly hackneyed, but there is considerable freshness in the telling of it, and, above all, the author deserves praise for the good-nature and cheerfulness, and the lack of false sentiment, which together make the story better than would its literary merits alone.

"Olive Varcoe," on the other hand, takes us back into the familiar paths of fiction, only they are in this case a trifle more winding than usual. How far it may be taken as a picture of life, and as conveying a moral to a docile world, we can judge from this outline: Olive Varcoe, the heroine, who is the daughter of an Eastern merchant and a favorite slave whom he had married, is the second cousin of two brothers, one of whom is engaged to an English girl of the ordinary type. Olive, with her mixed blood, used to indulge in "inventions, Eastern fashion, with an adroitness and skill that oftentimes amused her English opponents." These amusing inventions, however, were not a supplementary volume of the "Arabian Nights," but falsehoods which "did not disgust, as they were mostly so un-English, so removed from mere vulgar lying, having in them a keen jest, a spice of romance, or a touch of Eastern malice." She also smokes, flirts violently, and shows a bad temper, and when a murder happens to be committed, and that, too, of an odious rival, suspicion naturally falls on her rather than on the others; but the moral is a condemnation of hasty judgments. Of course we shall not betray the author's secret—the name of the real murderer—in which lies really all the interest that the story has.

Those whose thirst for blood is aroused by this tale may perhaps allay it by reading Mr. Blackmore's "Clara Vaughan," a revised edition of a story that he wrote about twenty years ago. Why it should not have been left to rest in its grave does not to us clearly appear. It is the story of a young woman who was insane during her childhood, and who devotes those years that most of her sex spend in frivolous amusement, self-adornment, and the pursuit of pleasure, to the cultivation of a surly temper and the search of her father's murderer. As most girls' fathers die natural deaths, this book will probably have but little influence either for good or bad, and even if all fathers perished beneath assassins' knives, we can hardly expect to have our police force, whatever may be its efficiency, replaced by the young women who now are preparing for this winter's parties. It is a dull story; one of the most amusing things about it is the careful and tolerably accurate imitation of a young woman's literary style—a task of which, whatever the difficulty, the praise need not be exorbitant, we suppose.

In spite of one little flash of horror in one of the shorter tales, Miss Reid, the author of "Ebb Tide," deals with nothing more deadly than the flash of beauteous eyes. Her novel is decidedly a "novel of society," and is very readable as such novels go. She has certainly the merit of making her men and women talk like people of good breeding, although it must be said that they all lack the cool composure which is supposed to belong exclusively to the worldling; but then it is only beneath the mighty impulse of the tender passion that they ever speak at all. The longer novel from which the volume takes its name is, perhaps, the best; but there is no one of the shorter tales that is without merit. If this author would look to something higher than the flirtations on hotel p'azzas, there would seem to be no reason why she should not write something much better, something of more real interest. She has the merit of avoiding many of the mistakes that are made by the majority of novelists upon such themes, and, apparently, she is capable of seeing and describing much more genuine passion than the rather trivial manifestations of it which form the only subjects of this volume. At any rate, one is justified in hoping for something better, for this is good of its kind.

"Ethel Mildmay's Follies" were very much like the follies of a good many other young women, inasmuch as she insisted on flirting with the wrong man against the advice of all her family. By-and-by, however, the right man comes along, Miss Ethel sees the error of her ways, and with rare wisdom takes up with what we may call the Original Jacobs, or true genuine hero. It certainly is not a story that it is absolutely essential for any one to read who is struggling to get an education, but for a rainy day, an idle hour, it may serve to pass away the time.

"Love and Valor" is another novel of about the same merit. It is put together without much naturalness, there are scenes of college life, of service in the army, of the work of a clergyman, etc., but there is no real interest in the story—it simply belongs to a never-ending sort of novel, and is quite as good as most of its kind.

Mr. Field says in his preface, and says it in a way that well enough illustrates his manner of writing throughout his work: "The imperial crown I could not help weaving for Christ with the busy fingers of both day and night, seemed but a weeping tribute if I could not twine amid its sprays emblems of an outer as well as of an inner power; and in the search for the social leaves of an eternal green I needed, no course appeared so full of promise and so attractive as to follow the imaginary history of a seeker after God planted amid our social conditions, and observe whither he was led." If any reader finds this passage stilted in expression and doubtful in meaning, we can only advise him not to attempt following Mr. Field through the cumbrous pages of the novel in which he tries to unfold his social and religious theories. He believes in co-operation as a remedy for most social evils, and seems to have strong Swedenborgian tendencies—his faith in himself is above all things staunch and unwavering. But he is a most tedious novelist, whether it is the invention of machines that occupies him or the prayerful love-making of his hero and heroine. Ernest and Grace are assuredly prigs of the first water, and even the latter's bedridden condition fails to reconcile us to her. When Ernest stoops over her couch of pain and imprints his first kiss upon her lips—a long kiss, Mr. Field says, which satisfied Grace thoroughly—and then after a moment's silence tells her that he "feels moved to prayer," and getting down on his knees buries his head in her gown, and extemporizes a prayer in Mr. Field's best style, to which Grace responds at short intervals with the "Agnus Dei," we confess to emotions which are not sympathetic. Mr. Field may possibly be capable of writing "dear little books"—an "American Metaphysician" whose opinion of him is printed with that of others on the fly-leaves of his present novel says so—but this is not a dear little book.

Man in the Past, Present, and Future. A Popular Account of the Results of Recent Scientific Research. From the German of Dr. L. Büchner, by W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 363.)—Dr. Büchner, owing to his zealous propaganda of materialism, has, we believe, become the bugaboo of many a pious German household. Having read nothing of his since the earlier editions of "Kraft und Stoff," which displayed, if we remember aright, a certain crudity and violence of anti-theologic fervor, we confess that the calm and sober, not to say dull, tone of this last treatise has rather disappointed us. There is one set of comic verses upon the Kantian *Ding an sich*, and Christianity gets an occasional passing sneer, but, on the whole, the book contains little but facts and reasonings, and is a good example of German doughtiness and intellectual conscientiousness in a rather unimaginative mind. The first part, "Our Origin," treats of the late discoveries in human archæology. The second, "What are we?" has for its object to fill up the chasm between us and the brutes, physically and mentally. They are good and readable compilations, showing abundant familiarity with the authorities. The third part, "Where are we Going?" is more original, and awakens more our curiosity. Poor theology stands to-day so inoffensive, that for a man purely and simply to hate her argues a certain hardness of heart or suggests intellectual anachronism—

"survival" from those earlier generations when she wore teeth and claws and carried fagots, and when Voltaire could with reason retort upon some one who complained that his polemic was too purely negative: "Quoi! je vous délivre d'une bête féroce, et vous me demandez par quoi je la remplace!" Now that it seems certain that an era of positivism or pure naturalism is before us, to endure no one can say how long, and to absorb no one can say how many of the most honest minds and generous hearts; and while so many of these are at this moment dropping their hands and submitting to it, though they find no cheer in it, when we see a writer who behaves as if it were a sort of gospel, it is natural to turn and enquire of him how he *feels* about it—what sort of an emotional synthesis the new conception of the world yields him, to take the place of the old notion of an absolute better or worse, and of that good purpose in things to believe in which may practically reconcile us to the evil by which it is being bought. Such a writer as Mr. John Morley has a very strong dose of what we may call positivistic emotion, and can kindle it in the reader. But Dr. Büchner, sharing the same general set of opinions, urges them with a more drily logical energy:

"'A perfectly purposeless co-operation of causes' has led to the birth of man. He has therefore no one to thank for his existence, and must seek its purpose only in himself and in his own welfare. . . . Existence is everywhere and in every condition or moment of its happening *its own object*. Man is here, simply *to be here!* . . . If we wish to find the true destiny of man, we must turn away from the general notion implied in the word 'destiny,' . . . and seek the purpose of his existence in himself and in his relations to his surroundings, just in the same way that existence *in general* also cannot be conceived with reference to any purpose lying outside of it, but is merely existence for its own sake, and therefore at every moment fulfils its destiny or purpose—if we choose to make use of the essentially unphilosophic notion of destiny or purpose at all."

The only Providence for man is thus man himself, and philanthropy becomes his ideal motive and pursuit. "His natural destiny can never be attained by him so long as he, like the animals, feels only as an individual being, and carries on his struggle for existence upon his own account alone, and guided by mere personal or egotistic motives. . . . The individual is all that he can be only in and with humanity at large, or by its means, and his endeavors after personal happiness are therefore most intimately connected with the striving of mankind in general after prosperity and progress." The feeling of dignity which this consciousness of his sole responsibility carries with it is the only sentimental resource of positivism as against theism; while its declaration that man's *sympathies* are concerned solely with what is human, and that the universe at large may be regarded as a strictly foreign and ever-hostile nature with which, *in itself*, he has no concern, may be considered to offer something of the cosy distinctness of the older faiths to those minds who find something dreary in the spaciousness of pantheistic modes of feeling.

Our author does not dwell much on these sentimental generalities, but proceeds to their practical application. Of course, where there seems a conflict of things desirable, his philosophy decides in favor of the more obvious material and immediate good. And herein we see its danger. Historical students who reflect on the subtle and roundabout ways by which the things we most prize have been developed for our use, mistrust schemes for renovating society which are too simply rational. Clear-sightedness may be short-sightedness. And any theory which, like positivism, makes the mere mitigation of all suffering as such its paramount end, runs the risk of missing those noblest outgrowths of the mind which, as they have been conditioned upon suffering in the past, may be expected in the future to retain the same incomprehensible relations with it. This objection would of course only apply to Dr. Büchner's practical faith if it were a reigning doctrine. As an *influence* in the body social, we believe it to have the highest value. His final preferences evidently are towards communism. Meanwhile, his watchword is the equalization of every one's chances at the outset of life; and its corollaries are republicanism, abolition of land tenure, abridgment of right to bequeathe, state education instead of family education, adoption by society of all incapables, legal restriction of hours of labor, abolition of artificial hindrances to female activity, encouragement of marriage, freedom of divorce, and extinction of supernatural religion. These topics are discussed in a sober enough style, but much too superficially to render the work of any value except perhaps that of exciting some one's interest in them. While the rather ponderous Teutonism of the style considerably diminishes the chances of this, as far as English readers are concerned, the translator's task has not been very delicately performed; and a certain uncouthness in the whole work forbids us to predict for it that wide effect among half-educated but hard-headed proletarians which a finer and abler treatment would surely have procured for it.

The Chandler Elements of Drawing. Introductory to Drawing, Art, and Taste. By John S. Woodman, Dartmouth College, Chand. Sci. Dept. (Boston: Ginn Bros.)—We turn over with gloomy fears the pages of this little drawing-book, notwithstanding the alleviating fact that its author is no more, and therefore powerless as an operative leader. It is because his labors were in their time "faithful and most successful," and are "highly appreciated by many classes of pupils," that we apprehend mischief. We admit the advantage of system in every kind of teaching, and are ready to own that even Raphael's disciples and Rubens's disciples would have done more if they had labored under military drill. But it is refining upon refinement, as we think, to adjust whole classes to the swing of the pendulum or the sound of music, set them to drawing imperceptible lines with imaginary pencils in concert, and in these exercises accustom them to use the left hand as well as the right. Such is the beginning of Professor Woodman's method; but a real implement is soon put into the disciple's hand, the one specially favored being a wooden rod, sharpened like a lead pencil, and dipped into ink; with this, or some other tool of a nobly primitive kind, the class may, in due time, make out the figures of vases and other objects by arranging little dots and crosses in those shapes, on the principle on which the celestial birds and roses are built up of angels in the vision of the *Commedia*. This rather Dantean revel may be celebrated as it proceeds with a chorus or pæan sung by the master and his pupils. "The teacher asks the question, '*What are you trying to learn?*' repeating it aloud every ten measures in an abbreviated form—'Trying to learn?' The class respond distinctly and aloud in concert." While still concerned in these elemental gymnastics, the children are trained in their poetical powers. They spend "two or three minutes" every day in drawing outlines of some "ennobling ideal," such as "the lily, the vase, George Washington, the Christian maiden or matron" (she is pressing her hands to her cheek, and in the copy, owing to the limitations of the engraver's art, suggests nothing more ennobling than toothache). These three-minute flights into the realm of fancy may be carried out with pencil, chalk, or more romantically "in the sand," and their practice is "equivalent, in art or taste, to the daily repetition of the words of some noble maxim." To think of this system as in active operation under the roofs of schools and colleges is to contemplate a pitiful era of futile slavery. It is only fair to judge the trainer by his fruits. We shall look with hopefulness upon the Woodman method when we begin to see throngs of flashing-eyed youths moving forth from Dartmouth to execute pictures with both hands simultaneously, and witch the world with the practice of art and music together. We cherish our doubt, because in our experience of schools we have never known fruitful results obtained in any such way. Practitioners who reach success are evidently those who use incessant application, but who enslave themselves to ideas, not to gymnastics. Order and system, it is true, ought to be enforced in schools, and in classes of idlers who prosecute art as an accomplishment; but the teacher should not forget, in his pedagogic yearning for class-manœuvre, that the notable art-schools are simply battle-grounds, where order wins the day, and the weak and lazy go under. Elaborate forcing systems cannot prevent the ultimate survival of the fittest, and it is a wrong direction taken when we try to impel the incompetent by entangling them in a monstrous machine. Even in industrial art, which is the great need of an infant manufacturing country like ours, and towards which Professor Woodman's method seems to point, we think success will be gained when the scholar is allowed to choose freely among splendid, attractive, and ample sets of models. The stimulus of a pupil's taste, and the development of his idiosyncrasy, must be allied with his studious application and his bondage to fundamental principles. To reach this awakening point, it will help him but little that he has been trying to make himself ambidextrous. It is only a miserable sight to watch professors beating their brains and coming out with violently original methods, then to see pupils chaining themselves to these wild inventions, and drawing pictures in dumb-show to piano-music amid the ecstasy of visiting committees.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Chapman (Dr. H. C.), Evolution of Life	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Chardenal (C. A.), French Exercises for Advanced Pupils, new ed.	(C. W. Sever)
Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Vol. VI.	(Madison)
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), Romance of American History	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) $1 25
Dumas (A.), Adventures of a Marquis, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Frothingham (R.), Rise of the Republic of the United States. (Little, Brown & Co.)	
Lives of Gen. U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Scribner's Monthly, Nov., 1871—Oct., 1872, 2 vols.	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)
Taylor (B.), Travels in South Africa	" " 1 50
The Workshop, No. 9, swd.	(E. Steiger)
Whitney (Prof. W. D.), Oriental and Linguistic Studies	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 2 50
Why Vote at All in '72? swd.	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 0 10
Winckler (Dr. A.), Die Deutschen Reichsklienodien, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Wirth (M.), Die Sociale Frage, swd.	" "
Wood (Mrs. H.), Within the Maze	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Woodbury (W. H.), Practical Course with the German Language	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)
Yates (E.) A Waiting Race: A Tale, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 75

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The Atlantic Primary Arithmetic. 50 cents.
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Fourth Music Reader. In press.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1872.

The Week.

As we go to press we have but imperfect returns of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska, but enough is known to warrant us in saying that in each of them the Republicans have beaten the coalition candidates, carried the State ticket, and held their own, if not more than held their own, in the election of Congressmen. Nebraska was loudly promised for the Liberal Republican nominees by Senator Tipton, who after a queer fashion has been a leader, a sort of Baratarian governor, in the Liberal ranks; but Greeleyism seems to have no appreciable hold in that region, though Nebraska is in "the West" where Mr. Greeley was to be so strong. Indiana appears to have been handsomely carried, and was probably harder fought than even Pennsylvania itself, the people being more mobile, and this year having been very warmly interested in the contest, their two principal leaders, Morton and Hendricks, regarding it as almost a fight for life. The struggle began as long ago as last February, and neither side left a stone unturned. In Ohio there appears to have been inefficient management and some German defection, but the State is secure in November for an old-fashioned majority against the combination candidates. Pennsylvania has, we suppose, never been really doubtful, though it may well have looked so to outsiders and to some Pennsylvanians. As the result goes, we have one more proof of a fact which this campaign has abundantly proved by many instances, that no matter how great a war governor you may be, or how high-toned a senator, or how powerful an organ, it is mainly as the governor and senator and organ of your party, and not of yourself, that you are really influential. Mr. Curtin, for example, and Mr. Forney, are notable exemplifications of this truth, and in a month every State in the Union will be full of similar illustrations.

These October elections are, beyond doubt, ruinous to the Greeley movement. There is a present probability that Greeley and Brown will get no more electoral votes than were given four years ago to Seymour and Blair. Various reasons will be found for this; we see that already they begin to appear in the Liberal and Democratic journals. One or two reasons there are which we do not see given, but which it will be well to bear in mind for use in future political contests and discussions, and one of these is that the American people are not fond of fraudulent abandonment of political principle, and that Mr. Blair's and Mr. Fenton's and Mr. Hoffman's and Mr. Greeley's transaction at Cincinnati and Baltimore was an impudent attempt to cheat the public, and an invitation to all the rest of us to confess ourselves either fools or rogues; another is that the public does not think Mr. Greeley a trustworthy person when the trust is such as the Presidential office; another is that the people are determined that the South shall not come back to its old, fifty-year-long ascendancy till it gives proof of fitness; another, and not a small one, is that it is determined that the abuse, some of it filthy, some of it cowardly, some of it false, all of it stupidly wholesale, which has been heaped on our public men, and especially upon General Grant, shall not have its sanction. We think the country is to be heartily congratulated on the thorough destruction of the hopes of as greedy and false pretenders to the name of reformers and reconcilers as ever undertook to wear those names. We think too the country is heartily to be congratulated on the fact that the Republican party has had something of a scare, and has been warned by the closeness of the contest that the people will expect somewhat better behavior from it in future, or else it has already achieved one of its very last victories.

A new device has been employed this year for making known the election returns as fast as received, and it will undoubtedly find much favor, and supersede, to a great extent, the old way of announcement by bulletin-boards at the newspaper offices and by the reading of telegrams to an audience in a hall. The new plan was tried last night in Madison Square before a large crowd collected in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and along the northerly pavement of Twenty-third Street. Upon a curtain was thrown, by means of a magnifying lens and a strong light, an illuminated disk about twelve feet in diameter, upon which appeared in black letters plainly legible the words of the telegraphic despatches as fast as they were received. They were received pretty fast too; but when the crowd had to wait more than two or three minutes, illuminated adjurations were addressed to it: "Patience! We give you the returns the second they are received," was one of these. Another was, "Patience! Ohio always is late." Another resource of the spectators was reading the advertisements and looking at the pictures which alternated with the despatches. Thus, after the announcement, received with great applause, that Pennsylvania had gone for Hartranft by a majority of more than 20,000; or that Ohio had given 13,000 majority; or that there was a Republican gain in Berks, the figure would be shown of a youthful colored person whose countenance wore a knowing smile, to which the crowd never failed to respond by laughing and applause. Or perhaps it would be a grotesque picture of Le Roi Carotte, which would provoke cheers and advice to him to "go West." The advertisers also availed themselves of this opportunity, and among the announcements that "Our friends in Philadelphia have stopped counting majorities," and that "Miles and miles of streets in Philadelphia are filled with people," and that "Parsons is elected," and that "Julian's own township gives a Republican majority," and that "The Republicans claim Indiana by ten thousand majority," there were invitations to the public to buy Messrs. Devlin & Company's ready-made clothes; to remember Mr. James Anthony Froude, who comes lecturing; to take a trip to Niagara with a return-ticket cheap; and to buy shirts of a pattern patented by a citizen of this city. It was curious, by the way, to observe the applause given to a not very American-looking eagle, who, however, had the flag in charge; and also the respectful applause given at each of its appearances to a portrait of Washington, certainly not by Stuart. Clearly, the political managers will be compelled to continue the illuminated returns.

For a man who can write very plain language, Mr. O'Conor receives an extraordinary number of letters enquiring what it was exactly that he meant to say in other letters of his. His latest correspondent is Judge James Lyons of Richmond, Virginia, the President of the Louisville Convention, and a Democrat of the truest stamp, who finds himself unable to believe that Mr. O'Conor could have called Mr. Greeley a man "of transcendent ability," and also unable to tell whether Mr. O'Conor would serve as President if elected. Mr. O'Conor, replying, says in substance that for a candidate to say that he will be a candidate, or to say that if elected he will consent to serve, is "one mode of soliciting votes," and that if his countrymen wait until he so solicits them to vote for him, "they will never vote" for him. As to the remark concerning Mr. Greeley which Mr. Lyons thought a misprint, Mr. O'Conor, making free with the functions of history we should say, rather sharply replies that if the Southern people do not know that to Mr. Greeley's unequalled energy and transcendent ability they owe the desolation of which they complain, they must be slow of comprehension. "The long and disastrous war," he says, "that filled his 'bloody chasm' with fratricidal slaughter, and involved the whole country in debt and demoralization, is due to the unequalled energy combined with the folly of this one exceedingly able, exceedingly amiable, and exceedingly mischievous man." So hard it is for even able Democ to see in the war between the South and the North

anything more than the bad judgment and excessive zeal of Democrats too Democratic and agitators not Democratic enough. As for the real ability of a man who can be described as Mr. O'Conor describes Mr. Greeley, our readers are free to form their own opinion, despite the deference due Mr. O'Conor. He goes on to say that the possibility of Mr. Greeley's election he regards "with inexpressible aversion." We beg Colonel Charles Spencer, Colonel Ethan Allen, General Frank Blair, Governor John T. Hoffman, Senator Reuben E. Fenton, General N. P. Banks, and other sincere souls, who put no trust in political fraud and pretence, to give their attention to the closing words of Mr. O'Conor—the words of a man of honor and courage: "If the ideas of heathen times prevailed, I would cheerfully surrender my person as a sacrifice on the altar of that deity whose controlling will might thus be propitiated and induced to save my country from the impending evil." There is a fervor about this which will seem ridiculous to some of the gentlemen above mentioned; still, as such heats cause a man to be respected and admired in his age, and also come as near carrying the October and November elections as trickery and cheating do, there is something to be said for them nevertheless.

So much has been said for so many years about the intimidation of negro voters in Southern elections that what is charged by the Georgia Republicans in reference to last week's election will not get much of anybody's attention. But it is just as well to recollect that the Republican voter in the State of Georgia, be he black or white, is pretty certain nine times in ten to undergo much that is disagreeable on election day, and may or may not be able to get to the polls and cast his vote; indeed, may or may not be killed in attempting to cast it. It is a wearisome tale, told till everybody is sick of hearing it; but wearisome or not, it is nevertheless true that Southern white men do sincerely hate the sight of a negro voting, and that a certain proportion of the whites of any given Southern community very willingly whip or shoot the colored voter, and swell Democratic majorities. There seems no reason to doubt that more or less intimidation was practised in Georgia. "Slight rioting at Macon," the *Tribune* says; and "begun by the negroes," other Democratic papers say. As of the fifty shots that were fired a majority of those that were effective were lodged in the bodies of negroes, it will be seen that there can be no doubt of the negro's having, after his usual Associated Press fashion, fallen violently on an unarmed and law-abiding body of peaceable white citizens. On the other hand, we see among the names of Republican leaders who certify that there was systematic intimidation of the colored voters all over the State, some names of persons whom we would very greatly hesitate to believe, sworn or unsworn; and one colored orator, who has been loud in this canvass, was never better placed than when he was in a New York penitentiary for rape. All this, however, as we suppose and fully believe, need not lead anybody to think that the colored Republican saw anything like fair play in Georgia last week. The law of itself threw as many difficulties in his way as it could, just as it most certainly did in North Carolina after the Democrats got hold of that State; and lawlessness threw a great many more.

In South Carolina, the canvass is tolerably active, and the result not plainly indicated. The white population, who have cried carpet-bagger so bitterly, if not piteously, do not give sufficient indication that they are willing to work out their salvation by the help of Republican bolters. At all events, their newspaper press misrepresents and betrays them if they are intending to attempt the defeat of Moses. They have this much of excuse, and undeniably it is a good deal in the way of excuse, that among the bolters is Bowen, a native Southerner, and—like many another Southern office-holder since the war—as big a rascal as any so-called carpet-bagger; Whittemore, the Massachusetts chaplain and cadet-broker; Whipper, a native colored man and notorious in evil, and others like them. Further excuse they have, too, in the fact that in the days of military rule, and of reconstruction in the early days of Scott, Mr. Tomlinson, the Bolters' candidate for Governor, was a part of the State government. That he was indeed a part of a semi-military government is certain; but, then, we did have a war; and it had certain consequences which may be too soon forgotten indeed, but which also may be too long remembered. Mr. Tomlinson's connection with the Scott people was long before Scott and Parker and the rest had matured and come to full blossom; and he, like them, had he been like-minded with them, might be rich and in office, instead of seeking office in the interest of honest administration. Some of the things which can be related of the recent rulers of South Carolina are so nearly incredible as to make it all but incredible that American men could be found who would not use any means open to them to rid their State of such a gang. As we have said, however, there is some excuse for South Carolinians who distrust the proffered relief, and whose failure to work against Moses will mean something different from mere hatred of Yankees, though of this latter there is too much. One would have supposed that the dividing of the negro vote would alone seem a political good of such magnitude as to ensure the political activity of the whites; but perhaps the temptation to sullen and despairing indifference has too long been enormous.

While public attention in general has been concentrated on the State elections, the attention of our New York politicians, who care as much for national politics as Fenton does, or as they care for the conversion of the Parsees, has been concentrated on the nominations for the various city offices, legislative, judicial, and executive. These, we suppose, were never before so far from being within the control of any one man or set of men as they are this year. It would be a wise man who should undertake to say what will be the result of the action of Tammany Hall, Apollo Hall, the Committee of Seventy, the Bar Association, the Custom-house Republicans, the Liberal Republicans, the German Reform Association, and the various other committees and organizations which, since the fall of Tweed and his one-man power, have struggled for the government of the city. Tammany appears to be to some extent divided in its own counsels, being unused to freedom of late years, and some of the members of the general committee charge certain others with showing too much of Tweed's disposition to make a "slate" and arbitrarily insist on its adoption. This difference is most manifest in the disposal of the judicial offices. But the principal concern of the world outside the politicians is the case of Mr. Jimmy O'Brien, who wishes to be mayor. Even it is not improbable that we may as reformers be helping him next month to the gratification of his ambition, as he a year ago was helping us to reform the city. We believe it is well understood that in making his canvass for a senatorship last autumn he had the assistance of money from the very men whom he was professing to attack. However, though this may be a mere picturesque and interesting aspect of his case, there is no aspect of it which ought not to make the idea of the Republican managers' being allowed to give him any aid an utter impossibility. He is in no essential respect different from Connolly, who is said to have helped to pay his election expenses, or Tweed, or Hall. It would be infinitely better that Mr. Kernan should beat General Dix in the State than that the spectacle should be presented of Mr. James O'Brien's being made mayor by reform votes, or by reform support of a third candidate against so respectable a man as Mr. A. R. Lawrence, for example, who is talked of for the place, as well as for the Supreme Court judgeship. For the latter office there are, however, a greater number of available candidates than for the former, and we should be glad to hear that Mr. Lawrence was to concentrate all the elements of opposition to "the poor man's friend."

The stringency in Wall Street, which lasted with little or no intermission up to Saturday, is at this writing slowly relaxing. But the "operators" have been at their old tricks through the week, some "locking up" greenbacks, and others holding back certified checks, so as to compel the banks to lock greenbacks up. During

the last few days these checks have begun to appear; the condition of the banks has improved, and the return of the money tide from the West has begun to make itself felt, showing that the worst is over. But the severity of the strain may be estimated from the fact that the bank deposits in this city fell off $52,000,000 in eleven weeks. Moreover, the Treasury has again interfered in the character of the American Jupiter, and, having bought $2,000,000 on Wednesday week, is this week keeping up the good work. On Monday morning Wall Street was thrown into confusion by the announcement that the Treasury would this week buy five millions in bonds, and there were of course the usual charges that the knowledge of this was communicated to the Secretary's friends last week. These charges, of course, must be expected to circulate and find credence as long as the present discreditable system of finance is maintained. Anything worse, both for the morals and business of the community, than a system which enables one man to come suddenly into a great commercial capital and run money down one-eighth or one-half per cent., and send stocks up five or ten per cent., by his mere fiat, could hardly be imagined. It is a system worthy only of Ispahan or Constantinople. The present scandal is aggravated by the rumor that the Secretary means to exercise discretionary power, which he supposes himself to possess, to issue $44,000,000 new greenbacks, but which many very intelligent men deny he possesses, and which most people are agreed he ought not to possess or exercise. We want specie payments, and if we had them the money market would take care of itself. If the banks had to redeem their paper in gold they might be left to issue, and would issue, as much of it as the country required, and Mr. Boutwell would be relegated to his proper business of collecting the revenue and applying it to the purposes designated by law.

The second trial of the notorious Mrs. Laura D. Fair for the murder of A. P. Crittenden ended on the last day of last month in a verdict of acquittal. The theory of temporary insanity put forward with all art by her counsel, and confirmed by a show of expert medical testimony, was accepted by the jury, which had been selected from a panel of upwards of seven hundred persons, by the well-known process of sifting out those possessed of intelligence. Perhaps the only novelty in the now familiar plea by which this extraordinary acquittal was brought about was the attempt to connect Mrs. Fair's insanity with a trouble peculiar to her sex—the same which Mme. Goëzman offered as an excuse for revoking part of her testimony in her suit with Beaumarchais, and of the convenience of which, in all suits to which women are parties, there can be no doubt. To this we may ascribe some of the interest manifested by the ladies in the court-room, who, when the verdict had been announced, and "two thin, white, chalk-like wrists were clasped around Mr. Curtis's neck, and a wealth of golden hair lay streaming on his breast, and the little black figure lay in the arms of the strong man as senseless as a corpse," rushed up and tendered their assistance. The public, nevertheless, particularly the California public, persists in being shocked at the result, and talks for the hundredth time of the necessity of amending or abolishing trial by jury altogether. The rules which now govern it are certainly not adapted to the condition of society in which we live, and, if the institution is worth saving, the sooner they are overhauled the better. It may not be long before we shall come to the conclusion reached by some of the Italians, in view of the impossibility in the Romagna and in other parts of Southern Italy of obtaining conviction by jury for crimes of violence, that the jury-trial should be restricted to the class of offences known as political. A few more cases like Macfarland's and Mrs. Fair's will help give a practical shape to the present discontent with "the palladium of British liberty." A flatter and more monstrous perversion of justice than this instance the country has never seen, and the twelve men who allowed themselves to set free this murdering prostitute—and indeed she is far worse than a professional prostitute—ought to feel the effects of public opinion.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the Chicago fire, which, to borrow the summary of one of the papers of that city, travelling with an average velocity of 65 acres per hour, devastated 1,688 acres, mostly solidly built up; and consuming property at the rate of $125,000 per minute, swallowed up the worth of $200,000,000. Everybody whom business or pleasure has lately called to Chicago has been struck with the enormous progress made towards a complete restoration, and the scale on which the buildings have been renewed. To imagine it, we must recall the fact that the burnt area was equal to half the size of New York City, from the Battery to the Central Park; and then picture it already covered by more than a thousand buildings, among which those of the first-class alone are valued at $40,000,000, and they are so numerous that the average appearance of the streets falls little if at all short of that of the best parts of Broadway. In place of the wooden sidewalks of old, the sidewalks in front of the completed business blocks are laid with a broad flagging, and in most other respects regard has been had in the reconstruction to protection against fire. The rapidity with which all this has taken place has, of course, not been favorable to the best workmanship beyond the requirements of the fire-laws and the vigilant supervision of the Board of Public Works. Neither of these controlled the architectural designs externally, and the amusing confusion of "orders" and schools in the new Chicago has not escaped comment. But this was simply inevitable, and it does not prevent the revival of the city from being, what we said a year ago it promised to be, more startling than its original growth.

The London *Economist*, commenting on the extraordinary fact that money is at this moment dear in Germany in spite of the enormous influx of capital from France, and that applications for loans from Germany have helped to send up the rate of discount at the Bank of England, explains that money in the hands of the Government is not in Germany necessarily available to meet the demands of commerce. The German Government does not keep a bank account, it hoards in its own treasury, and only lets the money out to the public very slowly and cautiously. Nevertheless, the supplies it has drawn from France have been so enormous that they have, in spite of all care and caution, affected not only the German money market but the German mind, and produced the usual result of monetary plethora—a fever of speculation. The advances and discounts of the Prussian banks were, on the 15th of August last, $157,045,000; a month later they increased by more than $30,000,000. The rate in the Bank of Prussia and the Bank of Frankfort being 5 per cent., the Bank of England could not, at their very doors, as the *Economist* points out, content itself with anything less.

The Jewish question has taken an almost amusing turn in Roumania. As we have several times explained in these columns, the Jews of that region, not over 200,000 in all, are almost the sole traders and bankers, and in short form the only approach to a middle class the country possesses. They are consequently nearly everybody's creditor, and the Roumanians delight in being debtors, so that to the traditional hatred of the Jew by the Christian is added the animosity of the average man towards people who lend him money and want it back when he cannot pay it. The result is the persecutions and outrages of which we have been hearing so much for the last two or three years. But now Mr. Poixotto has proposed the emigration of the Jews of Roumania to the United States, and the Roumanian Government has taken up the scheme with almost frantic delight; and has issued a circular giving the Jews full leave to go, and many private persons offer subscriptions in aid of the enterprise. There is not much chance that the Christians will be gratified by any such exodus, but if it took place it would have an effect on Roumania not unlike the emigration of the Huguenots from France or of the Moors from Spain; indeed worse, for they would leave behind them nothing but an ignorant peasantry and an idle and licentious aristocracy. Usury would probably come to an end, but so would industry.

THE CHORPENNING CLAIM.

IT becomes apparent that the chief iniquity of this business rests upon Congress. The two legislative bodies enacted a law which in substance said to the Postmaster-General: We require you immediately to adjust and settle this claim. The facts upon which it rests are supposed to be set forth in a mass of rubbish on the files of Congress, which we have never read, and of which we know nothing save what the petitioner tells us. Nevertheless, we limit your examination to this, and forbid you to base your award on any other evidence. We know that we are confining you to *ex-parte* affidavits procured by the petitioner at his convenience from a number of unknown and irresponsible witnesses who were never subjected to cross-examination; yet, such is our confidence in him that we require you to take his own statement of his own case, and, estimating from it alone, award to him all he asks. We do not limit you to any amount; you may make your award millions, if the *ex-parte* affidavits swear to so much. The petitioner may appear before you with counsel, but you will seek no legal advice on behalf of the Government. Some of the affidavits may appear to you false and others spurious, but we assume to be the judges of their verity, and send them to you simply that you, from their statements, may compute amounts and estimate damages. The files of your own department may contain documents which will wholly dispose of this claim or greatly reduce its amount, but that is of no consequence. So soon as your award is made, you will send it to the Treasury to be immediately paid out of any moneys not otherwise appropriated.

The Congressional apology that has been put forth for the law is substantially this: We are not knaves, but merely an assemblage of dupes, with the exception of our brother, the Honorable Mr. Cessna, who is a knave and not a fool. We are too much engaged in managing the Executive department of the Government to be able to read the laws that we enact, and are in the habit of daily not knowing what we do. There are thousands of honest claims preferred by injured citizens that we never act upon, which, through our inaction, never cost the Treasury a dollar. The system in Congress for many years has been such that no claim is certain of ever being reached, but that anything may be pushed through in the last days of the session. But we were incompetent to amend it, and were not elected for any such purpose. The last days of the session are days of great excitement, haste, and turmoil; and as they always have been such, we infer that they always should be. Besides, the attorney of the petitioner was formerly the assistant secretary of Mr. Creswell, and it is probable that he resigned on purpose to push this claim; and if that was the case, it is probable that Mr. Creswell knew all about it. The blame and the infamy and all that sort of thing clearly belong to him and not to us.

Taking this apology for all that it is worth, and conceding that the majority of the members who passed the act suspected no fraud, we insist that such a bill—unqualified, unlimited, referring in terms to the most suspicious of testimony, and risking the liability of the Government expressly upon it alone—was a bill that carried with it its own refutation, and to be defeated needed only to be read.

But apart from the objections to such an act which are stamped on the face of it, there was a warning in the history of this claim which every member of Congress was bound to see. It was not a new claim, and the adjustment which was ordered was not a first adjustment, as every member who voted for it well knew. In 1857, Mr. Chorpenning had carried through Congress his first statute for his own "relief," and, like this, in the last days of the session. Its object was threefold: first, it directed the settlement of his claims for "additional" mail services; that is, for services outside of a former mail-transportation contract; second, it also directed a settlement of his claims for damages caused by the "annulment or suspension" of his contract; third, it increased the compensation of the expired contract from $26,500 a year to $30,000. In a legal sense, the first and second provisions were measures looking towards the legislative administration of justice; the third was a mere gratuity.

In his method for administering this legislative justice, Mr. Chorpenning had hit on a remedy which served his purposes so well at the time, that after fourteen years of reflection he did not venture in his second attempt on any improvement. He first referred the matter to the Postmaster-General, which, as he was head of the department having charge of such transactions, was seemly, right, and proper. He next provided that the Postmaster-General "be required to adjust and settle the claim," which implied that the head of the postal department was to exercise usual discretion and vigilance, so as to do justice to the petitioner on the one hand and guard the Government from imposition on the other. Then came the controlling words of Mr. Chorpenning's law, carefully set forth at the end of the first section and cautiously repeated at the end of the second —"*as shown by the affidavits and proofs on file in the House of Representatives.*"

It is evident from the action of Postmaster-General Brown that he was not friendly to the claim; that he construed the statute as much as he could against the claimant; that he probably strained it against him more than he should have done; but it is due to Mr. Creswell to say that the former Postmaster-General found his hands tied by the first statute, precisely as the present Postmaster-General asserts he has found his tied by the last. In his official report for 1857, Postmaster-General Brown said: "The settlement of this claim has not been made without considerable embarrassment. The act of Congress was peremptory to adjust and settle, not according to the proofs that might be taken before the final action, but as shown by the proofs and affidavits on file in the House of Representatives. These were to be the sole guides in the settlement, and neither the records of the department nor any contradictory or explanatory testimony could be taken by the Government to assist in attaining what might be considered exact justice in the case."

The political moralist may here note that the Congress which pushed through in the last days of its last session Mr. Chorpenning's first bill, was the infamous Democratic Congress which expelled Matteson and two other members, and has a part of its history written in the *Congressional Globe* under the ominous title, "*Corruption of Members of Congress*"; while the Congress which pushed through the second bill, at precisely the same time, and in almost exactly the same manner, was the Forty-first (Republican) Congress, whose members prated so loudly of the virtues of their party, and of the grateful support which the people of the United States were in duty bound to give to it. The party responsible for the first bill was old, corrupted by long success, debased by successive surrenders to the slave-power, and doing its best to conduct the country to a shameful voluntary dissolution. The party responsible for the second bill was the reverse of all this—young, tried by reverses fresh in the memory of all its members, elevated by a struggle which had tasked the sternest virtues of a people, and successful in bringing the country from the brink of voluntary dissolution to the apparent certainty of new national life. There was every reason to expect from the Republican party in Congress a pure legislative administration of the affairs of the nation. But unfortunately the legislative system of the country had not been reformed with the changes that had taken place, and it was the old corrupt and corrupting system which has always enabled the bad to overcome the good, and the unscrupulous to ride down the conscientious. It is true that Matteson and his ring had been more outspoken and more general and effective in their operations. They openly avowed that they acted as the paid counsel of petitions, persuading with one breath as agents, and voting with the next as legislators. Whether Cessna was bought or bribed, or paid under the euphemism of "counsel," or rendered his aid through "motives of political friendship," does not much concern the country. It is enough to know that the responsible Republican party retained the old way of doing things, and allowed one of the old things to be done anew.

This method of getting money out of the Treasury, by a reference to some officer to "settle and adjust" a claim, did not begin with and has not been confined to the Chorpenning claims, though

theirs, we believe, is the only case where the petitioner has succeeded in making Congress tie the hands of the arbitrator, and legislatively compel him to decide the case in one way. The system of references is one of the most dangerous which claimants have devised; for it relieves Congress from the direct scrutiny of the public, and enables the legislative power to shift the direct responsibility of what it does to other shoulders. It is a specious as well as a false system. Nothing can sound fairer than the phrases in which some of its chief rascalities have been couched. To enact that the Postmaster-General, or the Secretary of War, or some other high officer of the Government, shall "settle and adjust the claim on principles of justice and equity," reads most commendably. Nothing to the common mind can seem fairer; but it is the precise language employed in a score of private acts passed for the solution of cases no better than the Chorpenning.

When such references are ordered, they are private and *ex-parte*. The claimant brings in his witnesses and proofs, and proofs and witnesses, until the unfortunate or friendly arbitrator cries enough. No counsel appears for the Government to cross-examine witnesses, sift testimony, and produce rebutting proofs. If the award does not suit the claimant, he insists on a revision, and brings in more proofs, or procures a certificate from his friends on the committee of Congress (as was done in the Chorpenning case), saying that the arbitrator has not construed the private act in the liberal way that Congress intended it should be. When the award is made, it is immediately carried to the Treasury, audited, and paid "out of moneys not otherwise appropriated." The first publication of the transaction is in the documents accompanying the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the item there that so much was paid on an award made under such a private act is practically the entire record of the case. In three cases—those of De Groot, Gordon, and Chorpenning—a subsequent Congress has repealed the private act before the money awarded has left the Treasury; but in no case, we believe, has Congress repealed one of its own private acts. The first of those cases, after a very large amount had been awarded by Secretary Floyd, was sent to the courts, where it dwindled down to nothing, and was abandoned by its owner (5 Wallace Reports, p. 419). The second illustrates, almost ludicrously, all that has been said against the system of *ex-parte* arbitration (7 Wallace Reports, p. 188).

In 1813, it seems, the United States troops destroyed some property of a man named Fisher, in Florida. Mr. Fisher applied to Congress for reimbursement, but, of course, nothing was done until he had long been dead and buried. Then, in 1848—thirty-five years after the injury—a private act was passed, directing the Second Auditor to examine and adjust his claims "on principles of equity and justice." The Auditor proceeded to do so, and, when receiving the proofs, rejected a number of affidavits because they were not properly authenticated. This rejection of unauthenticated, *ex-parte* affidavits turned out to be a mine of wealth to Mr. Fisher's legal representatives. In the award which was, however, made, the Auditor found that the property had been destroyed by both troops and Indians. As losses by the Indians were excluded by the terms of the act, the Auditor apportioned the damage equally, and allowed, as the value of half the property destroyed, $8,873. So soon as they had obtained this decision, Mr. Fisher's representatives took the money, and proceeded to retry the case. The Auditor next allowed $100 for an error in his previous award, and $8,997 94 for interest from the time the claim was first presented to Congress. The representatives promptly took this money, and then proceeded to try the case a third time. The Auditor carried his allowance of interest back to 1813, and awarded them $10,004 more. Thus, under adroit *ex-parte* manipulation, combined with "pressure" and "influence," the judgment of the arbitrator swelled from $8,873 to $27,974 94.

As this vein seemed to be exhausted, the representatives went back to Congress. A supplemental act was passed, directing the Auditor to re-examine the case, and allowing the claimants to present their rejected affidavits, if properly authenticated. Apparently this scheme did not work well, and nothing came of it; but, four years later, Secretary Floyd had come upon the stage, and been found a valuable actor in the character of arbitrator, and to him Congress confided the matter, kindly directing him to proceed *de novo* to execute the original and supplemental acts "according to their plain and obvious meaning," which seems to be a legislative-judicial rap on the knuckles of the too scrupulous Auditor. Secretary Floyd proved to be the right man in the right place, and he soon found that all of the property had been destroyed by the troops, and none by the Indians, and he awarded the claimants $39,217 50 more.

The claimants of course took this money, and immediately went back to Congress for another private act. Congress having come to know and like them did what they requested, and slipped into the act a little judicial decision somewhat like Mr. Chorpenning's remedy, viz., that the Secretary should give effect "to all the testimony filed, including the depositions formerly rejected." Secretary Floyd did so, and lo! his conclusion was that the representatives of Mr. Fisher ought "in equity and justice" to recover $66,519 85 more! Thus the original recovery of $8,873 grew to $133,712 29, and the people of the United States never heard a word about it, save that it was all "in equity and justice."

The reformation of Congress is a reform that must sooner or later engage public attention. If the unconstitutional assumption of judicial and executive powers resulted in a public good, people might be long willing to let the matter rest. But the fact is that the modern Congressman is doing everything but legislate, and the work of national legislation is stamped by ignorance, idleness, and inattention. Nothing can be more absurd than the present fact, that when two districts elect Congressmen they do not elect two legislators, but a superintendent of a printing establishment and a chief gardener to overlook the Government green-houses.

To those candidates for Congress who, during the present canvass, are overflowing with the future welfare of their country, we would suggest that they will do well to answer in their speeches, distinctly and unequivocally, some such questions as these: Will you give your attention exclusively to the work of legislation, leaving to the judicial and executive departments the duties and responsibilities assigned to them by the Constitution? Will you really strive to stop the Congressional abuse known as the "franking privilege," not by a dishonest and dishonorable bill such as heretofore has been rushed through the House for the purpose of being defeated in the Senate, but by such a measure as the Postmaster-General has prepared and recommended? Will you endeavor to introduce into our system of legislation those improvements which may be found in the modern legislative systems of other countries, so that every petitioner having wrongs which should be redressed by the direct action of Congress shall be secured, in his turn, a hearing, and the necessary legislative action, and so that improper acts cannot be hurried through both Houses without publicity and deliberation, nor all sorts of laws be manufactured in the guise of provisions to appropriation bills, nor private acts affecting the Treasury be passed in the last days of the session?

LINE AND COLUMN.

THE European papers—or, at least, the English and German papers—are full, at this season of the year, of accounts of what are called "The Autumn Manœuvres," or, in other words, of the movements of armies engaged in mimic war, for the purpose of exercising the officers in strategy and tactics and the men in marching and encamping and doing outpost duty. The practice was begun by the Prussians some years ago, but has, within the last three, come into general use all over Europe. Before they introduced it, "manœuvres" were little else than formal and meaningless marches to and fro over a small area on a bare plain. "Sham fights," too, when resorted to, were mere theatrical engagements, intended to amuse the spectators. About six years ago it was discovered that

the Prussians had changed all this, and were engaged every year in a game which only needed killing and wounding to make it real war. That is to say, every fall their armies poured out into the country—and the more difficult the country, the better—and, under the command of two opposing generals, contended, under the rules of strategy and in the presence of umpires, for the possession of towns, rivers, and fortresses. The result was shown in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870. It then appeared that no experience of real warfare, except the facing of death, was new to the Prussian officer or soldier. He had all the tricks and devices of his trade at his finger-ends. Reconnoitring, patrolling, watching, marching, encamping, skirmishing, assaulting—all was familiar to him. In fact, "levying contributions" was the only duty of active war he had to learn, and this soon came very easy. There was hardly an incident of the campaign in France which seemed to take the Prussian army unprepared; and we all remember with what surprise, admiration, and apprehension Europe watched the all but faultless working of that tremendous instrument of force. Since then, every nation in Europe has been engaged diligently in copying the methods by which those marvellous results were attained. The parade-grounds in Italy, England, and Russia are abandoned every fall for the open country, and villages are assaulted and carried, fords and bridges seized, woods "searched," and positions "turned," and lines of communication cut, with all the fatigue and painstaking and almost all the hardship of real hostilities.

But of all this there have come certain changes in the art of war which are not unlikely to exercise, as all such changes have hitherto done, an important influence not only on the constitution of armies but on the politics of the civilized world. It was Prussia, through the great Frederic, which discovered and put into practice the principle which the genius of the great Napoleon afterwards turned to such wonderful account—that in war everything should be sacrificed to being strongest at the point of attack. It was Prussia, too, which introduced that apparently trifling but important improvement in firearms—the iron ramrod, which contributed so much to the rapidity and destructiveness of infantry fire. It was Prussia, too, which first brought to perfection the art of moving men in solid masses by means of minute and painstaking drill, thus enormously increasing the control of the officer over the rank and file, and diminishing the risk of confusion under fire or in retreat. She too, among European powers, first put the breech-loader into the hands of the infantry soldier, in spite of the general belief of the military critics of other countries that it would prove too complicated for practical use, and was amply repaid for her confidence on the field of Sadowa. In the late campaign in France she made one other discovery, which she probably would have made in 1866 had the war lasted longer, and which she is now turning to practical account in the training of her forces—we mean the discovery that the introduction of breech-loaders has made henceforward impossible the use of those close formations, whether in line or column, in which it has been the custom of armies to attack each other ever since armies were first organized.

All the Continental nations have adhered till now to the custom of attacking in column—that is, of forming the attacking body with a narrow front and long files, and attempting to crush the enemy at the point of contact by mere momentum; while in the English service, and in our own, the line two or three deep has been adhered to as giving freer play to the fire of musketry, and affording less mark to the enemy. Continental officers have never denied the superiority of the line to the column either for attack or defence, but they have said, and said truly, that in order to use it your men must possess either greater intelligence or greater steadiness and self-reliance than are usually to be found among Continental troops. It was useless, they said, to try to convert the Russian or German peasant into a soldier who, with only one man behind him and one on each side of him, would either wait resolutely the approach of a dense oblong mass ten men broad and two hundred men deep, or move boldly towards it, in the full confidence of dissipating it with the converging fire of the line. It was useless, too, the French officers said, to ask the French soldier, with his liability to panic, and to great demoralization after a reverse, to stand so nearly alone, in moments of trial, as he would have to stand if the column were abandoned. General Trochu, in his late work on the French army, reproduces one of Marshal Bugeaud's interesting reminiscences of the Peninsular war, in which he describes the almost uniform failure of the French column when directed against the British line; but it appears from his story as if no other formation would have suited the French character. He recalls with emphasis the flutter and excitement which ran through the French ranks as they moved against the long, thin "red wall"; the apprehension excited by the English silence and refusal to fire till the column was very close, and the demoralizing effects of the fire when it came, and the dissolution of discipline produced by the English advance with the bayonet, which always followed two or three withering volleys. In the United States, also, the national temperament and the character of the social organization have made the line the favorite formation.

But both line and column are now to be numbered amongst the things that were. The "column of attack," indeed, which has played so famous a part in modern military history, may be said to belong to the past as completely as the Macedonian phalanx or the wooden line-of-battle ships. We shall never again witness great spectacular feats like the advance of the English column at Fontenoy, or Macdonald's charge across the plain at Wagram. When the Prussian Guard in column attacked the French line at Mars-la-Tour, in August, 1870, and lost six thousand men in ten minutes, the days of close formation came to an end. It is now acknowledged on all hands that it will not do to send men into action in any formation in which they touch elbows or present a continuous front to the enemy's fire. In other words, a total revolution is taking place in tactics, which will inevitably greatly diminish the officer's control over the soldier during the progress of the engagement, and render necessary on the part of the latter an amount of intelligence, self-respect, and fidelity which the soldiers of no nation have, as a class, as yet displayed. The Prussians are now practising a system which opens an engagement by a heavy fire of artillery, and then attacks neither in line nor column, but with great clouds of skirmishers, to whom it is only possible to indicate their objective point, and who reach it as best they can—advancing across the country by twos, or threes, or singly, carefully avoiding any kind of formation, taking advantage of every hollow in the ground, tree, fence, house, or wall to conceal themselves, running here at the top of their speed, there crawling on their bellies, and only firing when they can take steady aim. We believe a column, it is true, comes after them, but only as a sort of reserve to feed the skirmishing horde with fresh men, and hold its conquests.

It can be readily seen that under this system the superintendence of the officer must at best be slight. He can never have the men "well in hand," to use a military phrase; he must trust during the greater part of the day to their own sense of honor, to their courage, and to the opinion of their comrades to prevent skulking; and it is only at the last moment, when the final rush has to be made, that he can, in the strict sense of the term, put himself at their head. In short, the tactics which carried Frederic through the Seven Years' War, and Wellington through the Peninsula and Waterloo, are vanishing from the camp, and in lieu of them comes, of all things in the world, the old Indian bushwhacking under which Braddock's files went down over a century ago at the fords of the Monongahela.

What is most interesting in all this to civilians is, that it furnishes a striking illustration of the steadiness with which mind in all fields of human activity retains its supremacy over either brute force or animal excitement, and of the certainty with which we may count on the over-cultivation of the art of destruction producing its own antidote. When new and more effective instruments of destruction are invented, we find that the whole population has to be raised in the mental and social scale in order to provide soldiers com-

petent to use them; and more than this, we find that after the soldier has been trained to the utmost point, he is of little use to you unless you have kindled in him a great deal of intelligence and self-respect. The degraded and stupid peasant who used to take his daily allowance of the stick or cat at the hands of the drill-sergeant, was not a man whom there would be any use in sending out skirmishing with a breech-loader. He would get into a ditch as soon as the officer's eye was off him, and stay there. Moreover, the new discoveries are changing the military type of character all over the world. The soldier of the historian, as well as of the poet and novelist—the gay, dashing, restless youth, who danced with and made love to the women, and duelled and gambled with men from post to post, and went under fire with an oath or a song on his lips, who used to be the ideal "militaire," has vanished or is vanishing from the earth. His successor is a grave gentleman with spectacles, whose uniform smells of the lamp, whose dreams are of strategy and tactics, and whose laborious days are passed, not on "toys or lust or wine," but over figures and diagrams and among books; to whom the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of war are nothing, and its use as a naked, unadorned, savage, but potent instrument of the national will everything. It may seem to some that there are the seeds of tremendous evil in this entrance of educated ability into the service of destruction. But if the experience of the past teaches us anything, it teaches us that we cannot press the mind even into the service of destruction without exalting it, and diffusing and deepening the popular reverence for it; and we cannot do this without helping to make war detestable. No one can sincerely respect the mental endowments or acquirements of a Moltke without feeling within him a growing sense of the absurdity and wastefulness and barbarism of the military mode of settling disputes.

A SINGING CAMPAIGN.

IT may be considered more than doubtful if this country has ever seen a Presidential campaign which could be called a hard-cider campaign, or a singing campaign, in the sense in which these terms are used by such of our fellow-citizens as would like to see campaigns of hard cider and log-cabins, and song and dance; and that such a campaign will not be seen in our day, nor in any future day, may be considered certain. Those of us who were in our nonage when General Harrison beat Mr. Van Buren, and to whom Presidential campaigns were seasons of exuberant shouting and of staying out at night later than was feasible in ordinary years, and, in general, of enthusiasm and much noise, may have been accustomed to believe that one hard-cider campaign, at least, we and our older countrymen had carried on; but it is a belief, however pleasant, unwarranted by facts. The *Golden Age* itself, now that the first frost is at hand, and the white hat of May and June sheds a coolness which forbids effervescence of the brain, will be willing to admit that the notion of carrying elections by choruses is now but a dream, a fancy, an eidolon and fond delusion of youthful trustfulness, and not any longer credited by capable politicians. As we say, we think it more than doubtful if such a notion was not always chimerical; as much a delusion in 1840 as now in 1872. In 1840, General Harrison, the son of an ex-Governor of Virginia, a victorious general against the English and the Indians in the days when the Indian's name was a name of fear in all our Western borders; a successful Congressman and a highly successful and popular Governor of more than one of our Mississippi Valley Territories; a candidate who had made no bad fight in 1836 against the candidate backed by General Jackson himself, was elected President over a competitor who, rightly or wrongly, was held responsible for a period of financial disaster never before or since paralleled in the history of the country. As Mr. Greeley remarks in his famous partnership letter to Mr. Weed and Mr. Seward, "cider suckers" were plentiful in Washington City just after Gen. Harrison's election, demanding offices as the reward of their services during the campaign; but despite these gentlemen and kindred enthusiasts, it was not lyric song and choral dance or sacred enthusiasm that beat Mr. Van Buren in that campaign; something rather more prosaic was what brought "the news from Maine" and gave us Mr. John Tyler.

In fact, the American people, like the English, is a people in whose heart are deep springs of poetry; the materialism of which we hear so much, the hard grip on realities which is giving to men of our blood dominion over the earth, inconsistent as they may seem with a fast belief in things which are beyond, and much as they may deceive some observers, are nevertheless consistent with more faith in the ideal than is possessed by most races of men. But certainly the genuine American is not a being who is tremulously susceptible to the lighter or more fraudulent manifestations of the poetic, and to get him embarked on a tidal wave of song when he has politics to attend to, is not an easy job at all. To use one of his own phrases, he is not lyrical "worth a cent" under circumstances which would send a *Golden Age* American, for example, head over heels with excitement, and cause him to make the welkin ring with clamor.

The "campaign poetry," then, would best be treated of, one would say, as the snakes in Iceland are treated of in the Dutch traveller's work on that country; and indeed it would be true to write that poetry in this campaign there is none. But there are some horrible and awful imitations of poetry which began to appear soon after the Liberal journals informed us that what the Grantites feared was that "this campaign was to be a singing campaign like that of 1840," and which, now that the October elections are past, have probably come to an end. Of these productions, the most important is one which would have had no possible importance but for the admitted fact that there was actually paid for it a sum of money, which, estimating "Paradise Losts" at their usual market price, and allowing for the difference in values in 1667 and 1872, would have purchased about three "Paradise Losts" and a third of another one. The singing idea was no sooner broached by the friends of the white hat than a zealous but unsagacious Grant man, being determined that the enemy should have no advantages that money and talent could wrest from them, advertised in the *Times* that five hundred dollars would be paid to the man who should produce the best song concerning "the Greeley pill," and invited all poets to compete and leave their productions with the editor of the *Times* of this city. How many gentlemen competed we do not know, or what judges made the award; but an award was made, and two weeks ago at one of the Cooper Institute meetings the song was sung:

> There was an old doctor that wore a white hat;
> He made pills of Free Love and Free Farm, and all that;
> Patent pills of pig-iron and copper and wool,
> And expected to cure Free-trade with 'em, the fool.
> And, first to be seen, like a quack at a fair,
> This Chappaquack mounted an editor's chair,
> With one pant in one boot, and he sung but one tune:
> That the pill for all ill was his daily *Tribune*.
> Oh, the *Tribune* old pill!
> Oh, the Greeley old pill!

Every man values his life, and the author of this gem is spending his five hundred dollars anonymously. It is not Greeley men, however, that would be most anxious to slay him.

Nearly all the phases of the contest get some attention from the verse-makers, the principal topics being the alleged corrupt and tyrannical practices of General Grant, from his receipt of young bull-dogs to his decapitation of Senator Sumner; Mr. Greeley's apostasy, vagaries, and personal appearance; the traitorous character of the Democracy; the bolting of the Liberal Republicans; Mr. Schurz's and Mr. Sumner's opposition to the Republican party; the services of Grant in time of war; the oddity of the *Tribune's* course; the confusion of mind into which the confirmed Copperheads were thrown by the nomination of Greeley; the disadvantages of "boiled crow"; the determination of the Republican party to "secure the results of the war"; the political intentions of the negroes; the desire for "reconciliation." All these find expression in the songs and other verses of the canvass, the topic treated of most voluminously being perhaps the charges against the President. His most virulent enemies went early and vigorously into the manufacture of these attacks upon him, and almost every morning since the first day of May has seen one or more copies of verses denouncing him for drunkenness, idleness, present-taking, nepotism, and other of his transgressions. These productions have shown marked facility, but none of them has been of merit, and none, we suppose, of any effect as songs. Indeed, there has been no new song which has come at all into competition with those of the war; and such enthusiasm as has been expressed in singing has, as formerly, found vent in "Rally Round the Flag," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "John Brown's Body lies Mouldering in the Grave." One or two stanzas will serve as a sample of the numberless assaults cleverly adapted to well-known tunes, which the *Sun* and its friends have poured out:

> Forty-one of 'em
> (Keep the run of 'em),
> Suckers all—the State needs none of 'em;
> Avoirdupois, there's more than three ton of 'em—
> Humbugs, every son of a gun of 'em.
> Old Daddy Grant,
> The Boss Cormorant,
> Feathers his nest in the Covington Post-office,
> Orville L. G.
> (Hunky boy on a spree)
> Draws on his pal in an Illinois coast office;
> Half the connections of 'Lysses can boast office—
> Corbins and Dents,
> Cramers and Bents,
> Sharpes, and Roots, and Caseys, and Pattons:
> But the Dents take the lead
> Of the whole blessed breed,
> For when places were going they went in for the fat 'uns.

Another sample is as follows, the air being "The Battle Cry of Freedom":

Hiram had a little lamb,
T—m M——y was his name,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder;
And every time the master robbed,
The Lamb would do the same,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder.

CHORUS—Greeley for ever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Pack off Ulysses to dwell with his pa.
We'll rally round our flag, boys,
We'll rally round our flag,
Shouting for Greeley and the Union!

If the reader will imagine nearly every secular and sacred tune known to him married to immortal verse similar in spirit to these two specimens, he will have some idea of the sort of poetical and political warfare which has been waged on the faults and shortcomings of the President and his Administration.

On the other hand, the Administration party, if not so industrious as the Greeleyite sons of song, have not neglected to express the astonishment of the Old Farmer, the Old Squire, and the Boy in Blue that any one should seek a better President than the man who brought us safely through the war, and whose Administration has been so successful. One veteran thus addresses another:

"It seems to me, Jim, very strange,
The turn some things are taking;
It may be right, this cry for 'change'
That folks just now are making.
'Change,' for the *better*, here below
Is what we always want,
But, till I know it *will be so*,
For one, I go for Grant!"

And this is what the Old Farmer says to the Grant man:

"It may be luck; it may be fate,
Sometimes I ask myself, 'What wuz it?'
The only thing I know is that
The critter duz it.

"The Britishers are paying up;
The rebs have well-nigh quit contrivin';
Our debt is growing less and less,
And things are thrivin'.

"The Injun smokes his pipe in peace;
The nigger sings his lond hosanner;
And, as the boys say down the town,
'That's what ails Hanner.'

"And so, I've 'bout made up my mind
That things can't easily be mended;
That, take it all in all, the farm
Is darn'd well tended."

And another agriculturist thus talks to the young politician when the latter offers him the Liberal platform and candidate:

"No, sir! I'm for Grant. Call him dumb if ye will,
But he talks in a way that suits me;
He has steered the old ship with considerable skill,
And he never a traitor 'll be.

"What! Greeley to take the place o' Grant!
Good God! is the country daft?
Have they swallowed the 'Sage of Chappaqua's' cant,
And embarked in that treacherous craft?"

Of equally pronounced views is another citizen who also regards the election of Mr. Greeley as the triumph of the South over the North, and who thus sets forth his opinion. As will be seen, this citizen professes to be of Irish descent; we would not, however, for our own part, make affidavit that he ever saw Cove or the Hill of Howth:

The Ku-klux Klan
Don't like our man,
And to bate him they
Will plot and plan.
But Ku-klux Klan
May rave and rant;
Beat Grant they can't,
They can't beat Grant.

Mr. Sumner comes in for many raps; but he is by no means without plaudits too, his gigantic mind striking great awe into some of the bards, while others devote themselves to the Brooks affair and the Senator's other "services to the cause of liberty." More effectually than in these rôles we find him in a certain Hebrew Melody, entitled "The Destruction of U. Sennacherib Grant," figuring as the angel of the Lord destroying an Assyrian host of collectors and postmasters:

And there lay his horses—as useless as he—
And the bull-pups that gambolled all sportive and free;
For the voice of Charles Sumner spread death on the gale,
And the cheeks of the robbers grew livid and pale.

Mr. Schurz gets rather less of the attention of his poetical enemies and friends than his Liberal Republican friend and colleague, but now and again we meet him. The pronunciation of his name perhaps baffles the campaign muse, who is not a very erudite maid; once, for example, we have this rather uncivil but otherwise gratifying couplet:

We don't have much charity for Trumbull or for Schurz,
They stand around the party gate a pair of snarling curs.

It is in "The Child's Enquiry," however, that Mr. Schurz is exposed in his true colors, the artless but penetrating enquiries of his little son revealing to him and to us the blackness of his treason:

Carl Schurz sat down one evening late
To rest his weary head,
When his little son came into the room,
And looking at him said:

"Who is this Horace Greeley, pa,
That people call so wise?
Is he some giant tall enough
To reach unto the skies?"

"Oh! no, my child, about as large
As I, or Governor Brown;
'Twas not his stature made him great,
Or won him his renown.

"But he it is who nobly bailed
Jeff Davis from his cell,
And now we want for President
The man who did so well."

The young Schurz then enquires if Greeley, being made President, would not at once bail out every rogue in the whole country, and thus expose us to the incursions of the criminal classes. To this the father replies, "Oh! no, my child," and goes on to show that Jefferson Davis was an enemy in war, but that he who bails common rogues becomes the abhorrence of all his neighbors. The son promptly decides that when he becomes of age sufficient to steal horses, he will steal not one but a hundred or more, and thus becoming a great and renowned villain, Mr. Greeley, or some follower of Mr. Greeley's, would go on his bail-bond. The Senator dissuades him from this course:

"Oh! no, my child, the Gospel says
That you should always do
To every person as you would
That they should do to you."

But thus the child nails him:

"But, pa, did Horace Greeley think
That in some future day
He would want bail when *he* should try
His country to betray?"

This is the last question, and it brings on the last resort of domestic tyranny:

The Senator could say no more—
So, turning quickly, said:
"It's nine o'clock, my little boy;
'Tis time you were in bed."

Nothing that is worth remarking upon is said or sung about Mr. Greeley's dress and personal appearance and personal habits. The tucking of his trowser-legs into the legs of his boots, his white hat and white coat, his farming at Chappaqua, his woodchopping performances—or garden parties, as the *Saturday Review* calls them—get about equal notice from his opponents and his advocates, but what is said is all old enough to be dull even if it were not dull for other reasons. In his character of "boiled crow," however, he has been rather more amusing to the poets. One of them speaks as follows of that "noisome victual":

There is a dish no cook-book names,
And which no patriot cares to know,
Which none but starving men will taste,
A noisome victual called boiled crow;
This, Democratic leaders eat.

Some of the "Democratic leaders" are fond of this dish, as, for instance, Mr. G. F. Cookerly, of Terre Haute:

"My bowels yearn immensely
Toward the precious crow;
I love the bird intensely—
How much, you'll never know.

"Quail keeps my stomach quiet,
Just for a meal or so;
But, for a reg'lar diet,
I can't dispense with crow."

But Mr. Voorhees does not like it:

"I only eat enough to save
Myself from that dark, hopeless grave
Where every Bourbon's sure to go
Who will not eat the hated crow."

However, he and Mr. Hendricks, joining hands with Mr. Bayless W. Hanna and Mr. Cookerly, finally sing this stave to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home":

"In the dark lanes of politics,
Where'er we go,
Be it ever so sable,
There's no meat like crow.
Crow, crow, lovely crow,
Be it ever so sable,
There's no meat like crow."

Probably the reader by this time has nearly enough of these efforts, but there is one more from which we will quote, because of its noble rebuke of "H. G." and Mr. Theodore Tilton, who have "gone back" on Woman. In fact, but for the habit of years, "H. G." would not even so much as spell it with a capital W. "You and I both know Woman Suffrage means Free

Love—H. G."—is what Mr. Greeley once wrote to Mr. Tilton, and this is the "Song of the Women" which was elicited, as we say in our profession, by the remarks of our distinguished contemporary. Or, rather, this is part of it. Looking with scorn and contempt on the Woman Movement, no merely earthly power could make us publish more than the first and last stanza:

"Insulter of all Womanhood,
Apostate from our holy faith
That dares to aspire to broader good—
Lured by ambition's spectral wraith,
He turns from freedom's battling van,
To break the rod of guardian laws,
And lead the bloody Ku-klux Klan—
Last hope of Treason's long-lost cause!

. . . . .

"Go! fallen from your starry arch,
Uncheered by loyal hearts, alone
Tread backward your apostate march
To shameful loss or shameless throne!
No woman's hope or woman's prayer
Speed forth your allies' evil throng!
No woman's voice impulse the air
With stirring word or rallying song!"

Some bad men will not see the awfulness of this punishment. They should wait, however, till they see how they could get on if the air they breathe were suddenly to cease being impulsed by feminine songs, campaign and otherwise.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 19, 1872.

THERE is a matter which just now occupies the papers, and of which the Conservatives are endeavoring to make capital against the government. The Ballot Bill has come into operation in two constituencies. Whatever else it has done, it is plain that it has not hitherto altered the balance of parties. No body of voters, hitherto held in awe by landlords and capitalists, has suddenly transferred itself from one camp to the other beneath the cover of darkness now provided. At Pontefract, Mr. Childers, a very active member of the Government, was re-elected by a small majority against a weak opponent. I believe, however, that the real difficulty in his case was caused by some of the agitators against the Contagious Diseases Acts, who identified him with the support of the obnoxious measures. At Preston, a Conservative was elected by a considerable majority, the borough having been for three years in Conservative hands. It is difficult to make out from the conflicting statements of various election agents how far the result was influenced by various local and secondary influences; nor does it very much matter. The Conservatives, having carried their candidate, have no doubt a *prima-facie* right to the exultation which they express; but a rather angry controversy has been excited by the mode in which they went to work. The indignation expressed by some of the Liberal papers at their device for neutralizing the ballot strikes me as rather ludicrous. The party has contrived an ingenious piece of political machinery, carefully provided with all the newest inventions, and it turns out that it will not secure their object. Thereupon they bitterly complain of their antagonists for not working the machine in the spirit in which it was designed. Surely the merest tyro in politics should be aware that no political machinery ever was or ever will be worked in the spirit of the designer; and that legislation which assumes that everybody is ready to do without compulsion just what the legislator wants, is apt to be utterly futile. In the case of the Ballot Bill, the introducers of the measure were racking their inventions during the whole session to avoid an awkward dilemma. Unless they made secrecy compulsory up to a certain point, the ballot would be useless; but it was doubtful whether secrecy could be enforced sufficiently to secure their object without the most tyrannical regulations. It was provided that no one should be asked in the polling-book how he had voted, but it was impossible to provide that he should never have that question put to him by anybody outside. The Conservatives, therefore, adopted a very simple device. They had an office just outside each of the booths, and requested each of their voters to hand in a card stating which way he had voted. The consequence was that they were able to form a very accurate estimate of the progress of the election, and at the close of the poll gave the numbers so closely that their estimate of their own numbers differed from the official statement by only nine votes in over 4,000. It is plain, therefore, that the votes were known in Preston almost as clearly as though there had been no arrangements for securing secrecy; probably a man who had refused to state which way he voted would have been subject to a very strong pressure of public opinion; though it is true that he might still escape by lying, it can hardly be considered as a recommendation of any political machinery that it gives additional motives and security to treachery.

It is plain, therefore, that when the general sentiment is opposed to secrecy, the protection afforded by the present bill is not of any great value, and the Liberal journals are already beginning to cry out for the addition of some more stringent clauses. If the example of Preston should be followed, as is highly probable, the ballot will either fall into disrepute or some attempt will have to be made to patch it up by fresh legislation. If any more time is wasted on this particular nostrum of the old-fashioned radical school it will be a matter of sincere regret; but I confess that I am not sorry to see that there is so strong an objection in the average voter to avail himself of the privilege of concealing his opinions. It is undeniable that there are occasionally cases of intimidation where one would be glad to see almost any remedy adopted; but it is amazing to me that any genuine Liberal should regard a general disposition to vote in secret as a healthy sign of public spirit. As a defence against oppression the plan might be justifiable; but the less people condescend to use cloaks of darkness, the more satisfactory must be the state of the political atmosphere.

A matter of far greater real interest than any of these little dodges for tricking people into virtue and public spirit is the progress of the war between labor and capital. Just at present labor seems to be winning victories all along the line. The last battle that has been fought out is in the baking trade. The whole of London, it was threatened, was to be deprived of bread from next Saturday until the masters and men could settle their differences. It seems, however, though the matter is not quite decided, that the men are to have everything their own way. The masters have yielded nearly every point; and it is probable that *they* will have to give up the last upon which they were holding out. The great activity of trade and speculation has given the advantage to the men in all the recent attempts to secure a larger share of the profits. We are already, however, beginning to feel something of the other side of the question. The rise in the price of necessaries is becoming very serious, especially for the large and unlucky class with small, fixed incomes; but it will also be felt by the laborers, whose agitation is partly the cause. Owing chiefly to the success of the miners in limiting the production of coal, the price has been rising in the most startling fashion. The poor in London will next winter have to pay at least half as much again for their fuel as they have been in the habit of doing. The prices of food again will probably be excessive. We have generally a bad harvest; we are threatened in many districts with something like a second potato famine; and the cattle disease is so widely spread that the price of meat cannot be expected to decline. Of the three things which Pope declares to be all that is necessary for man, "meat, clothes, and fire," two at least are becoming dearer every day. The consequence is that we are practically exemplifying a strange paradox, and growing poorer daily because we are getting rich so fast. The national prosperity, as Mr. Gladstone tells us, is advancing by leaps and bounds—the advance being measured, that is, by the increased production and trade; but however satisfactory this may be to rich capitalists, and in some degree to the laboring population, which receives steadier employment and an increased rate of wages, it is nevertheless true that it does little good to very large masses of the population. Though their wages have risen, for example, it is doubtful whether the agricultural laborers can get more for their money than they could a few years ago; and there are great numbers of persons, such as clerks in Government offices, who find it steadily more difficult to make both ends meet. I will not attempt to philosophize upon a process which is not peculiar by any means to England; but just at the present time it is being very forcibly impressed upon us that a rise in the imports and exports, and a singular buoyancy in the revenue, are quite compatible with an increased difficulty of living for a very large part of the population. The very thought of coals in particular is becoming unpleasant to a father of a family, and we are being inundated with all kinds of suggestions—no doubt excellent—for saving fuel by all manner of volunteer philanthropists. I suspect that the love of our old extravagant system of fires is too deeply rooted in the British heart to be easily extirpated, but otherwise we might expect to see the London atmosphere become perceptibly freer from smoke in the approaching winter, and even our fogs to degenerate to the consistency of pea-soup.

It would be scarcely right in sending a letter to America at this time to preserve complete silence upon the Geneva arbitration. And yet there is very little to be said which is not so obvious as to be scarcely worth saying. That every sensible man must, on the whole, regard the conclusion of the controversy with satisfaction is as plain as that any very warm outbreak of enthusiasm is hardly to be expected. After all, the payment of fifteen million dollars is disagreeable at the time, even though it is probable that our next surplus will more than cover the amount; and though we may consider that we are receiving a sufficient equivalent for our money, our satisfaction is naturally of a calm and temperate kind. The bloom was taken off the affair by the unfortunate dispute about the indirect damages; and there is a good deal of that subdued grumbling which generally accompanies the action of putting one's hand in one's pocket. The Conservatives are naturally doing their best to pick holes in the achievement of which Mr. Gladstone's government

has good right to boast, and insinuate that we need have paid nothing if we had shown a bolder front. And yet substantially, I think that most people are as well pleased with the result as can be expected. Without supposing that a precedent has been set which will lead to the speedy abolition of war, as some sanguine persons at the Social Science Association seem to expect, we hold that it is a real step, if not a very long step, in advance.

Notes.

F. W. CHRISTERN announces "American Breech-Loading Small-Arms; being a complete history and description of the leading inventions," by Chas. B. Norton, Brevet Brig.-Gen. U. S. V.——A "Life of Captain Marryat," in two volumes; Wey's "Rome," folio, illustrated; and Figuier's "Human Race," will be published by D. Appleton & Co.——Sheldon & Co. announce a "Life of Maj.-Gen. Philip Schuyler," in two volumes, by Benson J. Lossing; "Modern Leaders," as described by Justin McCarthy in a series of biographical sketches; a new and revised edition of Mr. Grant White's "Words and their Uses"; and "The Ordeal for Wives," by Mrs. Annie Edwards.——Dr. W. S. Plumer's "Commentary on the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews"; and Edward Cone Bissell's "Historic Origin of the Bible," are among the announcements of A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

—Mr. William F. Poole's Fifth Annual Report of the condition of the Cincinnati Public Library, under his charge, furnishes additional evidence of what may now be called a general law, viz., that about three-quarters of the books taken out of our public libraries fall under the head of fiction (adult and juvenile). The exact percentage for 1871-72 in Cincinnati was 74·8, against 80 per cent. in the town of X., whose experience was lately described in the *Nation*, and 76·36, 78·4, and 77·2 per cent. in successive years in Boston. Mr. Poole says that this is a better showing than the English free libraries can make, although, for his part, he does not specially regret the demand for fiction, nor care to apologize for it. To be sure, he would be glad to see Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, and Mrs. Hentz suppressed, and he thus virtually concedes the propriety of exercising such a censorship as that practised at X., where Mrs. Southworth, for example, is excluded from the library. The Cincinnati library has been opened on Sunday for upwards of a year and a half, and Mr. Poole's testimony as to the working of this innovation will have great weight with doubting trustees and directors in other cities. In 1871, the average daily attendance on Sunday rose from 213 for the first eight months to 397 in December, and during the first five months of this present year varied as follows: 755, 802, 706, 577, 261. On September 27, the librarian informs us, there were issued 337 books and periodicals, against 110 on the corresponding Sunday last year; and on September 15, 305 against 199. The issues since June 22, the date of the annual report, have been 3,980, against 2,392 during the same period of 1871—or an increase of 66 per cent. Those who fear that the Sunday library will draw off attendance from church, will be encouraged to learn that the Cincinnati library is much more frequented in the afternoon and evening than in the morning. "On the other hand," says Mr. Poole, "it is a noticeable fact that many of that class of young men who have strolled about the streets on Sunday, and spent the day in a less profitable manner, are habitually frequenting the rooms, and spending a portion of the day in reading. The department of readers on Sunday has been unexceptionable, and the rooms have been as still and orderly as on secular days. While some readers have called for religious books, the other classes of reading sought for have, in the main, been instructive and profitable." The same account comes back from England in response to Mr. Poole's report, which has been widely copied from.

—Some few months ago an exposure was made of a very dubious project for publishing the lives of "distinguished Americans," the subjects being drawn from that class of our citizens who were willing to pay for the gratification of appearing in print. At that time the headquarters of the enterprise was in Hartford. During the past month, Bostonians have been largely favored with the circulars of this or a similar speculation, entitled "American Biography. Portraits on steel by fine Engravers, with Sketches by Eminent Authors." It is to be, says the prospectus, "a splendid work, folio and quarto size, 500 or more pages." It appears that one volume of the series has been issued under the title of "Men of Mark," and that one volume will contain "Sketches of Bostonians." These circulars are accompanied by a written request for a portrait and biographical sketch of the person addressed, and the recipient is advised to purchase a volume of the series already issued as a guide in preparing his contribution. No price is named, and no intimation given that the selected "representative man of Boston" is to pay for this flattering distinction; but this is unnecessary. The circulars and letters are signed "Genealogical Society, 175 Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets, near Fifth Avenue Hotel," and the assumption of this name calls for a prompt and earnest protest. The New England Historico-Genealogical Society of Boston is an old, respectable, active, and flourishing society, attending faithfully to the purposes for which it was chartered. It is commonly known as *the* Genealogical Society, and many people might be led to suppose that this scheme was in some way connected with it. Again, here, in New York, there is a highly respectable association, duly incorporated in 1869 as the "New York Genealogical and Biographical Society." It has rooms in the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue, and it publishes a quarterly magazine of much interest. It is therefore a scandalous thing for any individual or firm to take the style of "Genealogical Society" in Boston or New York, and justly creates a suspicion against the enterprise. It is a curious fact that this circular of the so-called "Genealogical Society" is headed with an engraved armorial seal, and has, at its close, the advertisement of "one of the most practical Heralds in America." These occur also in the published circulars of a concern formerly called the "Genealogical Registry for the United States," of 67 University Place, N. Y., which were calculated to rouse the pity of persons acquainted with the subject of genealogy, as setting forth the visionary and impossible scheme of an enthusiast. They seemed to be the work of one man possessed apparently of considerable learning, but without method or judgment. It is unnecessary to go into the absurdities of the scheme, which, having first adopted the ambitious title of "The Doomsday Book," dwindled into "an incorporation, under the laws of New York," with a capital of $5,000, "to print and publish books, to obtain, preserve, and record the genealogies of the people of the United States," under the name above-mentioned. The letters accompanying these circulars were signed by Wm. Coventry H. Waddell, President, and it is probably no injustice to attribute to him the entire management of the matter. His amiable delusion did not call for public censure; but the case in hand is very different. Anonymous letters and circulars do not inspire confidence, and names which are colorable imitations of well-known societies are not usually adopted for the advancement of honest and honorable undertakings.

—Baron Steuben died on the 28th of November, 1794, on the wild land granted him by the State of New York six years previously, in Oneida County. He was buried under a hemlock tree in the midst of the forest, where his remains rested obscurely but undisturbed till the beginning of the present century. Then, in the laying out of roads, his grave was rudely desecrated; one-third of it was cut off, and, "as if Indians had dug up the place, for a while the coffin was exposed to storm and rain." The only honor which the neighborhood could pay to the hero's memory was to divide the old military cloak in which the body was wrapped for relics. An end was put to this disgrace by Benjamin Walker, the Baron's aid-de-camp, who removed the remains to another part of the same grove, and made an arrangement with a Welsh Baptist Society for keeping these five acres of natural forest fenced and uncleared for ever. In 1824, the inhabitants of the county erected a monument over the grave—a limestone tablet, supported on four piers of loose stones, and simply inscribed with the Baron's name in full. The piers in time crumbled into a heap beneath the slab, and much in this condition the memorial has remained for the past fifteen years. In 1857, an apparently earnest effort was made by Germans in all parts of the country to erect a suitable monument to Steuben, and several thousand dollars were subscribed, but to no purpose. At last, on the 30th of last month, the Steuben Monument Association celebrated at the grave the completion of a new and massive stone structure, adorned with cannon and round-shot contributed by the General Government, and calculated to endure for all time. A great company assembled at Remsen, some twelve miles north of Utica, and marched in procession to the monument, where the principal address was delivered by Governor Seymour to an audience composed chiefly of Welsh people. An address in German was also delivered. Whether the Association, consisting of citizens of Utica and New York, has any funds in hand over and above the $2,000 necessary to the execution of the work, we are not informed. If it has, it could in no way employ them so well as in printing a new and popular edition of the literary monument to Steuben reared in 1859 by Mr. Friedrich Kapp, but for which, perhaps, the Association would not have been spurred to the performance of its pious duty. We refer, of course, to his "Life of Steuben," of which Mason Brothers were the original publishers.

—We do our English cousins the civility to inform them that Mr. John Camden Hotten the publisher, though a Londoner by residence and a British subject, we suppose, by adoption and naturalization, is, nevertheless, by

birth an American. The *Saturday Review* might have known that nobody but a Yankee would have practised sinful games such as Mr. Hotten has been recently practising, and not for the first time either. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") writes to the *Spectator* a letter which we assure that journal contains jokes, and is not meant to influence the Presidential election, but which, for all that, states a grievance for which Mr. Clemens should have redress. Mr. Hotten (says Mr. Clemens) has, of his own individual motion, republished several of Mr. Clemens's books in England. Against this no protest is made, because, as Mr. Clemens is aware, publishers are not accountable to the laws of heaven or earth in any country of his acquaintance. But not content with republishing the books as they were written, Mr. Hotten changes the title to "Eye Openers and Screamers," and adds to the contents half a dozen chapters of his own composition. Mr. Clemens enquires of the editor of the *Spectator* what he would feel like in case such treatment had been inflicted upon him. "Would not the world seem cold and hollow to you?" he asks. "Would you not feel that you wanted to die and be at rest? Little the world knows of true suffering." He suggests that a proper pictorial device for the new title-page would be a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket, and the legend, "All Rights Reserved"; for, of course, Mr. Hotten does not make the mistake of paying over to Mr. Clemens any moneys accruing from this little piece of piracy. "Messrs. George Routledge & Sons," adds Mr. Clemens, "are the only English publishers who pay me any copyright, and therefore, if my books are to disseminate suffering or crime among readers of our language, I would ever so much rather they did it through that house." We may say here that our opening remark in regard to the birthplace of Mr. Hotten is not advancing a claim on behalf of the United States to the championship in rascality. A writer in the *Anglo-American Times*, of the same date as the *Spectator*, has a word to say of English swindling, and of the habitual course of the London *Times* in regard to such transactions: "In London," says the writer, "they point to New York and say there is the greatest scandal. But unfortunately for New Yorkers, they are comparatively ignorant of what goes on in London, and in their innocence accept the charge as true. The reason that London knows more of investment in New York than New York knows of investment in London, is because Englishmen employ their money in America, but Americans do not employ money in England. The American system, too, is to make such a noise over every defalcation that the attention of the world is attracted, while the scandal is, comparatively speaking, hushed up in London. The same column of the *Times* which has been unsparingly devoted to the exposure of every fraud in the United States was used for covering up the Qverend-Gurney affair, the Joint-Stock Discount Business, and the getting out of jail the only man sent there for the most gigantic fraud of the age." Both the *Anglo-American Times* and the *Spectator* have recently been giving battle to the *Times* on the subject of the goodness of American securities, but the Georgia repudiationists have greatly weakened our friends and strengthened the *Times*.

—"Writer's cramp" is an affliction not unknown in this country, although it is perhaps to be called "a most rare and interesting disorder," as Dr. G. V. Poore calls it in a communication to the London *Practitioner* for September. The case he describes—that of a very active accountant—was, when it came under his treatment, of nine years' standing. The right and then the left hand had been disabled for all writing, and a few weeks before Dr. Poore was applied to, the patient's right arm "had become liable to sudden spasms even when not called upon to perform any act. . . . It was always jerking about, and at times would bounce out of the side pocket of his coat as he was walking in the streets." As these spasms grew doubly severe when the patient was conscious that they attracted attention, Dr. Poore found in this circumstance an analogy with stammering, and regulated his treatment accordingly. "Every stammerer," he remarks, "that I have ever met can sing. They are all capable of a rhythmical use of the voice, and every stammerer has, I believe, his cure within his own grasp, if he persevere in the orderly and rhythmical exercise of his vocal powers. I determined to apply the above principles to the treatment of the stammering right arm." This he did in connection with the galvanic current with the most gratifying success, as is shown in the fac-similes of the patient's handwriting which accompany the paper in the *Practitioner*. Dr. Poore does not hint at any other cause of the disorder than what is implied in the word "cramp." The only cases which have come within our experience have been ascribed to the use of the steel pen, producing we know not what electrical effect on the muscles; and they have been helped, apparently, by a resort to quills. Such, we believe, was the opinion and practice of the late President Felton of Harvard.

—Some idea of the interest taken in the new University of Strassburg may be had from the fact that gifts have been made to it already from 15,000 donors, and from 400 different localities, and that new ones are daily arriving. Among those lately opened are 650 magnificently bound volumes presented by the University of Oxford, each volume containing the dedication: "Presented to the Library of the University of Strassburg, by the University of Oxford, Jan., 1872." On the outside of each volume are the arms in gold of the University, with the inscription: "Academia Oxoniensis," and the motto: "Deus illuminatio mea." The librarian exhibited these works (which are all from the Clarendon press) to the public, on which occasion Max Müller delivered a discourse on the University of Oxford. In the course of his remarks he said, "I have been often asked how the University of Oxford is constituted. It is hard to tell how. Much in its constitution is abnormal. It is entirely devoid of system. The fact is, Oxford *grew*; what was good in its growth being retained, but without any reference to system. The Government has nothing to do with it, nor it with the Government. The Prime Minister alone has the right to nominate to a few chairs created by the crown." According to Max Müller, the professors at Oxford attend to their business a great deal better than they used to do ten years ago. He estimates the income of the colleges at Oxford at £300,000 sterling. He seems to be of the opinion that the fellowships ought to be abolished, and calls them "bladders," insinuating that were it not for them some of the fellows, left to their unaided ability, might possibly sink. Oxford he calls "a living bit cut from the body of the Middle Ages, and handed down to the nineteenth century." "A mere glance at the buildings carries you back two centuries. . . . When Frederic William the Fourth was at Oxford, and saw its old buildings and the noisy joyous life of the scholars within; when he saw where Charles I. held his parliament, where Cromwell had bombarded it, where Wolsey had built the beautiful tower of Magdalen College, where bishops had been burned, whence Shelley had been expelled, where Pusey had preached, and Arnold discoursed, he said, 'Here everything new seems old, and everything old new.'" "Thus it is at Oxford," says Müller, "and thus it should be; the old should continue to live in the new, and the new should repose on the old; for a real life is a continual transition, an eternal progress without break or interruption."

—Towards the end of the last century, says *O Novo Mundo*, the Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon began publishing the dictionary *par excellence* of the Portuguese language, with every prospect of making it equal in all respects to similar works in other countries. For some reason, however, never clearly ascertained, the enterprise was abandoned in the second letter of the alphabet, leaving a volume of 750 pages. Fresh attempts were made by two bodies of littérateurs in 1822 and 1844, the first breaking down with the letter D, and the second being not yet completed, if indeed it is ever meant to be. It remained for the Brazilian Antonio de Moraes Silva to compose the best Portuguese dictionary now in use, though it leaves much to be desired. For definitions Constancio's is valuable, but it is full of Gallicisms and is disagreeably dogmatic in tone. Edward de Faria's, with notes by Sr. Lacerda, is barely passable. Finally, there is the "Grande Diccionario Portuguez, ou Thesouro da Lingua Portugeza" of Dr. Fr. Domingos Vieira, now appearing in parts, of which the sixtieth has been reached, making two volumes of some 2,400 pages, and carrying the work as far as the end of the letter C. Not much is known of the author or of his capacity for his undertaking.

BABYDOM IN DESIGN.*

AMONGST the English art-critics of to-day, Mr. Colvin stands unquestionably first in special knowledge, in erudition as to the historical relation of the art of different artists to schools, and in that susceptibility to the finer, and to most critics imperceptible, characteristics of true art which confer authority over opinion more even than the most original critical insight into theories and generalities. In the general lapse of all principles of preference, and contempt of the acquirements which serve as bases of judgment in art, that mark most contemporary art criticism, in the midst of vacuous effusion of personal likings and ignorant preferences which answers the purpose of art bewilderment rather than of art education, it is a pleasure to find something that is the result of sincere study, genuine appreciation, and positive knowledge of data, and which, in the measure of ordinary use of human intelligence, exhausts its theme, as does this book on Babydom in art, with its illustrations (in carbon photography) from Luca della Robbia, Marc Antonio, Correggio, Blake, Stothard, and Flaxman.

There was scarcely room to say anything new of the great Italians, especially of the ecstatic schools (though something might have been said of the Venetian, or at least of Veronese's treatment), after Rio and some other Continental specialists, but in the chapters treating of the great

* "Children in Italian and English Design. By Sidney Colvin, M.A.," etc. London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.

English designers Colvin is almost alone, certainly, so far as we know, pre-eminent, and the studies on Blake and Flaxman are amongst the most charming art-essays of the day. And it is still true, that whatever position they may attain in the properly artistic or plastic qualities, the English painters stand amongst the best designers the world has produced. In them, almost without exception, the purely intellectual tendencies of art have commanded all others—abandon to the purely artistic exists in scarcely a single instance, and whatever other excellence exists, it is absolutely subordinate to the meaning, the intellectual intention of the work. It is not as painters that one must judge them primarily, but as thinkers and seers; and in reference to the theme of our present notice, Mr. Colvin is clearly right in asserting as he does the superiority of the English designers.

With regard to the branches of his theme, we believe that the general judgment will coincide more nearly with his praises of Flaxman and Stothard than of Blake, but our own feeling is, as his own appears to be, more appreciative of Blake than any other of his subjects. Blake was in his power of design of the Buonarotti type, and while in some of his loftier flights of imagination one finds motives quite of the sternest and grandest which human hand has ever embodied, nothing can be more tender and lovely than the little dreams in which he seems to have found his habitual life. The "Songs of Innocence" are well known as songs, but in the running accompaniment of design with which they came, there are passages which quite justify Mr. Colvin in all his enthusiasm:

"And the line which his fancy takes, the note which his hand and voice strike, are of a charm and freshness indescribable. All his life long the visions of Blake (and visions were his only models) came to him, whether they were of glee or terror, like the dreams of a child. . . . . In the book of 'Innocence' it is one of his own kindred who prompts him to the task:

> 'Piping down the valleys wild,
> Piping songs of pleasant glee,
> On a cloud I saw a child,
> And he laughing said to me,
> Pipe a song about a Lamb.'

And so the sweet verses are encircled with a delicate tinted pattern, and surmounted with a little picture, wherein we see the flocks grazing steadily arow, with something of that strong and composed regularity in the lines of them which Blake will hardly miss even in his slightest sketches—with the lights upon their wool touched in gold, and with a stripling in close-fitting blue piping in front of them, and glancing upwards at the child that rides upon a cloud close over his head. . . . The whole book of 'Innocence' is like an inspired perpetuation, unknown and unattempted before, of all the wondering beauty and radiance of the childish consciousness, without any of its bane or calamity."

As compared with the other two of the English designers noted, Blake is of that superiority which spontaneity has over artifice—of that greater genius which creates the hitherto unconceived rather than that talent which cleverly combines. Stothard was a facile plagiarist, and, where original, of a weak and nerveless type of design. Flaxman, whom the general estimation of his countrymen has placed almost amongst the great Greeks, was a mistake of artifice for art; as devoid of anything spontaneous in motive or treatment as Blake was free from imitation, the sculptor was as vague and senseless a repeater of old and once living phrases of art as the designer was a prophet and seer of new.

Mr. Colvin, indeed, says of Flaxman as little praise as his countrymen are likely to express. "We have spoken of the Greek vein in Flaxman, and to call him a Greek in spirit was a commonplace of compliment in his own time, and is so still. Our increased knowledge shows us that his critical insight into things Hellenic was the insight of his time, very imperfect or even erroneous; we may even account him least Greek when he meant to be most so, in his heroic compositions; . . . most essentially Greek when he would least have suspected it, in his sketches taken from hour to hour in the family circle or the public thoroughfare." But even here he speaks faint praise, for that reflected spirit of Greek art which may be allowed to Flaxman appears only when he caught a motive direct from nature, and where, as Mr. Colvin says, he least suspected he was doing anything in conformity with his avowed ideal. The spirit of Greek art is that of *all pure* art—unconscious and free; the spirit of Flaxman was a conscious and fettered emulation of art, only inspired by nature's self when she by chance put on the forms of a Greek rendering of the universal ideal. But Mr. Colvin has, in perhaps a wiser spirit than ours, chosen to make the best of both Flaxman and Stothard—if he can in so doing give Blake his due pre-eminence, or art its true standard, is at least open to doubt—and has said of them what no one else has so well said, and what, measuring from another relative standard, might not have been amiss.

Not by far the least interesting of the passages of this book are those in which the author recognizes the larger relations of British art—that of Blake to his time and Hogarth to his after-time, only saying enough to show that he has touched these considerations and weighed them, and then adds: "And if the place gave us ever so much scope, these large general views about art, its revolutions and its mission, are at all times more fascinating than they are fruitful to discuss."

There is one passage in Mr. Colvin's last chapter which is so true in itself and so peculiarly applicable to our own art, as well as so illustrative of that consummate culture which furnishes a writer with an almost universal exposition for every phenomenon he encounters, that we shall quote it in closing: "The work of schools in either state (of growth or decline) will be imperfect, but with a widely different imperfection: attractive in the growing school, distressing in the declining one. The imperfection of growth means simplicity, greater attention to the end than the means, a single desire of conveying the given impression, though the mode of its conveyance be conventionally rough and ready; the imperfection of decline means sophistication, pride of dexterity and flourish of means, the sense that you are cleverer than you need be for your purpose."

A TARIFF OF ABSOLUTION.*

THE Rev. Dr. Gibbings has rendered a service to the student of church history by this reprint, accompanied with his learned introduction. The Papal Penitentiary was a branch of the Papal Chancery, entrusted with the issuing of letters of dispensation and absolution; and the text of this little volume consists of a reprint of the prices charged for these desirable commodities. We all know the infamous traffic carried on in indulgences by the Papal agents throughout Europe for several centuries prior to the Reformation. This is not disputed by the most orthodox defenders of the Papal system; but the enormity of the offence has been glossed over by the assertion that it was an unauthorized abuse, by unworthy hands, of the church's liberal distribution of her inexhaustible treasures of salvation. That an official list should have been published to the faithful of the prices at which they could purchase pardon for every possible variety of infraction of morals or discipline would, therefore, be an admission of apostolic venality not readily made by the devout, however eagerly asserted by the scoffer; and it is, therefore, not a matter of surprise that the existence of such a tariff of sin should have long been the subject of keen dispute between Catholic and Protestant. This controversy Dr. Gibbings traces up in his preface with all the zest of a practical bibliographer and all the ardor of a polemic, bringing together from the most various sources a vast amount of curious and instructive matter, well worthy the attention of scholars.

All the authorized editions of the *Taxæ*, which were issued for more than a century after the introduction of printing in Italy, are now of the most extreme rarity. They have presumably been zealously destroyed since the modification of the system which they illustrated, and Dr. Gibbings states that he has been able to procure but four copies during an active search for forty years. The numerous Protestant reprints for controversial purposes are by no means so scarce, but their authenticity has always been stoutly denied, and Dr. G. seeks to put an end to the doubts expressed concerning their genuineness by a verbatim reprint of two editions issued before the spread of Protestantism, together with references to public libraries in which originals may be consulted. With all deference, however, to the opinions of a gentleman who has shown himself so thoroughly familiar with this department of history, not only in this but in numerous other learned publications, we cannot agree wholly with him in the assumption that the *Taxæ* were a simple price-current of pardons. At times, and to a certain extent, they may have been so, for the system was a shocking one in itself, and fatally liable to abuse. The venality of Rome in those ages was more flagrant and cynical than any other venality, and under the best of pontiffs the men in charge of the "Penitentiary" were always likely to abuse their powers, even as Tetzel did; while, under Popes such as Innocent VIII. or Borgia, doubtless any peddling of tickets to heaven which would enrich the treasury was encouraged. Still, a very superficial examination of this curious fee-bill is sufficient to show that it was not by any means all that was required of the penitent sinner to obtain pardon of his sins. The sums set down in it were evidently only a portion of the penalty imposed, and to us it bears internal evidence of being merely a list of the fees which the officials were authorized to charge for expediting the letters which recorded the pardon previously granted or sold.

It would certainly seem that the absolute selling of pardons in the Holy City was by far too delicate and profitable a business to be entrusted to simple clerks with a printed schedule. The humble priest or monk might be treated with little ceremony, and allowed to transact his business with a celerity and economy that would attract further custom; but we may be

* "The Taxes of the Apostolic Penitentiary; or, The Prices of Sins in the Church of Rome. (Reprinted from the Roman edition of 1510 and the Parisian edition of 1520.) With a Preface by Richard Gibbings, D.D." 1 vol. 12mo. Dublin, 1872.

assured that the incumbent of a rich benefice, a powerful feudal magnate, or a prince-bishop of Germany, would find that his soul was valuable in proportion to the length of his purse, and that his absolution was not a matter to be despatched by an underling for a few *grossi*. Even more convincing, however, is a comparison of the prices set down in the *Taxæ*. If they were the absolute sums required for the absolution or dispensation sought, they would vary with the atrocity of the crime or the importance of the infraction of discipline. No such correspondence can be traced in these tables. If we consider, for instance, how unforgivable an offence, during ages of violence, was any personal assault upon an ecclesiastic, especially if such an assault culminated in murder, and how successive councils exhausted their ingenuity in framing laws which should protect the lives and persons of unarmed clergy amid brutal and lawless populations, we should naturally expect to see such a crime rated at the highest figure. Yet the sum set down for the absolution of a layman, seeking it in Rome, for the homicide of any ecclesiastic beneath the rank of a bishop, is only seven, eight, or nine *grossi*—equivalent in purchasing power, according to the highest estimate given in the tables of Dr. Gibbings, to from $4 62 to $5 84 in greenbacks, at the present price of gold. [Surely no powerful baron who had indulged himself in killing his neighbor the abbot, would be let off for so trifling a contribution to the Papal coffers. Moreover, comparing this with the absolution for assault and battery, we find that when the penitent is personally present the price is the same as the highest for murder, viz., nine *grossi*, and this whether the aggrieved person was layman or ecclesiastic. It is true that for murder the layman had to present himself at Rome, unless unavoidably prevented; while for simple assault, even aggravated, he could obtain absolution *in absentia* for seventeen *grossi*.

It would be easy, if space permitted, to follow this out, and show how complete is the absence of any classification of crime. Thus, absolution for usury is set down at six *grossi*, and for simple concubinage on the part of a layman it is seven *grossi*; while for incest, committed with a mother or sister, it is only five *grossi*, and for parricide only five or six. It is with hesitation that we dissent from one so familiar with the subject as Dr. Gibbings, and yet we cannot but regard these figures as the office-fees for issuing letters of absolution, the variations being dependent upon the formula employed rather than on the nature of the offence condoned. It is true that this, perhaps, will not explain all the sums set down in the *Taxæ*, especially in the schedules of dispensations; but a complete elucidation of all the details contained in this interesting little book would require an accurate acquaintance with the internal machinery of the Curia of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which is probably not possessed by any living scholar.

THE NETHER CLASSES.*

MR. BRACE and Mr. Crapsey both call attention to the latest phases of the ever-open question, How to make men, especially ignorant and wicked men, somewhat less ignorant and wicked than they are. In view of the present increase of illiteracy in this country, an increase plainly set forth in the reports of the census for 1870, and in view of the constant growth of poverty in England, it may well be doubted whether we Anglo-Saxons have discovered any radically correct method of dealing with ignorance and crime. The title of Mr. Brace's book intimates the seriousness of this unsolved problem. After speaking of the Paris Communists of 1871, he adds:

"In the judgment of one who has been familiar with our 'dangerous classes' for twenty years, there are just the same explosive elements beneath the surface of New York as of Paris. . . . Let but the law lift its hand from them for a season, or let the civilizing influences of American life fail to reach them, and, if the opportunity offered, we should see an explosion from this class which might leave this city in ashes and blood. To those incredulous of this, we would recall the scenes in our streets during the riots in 1863. . . . No one doubted then, or during the Orange riot of 1871, the existence of 'dangerous classes' in New York."

These classes, mainly composed of neglected or homeless children, are developed in time into adult ruffianism. With their younger years Mr. Brace has long been familiar; of their maturity, as professional or casual criminals, as gamblers, paupers, prostitutes, Mr. Crapsey has made a tolerably careful study in the papers he has here gathered together. He tells us that the number of professional criminals is about 3,000, of public prostitutes about 5,000, of grogshops about 7,000, and of gambling establishments about 600—a better showing, by the way, than that which is made by common rumor —and 15,000 "casual" criminals are yearly arrested on the streets of this city. If Mr. Brace draws the picture of intelligent and active efforts made on behalf of the dangerous classes, Mr. Crapsey shows that whatever percentage of its young life may be turned away from vicious living, the unreclaimed portion is sufficiently large to cost the taxpayers of the city four millions of dollars annually for its management.

"The *prolétaires* of New York," says Mr. Brace, "are not so numerous as those of London, but they are more dangerous. They rifle a bank, where English thieves pick a pocket; they murder, where European *prolétaires* cudgel or fight with fists. They are mainly American-born, but the children of Irish and German immigrants. They are far more brutal than the peasantry from whom they descend. . . . New York has never experienced the full effect of the nurture of these youthful ruffians as she will one day." Meanwhile, the depredations of these classes represent an immense deduction from the total prosperity of the city. In the amount of theft and of swindling, in the amount of energy required to keep them even partially under control, and in the misuse of the offenders' talents, a great sum of wasted force is represented. What means of reclaiming these activities do we employ? Mr. Crapsey describes the methods which express the average wisdom of society upon the subject: the machinery of arrest, trial, imprisonment; the methods which, as not thinking men only, but the most superficial readers of statistics perceive, exercise at the best a merely restraining influence upon the criminal, and have hardly less tendency to teach crime to the young offenders than to check it in the adult. Mr. Brace describes a method which is based upon the intelligence of a minority, upon the convictions of those thoughtful persons who believe that the problem of human improvement is to be attacked in the school-room. Of the method which the church proposes, little is said in either of these volumes. These three methods—the methods of law, of philanthropy, and of religion—have at least had a tolerably fair trial; and it is not too much to say that their results, so far as they are described in the volumes before us, are not a little discouraging. Between the two first-mentioned the balance of effectiveness is certainly with the educational method. Mr. Brace has attained gratifying results in a large number of individual cases; and the waifs and strays that have been reclaimed by the agency of the Children's Aid Society, and developed into good men and women by its educating care, form a fair argument for the value of this method. Nor is too much credit likely to be given to Mr. Brace for his patient and intelligent work in behalf of "juvenile delinquents." Aside from the novelty of the work done by the Aid Society, there is a pleasant tone of reality about his writing of it, an absence of affectation, of any overrating of the means employed, which indicate the author's unbiassed intelligence. His book is written in a thoroughly healthy and genuine tone, and represents genuine work.

But when we enquire what the method of education has done, or is likely to do, for the final reclamation of the dangerous classes, we feel that we approach one of the "great questions" upon which, in Mr. J. S. Mill's phrase, "much remains to be said." Law and the church have done their best for many centuries with these classes; for many generations philanthropy, charity, and education have been brought to bear upon them by the best wisdom and by the kindest wills of modern times. What is the result?—in this country, as Mr. Brace tells us in so many words, that New York is liable to be sacked and burned on almost any day. Of the riots of 1863 he says: "It will be recalled, too, how much women figured in those horrible scenes, as they did in the Communistic outbreak in Paris. It was evident to all careful observers then, that had another day of license been given to the crowd, the attack would have been directed at the apparent wealth of the city—the banks, jewellers' shops, and rich private houses" (p. 30). In New York, he adds, "there are more than 60,000 persons above ten years of age who cannot write their names. This would seem to be a sufficient comment upon the essential failure of reformatory schemes hitherto, not in redeeming individuals, but in making the classes to which they belong less formidable."

There remains, after compulsory education, another solution of the difficulty, which we may call the European, and which exists in the restriction of imprudent marriages, and in the consequent limitation of the number of neglected and outcast children that are thrown upon the world. In America and in England the average family may be said to be formed and to grow without forethought. In Germany and in France, on the contrary, there is a species of sumptuary legislation in respect to marriage, and it is not customary, or indeed legal, as with us, to marry without evident means of supporting a family. This ordinance does not, indeed, wholly prevent the idle, the incompetent, the profligate members of society from perpetuating their sort; but it puts a check upon the transmission of evil qualities, and favors the preservation of the better human elements by fostering marriage among the thrifty and able. On the other hand there is, we must allow, the certainty that as we hinder marriage we encourage prostitution—an evil more insidious, more apt to involve the innocent with the guilty, and more difficult

* "The Dangerous Classes of New York. By Charles Loring Brace." New York: Wynkoop & Hallenbeck. 1872. 12mo, pp. 448.
"The Nether Side of New York. By Edward Crapsey." New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 185.

to deal with than simple pauperism or violence. But the secret of reform is not so likely to be found in curing the dangerous classes as in managing to prevent their existence.

FLINT'S NERVOUS SYSTEM.*

THAT the present series will form the most thorough and trustworthy physiological treatise in the English language may be saying a good deal, in view of the excellent works of Carpenter, Dalton, Marshall, and others; but it is not saying too much. For, aside from the author's special qualifications as either investigator or compiler, this work has been prepared and issued upon a plan heretofore adopted only on the Continent, namely, as a series of volumes, each complete in itself, and large enough to include many details of experiment, observation, argument, and history, which are unavoidably omitted from any treatise aiming to present in a single volume, of manageable size, "the existing state of physiological science as applied to the functions of the human body." Moreover, while we miss the capital figures and almost diagrammatic descriptions which will long render Dalton's "Human Physiology" a favorite text-book, yet for the physician and the original enquirer the loss is more than compensated by the full and impartial presentation of conflicting views, and particularly by the copious references to authorities, all of which, by the way, for the present volume at least, have been consulted in the original.

The first volume, published in 1866, treated of the blood, circulation, and respiration; the second volume, which appeared in the following year, was upon the subjects of alimentation, digestion, absorption, and the lymph and chyle; the third was published in 1870, and embraced secretion, excretion, ductless glands, nutrition, animal heat, movements, bone, and speech. In passing, we must here admit feeling some disappointment at the meagreness of space, 54 pages, allotted to movements, including the general structure and properties of the osseous and muscular systems. "The reader is referred (p. 489) to works upon anatomy for a history of the action of the muscles. In some works upon physiology will be found descriptions of the acts of walking, running, leaping, swimming, etc.; but we have thought it better to omit these subjects, rather than to enter as minutely as would be necessary into anatomical details, and to give elaborate descriptions of movements so simple and familiar." But mastication is certainly one of the most familiar acts, yet in the previous volume it occupied 16 pages; and we are unwilling to admit that all movements are "simple," or sufficiently explained in anatomical works. Indeed, the mere sequence of action in ordinary locomotion is still under investigation, both in Germany and America, while the many and varied combinations of muscular action to effect these and other movements, especially those of the hand, are not to be compared with the mere function of a single muscular organ, any more than the bare statement of the origin and distribution of the pneumogastric nerve would be accepted as an equivalent for our author's minute and accurate account of its complex influence upon many and widely-separated organs. We hope, therefore, that upon the completion of the forthcoming volume upon generation, our author may undertake a sixth upon prehension and locomotion in all their modifications.

We have enumerated the volumes in the order of their appearance, but although the author refers to Vol. III. in a note at foot of page 15 in the present volume, there are no such numbers upon the books themselves.

In reading the preface to the "Nervous System," we note the absence of any claim to originality such as is made respecting several subjects presented in previous volumes; yet this by no means implies that our author has taken everything upon the statement of others; on the contrary, he has repeatedly and carefully tested the correctness of recorded experiments and observations, and has frequently improved upon the methods of his predecessors. The section upon the cranial nerves affords an admirable instance of the skill in experimentation, the accuracy in observation, the logic of deduction, and, above all, the caution in acceptance, which are now required of him who would add to our positive knowledge of the human body. How unlike, for example, are the sweeping assertions of the "professional phrenologist" respecting the correlation of the mental faculties with the different parts of the brain, and the guarded admission upon page 350 that "there is no point in the physiology of the brain more exactly determined than that the faculty of speech is located in a well-defined and restricted portion of the anterior lobes"; which, in the large majority of cases, appears to be upon the left side only (p. 357). But in general, as stated in the preface, our author has "touched but slightly upon psychology, which has long been considered a science by itself." What little he does say upon this (to the general reader) most interesting subject is rather unsatisfactory, because the conflict between "positive" ratiocinations and what he calls "the effects of early impressions made by faulty education" (p. 326) seems to us to lead him into some verbal and logical inaccuracies and inconsistencies. Our space will not permit a discussion of this matter; but we would refer to the pages already cited in contrast with pages 342 and 452, where the mind is in turn denied an independent existence and mentioned as a distinct entity.

This is not the place for an extended account of the facts and ideas presented in this volume, and we therefore confine ourselves to such as command a general interest. "No one at the present day pretends that the nerve-force has been demonstrated to be identical with any form of electricity" (p. 98). "Although the cerebral hemispheres are themselves insensible, yet galvanization in different parts produced movements restricted to particular sets of muscles; the centre for the muscles of the neck was located in the middle of the frontal convolution" (p. 323). The much and long debated problem as to the function of the cerebellum is dismissed more satisfactorily than some others; "the only view that has any positive experimental or pathological basis is that it presides over equilibration and the co-ordination of certain muscular movements, and is in some way connected with the generative function" (p. 392). Sleep is regarded as well proved to be associated with a decrease rather than an increase of blood in the brain, but some other conditions seem to favor its production (p. 461). A very instructive table is given (p. 345) of the weight of the brains of forty-six persons of different ranks and occupations. James Fisk, jr., and Ruloff follow Cuvier and Abercrombie, and precede Spurzheim, Webster, and many eminent men; but on the other hand, between the two last named come an idiot and a laborer, while a celebrated mineralogist is found low down in the list, among idiots and criminals; the whole going to show that, although a general ratio prevails between brain mass and mental capacity, yet considerable allowance must be made for the *quality* of the brain, and perhaps, also, for those psychical attributes of which our author questions the existence.

A very pleasant feature of this whole series is the absence of personal controversy and the evidence of a sincere desire to do justice to all. Yet this does not preclude sharp criticism, as of one author, that "his views are only entitled to consideration in so far as they confirm previous observations" (p. 33). Nor does Dr. Flint hesitate to question Bell's title to the discovery of the functions of spinal nerves (p. 71), or that of Marshall Hall to the discovery of reflex action (p. 301); nor the remarkable conclusions of Voit respecting the regeneration of the brain after removal (pp. 64 and 337), and those of Brown-Séquard himself (p. 409), when their "experiments are extraordinary," and their "results diametrically opposed to those of all other observers."

The Insect World: Being a Popular Account of the Orders of Insects, etc. By Louis Figuier. A New Edition, Revised and Corrected by P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S. With 579 Illustrations. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—Though this work was written by a Frenchman for a French public, the success of the English translation was nevertheless assured by the author's happy faculty of exposition, and it is well to present it, in spite of some faults of detail, to American readers. Entomologists will find little that is new in it, but its effect on the young may easily be valuable. If out of the hundreds of readers of the "Insect World" one mind may be induced to devote thorough and conscientious study to the structure, habits, and development even of a single species, the result would be most happy for science in this country, where the tendency is to spread over too large a surface. Our author's facts have mostly been the common property of naturalists for over a century, being largely copied, even with the illustrations, from Réaumur, that fountain-head of insect lore. One may here read pleasant stories about the locust, the cochineal insect, the silk-worm, bees, ants, flies, bugs, and beetles; but he will fail to find a single fresh observation of the author's indicating any special acquaintance with the subject. Indeed, the facts are all second-hand, and in many cases nothing is lost in the telling of them. Moreover, the author has drawn his information mostly from French sources. Like many of his countrymen, he ignores English and German writers, and sometimes to his disadvantage, as in the account of the bot-flies, which he takes mostly from Joly's account, published in 1846, though Brauer, of Vienna, has lately published a work on this subject rich in biological facts not to be found in the "Insect World." Space is wanting to point out many errors in this book, the results of a compiler's haste and ignorance. They are no more glaring, however, than those of the English editor, whose style of composition is not calculated to win readers. The less said about the science of the original work the better; the scientific spirit of modern zoölogy does not pervade it. It was scarcely necessary for the editor to add a special chapter on the Thysanoptera, which he regards as a "special order," when they are recognized by many of our best writers as an aberrant group of bugs (Hemiptera), in the account of which his chapter

* "The Physiology of Man. By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D. [Vol. IV.] Nervous System." N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co. 1872. pp. 470.

might have formed a paragraph. He also says that they are nearest allied to the Orthoptera (grasshoppers, cockroaches, etc.) Why, then, are they not placed next to them, and not nearly a hundred pages away, where they rest uncomfortably between the bees and the white ants? The fringes on the wings of these little insects by no means "characterize the order" (p. 400), though they may give their name to it. Moreover, the metamorphoses of these insects are better known than might be inferred from the editor's language. Other errors and infelicities of expression might be pointed out in this chapter of a single page. In short, the work of the editor, imperfect and slight as it has been, is not rendered in lucid or always correct language, and it is, perhaps, as well that the original text has been so little interfered with, though the work still needs revision.

French Exercises for Advanced Pupils, containing the principal rules of French Syntax, numerous French and English exercises of Rules and Idioms, and a dictionary of nearly four thousand idiomatical verbs and sentences, familiar phrases, and proverbs. By C. A. Chardenal, Bachelier-ès-lettres de l'Université de France, French Master in the University of Glasgow. A new edition. (University Bookstore. Cambridge: C. W. Sever. 1873.)—Among the very many textbooks of the French language which are continually appearing, we are able to mention as specially deserving of praise this volume, compiled by M. Chardenal, of which the title gives a very good account of the contents. The rules are simple, well-expressed, and explained by numerous examples; the exercises upon the application of the rules are full, and elucidated when necessary by note; but perhaps the especial merit of the book consists in the full list of idiomatic verbs and sentences, and in the exercises by means of which they are taught to the student. This part has been prepared with much care, and there are few French scholars, even the most practised, who might not very easily find, by a careful examination, that there were still many points in the language of which they were more ignorant than they had imagined. The book, too, if intelligently used, will be of great service in the school-room.

Fine Arts.

THE MUSICAL PROSPECT FOR THE WINTER.

THE taste for music is so far developed among us, and the willingness to pay for whatever is really excellent is so well known, that there probably will never again be a time when we shall not have on this side the ocean our fair proportion of the foremost representatives of the art. It is mainly with artists a question of money and a dread of the perils of the sea. The first our managers are more than ever willing to guaranty since the immense results of the Nilsson and Parepa seasons; and the splendid vessels that are from year to year added to the Atlantic fleet make the passage only a pleasure excursion. The present season is probably a very fair example of what we may look forward to in the future, and a survey of the musical field with its present attractions and its promises for the ensuing winter months will doubtless have its interest for such of our readers as are musically inclined. And since by common consent the opera holds the first rank among musical compositions, let that have precedence in our review.

There will be no English opera this winter. That must perhaps await the return of the enterprising Rosa and his wife, who have gone down into Egypt, and will minister at Cairo to the pleasure of the Khedive and his subjects But we already have the Italian Opera, and the French and German are soon to come. The company that Maretzek controls at the Academy is essentially a new one, Miss Kellogg and M. Jamet being the only prominent members of it with whom the public are familiar. It is not a very strong company, in spite of the protestations of the managers. No one who has once heard the fine operatic orchestras and well-drilled choruses at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Grand Opera at Vienna and Paris, need be told that ours are but indifferent affairs. As for the scenery, its shabbiness is sufficiently conspicuous by contrast with that of most of our own theatres. The tenors are of that class of singers who keep their audiences in a constant state of nervous apprehension lest at the next moment they should break down. To struggle through an opera without an absolute collapse is not the most satisfactory way of disposing of the music. As to Madame Lucca, there is evidently a division of sentiment, and this arises, we believe, not from the fact that she is not a great artist, but because she is great in a different direction from that in which the public had looked. She reverses all the old traditions of the characters she assumes, and presents her own distinct and strongly-marked conceptions of them. It takes a little time to adapt ourselves to this new point of view and to enable us to see the characters as Lucca sees them. But she will carry the day. Just now we have recent memories of a voice of singular sweetness in our minds, and that of Madame Lucca may seem a little harsh by contrast; but her fire, enthusiasm, and unquestionable gifts, dramatic and vocal, will win her a constantly increasing admiration.

The present season consists of forty performances, ten of which are to be matinées, and it will last until the 12th of December. Various suggestions of new operas to be brought out have been made, but nothing is more uncertain than promises of this nature. From the performances already given we may safely infer that such operas as are produced will receive a creditable but by no means an unusually fine rendering, except so far as Madame Lucca is concerned. Mr. Maretzek has some very good artists, but his chorus is as bad as usual, his orchestra insufficient, and his scenery ineffective.

The French opera begins its season on Monday evening at the Olympic Theatre. Mlle. Aimée is the prima donna, and a better one in opéra bouffe we have not had. The remainder of the company, with the exception of Gabel, who made himself famous by his personation of the gendarme in *Geneviève de Brabant*, are new to the public. Offenbach is of course the composer whose operas will be principally performed, and, in a large community like ours, there is always a large class with whom his musical buffooneries find acceptance. Later in the season—in February—the Tamberlik opera troupe will visit us. They are now at the Tacon Theatre at Havana. The tenor is the chief point of attraction in this company, but whether he retains the *ut sharp* to which he partly owes his fame, we do not know. The other names mentioned in connection with the troupe are, with a few exceptions, unfamiliar, and those exceptions do not lead us to look for the best results.

In the matter of concerts, we already have those of Rubinstein and of the Patti and Mario company, and Theodore Thomas is to give a series of six symphony soirées with his admirably trained orchestra, the first of which will take place on the 9th of November. There will be, of course, the usual series of concerts and public rehearsals by the time-honored Philharmonic Society; while we may look to the Madrigal Club, known as the New York Vocal Society, to give us the best purely vocal music that will be heard this winter in our city. Under Mr. Mosenthal's leadership this society has attained a degree of skill that makes it a rival to any similar organization, either in this country or in England, of which we have any knowledge. They will undertake works of a larger scope than that heretofore given; among them, Schumann's Mass, which will be given with orchestral accompaniment. We can give no more candid or disinterested advice to those who love vocal music in its highest and purest forms than that they should become subscribers to the concerts of this society.

Among all the artists whom the present season gives us, there is none whose name stands so high on the roll as that of Rubinstein. All things considered, he is the greatest man in his profession who has ever visited this country. He is not only the greatest living pianoforte player, but he is also a composer of extraordinary genius. His performances are a new revelation of the resources of the pianoforte as developed, not by a mere executant, but by a true poet of the highest rank. Moreover, Rubinstein is a man who despises all the shams with which managers seek to make capital for their artists. He will have no bouquets nor laurel wreaths; he refuses to yield to the foolish habit of accepting *encores*. He declines to pander to a low order of intelligence by playing poor music. He is, in fact, the instructor of the public taste, and not its servant. In Herr Wieniawski, Rubinstein has an able coadjutor. There have been players who have manifested deeper feeling, but few who have had such absolute command over the difficulties of the violin. To hear Wieniawski play a *staccato* descending chromatic scale is to receive a new sensation. His octave playing is also something wonderful. But beyond this he is a man of fine sentiment, as none can doubt who heard him play the great Kreutzer Sonata with Rubinstein; the true artist shone out then unmistakably. Mr. Grau has been exceedingly unfortunate in his vocalists. The two ladies who sing at the Rubinstein concerts are a positive drawback to the pleasure of the evening. Why need he have gone to Europe for poor singers, when good ones are here on every hand?

The Patti and Mario concerts do not add greatly to the musical attractions of the season. Carlotta Patti is undoubtedly a woman of certain rare gifts of execution; but, in a strictly musical sense, there is but little pleasure to be received from her singing; and as for Signor Mario, we hear him twenty years too late.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1872.

The Week.

THE amended returns of the October elections are, if anything, more favorable than the information which we had last week. Mr. Hendricks, indeed, is elected in Indiana, but the Republican majority in the Legislature is thirteen on joint ballot against eight Democratic majority in the last Senate and House, and this secures the election of a Republican as State senator, and gives the districting of the State to that party. Mr. Hendricks's election as Governor was to have secured him the senatorship, but his astute opponent, Morton, appears to have permitted him the barren triumph of a personal victory, and to have made the Legislature safe for himself. As for the Congressmen, Mr. Voorhees, as it would seem, succeeded in disgusting the Democracy of his district, and, failing to poll the party strength, has defeat as a reward for his conspicuous whiffling and want of principle. The delegation stands ten Republicans to three Democrats; before (the total number of members being eleven instead of thirteen as now) it stood six to five; so here we have a decided Republican gain. And here we are glad to say that Mr. P. P. C. Shanks is probably defeated. He is a Republican who has openly said, in substance, that reforming the civil service is the notion of a fool or a hypocrite.

In Ohio the majority is about 16,000, the strongest Republican region, the Western Reserve, where Greeley and the *Weekly Tribune* were to do wonders among the old abolitionists, having come out very strongly on the other side, and more than compensated for the dissatisfaction in Cincinnati. In that city, however, two Republicans lost their seats, and there were no balancing gains in the rest of the State, though the Democratic General Morgan, an incompetent and feeble politician, was beaten. On the last apportionment, Ohio gained one Congressman, and the new delegation is composed of thirteen Republicans to seven Democrats, instead of fourteen Republicans to five Democrats.

In Pennsylvania, Hartranft's majority stands as we write at more than 36,000, and is in part due, says Colonel McClure, to the fact that Democrats would not come out, and that there was fraudulent counting. Doubtless there was, and doubtless he arranged for the doing of some of it; but much of the talk about fraud is mere idle talk. Not so idle, though, is what is said about the enormous registration in Philadelphia. The vote was not very heavy, but the preparation for a vote as heavy as might be needed clearly seems to have been made, and apparently this Philadelphia registry of more voters than even Tweed ever registered here marks high-water in the villany of Pennsylvania politicians. And the worst of it is that really the choice offered the Philadelphian is whether he will have fraud meditated and practised by Republicans with their general aims, or by Democrats with theirs. No one suggested a remedy, except the notable remedy suggested by the Georgians the other day, and by the Liberal journals, of electing Greeley and Brown. As, however, there is such a thing as comparison of evils, and a working majority of the people are not fools, the suggested remedy meets with small acceptance. As regards the need for tampering with the vote in this election, there appears to have been little. Hartranft's own county, a Democratic stronghold, gave him a majority. We need not remind such of our readers as wish to make up their minds about General Hartranft that the presumption is always against the charges, even the reiterated and circumstantial charges, printed in Greeley journals. In Congressmen the Republicans gain heavily; here as in Indiana Congressmen-at-large running and getting the benefit of the full party vote. The delegation, as it will be next winter, stands 23 Republicans to 4 Democrats. In the last Congress it stood 13 to 11. This is a result that points to something besides "fraud." It means a disgusted Democracy, an alarmed business community, and a very slight defection from the full Republican strength of a Presidential year.

In these three great October States and Nebraska (which went heavily for the Grant side) the Republicans have thus made sure of 69 electoral votes, and have secured no less than 47 Congressmen out of 61—a gain of 20; the majority of last Congress having been but 13, whereas it is now 33, or at the lowest 32; and there is a prospect of successfully contesting in several cases. Among the remoter results of their victories is the filling of a Massachusets senatorship, and rumor makes Butler a prominent candidate, either now for the four years remaining of Mr. Wilson's term, or two years from now when Mr. Sumner's successor is to be chosen, and when it is supposed Mr. Sumner is to be relieved. Much happens, however, in almost any given two years, and we should advise Mr. Butler to see to it that he gets the unexpired term; and we dare say, for the matter of that, that Mr. Butler's emissaries will bear watching in the November town-meetings. Mr. Dawes is also spoken of as a candidate, and so is Mr. Boutwell, who it is asserted has the best chance of success. To get Mr. Boutwell out of the Treasury, Mr. Wilson respectfully shelved, Mr. Banks promoted into the Washington lobby, which he is so fitted to adorn, Mr. Butler once more beaten in the attempt to get a place too good for him, Mr. E. R. Hoar back into politics, Mr. Bird's little clique broken up, and several other equally sanitary things done in Massachusetts politics, would be a pleasing and profitable year's work. We wish we may be going to see it all, as we have already seen some of it. Mr. Sumner's place, by the way, has not been filled; there is actually no candidate for the governorship opposing Mr. Washburne.

The Greeley papers take the October defeat, as might be expected, with various degrees of despondency. They are nearly all agreed that it was largely due to Democratic defection—though they differ as to the part played in it by corruption. The *World* calls for "a retreat in good order with lines unbroken" to a "position where the reserves may be brought up." It acknowledges that "the prospect of gaining the Presidency" is "dark," but thinks the maintenance of the fight will array a powerful opposition to the Administration which will eventually kill the Republican party. *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* calls the idea that the corrupt use of money wrought the defeat "puerile" and "absurd." The Springfield *Republican* calls on the brethren to "steady the column and push sternly ahead," and "make of this reverse an incentive to harder work"; but it freely admits that "the probabilities are not in favor of their taking the reverse in this way," and thinks it will "impair their morale" and "cool their zeal." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* predicts "general despondency along the Liberal lines," and says that "thoughtful men" will recognize in the work of Tuesday week "a great and serious danger to free institutions," and will conclude that "in a manner it implies the failure of universal suffrage." The Boston *Post* thinks that with Indiana saved and the contest kept up vigorously, the Liberal cause is "by no means desperate"; but concedes that even in this view "it is a very close chance for it." The New York *Express* ridicules the rumor that Greeley will "decline," and says that he will only "decline" as "the sun and moon decline." It declares that the "Old Democratic Guard" will now be "more zealous than ever," and warns its friends not to corrupt the Grantites with money or offices. The Chicago *Tribune* proposes to fight on to the last, on grounds of principle and for the benefit of humanity, and thinks the result in Indiana foreshadows the result in Illinois. The Washington *Patriot* compares the Liberals to "militia" and the Grantites to "regulars," and the October defeats to a "Bull Run," to be retrieved by future training and organization. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* predicts a great triumph in Ohio in November for Greeley, but acknowledges

that "thousands of Democrats did not vote at the State election." All the articles are full of imagery drawn from the military art. The Liberal voters are all "forces," "columns," and "lines;" Greeley is their "general." They are now "closing their ranks," "pushing on the column," or else "retreating in good order"; and one paper calls for a fresh "chorus of war bugles." The fondness of politicians for military parlance is in part due to the fact that blind obedience is the highest military virtue, and reasoning on one's orders a serious military offence. If, therefore, they can get a voter to look on himself even vaguely as a soldier, instead of a sober citizen engaged in managing the affairs of his country, they can of course drag him into any folly and keep him in it for an indefinite period. Meantime, difficulty of procuring the "sinews of war" for their hosts has become insuperable, and it is probable that not another dollar can be raised for purposes of national campaigning, though of course in the Congressional districts the contest will continue.

It was all but universally conceded before the last New York Legislature had closed its sessions that it was, though elected under the influence of the movement of 1870 against the Ring, in all respects as corrupt and unprincipled a body as its predecessor, which had delivered the city, bound hand and foot, to Tweed and his confederates. It passed no measure of reform whatever, except after long delays and under the terrors of popular excitement. It refused to undo the Erie frauds of the previous year until the Erie Ring had been overthrown by other agencies, and, in fact, helped all the corrupt elements in State politics as much as it dared, though its real character was in some degree concealed from the public by the practice pursued by the press of calling it the "Reform Legislature." It is now acknowledged on all hands that unless the Legislature can be reformed there can be no real reform in the city. Accordingly, Messrs. Charles O'Conor, James Emott, W. H. Peckham, and Joseph H. Choate, all leading members of the New York bar, and three of them of counsel chosen by the Attorney-General to conduct the prosecutions against the Ring thieves, have issued an address to the electors of the State, offering their services as a committee to assist in procuring the election of honest and capable Members of Assembly. They propose to examine the qualifications of the candidates in each district—and (1) where the candidates in any district are morally unexceptionable, to offer no observation; (2) where some are objectionable, to recommend the others for support; (3) where all are objectionable, to recommend the electors to nominate others. As the signers of the address are divided between the two parties themselves, their recommendations will be free from all suspicion of partisanship, and will and ought to carry great weight. For the information of readers in other States, we may mention that the term "objectionable" applied to a candidate for the New York Legislature has much the same sense that it would have if applied to a coachman or waiter; that is, it means that he drinks or steals or embezzles.

Attorney-General Barlow was "exposed" in the *Tribune* on Monday morning for improperly taking a fee of $12,000 from the Erie Railroad for "professional services," for doing his official duty; for rendering service, in return for it, of an "illegitimate, unprofessional, and possibly corrupt character," or, in other words, using part of the money to "influence the Legislature," and bribe Mr. Henry Smith, the Speaker of the Assembly. In Tuesday's *Times*, General Barlow shows all this to be "a Greeley lie," and "nails it to the counter." He took $12,000 from the Erie Railroad to pay the expenses of a suit brought by him in the name of the State, but at the request of the stockholders, against the Erie Ring; but of this he paid $8,692 81 as counsel fees and incidental expenses, and the balance of $3,307 19 he returned to General Sickles as the representative of the stockholders. He retained Mr. Smith, the Speaker, as counsel, in pursuance of a determination reached in December before his election, because he (Smith) had been the leading counsel in the Albany and Susquehanna suits against the Ring, and did so at the request and with the advice of the firm of Messrs. Evarts, Southmayd & Choate, the counsel of the English stockholders, but never consulted or employed Mr. Smith on legislative business; nor did Mr. Smith ever appear in the litigation, as the proceedings were rendered unnecessary by the Sickles *coup d'état*. Moreover, Mr. Southmayd writes a letter showing that the stockholders wished to pay General Barlow for his services, but he declined to receive and did not receive a single cent. We advise the "organs" on both sides to employ extra men in getting up "charges" during the remainder of the campaign. There are now only seventeen working days left, as Sunday "exposures" do not count. The Barlow "exposure" has been perhaps the most wretched failure of the canvass, except the attack on Mr. R. H. Dana, jr., and the Russell Jones land "charge," where Grant was first bribed by a free gift of real estate, the proof being the nominal consideration in the deed; but on its being shown that he paid full value for it, he was accused of having returned the money, the cunning rogue. He was thus fairly caught whichever way he turned.

Mr. Seward goes to his grave amid the kind remembrance and regrets of almost all, if not of all, his countrymen. The general verdict upon him is that if he was less than a great statesman, he was yet a statesman, and not merely a politician, but that he knew and used many of the politician's arts, and, before the close of his career, had lost something of the elevation of principle which, on the whole, marked, though not always very strongly and plainly, his best years. He was, in fact, a man whose feet, so to speak, were always on the ground, and whose head was never in the air. He always had in his eye some near advantage to be gained, and perhaps it was unjust to accuse him of not having a single eye to the principles which his action certainly tended to promote. He would never have undertaken, nor even for a moment approved, nor perhaps readily understood, such a movement as that of the John Brown movement; but he could see that there was "a higher law" (he invented or at least stamped the phrase) which was beginning to be a calculable force in State politics, and "an irrepressible conflict" in which he could see where he intended to take his place. Whatever his motives of action, this is certain, that he always kept near enough to the body of the people to be a most useful leader. The phrase we have just quoted was of great service, used when it was and by whom it was, in reconciling a great many minds to the idea and the fact of the contest which so soon after came. When it did come, it perhaps found Mr. Seward unprepared; or perhaps his "ninety-day" prophecies were a bit of diplomacy. Probably not, however; he was not of a nature to apprehend the fierceness and intensity of feeling which animated the Southern leaders; he knew his own feeling, but it may be doubted if he ever knew theirs. They were not the products of a civilization in which compromise caucuses and "good enough Morgans till after election" played any great part, and he misunderstood them just in the same way as afterwards he misunderstood them again and also the temper of the Northern people. Parchment vows and Andrew Johnson were no cure for their wounds then any more than speeches about the Sermon on the Mount can fill the bloody chasm now. But between these two periods in Mr. Seward's life, to which we have referred, he did the country inestimable service; and the Seward of our foreign diplomacy between the beginning of the Rebellion and the withdrawal of the French from Mexico, the companion of Lincoln in his labors and almost in his death, will always have a high place in American history as a patriotic, well-trained, and well-tried public servant.

Whoever has the care of Mr. Froude's interests and Mr. Yates's while they are in this country, will show respect and consideration for them by shielding them from such an indignity as was put upon them in this city last Saturday evening, at Mr. Froude's reception by the members of one of our clubs. It is not fair to him, nor is it fair treatment of that portion of the community which values its good name, to invite a distinguished stranger to an entertainment where a principal figure is Mr. A. Oakey Hall; and Mr. Hall, not in his official character of mayor, which under some circum-

stances constrains sufferance for him and the forms of respect, but Mr. Hall in his private capacity, in which he would not be held to be "a clubbable man" by any large number of respectable people in any respectable city, American or European. We hope the press will do its duty in this matter, for Mr. Tyndall and Mr. George Macdonald are still to be welcomed by Mr. Hall and his associates. Mr. Hall escaped formal expulsion from the Union Club by immediate resignation, this penalty having been inflicted on him as an acomplice of the City Hall thieves, which everybody of intelligence in this city believes him to be; and he behaved with such scandalous indecency when taking his departure, that most members of the Club regretted very much having allowed him to withdraw, instead of turning him out summarily. The charge of complicity with the Ring frauds he has never dared to meet, and has avoided trial on it by taking advantage of a technicality. Were the public sentiment of the community in a healthier condition, the man would not venture to show his face on the streets; but even if he has brass enough for that, it is due to distinguished strangers to prevent his intrusion into their society.

A deficit of nearly $18,000,000 appears in the French revenue returns for the first half of the present year, and, what is worse, the yield of nearly all the taxes has fallen considerably below the estimates. The tobacco tax has produced $400,000 less; the post-office, $2,000,000. Considering the capacity for recovery exhibited by France, there is nothing very alarming in this; but it shows that the endless multiplication of taxes tells, and tells severely, on the national activity in all fields. The new commercial treaty with England, which is to be substituted for the one now in existence, and to furnish French manufactures with compensation for the burdens imposed on them by the internal revenue, is still under discussion, but with a fair prospect of a successful issue. The English are held back by the fear of giving any countenance to the theory of protection; sooner than do this, they are prepared to abandon the negotiations and let France do as she pleases; M. Thiers, however, is said to be prepared to meet this objection by solemnly repudiating all protectionist motives; and it is proposed to make the new treaty annullable by single articles, so that no subsequent disagreement with regard to any one item shall endanger the whole instrument. In the meantime, the course of things in the political world seems smooth enough. M. Thiers has quietly, and without asking leave, carried the Government offices back to Paris, and the probabilities are that, when the Assembly meets, it will be compelled to follow him. He has won over the Republicans, plainly, by the promise of a "republic," and has quieted the Conservatives by the promise that it shall be "conservative."

The Old Catholics have held a Congress at Cologne, at which representatives not only of the Old Catholic Church in Germany, but of the Old Catholics of Holland, who revolted in the seventeenth century, during the Jansenist controversy, and have never since submitted to Papal authority, as well as of the Anglican and Russian Church, were present. There was, however, a real confusion of tongues, the addresses having been delivered in English, French, German, Dutch, and Latin. There was one delegate from this country, Dr. Rose of New York, who professed to speak for many German Catholics in the United States. Professor Bluntschli, who is best known as a writer on international law, attended the closing session as a representative of the German Protestants, and declared that, while a union with the Old Catholics on the ground of dogma was impossible, or in fact a formal reunion of any kind, nevertheless, if the Catholic Church would give up her claim to the possession of "absolute truth," cordial feeling between all divisions of Christians would be possible. Two important committees were appointed—one to take measures for the election of a bishop, and the other to consider the means to be adopted for bringing about a union between the Old Catholics and other Christian denominations. The latter made a report, which was rather vague in terms, and declared that what was needed was a common understanding as to the grounds of the Christian faith, while nothing like uniformity need be attempted. The committee are now engaged in negotiations with the other churches. The most important members of this committee are Dr. Döllinger and the Abbé Michaud.

It ought to be added, however, that in the opinion of some of the best observers the Old Catholic movement *quâ* Catholic is a failure. As a mere secession from the Roman Church, which was to be simply Catholic without the Papacy, it took no great hold of the public mind, and after waiting a year the chiefs took decided steps towards Protestantism, Döllinger going so far as to eulogize Luther. The late Congress went still further, proposing to get rid of auricular confession, celibacy of the clergy, and what not, and go back to that ill-defined haven, the doctrine and discipline of "the Primitive Church." All is now in great confusion. Nobody knows what the beliefs of the new church are, or are to be, or what the new bishops' duties are to be, and if all the elements which are taking part in the movement from all parts of the world can be brought to a common understanding, it will be little short of a miracle. Professor Bluntschli, who addressed the Congress in the character of chairman of the "Protestant Association," which was established for the maintenance of a high standard of morality as the true and only mark of a religious life, warned the Old Catholics that the Protestants could not unite with them on any doctrinal ground, and that such a union was "altogether superfluous." The champions of the Papacy in the meantime are in high glee, and think the schismatics are ruined, and indeed it looks as if they were not going to be very formidable as an organization.

The Greek Church, which has watched this schism with the greatest interest, was represented at Cologne by an arch-priest, who addressed the convention; and the hopes which it entertains of drawing over to itself the Old Catholics are expressed in a pamphlet just published in Berlin by a layman of the Russo-Orthodox Church. He entreats Döllinger to become in truth an *Old* Catholic, and for that purpose invites him to go much further back than the promulgation of the Infallibility dogma—say a thousand years or so *(in die Tiefe der Zeiten)*—and let his logic land him in the arms of the church which is most ancient, and which is eager to receive him. The layman, however, puts forward the condition of union which Bluntschli deprecates—an acknowledgment that the Orthodox Church is the truth, without the slightest admixture of error, and incapable of making any compromise with heresy. He also speaks of the "slippery path of Protestantism," and warns Döllinger off in a way to leave it to be inferred that any attempt on his part towards unity in that direction would disqualify him from becoming an Old Catholic in the Eastern sense of the word. This shows a bad outlook for the High-Church party in England, which has for many years coquetted with the Russian Church; and equally bad for dissenting Protestantism, which, after all its willingness to become reconciled with the anti-Papal schismatics, must still expect to differ with them as to the proper relations of church and state. The Old Catholics do not quarrel with the existing connection; they only claim the right to supplant the Infallibilists in the recognition and support of the Government. It is very doubtful whether, if they could once dispossess their rivals, they would endorse the legal arguments with which Bismarck has sought to convict the Bishop of Ermeland of violating the law by his excommunications.

The Prussian Minister of the Interior has published a warning against the abuse of the liberty of combination *(Coalitionsfreiheit)*, which only uses strikes as a means of agitation for other purposes, and to intimidate the individual workman. He calls upon workingmen to preserve their personal liberty and their privilege of union against such dangerous and tyrannical perversions; and cites laws, the penalties of which shall be promptly and directly inflicted upon all illegal agitators. This order, following so close upon the meeting of the three Emperors, is by some regarded as a fruit of their consultations upon the "International" movement.

THE LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WE presume the most ardent promoter of the "beneficent revolution" admits by this time that it has been indefinitely postponed—or, in other words, that "the Greeley movement" has virtually come to an end. The bawling and vituperation of the campaign will doubtless be carried on a fortnight longer by the more zealous and irrepressible of the disciples, but they all know perfectly well that the game is up, and that the Sage will have to remain in the private station in which he has won the admiration of so many honest people, and in which he has rendered his country so much real service. It is, therefore, we presume, not a bit too soon to ask the various "independent journalists," "thoughtful Democrats," and "Christian politicians" who have been "working" for Greeley, to sit down for a few minutes for sober, profitable, though it may be bitter reflection.

The first thing that must strike them as singular and disheartening in the present situation is that now that the Greeley movement has come to an end, it leaves absolutely nothing behind it. With the disappearance of the candidate the whole organization vanishes into thin air. Not an idea, principle, doctrine, maxim, or hope does it drop in the political arena. What we see, after the combatants have retired, is simply several hundred yards of blackguard newspaper articles, and the prostrate forms of several seriously-injured politicians who will probably not be fit for duty for several months, and some of whom we sincerely respect and tried in vain to keep out of this wretched scrimmage.

This is of course, however, as every one now sees and as every one might months ago have foreseen, the natural consequence of the conversion of the reform movement into a mere personal assault on General Grant. Mr. Schurz never said a truer thing in his life than when he warned the Cincinnati Convention that if it took up the cry, "Anything to beat Grant," it were better it had never met. In doing so it lost at one blow the support of a large portion of those silent but sympathetic spectators throughout the country who were looking eagerly to it for something in the nature of a political revolution. But even if it be admitted that all the charges Messrs. Sumner and Schurz have made against Grant were true, and that it was desirable to replace him by somebody else, and that a campaign having for its object his expulsion from the Presidential chair, and nothing else, was legitimate, the first condition of success in such a campaign was the selection of a candidate who would bear scrutiny from all sides, and bear it well, and whom the Democrats might have rallied to without patent baseness and trickery on their part, and without time-serving or tergiversation on his. As there has to be a President, it was clear enough that people would not turn Grant out without a very careful consideration of what they were to put in his place. In other words, there was no use in Sumner's or Schurz's or Trumbull's going about the country denouncing Grant simply. These denunciations by themselves produced little or no impression. Few if any would form any judgment on them until they heard what had to be said about the man who it was proposed should succeed Grant; for the faults of one candidate and the merits of the other form in the voter's mind one idea, complex it may be, but still one. To abuse Grant, therefore, and keep silent about Greeley, as many Liberal orators did, was a political absurdity of the first order. To win in a personal contest, not only has your antagonist to be a feeble man, but you have to be a stronger man than he.

What was most injurious to Mr. Greeley was, however, not Mr. Greeley's own record, bad as that was in many places, but his alliance with the Democracy. If it be asked why Democratic support should have proved more injurious to him than to any other possible or probable Liberal candidate—Mr. Adams, for instance—the answer is very simple. Mr. Greeley's whole career down to 1871 was of a kind that made any reconciliation or common action between him and the Democrats impossible without such a serious modification of opinions on his part as would shake all confidence either in his honesty or his sagacity; and, for the purposes of the Presidency, it made little difference in the popular eye whether he was a knave or a fool. He may have been right in his language or opinions during the last twenty years; but, if he was, his sudden change on receiving his nomination was sure to destroy confidence in his virtue; if he was not right, his failure to find it out till this late period was fatal to his reputation for wisdom. Moreover, he was one of the few men whom the Democrats could not take up without exciting disgust. Their transaction with Greeley was not one that could be hidden from the public gaze. Everybody saw the whole of it, and it was marked throughout by the suppression or repudiation of everything which served the Democratic organization as a reason for existing. What it had to surrender, in order to take Greeley, left no excuse for its maintenance except naked greed for office. The country would not swallow such a combination. There were men in the Republican ranks, or possessing Republican sympathies, whose general ideas on the subject of reconstruction, taxation, State rights, and general governmental policy, made it possible for the Democrats to support them without any other abandonment of principle than what hard facts had made plainly necessary: but Greeley was not one of these men, and the Cincinnati Convention refused to nominate any of them.

Moreover, the attempt to make Greeley the apostle of reconciliation was not only a failure, but the most ludicrous failure of all. Reconciliation is a process partly mental and partly moral. Enemies are reconciled by the mutual determination to forget past differences, and by the springing up of a mutual liking. In the absence of these facts there is no reconciliation. Whenever they exist between the North and the South, the North and South will be reconciled, no matter who is President; as long as they do not exist, they will not be reconciled, no matter who is President. To talk of reconciliation through the election of a particular man, without reference to the state of public sentiment, is absurd. Indeed, the oddest thing in the Greeley canvass was the determination of many of his newspapers to treat everybody who denied his fitness for the Presidency as a fosterer of discord; that is, they would only hear of one mode of reconciling North and South, and this was by making President a man whom three-fourths of the voters believed, on various grounds, to be unfit for the position, and who had played a larger part than any one living in precipitating the conflict which made reconciliation necessary. Ex-President Mahan's sermons, showing Greeleyism to be a sort of double-extract of Christianity, were perhaps as odd freaks as were ever perpetrated in the name of religion. "We want you to be good friends," said the Greeley apostles, "evermore; but we insist that the only way to become good friends is to stand on your heads for five minutes; anybody who says you can be reconciled in any other way than this is a man of blood."

The last point in the lesson which our Greeleyite friends may learn from the campaign is perhaps the most profitable and important one of all. It is that the American people, though an enthusiastic people, are a business people—that is, in spite of their great toleration of mere talkers, they have a strong liking and admiration for *doers*, or men who have displayed capacity in the conduct of important affairs. The Cincinnati Greeleyites underrated the weight of this peculiarity enormously, and are now suffering for it; but when they began of late to ridicule Grant for not making speeches, they showed that they had not then found out what was the matter with them. The truth is, that a man who has won battles may remain silent till the end of his life, and smoke twenty cigars a day, without losing the popular confidence. General Grant has successfully transacted some of the most important business which falls to the lot of man—business which every one feels in his heart tasks human powers to their utmost capacity. To shake the hold which this gives him on the popular mind, you have not only to prove his shortcomings, but to put up against him another man who also has displayed talent for great affairs, or, at all events, talent of the kind which produces tangible and striking results. Instead of this, the Greeleyites put up a man who

had never displayed any capacity for affairs, and never figured in any great transaction, and who had won his influence and reputation by mere preaching without responsibility, and without exposure to any tests or checks beyond those created by newspaper "sales" and "subscriptions." No doubt it is a great thing to have established the New York *Tribune;* but you cannot get people to believe that it is an exploit indicative of fitness for any other business in life, or put the man who performs it on a level with a great commander or great financier. Of course, too, whatever absurdity in Mr. Greeley's nomination was created by his personal character and antecedents was aggravated by the attempt to get up a "singing campaign" in his honor. No man can be sung into the Presidency who has not some trace of the hero in his composition. He must in some way strike the imagination. The Greeley candidate was nothing if not ludicrous. His best friends smiled when they spoke of him. His odd clothes, odd gait, odd expression, and bad manners might have stimulated enthusiasm if they had belonged to one who had turned the tide of battle on famous fields, or directed the fortunes of a great campaign, or shaped and embodied in legislation great lines of policy. But in his case there was nothing behind them in the way of achievement but a mound of slipshod and abusive "editorials," and a few hasty, crude books on subjects he had only half-mastered. The campaign will now pass into history as the most comical and yet the most instructive episode in American politics.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S "DISSENT."

THE publication of Sir Alexander Cockburn's reasons for dissenting from the conclusions of his colleagues on the Board of Arbitration, in the middle of "the dull season," has been a godsend to the English newspapers, and has vigorously revived the discussion of the *Alabama* affair in all its branches. But the general verdict seems to be against the Lord Chief-Justice, both as regards the timeliness and utility of his argument. He has undoubtedly produced the ablest and most brilliant defence of the conduct of Great Britain during the rebellion which has yet appeared, but it has come unfortunately from the pen of one of the arbitrators, and that one the representative of Great Britain herself; and it enters into a variety of matters wholly foreign to the legal controversy, such as the justifiability of English sympathy with the rebellion, and the propriety of Lord Russell's conduct in his general discharge of his official duties. He, moreover, takes up and rebukes what the English counsel, both in their counter-case and their arguments, creditably and prudently passed over in silence—the abusive tone of the American pleadings; and in one or two places he administers a smart snub to the Continental members of the Board for inaccuracy or want of perspicacity.

The main points in his objections to the decision of the Arbitrators may be summed up very briefly somewhat in this way: He cannot reconcile himself to giving the three rules a retrospective effect. The arrangement is to his mind, as an old lawyer of the common-law bar, utterly absurd and unjust; and it is made all the more so by the quasi-criminal character given to the proceedings by the American pleadings. If the question of England's "guilt"—or, in other words, of her insincerity or bad faith—was to be tried by the Tribunal, it was monstrous to try it under a code which did not exist when the alleged offences were committed. The British Commissioners, he points out, offered at Washington, as Mr. Seward had offered at an earlier period, to submit the whole matter to arbitration just as it stood, without rules or restrictions. Had this offer been accepted, undoubtedly the moral as well as legal responsibility of Great Britain would have been tested by the standards then in force, which were different from the standards created by the Treaty, as is proved by the agreement of the Americans to adopt them and induce other nations to adopt them—a pledge which would have been entirely unnecessary if they had already formed a part of the existing code of international law. But since Great Britain, for the sake of peace and harmony, agreed to adopt them and give them retroactive effect, it is highly unfair to give them the same effect in estimating the extent of her delinquency as if she had during the war been consciously acting under them. Thus, in considering what constitutes "due diligence," he holds that the standards to be used are those created by the old law and not those created by the new rules. "I will agree to be judged by the new law," says England, "but in judging me you must not bear as hard on me as if, at the time I was committing the acts complained of, the new law was known to me as the measure of my obligations." In short, if she is to be condemned, it ought to be with what French juries call "attenuating circumstances."

It is, however, on the points of what constitutes "due diligence" that Sir Alexander Cockburn shows the widest divergence from his colleagues, and his argument on this point possesses the highest interest for Americans as well as for Englishmen, because the objections it raises to the measure of obligation laid down by the Board are such as will, in all probability, be raised in this country the first time that we are charged with failure in the discharge of the duties of a neutral, and are, in fact, very like those which were raised on behalf of the Government when the French-Arms Affair was under discussion last winter. They are objections, too, which are not likely to occur to anybody but Americans or Englishmen, inasmuch as they are the natural product of the relations between the government and the people which are peculiar to the United States and Great Britain, and which most continental Europeans find all but incomprehensible. Sir Alexander Cockburn holds, as an American lawyer would be apt to hold, that what a neutral government ought to do in discharge of its neutral obligations, must be regulated by the spirit and tenor of the national institutions, and must be done by means of procedure in harmony with those institutions. For instance, in a country like England, in which the Government seldom takes the initiative in anything, in which its conduct is as much restrained by law as that of any individual, and in which any meddling with private property renders its officers responsible before the courts, and in which the margin of discretion left to the executive is exceedingly small, the test of "due diligence" must be very different from that used in determining the obligations of a government like that of France or Prussia, where the executive is all-powerful, and takes the initiative in everything, and private rights count for little when standing in the way of State necessities; that, in short, while it might be reasonable to expect M. Thiers or Prince Bismarck to act on very slight suspicion, it would not be reasonable to ask Earl Granville to act without the production of such proof as would support a *prima-facie* case before a magistrate—without, in short, what the common law calls "probable cause."

Now the majority of the arbitrators being Continental men, used to the prompt and arbitrary procedure of Continental governments, refused to take this view. They showed that they considered the doubts and hesitations of the English Ministers, and their craving for legal advice, almost ridiculous. They have laid it down very plainly that the obligations of a neutral are to be measured by the physical ability of an arbitrary government, or, in other words, if their ruling is to be taken as law hereafter, every neutral must be prepared to use, to fulfil its obligations, without delay, and on the smallest suspicion, the whole force of the state, without other restrictions or conditions than would surround the action of an entirely free agent; that is, neither the custom of a country, nor the spirit of its institutions, nor the state of its municipal law, is hereafter to be a good plea against a belligerent's complaints of want of promptitude or vigor. Nor is this all; they lay it down that the nature of the precautions ought to be determined by the magnitude of the risk which the belligerent is likely to run, and ought to be such as the neutral would take were it itself exposed to a similar risk from a similar cause. England ought, therefore, not only to have done what M. Thiers might do to prevent the sailing of the *Alabama*, but what Thiers would probably do if he found that the *Alabama* was going to commit depredations on French shipping.

This, it will be seen, will be a hard rule for us as well as for the British, and it is of the highest importance that we should know it

and note it, the more particularly as all Tribunals of Arbitration are likely to contain a majority of Continental Europeans; that is, of men bred under systems of jurisprudence entirely different from our own. At the same time, as we remarked when the news of the decision first reached this country, the precedents established by the Tribunal in the condemnation of particular vessels impose no hardship on anybody.

THE EMPERORS AT BERLIN.

PARIS, September 30.

IT is perhaps idle to make any conjectures on the results of the interview of the three Emperors in Berlin; and it is a remarkable fact that so far nothing has transpired of the conversations held between the three sovereigns and their ministers. The secret has been so well kept that journalists have been thrown back on their imagination and their instinct. This instinct has generally led the French papers, and I may add also the English, to believe that there was absolutely nothing in the interview, that there was no state secret hidden under all this pomp and circumstance. The German press has affected an ominous silence, or has talked, as it were, against time. As for the Russian press, it is so completely controlled by the Government that its utterances have remained in that region of diplomatic insignificance where words seem to lose all their sense.

In our time, even diplomats and kings are obliged to govern themselves in accordance with the national aspirations. A man like Cavour, like Bismarck, like Gortchakoff, may still have an immense influence, but this influence is precisely drawn from a fine comprehension of the necessities of the time. For the present day, it may be said that the moral director and ruler of European politics, the arbiter of our Continent, is Prince Bismarck. Whatever was done and said at Berlin was said and done under his influence and under his control. The key of the interview of the three Emperors must, therefore, be sought in the character and opinions of Prince Bismarck himself. Whoever has followed him from the beginning, and read not only his official despatches, but the part of his private correspondence which has already been published, will have, I believe, no difficulty in summing up his political *credo*. Bismarck represents a double idea; he represents, first, the political unity of Germany, a unity to be accomplished not by revolution—he is essentially an enemy of what the French Jacobins call the *Revolution* (and which they always write with a capital R, as one used in old days to write the King)—but a unity to be accomplished in the name of historical rights; and among the various forms of right Bismarck does not hesitate to place the right of conquest. But it is not enough for Bismarck that Germany should be a great federative Empire, strong enough to resist the aggressions of her enemy, no longer divided into petty and rival kingdoms, but organized by a sort of modern feudalism. He represents also the predominance of the German race and culture over the Latins on one side, the Slavic races on the other. His vast programme is not yet accomplished; but how much has already been accomplished! The French mind is not yet reconciled to the idea of German unity. Many statesmen are still deceived on this subject; they attach an undue importance, even now, to the fancies of the young King of Bavaria, to the agitation of the Catholic bishops. They still hope that Austria may become the nucleus of the South of Germany against the North. We owe to these deplorable illusions the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. I remember the time when it was a political heresy to believe in German unity; when the line of the Main was considered a wall which the influence of Bismarck could not climb. Most Frenchmen still believe that the defeat of France has been resented as a misfortune by Austria; but the German provinces of Austria have, on the contrary, triumphed almost more loudly than Prussia over Sedan. The Emperor of Austria, who remembers Sadowa, remembered also Solferino, and whatever may have been his private feelings, he could not have become an ally of Napoleon III. against Germany. If Prussia had been conquered, he could then have appeared as an arbiter. He would have been in a position to say to Germany, "You have dismissed me from the Bund. I come now to save you. I come to protect you and to take my place again at the head of Germany." But Prussia was not conquered, and if Francis Joseph had attempted to stay Germany on the path of victory, he would simply have given the signal for a revolution.

Bismarck, who knows all the forces of the times, had secured many allies in the press of Vienna. Some of the leading papers of the Austrian capital are more Prussian than the papers of Berlin. The Jews, who are very numerous in Vienna, and very influential, are all his allies, as Bismarck represents in their eyes the cause of religious freedom. By a singular chance, Bismarck has also the Hungarians on his side, and the Hungarians are now the real rulers of the Empire. The battle of Sadowa brought them into power. Count Andrássy does not represent revolutionary Hungary, Kossuth's Hungary, beaten, persecuted, deprived of rights, but a powerful and loyal kingdom, which upholds in the valley of the Danube the flag of Maria-Theresa. Andrássy became an ally of Prussia. He understood perfectly that if Austria became again too German, owing to a defeat of Bismarck's policy, the golden days of Hungary would be gone. Francis Joseph is naturally enough inclined to remember the days of the old Empire and of the Bund, broken in 1866. The Hungarians are perfectly satisfied with the new order of things. In the dualistic system which is now prevailing they are one of the two pillars of the state. Bismarck well understood that this dualism gave him practically the alliance of the Germans as well as of the Hungarians. The Germans, in order to protect themselves against the pride and the ambition of the Magyars, are obliged to use the prestige of the German Fatherland, of the German victories over France. The Hungarians desire the *status quo*, and are unwilling that Austria should again become the leader of Germany. The German Chancellor has no interest in breaking up the somewhat artificial system which is now prevailing in Austria; he shows good-will and sympathy to the new Empire which calls itself Austro-Hungary. But how can he calm the German passions, all ready to seize upon the German provinces of Austria? In the very name of what the Augsburg *Gazette* calls Gross-Deutschland, he is obliged to declare Austria the representative of German interests in the valley of the Danube. If Austria fulfils her mission; if she can, with the help of the Hungarians, check the advance of the Slavic races, why should Prussia destroy her power, which has practically become her instrument?

Everything tends, therefore, to form an alliance between Prussia and Austria at the present moment. But how will Russia be drawn into such an alliance? The Emperor Alexander has been an enemy of France ever since his visit to Paris, during the reign of Napoleon III. His life had been threatened in the Bois de Boulogne by a Pole; and his assassin had simply been condemned by a French jury to penal servitude. When he visited the Sainte Chapelle and the Palais de Justice, young barristers insulted him with cries of "Vive la Pologne." He returned to Russia disgusted with France, with the Imperial Court. The disaster of Sedan he hailed with joy. He was shooting with some friends when he received the news of it, in a small estate where he likes to live like a private gentleman. The evening of that day he drank the health of his uncle, the King of Prussia, broke his glass, and told his guests to do likewise. All the pieces of glass were collected and remelted into the form of a cup, on which is engraved the word *Sedan*, and which is now on the chimney of his bedroom.

Those among the French who hope for a Russian alliance against Germany are ignorant of these facts, and that Alexander has the greatest veneration for his uncle, the Emperor of New Germany. Those who are better informed insist on the French proclivities of the Czarevitch; but, first of all, the Emperor Alexander is still young, and the Czarevitch has no power for the present. All the higher ranks of the Russian administration, of the army, of the various ministries, of the universities, are filled up with Germans. Russia is one of the great outlets of Germany, and though the old Moscovite party is hostile to German influence, it cannot help feeling it. A war between Russia and Germany would be a very portentous event; it would be a war of races; but on both sides it is felt that it would be a great calamity. Germany has no desire to extend herself in the Russian Empire. Russia knows that she can hardly annex any part of Germany, and her ambition is only directed for the present towards the Black Sea. Time is working for Russia. She need not draw the sword from the scabbard; she has, without shedding any blood, obtained the partial revision of the Treaty of Paris, and obliged England to submit to it. The gigantic changes which have taken place in Russia since the Crimean war will some day find their subjective expression. Not only have sixty millions of slaves become men, but the whole system of government, the administration of justice, public education, the army, everything has been changed. These reforms are still in progress. The network of the Russian railways has still to be finished. Coal-fields as large as kingdoms are still sterile. Russia wants no conquests; she has her own soil to conquer first. She cannot refuse her moral support to the Christian populations of the East, but she is much more sincere than many believe when she says that she has no actual desire to seize Constantinople. The more she is inspired with the ideas of occidental civilizations, the more she develops herself, the more also, without running the risks of war, she will be considered as a Providence by the many races which are still under the nominal rule of the Great Sultan. The policy of Russia is now, and will probably for a long time to come, remain pacific.

Looking at the subject from this point of view, I cannot help considering the interview at Berlin as a manifestation in favor of European peace. It is certainly rather curious that such a demonstration should be made by

monarchs in uniforms, surrounded by a host of generals and marshals, and in the form of a succession of military reviews. But such are the fashions of monarchy, especially in Germany and Prussia. It was once said that the best definition of a woman was, "an animal which keeps dressing and undressing." The same is appropriately applied to all German princes. It is not likely that any formal action was decided on between the three Emperors and their ministers, but the mere fact of their meeting was an indication that France had nothing to expect from any Austrian or Russian alliance; that the verdict of victory had been accepted by Europe. I will not go so far as to assert that the meeting was a demonstration against the establishment of a Republic in France. Bismarck has been very careful to avoid any expression of opinion on French internal politics. During the war, he was only looking for somebody, whoever it might be, with whom he could treat. Now, France still owes money to Germany, and he treats the French Government of the day like a debtor whose credit he wishes not to endanger. Even the name of Republic has nothing offeusive to him. No statesman in Europe has been more desirous of securing the sympathies of America. The Russian Emperor is a sort of natural ally of the American Republic. But the American Republic is a political power, the force and direction of which is known; it has a tradition, it has a diplomacy, it has rules, it has a Constitution. The French Republic is not in the same circumstances. It is, so far, only the Republic of a man, of M. Thiers. Conservative to-day, it may to-morrow become Radical, socialist, propagandist, warlike. Everything hangs on the thin thread of a single life, and the French Republic, without any constitution, is nothing better than what Tacitus called a *principatus*. M. Thiers is the *princeps*, the Republican Prince. What disturbs the statesman of Europe is not so much the actual appellation of the French Government, not so much the revolutionary passion which was shown under the Commune, as the passivity of a whole nation, its ready acceptance of any rule, provided it is a personal rule. It becomes too evident that the higher classes, those who call themselves conservative and liberal, will always accept any government, whether it is the product of violence or of duplicity. The political questions are not fairly brought before the people, discussed and resolved, as they are in a true Republic. The great principle of the obedience of the minority to the majority is not understood. Under such circumstances, the future of France is open to all sorts of accidents; and it is not to be wondered at if the great European powers are drawn together by a sort of conservative feeling.

ITALY'S WEANING FROM FRANCE.

FLORENCE, Sept. 16.

CONSIDERABLE excitement is still prevailing in Italy in consequence of the military engineering works undertaken by the French Government at the opening of the Mont-Cenis tunnel near Modane. To the eyes of the Italians the mines digged there by the engineers of the French army were looked upon not only as a symptom of distrust, which was disagreeable to them, but also as an eventuality that the costly work, one of which our century, and Italy in particular, has a right to be most proud, would, if ever it came to a war between the two countries, be in great part destroyed, and at any rate put out of service for some time to come, whilst the digging of the ground was going on. It seemed to them that a few pieces of artillery placed at the mouth of the tunnel would be quite sufficient to defend it in case of war, and that it was a gratuitous vandalism to threaten with destruction so admirable a work. Moreover, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Visconti-Venosta, immediately demanded an explanation at Versailles, and was assured that the engineering works bore no hostile character whatever towards Italy, and were simply the result of experience during the late war of the utter insufficiency of improvised mines. M. Visconti-Venosta then proposed that the tunnel should be neutralized in time of war as a work belonging to the world at large, rather than to Italy; but to that M. Thiers would not consent. The only thing he did consent to was to suspend the work and defer it until the day when Italy herself should begin similar works of defence on her own side of the tunnel, in order that the railway service might not suffer a fresh interruption. There is some hope even that both governments will agree upon constructing a *tête de pont* on each side of the tunnel, to preserve this eighth marvel of the world.

This whole matter is in itself of small importance. There can be no doubt whatever that France has a full right to take all such military precautions as she may think necessary on her side, and the Italians, who themselves commenced constructing new fortifications along the Alps and the Mediterranean as early as the winter of 1870-71, are the last who ought to complain of any such proceeding. Nevertheless the dispute, out of which the papers have made considerably more than it really deserved, because of the "dull season," is an outward symptom of the feelings and relations subsisting between France and Italy and their daily inclination to cool. It is brought into connection with other facts of the same character; such as the termination—*de facto* if not *in forma*—of the treaty of commerce concluded in 1863 for a term of twelve years. This treaty was framed on the principle of free trade, then in favor with the French Government, now repudiated by it. It was similar to those concluded with Belgium, England, and Germany, and Italy had derived great advantage from it, as well as France herself, if we are to believe her most distinguished economists. Then there is a petty sum of 500,000 francs which France owes to Italy, and which—under the pretext of paying pensions to the secularized monks of the county of Nice, which became French in 1860—she refuses to pay. There is, moreover, the eternal presence of the *Orénoque* at Civita Vecchia, a French frigate waiting for the Pope's commands in that Italian harbor, and which has already had more than one bone to pick with the Royal authorities. Finally, M. Fournier, the French Minister in Rome, is said to have loudly remonstrated against the putting up of a commemorative stone in honor of Galileo on the walls of Villa Medici. Now, Villa Medici belongs undoubtedly to France, which has established therein her *Ecole de Rome* for painters and sculptors; but is that a reason, the Italians ask, for not allowing an inscription to remind the passer-by that in this house Galileo maintained that the earth turned "round the sun"? It appears, however, that the tacit sarcasm of these simple words wounded the feelings of an "august personage," and that M. Thiers thought it his duty to advise a less inconsiderate conduct on the part of the Italian Government.

All this would suffice to persuade the excitable Italians that the French Government wants to pick a quarrel with them; besides, every menace in a French newspaper assumes the proportions of an official advertisement, and even of a diplomatic event, in the eyes of this most distrustful people. The French clerical press is exceedingly indignant in advance about the bill, said to be prepared and proposed by Signor Sella, combated by Signor Visconti-Venosta, on ecclesiastical property in Rome. Upon this, public opinion at once takes alarm, being convinced that M. de Rémusat, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has remonstrated, and that the Italian Foreign Office, headed by a weak and timid man, has, in consequence of these remonstrances, tried to prevent the presentation of the bill. I am not initiated into the secrets of French diplomacy; but however disposed it may be to interfere when the new law is about to be submitted to the Italian Parliament, I strongly doubt if it would take so provoking an attitude on the strength of a mere report. Signor Visconti-Venosta, it is true, constantly and on every occasion referring, as he does, to the weakness of the kingdom, and to its moral obligations towards the Catholic powers, cannot fail to draw down upon himself disagreeable observations of this kind, and it would be highly desirable, if not for the safety, at any rate for the dignity of the nation, that a less humble servant of the Great Powers should be placed at the head of the Foreign Office.

Be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain: the Moderate Liberal party in Italy, French enough in its sympathies but a few years ago, is rapidly shifting to the other side. Till now the Radicals alone looked upon Germany as Italy's ally, at first because she was the enemy of their *bête noire*, Napoleon III., and then because she opened fire upon the Catholic Church. But even on their side it was a logically calculated friendship, no natural sympathy; for they never can forget that the real native land of their radical ideas is France, not Germany. As for the Moderates, they never disguised their antipathy for Prussia and Germany, and overcame with difficulty these feelings, which, however natural and explicable they might be, were in direct opposition to their interests. Belonging to a generation which was wholly under the spell of the French liberal ideas of 1830; believing in constitutional monarchy, as it was embodied in the Orleans dynasty, as the last word of political wisdom; having lived for the greater part as exiles or emigrants in France; speaking the French language as well as their own; having a far better acquaintance with French literature than with their own; receiving from Paris not only their fashions, but also their philosophical, political, and literary ideas; seeing, in short, in the French civilization the *nec plus ultra* of modern culture, in France the representative of modern Europe—it was but natural that they should look up to her admiringly. Germany was in their eyes quite the reverse. They were able to understand neither her language, nor her ideas, nor her political situation, all of which seemed dim and obscure to them, and inspired them with the instinctive awe with which darkness is wont to inspire children. Add to this the reactionary policy which prevailed in Germany so long, the historical traditions of the "Roman Emperors of German nation" who used to invade Italy with their armies; above all, the presence of the Austrians (who were the real personification of the *Tedeschi* in their eyes) in Lombardy and Venetia, their influence at Naples and Florence, the persecutions they all had had to suffer at their hands, and it becomes clear enough that they could not like Germany. Then came Napoleon III.'s redeeming intervention in 1859; and gratitude

united with natural affinity and community of education. After the victory, and when the party of action wished to go still further and attack not only Rome but the Roman Church itself, the Moderates, who at the bottom are all good Catholic believers, however opposed they may be to the temporal power of the Pope—the Moderates, I say, saw in France the natural defenders of the Catholic faith, to whom double court was to be paid, first as an ally of their enemy, the Pope-King, secondly as their own future ally against the Radical unbelievers. And all these reflections and considerations won a still greater value by reason of their firmly established trust in the invincibility of France.

All this began to change in 1866, when the strength of the Prussian army became known, when it became clear that Prussia was following the same road which had guided Piedmont towards the unification of Italy, and when finally Prussia bestowed upon Italy the last province still occupied by foreigners—Venetia. The change, however, was almost imperceptible, and even 1870, which witnessed unheard-of proofs of German strength and French weakness, and allowed Italy to reach her so long and so ardently longed-for capital, Rome—not even 1870 broke the spell, nor entirely converted the Gallomaniac Italian Moderates. They were full of pity for the downfall of their friend Napoleon, they were stunned by the breakdown of their idol; they dreaded German haughtiness and thirst for conquest; the faithful among them distrusted Prussian free thought; the more advanced trembled for the champion of modern society, revolutionary France. The French Government, the French press, French public opinion, had to wound Italian pride and dignity by a thousand needless stings, in order to rouse them to full consciousness. All the proofs the German Empire gave of pacific intentions, all its assurances of support to Italy when Prince Umberto went to Berlin, on one side; and on the other, the insane fury of New Italy's worst enemies, the priests, against Germany, and their avowed sympathy for the French Republic, which they expected would take revenge of its defeats on the weaker neighbor, were wanted to open the eyes of the Italians finally. Absolute evidence, evidence as clear as broad daylight, of the solidarity of the two countries of Europe last unified, and of the identity of Italian and German interests against their two common enemies, France and the Jesuits, were needed to convince these modern Thomases and draw them into the arms of Germany. And even now it is with distrust that they turn towards her; they are fully aware that self-interest at present makes the powerful monarch who received two Emperors and twenty sovereign princes in his palace last week, their safest ally; but they are still suspicious, like all southerners, nor do they yield entirely. Another generation will have to grow up to overcome this distrust, if indeed it ever will be overcome. Certain it is that the generation born between 1840 and 1850 is quite as anxious now to acquire and assimilate the German language and civilization, as the men born between 1810 and 1830 were to acquaint themselves with the French; but even this will not suffice to overcome the inborn antipathy and reluctance of race. Happily for the world, however, there are such things as material interests far stronger than ideas and antipathies, and these promise to render the policy of Germany and Italy mutually solidary, if not identical, for many years to come.

Correspondence.

MR. PESHINE SMITH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The large and influential parish of your readers in this city were much pained to find, in your issue of October 3, an attack on the character of one of their best esteemed associates, in an article entitled "The Japanese Experience of our Civil Service." As their representative, and on behalf of one who is too far distant to make timely response, I rise to a question of privilege in vindication of the gentleman so roughly assailed. The "subordinate of the State Department," as you characterize him, is well known, at least in this city of his education and residence, if not in the State at large, to be Mr. E. Peshine Smith, late reporter of the Court of Appeals. He is a gentleman of the highest social position here—a general favorite with our more refined circles—of a broad and generous culture, of singularly encyclopædic information, a vigorous and acute thinker, and an accomplished advocate. Of such a man it is conspicuously unjust to say that he was foisted upon the State Department "through the favoritism of a former secretary"; for it is within my personal knowledge that Mr. Seward solicited his acceptance of a confidential position in that department as a favor to himself, and because he knew how signally serviceable the peculiar talent of Mr. Smith would prove to the nation at the time of this appointment. The wisdom of the choice soon became manifest, and Mr. Fish considered himself fortunate in securing a continuance of service which had proved to be so intelligent and so efficient. It was the information acquired at the State Department as to his abilities that induced his selection by the Japanese Government for the position he now fills. To this office of counsel to the Japanese Foreign Office, Mr. Smith brought all those qualities which you rightly deem essential to his mission. "Learned in international and civil law, skilled in the foreign policy of the United States and other nations, and a guardian of the Empire from international difficulties," all these, your own expressions, catalogue his qualifications; but they do not tell of the integrity, zeal, purity of purpose, and entire absence of self-seeking with which he has devoted himself to the delicate and responsible duties devolved upon him. All these must some time come out in history, but as yet they are known to but a few of his more intimate friends.

Were there space, I could point out the causes and sources of the inculpatory stories as to this mission and its incumbent; but I am aware that a personal explanation must not assume the proportions of a biography, and that it is nothing if not short, and I "rest."

Fred. A. Whittlesey.

Rochester, October 5, 1872.

[We can only say that our statements about Mr. Smith were based on strong and, we believed, perfectly trustworthy evidence as to his character and standing in Washington before he went to Japan; and the scandals about his career in Japan are, unhappily, a matter of public notoriety. But we nevertheless very cheerfully give space to what Mr. Whittlesey has to say about Mr. Smith's intellectual qualifications for the place, and about his standing in his own city; it is certainly entitled to great weight, and we trust will have it, with those who may have read our article.—Ed. Nation.]

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your editorial article upon "The Verdict at Geneva" in the *Nation* of September 19, is a passage about the *Shenandoah*, which contains several inaccuracies. These I beg leave to correct.

The paragraph alluded to reads as follows:

"The *Shenandoah* got away from Liverpool through similar obstinate blindness and indifference on the part of Earl Russell, and connivance on the part of the local authorities; took in her armament at the Madeira Islands, plundered and burnt vessels all the way round Cape Horn to Australia, and was received at Melbourne with welcome and rejoicings which it is no exaggeration to call wild. The Governor held that he was bound to treat her as a lawful belligerent vessel, allowed her to be repaired and refitted on the Government slip, and to take on board fresh supplies of coal, and men, and provisions, while the law officers treated the remonstrances of the American Consul with the grossest insolence."

The *Shenandoah* never "got away from Liverpool," but the *Sea King* (afterwards the *Shenandoah*) sailed from London. Nor do I think it is proper to say that there was "obstinate blindness, indifference, and connivance on the part of Earl Russell and the local authorities." The unanimous decision of the Board of Arbitrators expressly negatives this statement, damages having been awarded in the case of the *Shenandoah* only from the time of leaving Melbourne, as do the facts of the case, about which I presume there can be no dispute. The *Sea King* was manned and officered by British seamen, and sailed on a two years' cruise to Bombay and other East India ports. The captain had a power of attorney to sell, which is usually given in case of a long cruise to distant ports and was not calculated to excite any suspicions. No one on board doubted that the vessel was going on the cruise described in the shipping articles; no one suspected for a moment her true destination, save only the purser, who was a Confederate naval officer (afterwards first lieutenant of the *Shenandoah*), sent on board at the last moment under an assumed name. The *Laurel* sailed from Liverpool at the same time, and here also the greatest caution and secresy were observed, the officers themselves who were to go on the *Shenandoah* having no idea of their destination or of the sailing of the *Sea King* from London. They went on board the *Laurel* at midnight, and she sailed at 3 o'clock in the morning, clearing for Nassau. All baggage had been previously sent on board boxed as freight. The transfer of guns, etc., took place, not at the Madeira Islands, but near the Desertos—barren, uninhabited rocks some distance from Madeira. Nor did the *Shenandoah* go "all the way round Cape Horn to Australia." She went round the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean, that being the nearest way by several thousands of miles, and the prevailing winds in those latitudes being from the westward.

There is no Government slip at Melbourne, if I recollect rightly, or if there is one the *Shenandoah* never went on it, but repaired the fracture of

her sleeve (which rendered her unseaworthy) on the slip of a private individual at Williamsport, and while there was seized by the authorities, or rather the slip was seized, which was of course a virtual seizure of the vessel, at the instance of the American Consul, and a proclamation warned all British subjects to leave work on the vessel and to give her no further assistance. The reason given for this seizure was an alleged violation of the foreign enlistment act in shipping "one Chorley" on board the *Shenandoah*. This mythical personage was not found, and it was only when the captain threatened to abandon the vessel and leave her on the hands of the Colonial authorities that she was allowed to be launched. The citizens of Melbourne certainly treated the *Shenandoah* with marked kindness, and extended to her crew and officers the most generous hospitality, but the authorities were churlish in the extreme, and so far from "treating the remonstrances of the American Consul with the grossest insolence," they lent a willing ear to his loosest statements and most improbable stories, with the hope of finding a pretext to detain the vessel. Having been an officer on the *Shenandoah* during the whole of her cruise, I speak from personal knowledge. Very respectfully, J. T. M.

Baltimore, October 7, 1872.

[It is true that the *Shenandoah* sailed from London instead of Liverpool, and it is true that she was called the *Sea King* when she did so, and we suppose it is true, since "J. T. M." states it, that she went round the Cape of Good Hope, although the American Case says she went round Cape Horn. But these are trifling matters. It is also true, unfortunately, that it was perfectly well known at Liverpool, and was chuckled over on 'Change, in spite of all the "secresy," that the *Laurel* was going to sail from that port with the armament of some Confederate war vessel on board, and she did so sail without interference from the authorities, though there was abundant reason for suspecting her. The reason why the Geneva Tribunal did not find Great Britain responsible for what happened at Liverpool was that the Consul, Mr. Dudley, did not make any complaint to the local authorities, but contented himself with forwarding the facts to Mr. Adams, his previous experience having satisfied him that complaint would be useless. We think we are, therefore, justified in saying that the *Shenandoah* did escape through negligence, indifference, and blindness similar in character to that displayed in the case of the *Alabama*. The slip in which the *Shenandoah* was repaired at Melbourne was called "the Government slip," and was built and owned by the Government, though leased to private parties, and the Governor's permission for the repairs to be made was asked and obtained. Moreover, the Governor expressly decided, in answer to the remonstrances of the American Consul, "that whatever might have been the previous history of the *Shenandoah*, the Government of the Colony was bound to treat her as a ship of war belonging to a belligerent power," and did so treat her. It is true that he forbade British subjects taking part in repairing her on the 13th and 14th of February, 1865, in consequence of a charge that British subjects had taken service on board of her; but it is also true that the captain resisted an attempt of the police to search her, threatened the Governor with the indignation of "the Richmond Government," and that on the 15th, either one or two days later, the prohibition was withdrawn, and the repairs fully and effectually completed. We ought to add, that the Geneva Tribunal has found that the Captain deliberately lied to the Governor "on his word of honor." As to the manner in which the American Consul's complaints were received, there is evidence that when the Consul went to the Crown Solicitor with his charges and affidavits, and was introduced by a Mr. Lord, who describes the interview, the Solicitor, without noticing the Consul, "said very tartly that he was going to dinner and could not be detained"; and on receiving the Consul's protest replied: "I don't care; I want my dinner, and I'm going to have it. There are plenty of magistrates round town: go to them." He then went off, and when outside the gate turned round and "hallooed out"—it is to be presumed unofficially—"My dinner, my dinner, Lord, that's what I want." If "J. T. M." "speaks from personal knowledge" of all this, he must have odd notions about "insolence."—Ed. Nation.]

ANGLO-SAXON AND OLD ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your notice (September 5, 1872) of Dr. Richard Morris's "Historical Accidence," you say:

"One very serious defect runs through the whole book—the dropping of the word Anglo-Saxon, and every other special name for that language, and confounding all the obsolete speech of our ancestors, from Beda downwards, under the name of Old English."

Dr. Morris's treatment has been so strongly insisted upon by some of the best English scholars that I should be glad for you to point out wherein consists this "serious defect." He has purposely dropped the term Anglo-Saxon, etc., because, as he says, "by not regarding the earlier stages of our language as *English*, all the necessary helps to a rational treatment of its grammatical forms and idioms have been cast aside."

Prof. Earle, in his "Philology of the English Tongue," while retaining the old nomenclature, admits its "literary impropriety, because the Saxons called their own language *Englise*."

Again, Dr. Freeman, who has made good his right to be heard on all questions touching early English history and literature, says: "When I wish pointedly to distinguish the men, the language, or the institutions of the time before 1066 from those of any time after 1066, I speak distinctively of *Old English* as our kinsmen speak of *Alt-Deutsch*" ("Hist. Norman Conquest," vol. i., App. A).

The whole of this Appendix A, from which I have quoted above, is devoted, as you doubtless remember, to proving that "the obsolete speech of our ancestors" is not only "confounded," but misrepresented, by those who discard the term Old English.

In view of all this, and much more which could be cited from some who are reckoned among the most critical writers on the subject, will you kindly state, after pointing out the defect of Dr. Morris's treatment, what are the true scientific divisions of what he calls Old English?

I am, Sir, A Student of English.

Petersburg, Virginia.

[Our correspondent writes as though the remark which he quotes had been shot out of a pistol. But we hope most of our readers will remember that we had before stated the position taken by the little band of English authors to whom he refers, and that reasons as plenty as blackberries are given in the passage from which he quotes. These authors—among whom, however, Prof. Earle is not to be counted—have done good work in this field, and deserve the most courteous attention; but it should not be forgotten that they by no means have the weight of authority with them. The word Anglo-Saxon came into use with the first revival of the study of the manuscripts. Its need and fitness were the only reasons for its use. The scholars who took it up were not inferior in learning to their present successors. It has now been used for many generations. There is a library of books, and a host of great names, associated with it. There have been many books in which it is freely used, published by eminent scholars in England and Germany, since attention was drawn to these objections; but we believe Dr. Morris's is the first philological work of any importance which has discarded it.

Three questions arise: Is the so-called Anglo-Saxon language distinguished from our English by important peculiarities? Should it have a name? Is *Anglo-Saxon* a good name? As to the first question, there is no difference of opinion. The peculiarities set forth in our article certainly exist, and they are among the most important which philologists recognize among the Indo-European tongues. Dr. Morris himself divides his Old English into four periods, of which the first corresponds to Anglo-Saxon; and we should have had no occasion for the gravest of our censures if he had always indicated his Anglo-Saxon citations as *Old English, first period*. We made no objection to his divisions.

Any one who reads a philological book upon English will see the great convenience of a special name for this period. We specified concisely, but sufficiently, Dr. Morris's defects in this regard. Let our student of English turn to a book written before *Anglo-Saxon* was established in use—Verstegan's Restitution, for example. Verstegan rides the same hobby as Dr. Morris. His book is written to identify the Old English of Alfred with the New of Elizabeth. Yet the convenience of discussion leads him to speak continually of *Saxon* and *English Saxon*.

Anglo-Saxon has superseded *English Saxon*, and from the historical point of view seems to be a good word. *Anglisc, Englisc, Englaland* were used from the introduction of Christianity as general names of the German tribes in Britain and the regions they occupied. It seems to have been an ecclesiastical naming. But the names of the tribes are of perpetual recurrence. Alfred styles himself, in his laws and elsewhere, king of the West-Saxons. In Beda's history, where the Latin reads *historiam gentis Anglorum*, Alfred translates by *Angel theôde and Seaxum*. After the fusion of the old race with the Normans, *English* was used as the general name of the new people and language. Writers wanted often to speak of the two races who made up the English, and since the word *English* was appropriated, it was a matter of course that the Teutons should be called Saxons when distinguished from the Normans.

> "Of the Normans beth heye men that beth of Engelonde,
> And the lowe men of Saxons, as ich understonde,"

says old Robert of Gloucester; and the word seems every way fit. Their most prominent tribes were called so. They were all called so by the old Britons—the Welsh and Scots—with whom they were in contact. Their nearest kindred on the Continent were called so. When the prefix *Anglo-* is added, the Anglo-Saxons are classified with, and discriminated from, the Old Saxons.

After this mode of speech was established for the divisions of modern English, it was a matter of course that it should be carried back to the earlier periods; and it may be further said that the so-called Anglo-Saxon literary remains are really in the dialect of the West-Saxons, while the scanty relics of the Angles go by the name of the Northumbrian dialect.

Mr. Freeman proposes to substitute *Old English* for *Anglo-Saxon*. This probably would trouble very few readers, so far as its application to the race and their manners and customs is concerned. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors have been the theme of so much wholesale eulogy that most readers are ready for any identification with them, and no more think of seriously objecting to their admirers' calling them Old English, than to an entomologist's calling caterpillars old butterflies, or to an enthusiastic Darwinian's calling his favorite Simian the old man. To us, however, the Anglo-Saxon does not seem an undeveloped Englishman, but rather one of his parents, of whom the Norman is the other—and the son no commonplace chip of the old block, but a genius. A new breed came on the planet from the cross. The Frenchman does not differ so much from the Gaul, the Italian nothing near so much from the old Roman, as the Englishman from the Saxon. Surely one good half of the illustrious men and women of England have had their strain of Norman blood. It is a barbaric way of keeping pedigree to note and name only the Saxon dam and slur the Norman sire.

When it comes to discussing the language, a new difficulty starts up. Dr. Morris has made up his mind to call Anglo-Saxon Old English, but there is a great deal more Old English. Chaucer is Old English, and so are all the intervening generations. *Old English* is not with him, as it is with Mr. Freeman, a substitute for *Anglo-Saxon*, but it includes, and we must say confounds, Anglo-Saxon with three other most widely different stages and kinds of speech. In analyzing our present speech, he calls the Saxon elements *English*, and the Norman *foreign*. His reasons seem to be sentimental rather than scientific. He would magnify the antiquity and simplicity of our language. He thinks that an outcry against the old nomenclature, and the use of *English* in his fashion, will lead to more study of the ancient stage of the language. He speaks as though investigators of the grammatical forms and idioms of our language are so befooled by the word Anglo-Saxon that they never think of going to that language for help. Some of them, he says, have dared to go back as far as Chaucer's time; "others, not so bold, have deemed it quite sufficient to date the rise of the English language from the time of the greatest of Elizabethan writers." If Mr. Morris is not playing the humorist, if such be really the pitch of linguistic investigation in England, and if this be the reason for wiping out the Anglo-Saxons, we may be thankful that we live in America, where we have philology of another sort, and may still make bold to speak of both races of our ancestors under the old names which have so long resounded in our commencement and Fourth-of-July orations.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Estes & Lauriat, a newly-established publishing firm in Boston, and the agents of Appleton & Co., will continue the publication of Lee & Shepard's series known as "Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science," and join with it another to be called "Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History." They also announce as in preparation "Spectrum Analysis Explained"; "The New Physics; an Essay on the Unity of Natural Phenomena," by Prof. T. F. Moses, of Urbana University; the two articles on Electric Phenomena, and Mildew and Fermentation, which compose the second number of the *German Quarterly Magazine* (we hope after a thorough revision of the execrable English of the translator); "Guizot's History of France," in six volumes octavo; "Queens," an American novel by Miss E. B. Emery; and, by arrangement with Holt & Williams, Tylor's "Early History of Mankind" and "Primitive Culture."——Besides the two works just named, Holt & Williams will publish shortly "Thoughts for the Times," by Rev. H. W. Haweis; Freeman's "Historical Course for Schools," in its several parts; "The Sakuntala," from the Sanskrit of Kalidasa, with an introduction by Prof. Whitney; "Scintillations," by Heine; Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"—centenary library edition; "Incidents of My Life," first and second series, by D. D. Home, the famous Spiritualist; Goethe's "Elective Affinities"; and the following foreign novels: Droz's "Babolain," Cherbuliez's "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," and Turgenef's "Liza."——J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press "A Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land in 1869-70," by Prof. Henry M. Harman, D.D.; a new edition of Æsop's Fables, edited by Edward Garrett, and profusely illustrated; "Dickens as a Reader," by Charles Kent; the second volume of Forster's Life of Dickens; Rev. J. H. Blunt's "Companion to the Old Testament"; "Parables and Tales," by Thomas Gordon Hake; "La Grammaire en Action," by Prof. B. Maurice of the U. S. Naval Academy; Alexander Strahan's "Memoir of Dr. Norman Macleod"; "Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer in the War with Mexico," by John R. Kenly; and a number of novels and medical works.——L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay Street, has received a few copies of the second edition of Prof. Max Müller's lecture on the "Results of Comparative Philology" ("Ueber die Resultate der Sprachwissenschaft"), delivered at the University of Strassburg on the 23d of May last—the first of his course. The author's German is as eloquent and perspicuous as his English, and his general survey of the field, the methods, and the value to kindred sciences, of comparative philology, is made very readable by the numerous etymological illustrations—some old and some new—which accompany it. About a quarter of the not long discourse is occupied with congratulations on the change in his fatherland which has permitted the lecturer to realize one of the ambitions of his early life—to be a professor in a German university.

—Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, last evening, gave the first of five lectures which are to be given in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association on Wednesday and Friday evenings of this week and next. His subject is the "Relations between England and Ireland," as our advertising columns have shown, and he cannot fail to be interesting, for he has not only new information quarried by himself from state-papers not hitherto known, but he also has very decided views and opinions as to Ireland and the Irish, and England's treatment of the sister kingdom.

—The "big trees" of California have seldom been so instructively talked about as in Dr. Asa Gray's address on "The Sequoia and its History" before the American Association for the Advancement of Science last August, at Dubuque. This address has been printed in the *American Naturalist* for October, and also in a separate form at Salem. It is an attempt to connect the apparently isolated Sequoia with its ancestors in past ages of the world and its kindred in the present, and there need be little hesitation in following so learned a guide. We have room here merely to state his conclusion, viz., that "the Sequoias, now remarkable for their restricted station and numbers, as well as for their extraordinary size, are of an ancient stock; their ancestors and kindred formed a large part of the forests which flourished throughout the polar regions, now desolate and ice-clad, and which extended into low latitudes in Europe. On this continent one species, at least, had reached to the vicinity of its present habitat before the glaciation of the region." The nearest of kin to the redwoods are the bald cypress (Taxodium), inhabiting the swamps of the Atlantic coast from Maryland to Mexico, and one of

the largest trees of that forest district; and the Glyptostrobus, a sort of modified Taxodium, which has its habitat in China. These two species and more than one Sequoia coexisted in Europe during the tertiary period, as geological botany has discovered, while now they are as widely separated as possible. The difference, botanically speaking, between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is forcibly set forth in the following passage:

"California has no Magnolia nor tulip trees, nor star-anise tree; no so-called Papaw (Asimina); no barberry of the single-leaved sort; no Podophyllum or other of the peculiar associated genera; no Nelumbo nor white water-lily; no prickly ash nor sumach; no loblolly-bay nor Stuartia; no basswood nor linden trees; neither locust, honey-locust, coffee trees (Gymnocladus), nor yellow-wood (Cladastris); nothing answering to Hydrangea or witch-hazel, to gum-trees (Nyssa and Liquidambar), Viburnum or Diervilla; it has few asters and golden-rods; no lobelias; no huckleberries and hardly any blueberries; no Epigæa, charm of our earliest Eastern spring, tempering an icy April wind with a delicious wild fragrance; no Kalmia nor Clethra, nor holly nor persimmon; no Catalpa tree nor trumpet-creeper (Tecoma); nothing answering to sassafras, nor to benzoin-tree, nor to hickory; neither mulberry nor elm; no beech, true chestnut, hornbeam, nor ironwood, nor a proper birch tree; and the enumeration might be continued very much further by naming herbaceous plants and others familiar only to botanists."

—Mrs. Sara Payson Parton, wife of Mr. James Parton, and known to the public by her pseudonym of "Fanny Fern," died last week in this city, in her sixty-second year. Mrs. Parton's essays have been familiar to the readers of the periodical press, and had a deserved popularity among such readers for their sprightliness and usually sensible treatment of such topics as interested her. Left a widow about twenty-two years ago, by the death of her first husband, a Mr. Eldridge, she attempted to make a livelihood by teaching, but soon effected an entrance into the newspaper world. We believe the late Colonel Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) and Mr. B. P. Shillaber, of Boston ("Mrs. Partington") paid Mrs. Parton the first money she ever earned by her pen, they being then the managers of a comic paper called *The Carpet Bag*. Her success came quickly, and she retained till her death the reputation which she made at first, though she has never written anything that will remain in memory. Of her more pretentious works, neither will be recollected, and it is as well that one of them is already forgotten, it being a novel in which, with what is called questionable taste, she gave a harsh portraiture of a near relative. No less than seventy-five thousand copies of this work were sold. She was a sort of leader among a certain number of women whose names are more or less conspicuous as connected with the monthly or weekly press of this city.

—The death of Doctor Lieber, on the afternoon of the 2d inst., at the age of seventy-two years, was the close of a checkered as well as a distinguished career. He witnessed the humiliation of his country at Jena, and helped to revenge her in the Hundred Days, and he saw her completed triumph over the hated enemy at Metz and Sedan. Born in 1800, he was at the age of fifteen a soldier of the German army of invasion, and was wounded at Namur. He used to relate an anecdote of the field of Waterloo, which illustrates his strong sense, his pugnacity, and his dogged self-reliance. Seeing, as the time for engaging the enemy came on, that some of his companions superstitiously threw away their packs of cards, and being angered at this weakness, he, though no card-player, picked up one of the packs and put it into his knapsack. A youth like this may be supposed to have had views of rights and duties not precisely in accord with those of the Holy Alliance, and we find him under arrest before he was twenty-one years old as suspected of sedition. Disgusted, he sought Greece and the revolution, reaching his goal by taking certain liberties with his passports, and having on his arrival hardly a farthing in his pocket. No fighting, no glory or money, was then obtainable. Young Lieber soon made his way back as far as Italy, where Niebuhr, then Ambassador to the Vatican, and the Chevalier Bunsen befriended him and made him a friend. He has pleasantly recorded his recollection of the great historian, in a work published later, in this country. From Italy he went to Germany again; thence, being again "suspect," to England, where he taught private pupils and wrote for German periodical publications; thence, at the age of twenty-seven, to this country. Here he made friends, lectured, taught school, gave instruction in swimming, for he believed in physical education also; made an "Encyclopædia Americana" (based upon Brockhaus's "Conversations-Lexicon"), which was of very good service; wrote many volumes on numerous social subjects and matters of jurisprudence, and law, and political philosophy; became a professor in the South Carolina College; lost that place on account of his loyalty, which was unflinching, and, finally, was appointed to a professorship in Columbia Law School in this city. This position, which he received in 1858, he held at the hour of his death.

—The subject to which Dr. Lieber's writings were chiefly devoted—a knowledge of the principles or universal rules which ought to prevail in government, general law, and politics—is a department of knowledge associated with the names of Aristotle, Plato, and Montesquieu. It is one for which the writer must have not only an especial aptitude, but which, at the present day, demands a vast extent of knowledge and years of laborious application before anything can be produced to which the world will attach a permanent value. The writers in this department have been many. Those who have attained distinction have been few, and Dr. Lieber may fairly be considered one of the number. The volumes upon which his reputation as a publicist will chiefly rest are his "Manual of Political Ethics," "Legal and Political Hermeneutics; or, The Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics"; and his "Civil Liberty and Self-Government"; in addition to which he has written numerous tracts, such as "The Origin and Development of the First Constituents of Civilization," essays upon "Property and Labor," "The Laws of Property," "Penal Laws," "Penitentiary Systems," "Prison Discipline," "The Relation between Education and Crime," "The Pardoning Power," "The Regulation of Armies," "International Copyright," "Nationality and Internationality," etc., etc., etc. It would be impossible within our limits to speak adequately of works embracing so wide a range, and upon subjects so important. Among them, his "Manual of Political Ethics," a work in two volumes, is one of the most remarkable and valuable. It is a storehouse of political wisdom, embracing a great variety of topics upon which the conclusions of the writer are given, and is distinguished for its profoundness, originality, and its exhaustive treatment of one of the most difficult of subjects. Chancellor Kent commends it for its erudition and the excellence of its doctrines; Judge Story for its sound common sense, varied learning, and profound views of government. By English critics it was compared favorably with the great work of Montesquieu, and regarded as pre-eminent among works on political science. Professor Greenleaf, a very competent judge, speaks of "The Legal and Political Hermeneutics" as a most lucid exposition of the principles and admirable illustration of the science of interpretation and construction, and says in respect to Lieber's writings generally, that he always leaps into the deepest water, and always comes up like a good swimmer—an observation borne out by the remark of Chancellor Kent, that when he read Lieber's books he always felt that he had a sure pilot on board, however dangerous the navigation. There was something more in this than mere compliment, for many of the topics discussed in the "Political Ethics" were at the time new, doubtful, and difficult; and Lieber lived to find conclusions which he had arrived at, and was the first to express thirty years ago, referred to by writers of the present day as familiar political truths, without perhaps any conception on the part of the writer of the source whence they were derived. His "Civil Liberty and Self-Government" was written to complete that portion of his "Political Ethics" which treats of liberty as a political right, the security of which depends upon civil institutions, or, as he denominates it, "institutional liberty." This is perhaps the best-known of his productions, and has received the highest commendation not only in this country, where his reputation never stood sufficiently high, although the war made his name and his patriotism known to his countrymen, but in Europe also. Professor Creasy of London, author of "The Rise and Progress of the British Constitution," calls it a great work, and publicists on the Continent like Von Mohl and Mittermaier confirm that judgment. One other foreign judgment of him as a publicist may be added, that of Garelli, the eminent Italian jurist, author of "La Pace," who calls Lieber's pamphlet on "Nationality" *l'aureo opuscolo*—the Golden Tractate. A writer upon such weighty topics can scarcely hope to be appreciated during his life. He must be content to abide the slow judgment of posterity, and Lieber, who, from his childhood, was of a sensitive organization, felt this want of appreciation, especially in his old age, and particularly in this country, to the exposition of whose institutions the chief labor of his life may be said to have been devoted. He could not, and would not if he could, write a brilliant, superficial, and attractive work like De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," for the aim of his writings was not speculative thought but utility. In the treatment of his subjects he was eminently practical. With his strong common sense and conscientious honesty, he was enabled to dispel the visionary dreams of many previous political writers, and to reach political truths which rest upon a sure and solid foundation. He had great breadth and comprehensiveness, and, as a writer, was lucid and axiomatic, but lacked constructiveness, or the power of judiciously arranging and treating a subject, and treating of it in its appropriate parts. This may account for the fact that his "Political Ethics" has attracted so little attention in the United States, for it is only those who have carefully perused and studied it who can duly appreciate the extent of his erudition, or the value and importance of his views. He was not very successful in definitions. His power as a writer lay in making things plain by illustrations, and, throughout his volumes, what was new and obscure, or difficult, is made at once palpable by some homely image, or by a felicitous

reference to some historical anecdote or incident. His value to us was the greater, as he was one of the few publicists who believed in republican government; who had an equally clear insight into its merits and its defects; who, for forty-three years, had been a keen observer of its practical working in this country; and who was able to write upon it with a breadth of view and an extent of knowledge that commanded attention and respect. His rank as a writer will be that of a political moralist of weight and authority, and as an expounder alike of the true nature of political liberty and of the way to secure it; and it is gratifying to be able to say that his life was throughout in consonance with his teachings.

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 15 has an article by M. Coulanges, on the Germanic Invasion of the fifth century, which he maintains was no invasion at all, but a political and military revolution. Germans, he says, had been introduced into the empire as *coloni*, to cultivate the deserted plantations, and as soldiers, under their own chiefs, to serve in the armies of the Empire. Such chiefs were Alaric and Clovis; and the conquests of Clovis were not over Gaul or the Gauls, but over the rival chiefs, Syagrius and the kings of the Burgundians and Visigoths. The article makes many good points, particularly in applying the doctrine of the permanence of the Empire, which Mr. Bryce has recently made familiar. The relation to the Empire of the *læti* or *fœderati* is likewise put very perspicuously. But when he comes to the fact that the barbarians had a *wehrgeld* double that of the native Gauls, his theory that there was no national conquest rather fails him, and his argument becomes somewhat lame. We cannot think that he has made out this point; but he certainly has described the events with great spirit, if with not a little *animus;* and has proved many points of detail, if his general view is prejudiced and exaggerated. The same number contains an article by M. Albert Réville, on the "Old Catholics of Holland" —a body of some 6,000, who have kept up the traditions and organization of their national church, though cut off from Rome and excommunicated at the time of the Jansenist controversies. They have an Archbishop of Utrecht, and Bishops of Haarlem and Deventer; they were represented and warmly received in the Old Catholic Convention at Munich, and their Archbishops —representing an unbroken and unblemished line of Episcopal succession—is the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in this movement, giving to it, what it so much required, a regularly ordained episcopate. The mass of the Catholics of Holland, by the way, left their old church and followed the Jesuits into the Ultramontane fold.

—A writer in the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle* (September) takes M. Octave Feuillet severely to task for some expressions in his novel called "Julie de Trécœur," which it pronounces extraordinary in an academician. Some of these are a departure from usage, like "*combler* une fantaisie"; or a perversion of meaning, as "Les visites *s'espaçaient* de plus en plus," that is, grew longer and longer, whereas M. Feuillet meant to say grew more and more infrequent; or a bold invention, like "juponnée," petticoated; while others are downright Anglicisms, conscious or unconscious, as "une profonde antipathie *pour* son mari," and "Après l'avoir *informé que* sa démarche était extraordinaire." This last is so shocking to the reviewer's nerves that he thinks Feuillet would do well to hang himself—"après avoir écrit cela, il ne reste plus à un académicien qu'une seule ressource, celle de se pendre."

RECENT POETRY.*

I.

ALMOST all of our poets have been busy during the past few months, but none has produced anything calling for much remark. All readers of Longfellow know the ease and grace of his poetical narrative style, and all of them have doubtless felt his want of force when working in some other fields; so his latest volume has nothing new to say to the admirers of the schoolmaster of Killingworth, who pleaded for the birds in a hostile town meeting, nor to those who were sorry that the poet should have attempted tragedy outside of translations in which a heavier hand bore him up. The new series of tales dated at the Sudbury tavern are as pleasing as the old; and Judas Maccabæus fares as well, or about as well, in Mr. Longfellow's hands as Governor Endicott and his stern counsellors—worthy successors of the victors over Nicanor and Antiochus. To be sure, the poet is, in appearance, more at home among the New England Hebrews and on Corey's Hill than among the Jewish patriots at the profaned walls of Jerusalem.

Mr. Whittier's audience have seldom heard him with more satisfaction and gratitude than they have got from this "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," which is as benign and benevolent as all his later productions; and it has a historical interest that comes not amiss even to the readers who never tire of listening to the cheerful creed from which their assent was never withheld, and as to the need of preaching which they may have been too sceptical. Francis Daniel Pastorius, the German mystic and philanthropist who settled Germantown, is the pilgrim whose meekness and piety are Mr. Whittier's principal theme in this little volume. The rest of it is made up of verses which have all been printed in the magazines, and thence copied into most of the newspapers, and which are no doubt familiar to most of our readers. They are familiar with better poetry, and they are familiar with much poetry that is not so good, for while there is nothing to delight in these verses, there is much that is elevating and that engenders justice and mercy, and nothing that does not make for good. As regards literary finish, we doubt if any of Mr. Whittier's works are of an excellence equal to that attained in these poems; the independence of forms and rules, euphonic and other, which the Inner Light confers upon its followers, and of which Mr. Whittier has in times past furnished many examples to our unwilling ears, he seldom exhibits to any worse extent than in the first of these triplets that follow:

> "His social life wore no ascetic form,
> He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,
> And in his veins his Teuton blood ran warm.
>
> "Strict to himself, of other men no spy,
> He made his own no circuit-judge to try
> The freer conscience of his neighbors by.
>
> "With love rebuking, by his life alone,
> Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown,
> The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,
>
> "And faithful to all scruples, finds at last
> The thorns and shards of duty overpast,
> And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,
>
> "Pleasant and beautiful with sight and sound,
> And flowers upspringing in its narrow round,
> And all his days with quiet gladness crowned."

The duty of rhyming well when rhyming is a part of one's business is as much a duty as any other, but poets who put sentiments so good as these into rhyme no worse will be only too easily forgiven. We can promise a sober pleasure to the readers of "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

We do not promise much pleasure to the judicious readers of "The Marble Prophecy," though we admit "right here," as they say upon the stump, that it is moral in tone, and no one can pretend that it threatens the purity of the family circle or is subversive of any of the foundations of society. Indeed, how very highly proper it is appears from the following stanzas which close the question, "Where Shall Baby's Dimple Be?":

> "Silent the mother sat, and dwelt
> Long in the sweet delay of choice;
> And then by her baby's side she knelt,
> And sang with pleasant voice:
>
> "'Not on the limb, O angel dear!
> For the charm with its youth will disappear;
> Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
> For the harboring smile will fade and flee;
> But touch thou the chin with an impress deep,
> And my baby the angel's seal shall keep.'"

This lady with the baby with the limb is the same lady who would not take out her false teeth because there were a number of old *Christian Observers* in the room. The verses in which this ridiculous performance occurs are pretty fairly illustrative of Doctor Holland's usual quality and manner. They have some natural feeling, and very good feeling, and will properly please nine mothers in ten by their natural piety and their piousness. In the same way the poems that profess to be thoughtful will suit most people. The line separating truisms from truths worth stating in print has never been drawn with precision, and indeed never can be so drawn. Young ladies and gentlemen who are to be progenitors of heroes, and who perhaps are themselves to be in their own persons saints and sages, are to-day weeping over an inability to perceive that five and eight are thirteen, little as Doctor Holland and we would think that truth worth insisting upon if we should happen to meet each other. It is, then, beyond doubt, we suppose, that there are numbers of people for whom it is well that our author should make his "Marble Prophecy," and it is only our superiority which is to blame when we find the poem a fatiguing collection of time-worn doctrine from which one is glad to escape. It remains true, however, that beggars are numerous in Rome, and indeed in a great many superstitious cities; that the Pope has an armed guard to defend him, which is more than St. Peter ever had or can be shown to have desired; that Roman Catholics are unwise enough to kiss the feet of a certain image; that the Pope's choir looks smug and disagreeable, and that women, as being impure, are not allowed among

* "Three Books of Song. By H. W. Longfellow." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
"The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
"The Marble Prophecy, and other Poems. By J. G. Holland." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.
"Fables and Legends of Many Countries. Rendered in Rhyme by John Godfrey Saxe." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

the singers; that "one does not like to smutch his trousers kneeling to a man"; that there is poverty, dirt, and blind ignorance among the Italians, and lack of the best religious privileges; that St. Peter's chair is said by Papists to have been brought from Antioch, while the belief among Protestants is that it was brought from almost any place in the world but that city; that God dwells not alone in temples made with hands; that man is erring and fallible; that the Laocoon may, if any one so chooses, be held to represent "Adam and his offspring in the toils of the twin serpents, Sin and Suffering." This last truth is the one which the "Marble Prophecy" was written to insist upon, and it insists upon it. A point which the author omits is the singular resemblance of the youths in the group to their father, the old Adam. That they look less like children and offspring than like little old Adams themselves, is a point that we should think might have its value in Dr. Holland's system.

It is not often, as we have indicated, that we can praise anything of Dr. Holland's, but the verses entitled "Daniel Gray" have all of our author's verity, and, in addition, a freshness of their own which makes them quite taking. We copy a part of them, and wish their author was always so fortunate in his subjects:

"Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

"He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

"I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

"I can remember how the sentence sounded—
'He p us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!'
And how the 'conquering-and-to-conquer' rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

"He had some notions that did not improve him,
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

"He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!"

Mr. Saxe, having in mind the wants of his "three little daughters," as the dedication informs us, has made a book which these young ladies will find a very agreeable present, and which we are glad to recommend to the parents of other children. Its title describes it very well. The pieces contained in it are some of them perhaps original, but most deal with stories which have long been well known to such moralists as have had children to instruct in the conduct of life. Those who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, as Dr. Johnson says, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; and those who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, or that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; and those, we may add, who will attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, may expect perfection in the matter of books for children as in other matters, but probably most readers will find some fault with Mr. Saxe's performance of the task, and point out some things which they would have had different. For our own part, we shall say no more than that we think the work should have had pictures. It deserves popularity, and probably will have it, and be much read by boys and girls. Illustrated, it would be a very suitable book for the holidays and present-making.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON PREACHING.*

THAT Mr. Beecher is the most eminent preacher in America few, if any, will deny. Many regard him as the most eminent preacher America has known. By some he is considered the most popular and capable preacher in the world. It is generally admitted, too, that his success is deserved, though the popular explanations of it are not satisfactory. The unthinking ascribe it mainly to his wit, drollery, and good nature. The thoughtful discover sufficient reasons for it in his great natural gifts, the wealth of his mental resources, the breadth of his human sympathy, his poetic temperament, and his large common sense. He is looked on as a very admirable specimen of the natural man—sturdy, independent, spontaneous, fluent, facile; a man who spreads himself and lies promiscuously about, with boundless powers of reception and absorption; a vast elemental person, open in all directions, taking in and distributing great seas of elemental force; no scholar, no systematic thinker, no student of books or systems, no intellectual toiler or drudge, but a capacious and full man, who can never run dry however drawn on, who can edit a paper, run a church, write a novel, lecture, produce a life of Christ, with perfect facility, one as easily as another, and all without a drop of brain sweat; who prepares his sermons an hour or two before preaching them, and could, if he chose, preach a sermon or two daily without exhaustion.

That Mr. Beecher possesses extraordinary natural powers, and that these do account substantially for his influence, must be admitted. But the reader of this little volume will learn a good many things about him that touch more nearly the secret of his success. There are ten lectures, or rather ten familiar talks, in which the great preacher lets a company of young men into the very heart of his personal experiences. They treat of the personal elements which bear an important relation to preaching, and of course they allow, if they do not demand, a full account of private methods. Subsequent lectures, to fill two annual courses, will consider the social and religious machinery that is associated with preaching, and the method of using Christian doctrines in their relations to individual dispositions and to the wants of communities. Those will, no doubt, be interesting to students of divinity, but less interesting to the general public than these, which not only interpret the preacher's office from the inside, but interpret a remarkable man. From this volume we learn that Mr. Beecher has fairly earned his position by labor. With charming frankness, he tells of his small beginnings and slow upward steps, of his doubts and despairs, his experiments, devices, and defeats. He has seen life in all its aspects. His first meeting-house held from two hundred and fifty to three hundred people; it had nineteen female members and one male whom he wished out all the time he was there. The congregation could raise with difficulty two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars. He tells how he did menial drudgery, swept the meeting-house, made the fires, filled and lighted the lamps, begged money for his hymn-books, made himself all things to all men, bore insult from brutal people, and underwent severe humiliations in order to gain souls; how he studied hard, preached hard, worked hard at pastoral and missionary labor, plying every faculty and testing every expedient to serve the ends of his ministry. For three years he was drilled incessantly in posturing, gesture, and voice culture. He practised public speaking from the time of his sophomore year in college, delivering temperance lectures, holding conference meetings, neglecting no opportunity of speaking and thinking on his feet. He made a close study of theology, trained himself severely in the interpretation of the New Testament, compelling himself to give weekly lectures in it. He was a great reader of the old sermonizers, South and Barrow and Howe and Sherlock and Butler and Edwards, and, as he read, tried their methods on his own congregation. In a word, he learned his work experimentally and thoroughly, omitting nothing in bodily, mental, or spiritual training that might avail him in his ministry.

There is nothing new in Mr. Beecher's theory of preaching. Its prime object, he says to the young men, "is to bring Jesus Christ home to men, so that he shall be to them what he is to you." "The business you have in hand is not making sermons or preaching sermons; it is *saving men*." "No man is to preach for the sake of 'the truth,' nor for the sake of any 'system of truth,' but for the sake of the hearts and lives of the men who listen to his words." To effect this one object of bringing men to Christ, they must spare nothing of preparation; they must be themselves "little Christs." They must digest truth and make it personal. "Manhood is the best sermon." "Religion is harmonized human nature." "The true call to the ministry is the possession of those qualities that make a good minister: good sense, good nature, good health, and downright moral earnestness." They "must slam the door of possibility in no man's face." He charges them "not to run in the old grooves of Christian doctrine; not to hold the same generic ideas concerning men." If they do not make their theological systems conform to facts as they are, the time will not be far distant when the pulpit will be like the voice crying in the wilderness. They must be conversant with the strength and deeds of noble minds of all ages of the world. They ought to know what is done in the barn, in the cellar, in the vineyard, and everywhere. Regular study and continued observation are indispensable. They must study facts scientifically; they must make a study of the human soul and body from beginning to end. They must become acquainted with the works of such men as Bain and Spencer. They must go outside of the Bible, feel ashamed of themselves if they are not wiser than the apostles were in their day, preach Christianity as the wisest teachers of the past would preach it were they alive. They must cultivate a feeling of enthusiasm, and if it fails them, they had better simulate it for the moment for the sake of the effect on the audience. The past history of preaching Christianity is not to be their model; they must find a better mode. John Calvin lacked heart.

* "Yale Lectures on Preaching. By Henry Ward Beecher." New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Jonathan Edwards "was unconsciously under the grossly materializing theological habits of the mediæval schools."

This is brave talking, and that it is as sincere as it is brave is proved not so much by the simplicity in which the words are spoken, as by the example of the speaker himself. The divinity students in the most orthodox of schools might profit by this advice of a live minister. It cannot make them great, for it will not give them great souls; but it will help them to make the most of such souls as they have.

Frequent expressions in these pages indicate that the speaker is fully aware of the changed attitude of the preacher in modern cities, and that he is conscious that new measures are needed to meet new needs. No one better than he estimates the competitions of journalism, the rivalry of literature, the antagonism of trained intelligence, and the opposition of science. He is not afraid of these, for the business of saving souls is apart, independent, and superior. "There is one fact," he says, "that is not going to be overturned by science; and that is, the necessity of human development, and the capacity there is in man of being opened up and improved." And this is true, a very commonplace truth indeed. But literature, journalism, and general intelligence, or even science as popularly apprehended, are not the preacher's most formidable foes. A graver peril menaces his calling from the opinion that it is obsolete; that the business of "saving souls," of "bringing men to Christ," of "transforming man's nature through the Divine Spirit," as Mr. Beecher puts it, is a business that honest and enlightened men will not henceforth engage in as being reasonable or profitable. Should that opinion spread and prevail, the preacher's office, according to Mr. Beecher's interpretation of it, will lose its significance. True, a body of earnest men, trained in his manly school, would arrest the tendency to scepticism, perhaps throw it aside, or materially modify its cast. In any event, society will always have a place of use, influence, and respect for such educators of character, even though scientific methods of education shall supersede theological systems, and scientific views of human nature shall remand sentimental theories to a subordinate place.

Minority or Proportional Representation. Its Nature, Aims, History, Processes, and Practical Operation. By Salem Dutcher. (New York: U. S. Publishing Co.)—Mr. Dutcher's original contribution to the subject of this work is to be found in the first chapter of thirty-five pages. In reviewing the defects of the present electoral system, he shows by a number of computations from State and national elections, that "fifty-eight (58) per cent. of the voters secure all the representation, and forty-two (42) per cent. have none. Out of every 100 men who approach the polls, 60 make their suffrage count, and 40 might as well not vote at all; or, to reduce it to its last analysis, our present electoral system disfranchises 2 men out of 5." From this he derives a rule of universal application: "Given any general or extended election of representatives, and two-fifths of those voting at such election will not elect a single representative." On page 24 he gives a table of the actual and proportional representation in three Congresses—1866-71; and whoever studies it will understand how a great party so nearly equal in numbers to its rival as the Democratic, felt obliged either to abdicate (*i.e.*, adopt the "passive policy") or to sell itself (as at Baltimore). In the XLth Congress (House) there were only 49 Democrats to 142 Republicans, whereas, according to the total vote in the elections, the proportion should have stood 84 to 107 respectively. In the XLIst Congress: 83 Democrats and 159 Republicans, instead of 115 and 127. In the XLIId Congress: 106 Democrats and 136 Republicans, instead of 119 and 123. This disparity is also forcibly indicated in the table subjoined, which we reproduce entire (from p. 25):

	Vote.		Percentage.			
			Of Votes.		Of Members.	
	Republican.	Democratic.	R.	D.	R.	D.
XLth Congress, - -	2,179,645	1,825,928	·54	·46	·74	·26
XLIst Congress, - -	3,177,245	2,899,168	·52	·48	·67	·33
XLIId Congress, - -	2,786,547	2,726,500	·51	·49	·56	·44

And finally, here is the number of votes required to elect a Representative in the

XLth Congress, - - - Republican, 16,350, Democratic, 37,263
XLIst Congress, - - - " 19,982, " 34,930
XLIId Congress, - - - " 20,489, " 25,722

Facts like these speak to the most unlettered and dullest minds, and make us wish that this portion of Mr. Dutcher's volume could be printed separately and scattered broadcast as a tract; or used as a preface to any scheme of reformed representation that may be hereafter urged. The four succeeding chapters are occupied with the history of the movement down to the present year, and are fuller, especially for this country, than any similar compilation with which we are familiar. Mr. Dutcher has made, by the way, abundant use of Prof. W. R. Ware's article in the *Law Review* for January, but seems to have remained ignorant of its authorship to the last. For want of a better method, he has involved himself in a good deal of repetition of a not helpful sort. He is chronological at the expense of consecutiveness of narration, so that we skip from England to America, and back to Norway and Denmark, and again to Switzerland, in a way likely to mix our ideas sadly, and to prevent us from obtaining a *coup d'œil* of any one field. Nevertheless, all the principal devices for proportional representation are intelligently described, and a valuable amount of testimony, for and against, cited in connection with them. Our author is, perhaps, not quite so neutral as he would be thought, and does undoubtedly advocate the new reform; but he is perfectly fair, and allows his readers to look at both sides of the question, without appearing to be the partisan of any particular measure. His immediate purpose would have been better served if he had clearly summarized, State by State, the really substantial progress already made in this country towards a choice of methods by experiment. We think there are few readers who will not be surprised by the account of it here given in a disconnected way. It encourages us to believe that it will yet be possible to effect a revolution, going backwards in our democratic traditions and legislation, but forwards in the path of electoral purification, by which the basis of suffrage shall be intelligence and not "manhood" merely. For if the schemes of proportional representation secure a greater value for the individual vote, they also exact more of the individual voter. There is scarcely one of them, for example, but requires his signature to his ballot; and this, we trust, may be the least of the requirements of the future.

Window Gardening. Devoted specially to the Culture of Flowers and Ornamental Plants for In-door Use and Parlor Decoration. Edited by Henry T. Williams. (New York: Henry T. Williams. 1872).—If the literary workmanship of this book were of a higher order than it is, it might be recommended almost without reserve, as containing all needful information concerning the selection and care of house plants, and also—beyond what its title implies—concerning floriculture in general. Its abundant and well-chosen illustrations would often permit the text to be dispensed with; and a hasty turning of the leaves would suggest to the eye a great variety of modes of cultivating flowers adapted for all tastes, if not always, or generally, for small means. The numerous repetitions which increase the size of this volume without adding to its clearness as a guide, are the greatest fault with which we shall reproach the editor, who, in the borrowings which he frankly acknowledges, has sometimes used the scissors more freely than the pen. This fault, which occasionally involves apparent contradictions, is most visible in the general instructions. For example, we read (p. 26): "Plants require regular care. They cannot be watered and cared for once a week, and the rest of the time left to themselves, but they demand a daily amount of time to be spent upon them. Every morning, when house-cleaning is in order, the plants must be watered and cleaned." And on p. 39: "Great attention must be paid to general cleanliness. . . . Be sure and attend to the weekly washing; it is quite as essential to your plants as to your household cleanliness." Again, on p. 28; "A toy watering-pot, such as is used for children, is very useful for window gardening. If oil-cloth is laid under the stand, it can be used without much if any injury to the carpet or furniture." And on p. 37: "A small toy watering-pot, such as are sold for children's use, is of the greatest assistance; it will sprinkle the surface of tiny pots without wetting either stands or window glass. A piece of oil-cloth is an excellent protection to carpets, and should always be placed under every window and plant stand." The Lantana is treated of at length on p. 205, and more briefly, but still by itself, on p. 241. Chapter xxvi., on the decoration of parlors and living rooms, overlaps many of those which have preceded. Nor is the English of "Window Gardening" above criticism, though one example must suffice (p. 91): "Hanging baskets . . . . need very little care, their demands are not very exacting, and the chances of failure are very much less than plants of more sensitive nature, fit only for careful pot culture."

However, as we have intimated, if there is a want of system and of good writing in this volume, its fulness will probably satisfy most purchasers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Blake (Lady), The Lady of Lyndon	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) $1 25
Burnap (U. C.) and Wetmore (Dr. W. J.), The Athenæum; Part Songs for Ladies' Voices	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) 1 25
Burnap (U. C.) and Wetmore (Dr. W. J.), The Polytechnic: Music for Schools and Clubs	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) 1 25
Calkins (N. A.), Classified List of Object Teaching Aids, swd.	"

Cooley (A. J.), The Toilet in Ancient and Modern Times..(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hand-book of Perfumery and Cosmetics . . " "
Crookes (W.), Wagner's Handbook of Chemical Technology..(D. Appleton & Co.)
Crosby (Prof. A. B.), Eulogy of the late Nathan Lord, D.D., swd....(J. B. Parker) $0 25
Figuier (L.), The Vegetable World.....(D. Appleton & Co.)

Fine Arts.

PYGMALION AT WALLACK'S.

THE attempt to revive, in Mr. Gilbert's new piece at Wallack's, some form at least of the classic fable of Pygmalion and Galatea, is not only novel and interesting, but laudable for its spirit, and, to some extent, for the ability with which it has been carried out. The new drama is not so good as we could wish it, but it is too good to be slighted. For some years the very name of a mythic personage in a play-bill has suggested nothing better than burlesque and brutality, auburn wigs, and doubtful puns. The author who comes before us with anything resembling an appreciative version of a beautiful old myth like the one in question, deserves at least kindly welcome and respectful consideration. It may not be waste of time to spend a moment in enquiring how far he has failed, how far succeeded, and in either case the how and why.

Using just so much of the legend as suited his purpose, Mr. Gilbert has made *Pygmalion* not a king of Cyprus, but an Athenian sculptor, who loves his wife *Cynisca*, and, artist-like, has reproduced her form and features not only in countless other works, but, last and best, in his newly finished statue which he has christened *Galatea*. During his wife's temporary absence his impatience at the tantalizing perfection, yet imperfection, of his work, breaks out in complaints against the gods, when, to his amazement, the statue steps down, warm and lifelike, from its pedestal, and does him homage as its —or her—creator and master. Her reverential devotion rouses a corresponding affection in his own soul, which he tries to stifle by sending her away to the care of his sister *Myrine*, but *Galatea* resists, and by her indiscreet professions of regard rouses the wrath of the wife, now returned from her journey. *Cynisca*, formerly a nymph of Artemis, had married with the agreement, approved and confirmed by the gods, that whichever of the two should hereafter prove untrue should, on the prayer of the injured partner, be struck with blindness. This power she now uses, and on her imprecation *Pygmalion* is smitten by a flash of celestial lightning, and led off by his weeping sister. But *Galatea* repairs the mischief she has done. Speaking to the blind sculptor under the guise of his wife, she forgives him and condemns herself, and by so doing moves *Cynisca*, who has overheard her, to a like pity and forgiveness. *Pygmalion*, restored to sight by this wifely condonation, at first turns with horror from *Galatea*, the cause of all their woe, but repents his harshness on hearing the part she has played; and *Galatea*, saddened with her brief, unlucky venture in this troublous world, returns to her pedestal and insensibility.

The comic element of the piece is supplied by the loves of *Myrine* and *Leucippe*, interrupted by the ignorance of *Galatea*, who convinces the girl that her lover is a murderer for having killed a fawn; and by the humors of *Chrysos*, a would-be patron of art, who, coming to buy the statue, coquets with the woman, and comes to grief at the hands of his wife, *Daphne*, in consequence.

The piece, as thus outlined, evidently offers the elements of a very effective drama. The main theme of the story, apart from its traditional value, is in itself poetically beautiful and dramatically good, and Mr. Gilbert has judiciously developed the material supplied in the legend by neglecting the traditional ending—the marriage of *Galatea* and *Pygmalion* —and substituting the pathetic catastrophe we have indicated. So far all is well. If to his skill in mere dramatic construction the author had added a little more of lofty poetic inspiration, of more penetrative imagination, and a finer sense of artistic proprieties, he would have produced a drama which, whether successful in actual representation or no, would at least have deserved to be, and which, as a reading piece—a work of art —would have been, altogether graceful and complete. But the problem, apart from all question of practical stage requirements, and the demands of popular taste, is in itself a difficult one. To paint a woman, just now a statue, stepping at one stroke into a world of which in its material relations she knows nothing, but in which, by passionate intensity and innate sensitiveness, she is prepared to play her womanly part, is no easy matter, and calls for a large measure of the acuteness of the psychologist with the subtle discretion and fine taste of the poet and artist. With all thankful recognition of what Mr. Gilbert has achieved, we must take excuse for thinking that he has not been altogether at the height, as a Frenchman would say, of his task. The scene, for example, where *Galatea*, stepping down from the pedestal, declares her love for *Pygmalion*, affords a magnificent occasion for the display of such qualities as we have indicated. The very abnormal character of the position—the dawning of intelligence in the mind of the marble woman, warmed and permeated by a passion already full-blown—the surprise and confusion of *Pygmalion*, his self-struggle with the first symptoms of reciprocal passion, and his remorse at his own infidelity to *Cynisca*—the external incongruity, yet inherent and essential interest and beauty of the situation—all this should have stimulated the dramatist to his finest effort. The resultant scene might have been, for delicate fencing of word and play of thought, for subtle imagination and truth of analysis, an achievement in itself alone, and constituted the main feature of the drama. Though it would be injustice to the author to say that he has not done any of these things, he has not made the best use of his uncommonly good material. A better theme for imaginative treatment is rarely offered, or one in which lyric inspiration and emotional intensity might find fuller play. In reading Mr. Gilbert's scene, an exacting taste will be apt to think that it comes somewhat coldly off, and to take exception to some traits of awkward or mechanical construction, of deficient feeling, of triviality and incongruity, which might have been avoided.

But the most radical criticism on the whole piece is that the author—as the title shows—has made it a comedy, and not, as it should have been, a drama or an idyl. The whole story is in character ideally graceful, and in its catastrophe deeply pathetic. It needed serious but delicate and imaginative handling; not humor and farcical breadth. The very first touch of comedy will, to many tastes, spoil the whole picture, for in its coarse realism it stands out sharp against the airy background of the work, contrasts with its tender sentiment, and deprives it of probability. With such a subject there is but one step from the poem to the burlesque; and the author, having elected to write the first, should have kept to his choice. Thus, for instance, our sympathetic interest in the new and beautiful creature just born from the marble is shaken by the absurdity of her blunder about the fawn, and utterly destroyed by the school-girl readiness of her coquetry with *Chrysos*, which, however true, if the reader please, to realism, is offensive and false to art. The pompous vulgarity yet pusillanimity of the henpecked *Chrysos*, and the virago temper of *Daphne* would be droll in a farce, but are, or should be, as much out of place in an ideal work like the present as a group by Teniers or Hogarth on the tender and sweet simplicity of a background by Hamon or Sain.

Mr. Gilbert's verse is generally smooth, clear, and melodious, always expressive, and frequently rising to a very respectable grade of lyric warmth and color. The dialogue is terse, and often epigrammatic, if not brilliant, but sprinkled here and there with trivialities or commonplace, in thought or expression, which jar on a sensitive taste. A few downright vulgarisms have crept in, and not a few faulty lines, which even the imperfection of a cheap theatrical edition will hardly explain. It would have been well, too, if the author had made up his mind frankly at the outset whether to consider *Pygmalion* as a trisyllable or quadrisyllable, instead of bothering actor and auditor at once with the awkward juxtaposition of the two throughout the piece.

Of the acting of the drama at Wallack's, it only remains to be said, in brief, that it is not, on the whole, well calculated to bring out the merits of the work or gloss over its faults. Miss Rogers brings to the part of *Galatea* the experience of two hundred nights or more in its representation in London. She is a well-trained and judicious actress, and her deficiency, if such there be, lies in a certain lack of delicacy and subtlety of method, due less to imperfect intelligence than temperament. Mrs. Foster, in her ungrateful rôle of *Myrine*, is, as usual, graceful, simple, and pleasing. Mr. Stoddard is broadly funny as *Chrysos*, but it may be doubted whether his own gain is not the drama's loss. For the reasons given above, we are inclined to feel that the funnier he becomes, the more sharply and unpleasantly he sets off against what should be the dignified and poetic background of the play. Mme. Ponisi makes a conscientious but conventional *Daphne*, and Miss Challis, Mr. Boniface, and Mr. Polk display varying degrees of incompetence for their work.

The setting of *Pygmalion* is tasteful, rich, and measurably true to historic fact. The sculptor's house in the second act especially, with the fountain and cistern in the centre, the distant view of Athens, and the like, is beautifully mounted, if rather on the Roman than on the Grecian plan. Archæologic record will hardly justify an *impluvium* with the rear side open to the landscape, and we do not remember in plan or photograph any trace of the odd monstrosity, aqueduct or colonnade, or what not, which the artist has set up on the Acropolis. In the first regard, however, the necessities of scenic effect must, we suppose, take precedence of archæology; and, in the second, the scene-painter has at least the comfort of knowing that only a pragmatic few among his audience will be likely to refute him. The statue is excellently managed, and the gradual fading of *Galatea's* figure in the finale is a really admirable bit of applied science and artistic taste.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1872.

The Week.

THE managers of Greeley papers get an extraordinary amount of comfort—we hope they do at all events—by saying to themselves and each other, "We have one hundred and twenty-five votes sure if the South goes solid for Greeley, and as we shall carry New York and New Jersey, we shall only need to carry Indiana to elect our candidates." And then come exhortations to be Firm, to Stand Steadfast, to Listen to the Ringing this or that—sometimes a rubbishing proclamation, sometimes some Noble Words of Cheer from some badly demoralized Greeley editor, who, in his own office, is doing nothing more Ringing than heartily cursing his candidate, himself, and the Cincinnati Convention for saddling the Sacred Cause with a preposterous Greeley and a nearly as preposterous Brown. The reader who has not access to a number of Greeley journals would not believe that grown men could be childish enough to do the amount of whistling in a graveyard that is performed by our brethren. There is a forty fog-horn power in the blast, and the music is about as indicative of cheerfulness and unperplexity. What we were about to say, however, was, that the Greeleyites are just as certain to carry the South solid as they were of carrying Pennsylvania. There is no sound reason that we know of why South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, and North Carolina may not be counted for the Republicans, and Virginia and Alabama are reported as at the least doubtful. As for New York, we have as little doubt that it will go for Grant, and by a very good majority, as we have that the vote will be polled; and no well-informed Republican or Democrat would say that New Jersey is not very much more likely to go Republican than Democratic. But we suppose puerile falsehood must continue to the end of the campaign. Doubtless we are not alone in mourning the absence at this crisis of the famous "arithmetic man" of the *World*. A more entertaining pencil never moved among the mazes of election returns. Were he still in the field he might not perhaps be able to prove that Pennsylvania had gone for Greeley, but he would produce a "table" which, for neatness, and simplicity, and lucidity would far surpass any of those now in circulation.

A very entertaining illustration of the straits to which the Liberals are reduced appeared in the *Tribune* of Tuesday week. It was there announced that the collector of the port at Philadelphia had been arrested, on a charge of having "attempted to bribe an election judge"—that is, had been *accused* of doing so. It then adds solemnly: "The United States collector *thus punished*, etc., is a brother-in-law of Simon Cameron"! What does the Springfield *Republican* think of this mode of carrying out the Sermon on the Mount? Is the "essence" or "basis" of this sort of thing to be found in the Christian religion, or does it know of any Old Gentleman to whose little game it bears a painful resemblance?

We do not believe that there is in this city—Mr. Murphy, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, Mr. Brennan, Mr. John Kelly, and Mr. Havemeyer included—any one who can tell precisely what will be the issue of the municipal contest, for we doubt if it is known for a certainty by everybody concerned whether the Custom-house people have or have not "sold" O'Brien, and, that point being settled, we doubt if it is known to all concerned what O'Brien will do, or what, being willing, he can do in the premises. Have the decent men in the party determined that Murphy may personally keep his alleged bargain with O'Brien, but that the latter shall not be allowed to "run him out of the boxes" on election day? Does O'Brien know this, and will he take a sufficient revenge? Having discovered it, is he trying to bargain with Brennan to give everything else but the mayoralty to Tammany if Tammany will throw over Lawrence? These and many similar questions will be settled before very many days, or hours, and there will be a better probability of calculating the chances of the triangular contest and its bearing upon the issue in the State at large. The story goes that there was a bargain; that under pressure from the respectable Republicans, backed by the successes in October, it had to be broken; and that O'Brien, to save his future and some of his prestige, will bargain with Tammany rather than be beaten, as without the help of the Grant men he must be.

The Judiciary nominations have been of good character, a great gain having been the defeat in Tammany of City Judge Bedford and District Attorney Garvin. Bedford, however, may, it is thought, get the Apollo Hall nomination, and perhaps be elected, and again make the administration of justice farcical. We must say we think all this muddle is a good comment on the Morton-Conkling way of running a great party. Does anybody suppose that but for their rule-or-ruin policy the Republican party in unbroken harmony would have found it necessary to place reliance on such men and such tactics as have guided its course in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and here? We do not in the least believe it. An Indianapolis journal is severe upon us for our attacks upon Morton, and defends his energy, which is notorious, and his ability, which we never questioned—unless, indeed, it is questioning his ability to say that in proposing his repudiation scheme, and urging it because he mistakenly supposed "the people" wanted it, his course smacked of the needlessly cunning and blundering demagogue. That, perhaps, is questioning his ability, if one comes to think of what constitutes true ability in a senator and political leader, but it leaves him, we dare say, all the ability which his Indianapolis friend would assert to be his. That he did carry Indiana after a fashion is to be admitted; and he did, too, as we fully believe, make it so hard as it was to carry Indiana at all. We only wish there were enough Indiana legislators of our way of thinking to keep him out of the Senate for this next term. It is not by such management as his that Republicanism is to be kept prosperous, or we are very much mistaken. And much the same thing may be said of Mr. Conkling, whose policy, had it not been eked out by Mr. Weed's—who is indeed a political leader—would in all probability have cost the party New York, whereas General Dix's nomination has helped the general canvass here and elsewhere very decidedly. Because Pennsylvania was carried by 35,000 majority, the fact does not disappear that many thousands of Republicans the country through were thoroughly disgusted with the ascendancy of the counsels that have governed General Grant to his great injury during the past two years.

The South Carolina election has had one good result, and that was the adoption of an amendment to the constitution which would go far towards pleasing Mr. O'Conor, as it forbids the legislature's contracting any debt without submitting the proposed contract to the people at a popular election. For this amendment both parties voted with great unanimity. Moses, the Ring candidate for the governorship, was successful, but by a majority which has not been reported, as returns come in very slowly. So far as we can make out, Mr. Tomlinson secured a part of the colored vote, but apparently the white vote was very imperfectly called out. Thus, at Bennettsville, which is the county town of Marlborough District, we read that "about one-third of the white vote was polled," and that "no tickets were furnish by the Bolters, so that voters who were for that side had to prepare their own tickets." This, we suppose, points

less to a lack of means on the part of the opposition, though they had too little money for the legitimate expenses of the campaign, than to the presence of trickery. All sorts of things are done with tickets in South Carolina as well as elsewhere. From Sumter District, which lies near the centre of the State, beside the District in which the city of Columbia is situated, we hear that "neither ticket received the support of the whole voters; a full vote was not polled—say about 1,200 in the town of Sumter." In Kingstree, in Williamsburg District, in the southeastern part of the State, "very few Conservatives voted, and no interest was felt in the election." In the northwestern part of the State, among the hills and the smaller farmers, "there is a general feeling of encouragement among the whites as to the result of the election, on account of the independence shown by the colored voters," many of them voting the Bolters' ticket; but in general the whites staid from the polls, and everything went by default. Apparently, then, the Ring is to have control for the next four years; but nothing is eternal; and we advise all widows and orphans who hold South Carolina bonds to look out for the opposition when once it does come into power. The Georgia Democrats had not half the temptation to repudiate which the Republican rascals have given the South Carolinians, but they made short work of repudiating.

The *Tribune* publishes a "confidential" circular, signed by A. B. Cornell, the Surveyor of this port, as Chairman of the Republican Committee in this city, and addressed to a "Bank President"—we presume Mr. Williams of the Metropolitan, who is the only bank president we have heard of in this part of the world who supports Mr. Greeley—soliciting contributions towards the expenses of the campaign. There is one passage in it which we should like very much to have *Harper's Weekly* explain. It is this: "The Committee has determined not to make assessments upon Federal and State officers, as has been usual heretofore, and therefore we have to rely on such voluntary contributions as they, together with other friends of the cause, may be pleased to make." Now, we were under the impression that assessments on office-holders had been absolutely prohibited. According to Mr. Cornell and his brethren, however, it is optional with the political committee to levy them or not, which, if true, makes the reform a mockery. How is it? Is Mr. Cornell deceiving the faithful by making a virtue of necessity, or could he really levy "assessments" if he pleased? In other words, have we no guarantee that this detestable practice has been abolished beyond the forbearance and self-restraint of the high-minded body of citizens who "manage" the Grant business at the Fifth Avenue Hotel?

Mr. Sumner having declined to be tremendously beaten in his own State, the Democratic and Liberal Republican State Committees have met and designated Mr. F. W. Bird as their candidate for the Governorship, and Mr. Bird has accepted the nomination. We should suppose that Liberal Republicans who were in favor of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's nomination, and who knew that Mr. Bird, Mr. Sumner's next friend, went out to Cincinnati and did his all, be it much or little, to defeat Mr. Adams, might now feel like visiting on Mr. Bird's head his action at that time. And we should suppose that Democrats whom Mr. Bird helped to deprive of so good a candidate, and upon whom he was instrumental in laying so delightful a candidate as the one they have got, might also be willing that he should poll the smallest vote ever yet cast for a Democratic candidate in Massachusetts. Mr. Bird's contribution to the canvass thus far has been a speech, which was a sort of compilation and synopsis of old letters written by Mr. Sumner to Mr. Bird. What effect was to be expected of it we do not see, unless it was to show that in 1856, when Mr. Sumner lay sick after what he describes as "my assassination," the monster Henry Wilson "fraternized" with Mr. Sumner's enemies at Washington. Other Massachusetts news of significance is that rumor—

"Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri"—

asserts Butler to be giving underhand aid to Banks—a fine pair, and calculated to be useful to one another, but not likely, we fancy, to assist each other effectually this time.

We gave, two weeks ago, an account of the "pleasing picture" of American society which some of our metropolitan papers had been presenting to an astonished world during the present canvass. A few touches which we overlooked or which have been added to it since then, greatly heighten its effect. It appears that the editors of one of our leading journals have been committing theft or other criminal offences at the house of a prominent member of the New York bar, who in his turn—in order to recoup his losses, we suppose—has been cheating a great railroad corporation of which he was director out of the sum of $30,000, although he is a very rich man. The Attorney-General of the State of New York, too, has been bribing the Speaker of the Assembly to procure legislation for the beggarly sum of $1,500, and he did this in complicity with two of the foremost lawyers in America, the partners of the leading American counsel before the Geneva Tribunal. The editor of another metropolitan paper, who, it appears, is a "professional libeller"—that is, makes a living by slandering people for hire—declares that the President and some prominent members of the United States Senate were probably instrumental in having the office of a hostile newspaper in North Carolina blown up with gunpowder, and we learn on the same authority that the foremost American magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, employs as a writer on politics a person who is at once a "witling," a "gosling," and a "crétin"—that is, an incurable idiot with a huge tumor growing on the side of his neck. One, at least, of the editors of the *Evening Post* is a "roaring idiot," and the editor of the *Times* is deterred from discussing the sufferings of emigrants on board ship by his "harrowing recollections" of his own sufferings as a steerage passenger, and the editor of the *Tribune* has "forged" the name of the Speaker of the House of Representatives for the purpose of convicting him of gross corruption.

It is quite plain that the machinery is being put in motion for the issue of at least $44,000,000 more greenbacks. It was hinted at vaguely a few weeks ago, during the monetary "squeeze," as a thing the Secretary of the Treasury possibly might do; then came a money article in the New York *Times*, showing how beneficial the effects of the Secretary's late action in selling gold and buying bonds had been in "making money easy"; mentioning casually, as it were, that many of our leading financiers were of the opinion that the business of the country had "outgrown" the present volume of the currency, and that a little addition to it is just what we need; and now comes the news that "several delegations of business men will be in Washington from the West" next week, to urge the Secretary to issue $44,000,000 more greenbacks. "Meetings," too, in support of the same scheme begin to be heard from in various parts of the country. Indeed, the harmonious working of the whole arrangement cannot but excite admiration. But one can hardly wonder, when one sees this sort of thing, that the Labor Reform Conventions call on the Government to supply unlimited greenbacks to workingmen also. It is right to add, that many cynical and evil-minded persons look on the whole movement as a gigantic attempt by the national "bulls" to aid in raising the price of a few useful commodities, of which, singularly enough, they have about this time considerable quantities to sell.

The annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine are at last fairly German, the process of making their "option" having been gone through by the population, and something is now known of

the result. By the terms of the treaty, any resident in ceded territory had the privilege any time before the 1st of October in this year of filing a declaration before a magistrate of his intention to remain a Frenchman, and by so doing he retained his old nationality. The popular impression was, however, that this might be done without any change of residence, but the German authorities dispelled this illusion very speedily by announcing that all persons who retained their French nationality would have to make a change of domicile, or, in other words, quit German soil. The consequence is that only those who are so well off that it makes no material difference to them where they live, or that they can afford to make some sacrifice to patriotism, have retained their French citizenship—that is, about 200,000 in all, or about ten per cent. of the population, mostly inhabitants of the towns. The peasantry all stay where they are, and indeed seem to care very little about the change, and will probably be tolerably good Germans in a few years. But large numbers of the young men have enlisted in the French army, knowing that they would have to serve in the German army if they stayed at home, and naturally preferring the one to which Alsace has for a century at least furnished its best soldiers. The effect of the emigration in the towns is said to be very sad, but the wailings of Frenchmen over it are rather ill-timed. The time for mourning and lamentation was in June, 1870. When a people goes to war of its own accord, it ought to meet the ordinary results of war manfully and without whimpering; and that war is very apt to result in the transfer of territory is a fact with which Frenchmen were as familiar in 1870 as they are now.

The agitation for the Disestablishment of the English Church, to which our London correspondent refers, has begun in good earnest by the holding of a conference in Birmingham, at which Mr. Miall, the great Dissenter, was the leading figure, but which was attended by members of all branches of Radicalism. This agitation has taken its present threatening dimensions under the influence of the discontent excited by the working of the Education Act, which we described some time ago, but it is stimulated by other, many of them smaller, agencies. For instance, all over England, except in a few of the large cities, the burial places are literally churchyards—that is, consecrated ground attached to the parish churches, and under the control of the Episcopal ministers, many of whom outrage the feelings of Nonconformist parents, as well as of others, by refusing to bury unbaptized infants, and, in some cases, persons of whose opinions and ways of life they do not approve. Moreover, the consecration of burying-ground carries with it in England certain legal consequences, one of which is that nobody has a right to perform funeral services on such ground without a license from the Bishop, and there thus results in many of the cemeteries a line of demarcation between the consecrated and the unconsecrated ground; and in the country districts the feelings of Dissenters are constantly outraged by their inability to have their friends buried under the ministration of their own pastors. But more powerful than all these influences is the growing restlessness under the exaltation of one denomination over another—a phenomenon which the spread of rationalistic views of government and society renders every day more odious even to those who care nothing for the religious objections to the Establishment.

The "pact of Bordeaux," or truce between the Radicals and Conservatives in France, seems to have come to an end. The Conservative story is that M. Gambetta, who has never displayed any talents except those of a stump-orator, after supporting M. Thiers for many months in the Assembly, has, to use the phrase of our own politicians, "gone back" on him, by denouncing the Assembly and all its belongings very fiercely in a speech at Grenoble, which he has been repeating in substance at several other places. He has been very silent ever since January, and was gradually acquiring in the eyes of his audiences the reputation of a shrewd, moderate man, who, as long as the Republic was safe, would give no trouble, and even help to heal old discords. But the rôle of a silent Moderate has become insupportable to him, so he has come out as savagely against the Conservatives, and in fact all that portion of the French people who do not agree with him, as in the days when M. Thiers called him a "fou furieux." As a measure of conciliation, Thiers had left the mayors appointed by Gambetta in office; but since the Grenoble speech it is said he has determined to remove them all, particularly as they have been giving Gambetta enthusiastic "receptions" on his travels. In the meantime, the speech is exciting an amount of alarm and rage among the Conservatives which seems extraordinary to us who are not accustomed, as the French are, to see blatherskite harangues followed by fighting. To read some of the articles in the French papers one would imagine Gambetta was already in arms against "society." M. de Mazade has written an article in the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the ex-Dictator's "strategy," when he was down on the Loire during the war, based on the information furnished by the various French and German reports published since the peace, which is both melancholy and instructive. M. de Mazade describes the antics which the orator was going through in his new rôle of a "Minister of War," when Prince Frederic Charles came down on him and crushed him like an egg-shell.

Gambetta and his friends, however, allege in defence of his declaration of war that the "reaction" is again at work, and has to be warned that the eye of the people is upon it; that it is deceiving M. Thiers, whose best friend Gambetta is; that the Assembly dreads dissolution, and are laying their plans, as they cannot have a monarchy, to set up a kind of republic that will keep them in power; that their programme proposes the restriction of the suffrage, the establishment of a second chamber, and the election of the President by the two chambers for five years, making the princes of the royal and imperial houses ineligible, but only for ten years, by which time they hope the long-sought "fusion" between the two Bourbon branches will have been effected. In other words, the Conservatives are charged with only accepting the republic as a temporary measure, and with trying to arrange matters in such fashion that it shall only be temporary, and it is in prevention of this scheme that Gambetta is rousing the provinces.

There is a curious little "movement" showing itself in England about the Geneva award, having for its object the unfortunate Mr. Laird, the builder of the *Alabama*. A Conservative member of Parliament suggested two or three weeks ago on the stump that this gentleman should be made to pay a portion at least of "the lump sum," and the idea has proved quite taking, and letters begin to crop out in the newspapers supporting it warmly. One writer in the London *Times* compliments Mr. Laird on "the ardor of his disinterested sympathy for the gallant struggle" of the South, but takes it for granted that now that his own country has suffered through his exertions, he will be only too anxious to help to pay the bill, and suggests his heading a subscription list with something like $100,000 or $150,000. A good many other people ought in honor, however, to back him up—all those, for instance who cheered him in the House of Commons when he said he would "sooner have built the *Alabama* than have made all Bright's speeches." The same correspondent makes one other excellent suggestion, viz., that all shipbuilders should be made personally liable for depredations committed by vessels built and illegally fitted out in their yards for participation in foreign wars. This would not only ensure caution, but procure for the police early and reliable information of what was going on. If Mr. Laird had been liable for the doings of the *Alabama*, we may depend upon it neither the American Consul in Liverpool nor Mr. Adams would have had any difficulty in getting evidence about her. He would have had all the news from headquarters, whatever the effect on "struggling nationalities," and Mr. Laird would have passed through the crisis as "a business man" simply, and have eschewed all sentimental leanings towards either North or South.

A STUDY IN MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

WE are just approaching another interesting crisis in the government of this city which will well repay the attention of political observers in all parts of the world, certainly in all parts of this country. Our readers may remember that the reform movement of last year fell far short of its goal, and greatly disappointed its principal supporters. It was confidently expected by them that not only would the plunderers of the Treasury be driven from office, but that the system under which they got into office would be changed, and the recurrence of the set of phenomena known as the "Ring thefts" be thus effectually and permanently prevented. Accordingly, for some time after the November election their attention was devoted almost exclusively to the work of framing a new charter, and during this process there was a good deal of valuable and instructive discussion about the bases of municipal government. The conclusion at which they arrived was that any change in the composition of the constituency or any limitation of its powers being hopeless, the only thing to be done was so to rearrange the legislative and administrative machinery as to make corrupt combinations more difficult than they had been, and to give the minority a representation; and a charter framed under this theory was submitted to the Legislature, under the impression that that body was bent on radical reform. But it was soon found that the Legislature was not by any means in a reforming mood; that the evil influences which have reigned at Albany for some years back had lost little of their power. The new charter was, moreover, vetoed by the Governor, on the ground, among others, that the minority representation clause was unconstitutional. The city was thus thrown back on the old charter, which undoubtedly has its defects, but it does not restrain the expression of the popular will, and the reforming spirit has had full room and liberty to work upon the voters during the past year. We are now about to witness the result of the conflict between this spirit and the old agencies, and shall be able to form some idea of the power of the former to hold its own, or make progress in ordinary times, and after the excitement caused by the discovery of the Ring frauds has died out. The Presidential election has, it is true, introduced a disturbing element into the municipal experiment which will deprive it of a good deal of its value for the moment; but then we must remember that Presidential elections there must be, and one of the signs of a good municipal system in America is its ability to resist the strain which these elections impose on it, or, in other words, to resist their influence in turning the municipal vote away from its legitimate object—the efficiency of the city government.

One of the first things deserving note in the present situation is this, that the union between reformers which brought about the victory of last year has not lasted. They are now divided into two camps, one calling itself a "Reformed Tammany," and the other Republican, and they have nominated two separate tickets, both for the administrative and judicial offices—that of the Republicans very good, that of the Democrats simply not bad. That is, the Republicans, who may be said in a rough way to represent in this city the well-to-do classes, have put up well-known men of positive excellence. Their candidate for the mayoralty, Mr. Havemeyer, though a Democrat in politics, is a person of the highest character, of long experience in affairs, who has already filled the mayoral chair, and who bore perhaps the most prominent part in the break-up of the Ring last year. Their two judicial candidates, Mr. Noah Davis and Mr. Van Vorst, are men also of the best standing in their own profession and in the community. Turning to Tammany, we find in every one of their nominations the result of a sort of compromise between the respectable leaders like Mr. Tilden and the "roughs" who compose the rank and file. In such of the discussions of the nominations as have been made public, we find that the rank and file are still attached to the leaders of the old stamp, and only restrained from putting them forward by the prudent admonitions of the managers as to the danger they would cause the ticket. The nominees are accordingly all second-rate, little-known men, who, though no positive "charges" can be made against them, are nevertheless persons whose career does not entitle them to public confidence in the full sense of the word; that is, they are about as respectable as the captains of hundreds and captains of fifties who bring the Tammany voters to the polls, would permit the head men to put forward.

But now we come to the most interesting feature in the situation. Those of our readers who can recall our own contributions to the discussion of municipal government last year, may remember that we held to the theory that, as long as the character of the electoral body was not changed either by depriving municipalities of their political character and converting them into quasi-commercial associations, or by bringing the pecuniary burdens of municipal government home by direct taxation to all voters, none of the dangerous tendencies of our city politics would disappear; or, in other words, that as long as the soil on which Tweed grew remained, Tweeds would continue to reappear; that you might shut one "Boss" up in jail, but another Boss would speedily occupy the vacant place. If 20,000 or 30,000 or 40,000 citizens demand a "Boss," how are they to be hindered from having him? is, in fact, the great question of New York politics. That that number of our citizens do demand a Boss is, we think, a fair deduction from the vote for the Ring at the last election. It numbered over 50,000, and this with the frauds before them, and the decent men of the community frenzied with indignation. Many people do not like to contemplate facts of this kind—they are unpleasant, and seem to cast much discredit on popular government; but it is only by the resolute facing of facts that popular government can last anywhere, so let us look at them manfully. How much has the reform movement done to make "Bosses" impossible, and is there a "Boss" now in the field?

To the first of these questions the election will be the best answer, and it is because it will answer it that we pronounce the present crisis so interesting. To the second we reply that there *is* a Boss in the field, and that his career is a very instructive subject of study. His name is James O'Brien. He is a young Irishman, who, we believe, has never followed any regular calling, and whose public career began as a ward politician of the class so powerful a few years ago under the appellation of "shoulder-hitters." While filling this position he was indicted certainly, and his enemies say served a term in the penitentiary, as a rioter. He is grossly ignorant and illiterate. Whether he can read at all is questioned by some, but all admit that if he can read he only learned to do so after the age of twenty. Over his ability to write there is a fierce controversy. His enemies deny that he can write a line, but we understand that one of his supporters declares that he has seen him write several notes, although nobody claims for him anything beyond a slight acquaintance with either of these arts. As we have said, he has been in "politics" from his boyhood, speedily became a prominent member of Tammany, and finally became Sheriff under the "Ring." He filled this office as all offices were filled at that period, and when he went out of office made a claim against the confederation, which was undoubtedly fraudulent, for $104,000, which they foolishly refused to pay. Whereupon he carried their secret accounts to the *Times*, and appeared as a "reformer of municipal corruption." He is tall, muscular, good-looking, strictly temperate, luxurious in his dress and equipages, and, by careful cultivation of the very arts by which Tweed won the Seventh Ward—that is, the distribution of largesses among the captains of hundreds, the donation of large quantities of coal to the poor in winter, the furnishing of employment on city works to the idle, the protection of criminals from the pursuit of the District Attorney—he is now possessed of a following in voters which he estimates at 30,000, and which obeys him as an army obeys the general, and he "runs" a political organization of his own called the "Apollo Hall Organization," which has just nominated him for the mayoralty. What his real strength is will appear on election day; but the way in which he uses it certainly is calculated to make him a formidable person. How formidable he is, is best shown by the

fact, for fact it is, that in case Greeley had carried two of the three October States, the Republican managers at the very least seriously contemplated offering him the nomination for the mayoralty as the best means of securing this State for Grant. O'Brien is a perfectly frank "modern man," and he brought the subject under the prayerful consideration of these gentlemen, by informing them that he would cast his 30,000 votes for any party which helped to put him at the head of the municipal government. O'Brien's career will now repay the careful watching of all students of politics.

THE "OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT."

THE secession from the Church of Rome in Germany and elsewhere which has taken the above name, and is now exciting so much attention, has a number of things in its favor which prevent the great body of Protestants, both in this and other countries, from forming candid and rational opinions about its real weight and importance. There is, of course, first and foremost, the strong hold on the Protestant imagination of all signs, however insignificant, of the internal decay of the Papal organization. This has been the subject of so much preaching and prophecy, and the object of so much prayer, that the slightest promise of it is seized upon by the more devout members of the heretic world with a faith that treats all attempts to disabuse it as almost blasphemous. Indeed, with the greater portion of orthodox Protestant believers, to doubt that the "great whore of Babylon" is near her ruin is almost like doubting the truths of Revelation. This force is in constant operation, makes a hero of the most insignificant convert, and elevates the most trifling schism into the rank of a new and final Reformation. It made, indeed, nearly as much of the Ronge movement as it is making of the Döllinger movement, and is in no wise diminished or abated by any number of disappointments.

The Protestant world, too, has been for fifteen or twenty years somewhat puzzled by the decline of the anti-Papal zeal which once raged in all Protestant countries, and by the disappearance of nearly all interest in the Roman Catholic controversy. The crusade against Popery which was set on foot by the section of the Protestant church known as "Evangelical" immediately after the restoration of peace in 1815, and which once promised such great results, has confessedly proved a total failure. Few people of intelligence can now be got to read a book or listen to a lecture proving the Pope to be the "Man of Sin." The line which separated Catholic from Protestant territory has in no part of the world been seriously disturbed. If social philosophers have not ceased to ascribe the misery or happiness of this or that community to its religious opinions, they have ceased to talk of wholesale conversion to "Bible Christianity" as a good means of social or political regeneration. The thoughts of reformers are now turned in a far different direction, and Evangelical Christians see looming up before them a very different danger. Moreover, it must be admitted that the political decline of the Papacy has contributed a good deal to the diminution of the odium which once surrounded it in Protestant eyes. The traditions of the days when the Pope undertook to dethrone monarchs and transfer kingdoms have died out. His emissaries no longer lurk in disguise in Protestant cellars, and his armies no longer march forth to the conquest of heathendom. Fifty years of Austrian and French protectorate had, indeed, made him from a political point of view almost contemptible as well as powerless, even before the Italians had stripped him of the insignia of sovereignty. These changes had made all the ordinary modes of assaulting the Papacy useless, and had given it a sort of porcupine's impregnability; and zealous Protestants were sorely puzzled what to do next, when the new secession showed itself, and showed itself in a most attractive form, headed by theologians of high standing, and caused by the operation of that very tendency to tyranny against which Protestants had so long declaimed.

This movement comes, too, at a moment when the temporal power in the leading European countries is greatly interested in promoting it. The Syllabus was a declaration of war against the principles on which the government of every civilized society is now based; and it was especially hostile to the new political organizations set up in Italy and Germany. Its adoption by the Council of the Vatican made it all the more troublesome, if not formidable, and gave the politicians of those two countries a strong motive for fostering the tendency to revolt against the decrees of the Council. Moreover, the newly bestowed powers of the Pope promised to furnish him with weapons, not of offence, but of serious annoyance, and with which the secular power could not, under the most favorable circumstances, contend, except at a disadvantage. We have no idea that Bismarck would now relish or looks for a religious revolution among German Catholics; but he is undoubtedly very glad to be able to say that respectable Catholic theologians are on his side, and that it is not brute force simply which has driven out the Jesuits, and which is pursuing the Bishop of Ermeland.

Though last, not least, this revolt derives more or less support from the anxiety of a considerable portion of the Anglican Church to escape from its purely national and insular position, and enter into formal relations with one or more of the ecclesiastical bodies of continental Europe. The hankering after this of the High-Church and Ritualistic parties in England has grown stronger as their restlessness under the yoke of the state has increased, and has shown itself in a very marked flirtation with the Greek Church. The Old Catholic movement, inasmuch as it resembles what many English churchmen would fain believe the origin of their own church to have been —a great act of adhesion to the form of sound doctrine abandoned by the popes—has appealed both to their imagination and their interests. Accordingly, we find both extremes of their opinion represented in the Cologne Congress.

When, however, we come to enquire what is likely to be the result of all this, we find ourselves in the presence of a great deal of extravagant and unreasonable expectation. That it will result in releasing a considerable number of persons from their allegiance to the Church of Rome, and that it will weaken the faith of a great many more, we do not doubt; but what justification there is for the hope that it will add anything to the strength of organized Protestantism, or to the power of any existing creed, it is hard to see. If a common creed, or, in other words, a doctrinal platform, be necessary to the strength or even the existence of any organization that can be called a church, as we believe it is, the chances of the new movement must be considered rather dismal, for, as we remarked last week, it would almost need a miracle to produce a form of belief concerning life, and death, and judgment, to which the schismatics who met at Cologne a month ago could give in their hearty adhesion. However little effect the discussions of the last twenty years may have had in shaking men loose from their old creeds, it has made the formation of new ones a terribly difficult undertaking. In our time, we find men often devotedly attached to the religious ideas in which they have been bred, but to find a man greatly attached to religious ideas which he has consciously constructed for himself, is rare indeed; and the passage of a considerable body of Catholics into the ranks of orthodox Protestantism is something which the intellectual history of the past century almost justifies us in pronouncing impossible. Catholics pass out of Catholicism into Deism in great numbers; but, as the history of Unitarianism in this country has pretty well proved, you cannot build a church upon Deism unless, like Judaism, it is surrounded by great political and social traditions.

The notion that a parallel can be found between this movement and the Reformation is one which can only be likened for absurdity to Gambetta's belief that he was able to reproduce in 1870 the storm which in 1792 had swept the Prussian invaders from French soil. The times have changed since Luther defied the Pope and wrestled with the Devil, and men have changed too. Luther led out from the church, which then contained the only key the age had at its command for the solution of any social or religious problem, a body of men to whom belief was as necessary as the air they breathed, and who approached none of the world's mysteries

except from the theological side; they could not do without a new church, and they possessed an absolutely new light—indeed to them a new revelation—the Bible, to help them to build it up. Their expectations as to the character of the church they were to construct were of the most extravagant kind. We of this age, with our three hundred years of experience, know how fallacious these hopes were. We know that the Bible may be in every man's hand, and any general agreement about the truth be still as far off as ever. We know that all Christendom might forsake the Pope, and yet all the dark things of life remain dark as ever. We know that priests may marry, and impurity continue. We see churches rise and decline, interpretations multiply, creeds change, and yet the way of salvation continue to the great mass of men even harder to find and harder to follow than it was when Tetzel sold his indulgences. To suppose that this experience, deep and sad as much of it is, has been lost on the world, and that men can again be led into the wilderness in a great army to search for the promised land of certainty and repose, is to cherish a chimera. The great strength of the Church of Rome lies now in the fact that he who quits her knows not whither he is going, and can find no man to tell him. It is this which leads thousands to cling to her, to whom she has ceased to be a nursing mother.

THE ENGLISH LECTURERS.

MR. FROUDE.

MR. FROUDE announced that his object in coming to America was to enlighten the American public as to the true nature of Irish discontent, in such manner that American opinion, acting on Irish opinion, would reconcile the Irish to the English connection, and turn their attention to practical remedies for whatever was wrong in their condition—American opinion being now in Irish eyes the court of last resort in all political controversies. It is casting no reflection on the historical or literary value of his lectures to say that Mr. Froude, in proposing to himself any such undertaking, fell into error as to the kind of audience he was likely to command, and as to the nature of the impression he was likely to make. The class of persons who listen to him is one of great intelligence and respectability, but it is a class to which the Irish are not in the habit of listening, and which has already formed as unfavorable opinions about the political character of the Irish as Mr. Froude could wish. He will be surrounded during his whole tour by a public to whose utterances the Irish pay no more attention than to the preachings of Mr. Newdegate or Mr. Whalley, and who have long ago reached from their observation of the influence of the Irish immigration on American politics the very conclusions for which Mr. Froude proposes to furnish historical justification. In short, he is addressing people who have either already made up their minds, or whose minds have no value for the purposes of his mission.

On the other hand, he will not reach at all the political class which panders to Irish hatred of England, and, if he does reach it, he will produce no effect on it. Not one speech the less will be uttered, or article the less written, in encouragement of Fenianism in consequence of anything he may say. Indeed, the idea that the Bankses will be more careful in their Congressional reports, or the Coxes or Mortons in their political harangues, either after or before election, in consequence of Mr. Froude's demonstration of the groundlessness of Fenian complaints, is one which to "the men inside politics" must be very amusing.

We think, however, we can safely go a little further than this, and say that however much light he may throw on the troubled waters of Irish history, his deductions will not find a ready acceptance among thinking Americans. The men who will heartily agree with him in believing that the Irish have, on the whole, only received their due, are not as a rule fair exponents of the national temper or of the tendencies of the national mind. Those who listened on Friday night last to his picturesque account of the Elizabethan and Cromwellian attempts to pacify Ireland, must have felt in their bones that—in spite of the cheers which greeted some of his more eloquent and some of his bolder passages, and in particular his dauntless way of dealing with the Drogheda Massacre—his political philosophy was not one which the average American could be got to carry home with him and ponder and embrace. Mr. Froude, it must in justice to him be said, by no means throws all the responsibility of Irish misery on Ireland. He deals out a considerable share of this responsibility to England, but then his mode of apportioning it is one which is completely opposed to most of the fundamental notions of American politics. For instance, his whole treatment of Irish history is permeated by an idea which, whatever marks it may have left on American practice in dealing with the Indians, has no place now in American political philosophy—we mean what is called in English politics "the imperial idea"—the idea, that is, that a strong, bold, and courageous race has a sort of "natural right" to invade the territory of weak, semi-civilized, and distracted races, and undertake the task of governing them by such methods as seem best, and at such cost of life as may be necessary. This idea is a necessary product of English history; it is not likely to disappear in England as long as she possesses such a school for soldiers and statesmen as is furnished by India. Indeed, she could not stay in India without some such theory to support her troops, but it is not one which will find a ready acceptance here. American opinion has, within the last twenty years, run into the very opposite extreme, and now maintains with some tenacity the right even of barbarous communities to be let alone and allowed to work out their own salvation or damnation in their own way. There is little or no faith left in this country in the value of superimposed civilization, or of "superior minds," or of higher organization, while there is a deep suspicion of, or we might say there is deep hostility towards, all claims to rule based on alleged superiority of race, or creed, or class. We doubt if Mr. Froude could have hit on a more unpalatable mode, or a mode more likely to clash with the prevailing tendencies of American opinion, of defending English rule in Ireland than the argument, that, Englishmen being stronger and wiser than Irishmen, Irishmen ought to submit to have themselves governed on English ideas whether they like it or not. He has produced this argument already in England, and it has elicited there a considerable amount of indignant protest. We are forced to say of it here that it is likely to do great mischief, over and above the total defeat of Mr. Froude's object in coming to this country. The Irish in America are more likely to be exasperated by it than the Irish at home, and we feel sure that no native American will ever venture to use it to an Irish audience.

There is one other point to which Mr. Froude's attention ought to be called, as likely seriously to diminish the political weight of his exposition of the causes of Irish discontent. The sole justification of a conquest, even of a conquest achieved over barbarians by a civilized people, is that it supplies good government—that is, protection for life and property. Unless it does this, no picture, however dark, of the discords and disorder and savagery of the conquered can set the conqueror right at the bar of civilized opinion. Therefore, the shocking and carefully darkened pictures of the social and political degradation of the native Irish in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries with which Mr. Froude is furnishing us, are available for English vindication only on the supposition that the invasion, even if it destroyed liberty, brought with it law and order. But according to Mr. Froude's eloquent confession, it brought nothing of the kind. Queen Elizabeth made the first serious attempt to subjugate Ireland, but she did it, Mr. Froude tells us, with only a handful of English soldiers—who acted as auxiliaries to Irish clans engaged on the Queen's instigation in mutual massacre. After three years of this sort of thing, the whole southern portion of the island was reduced, to use Mr. Froude's words, "to a smoking wilderness," men, women, and children having been remorselessly slaughtered; but no attempt whatever was then made to establish either courts or police, or any civil rule of any kind. Society was left in a worse condition than before. Why was this? Because, says Mr. Froude, the English Constitution made no provision for the maintenance of a standing army for any such purpose.

The second attempt was made by Cromwell. He slaughtered the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford, and scattered the armies of the various Irish factions, but he made no more attempt to police the island than Elizabeth. The only mode of establishing order resorted to by the Commonwealth was the wholesale confiscation of the land, and its distribution among the officers and soldiers of the army, the natives of all ages and sexes being driven into Connaught. The "policing" was then left to be done by the new settlers, each man with the strong hand on his own account. The third attempt was made by William III., who also followed the Cromwellian plan, and left the island to be governed during the following century by the military adventurers who had entered into possession of the soil. The excuse for not endeavoring to set up an honest and efficient government remained the same in all three cases: the absence of an army, or occupation elsewhere. In other words, the conquest from first to last wanted the only justification any conquest can have. England found the Irish much in the same stage of social and political progress in which Cæsar found the Gauls, destitute of nearly all the elements of political organization; but instead of founding a political system, and maintaining it, she interfered for century after century only to subjugate and lay waste and set the natives by the ears. Mr. Froude's answer to this is, that if the Irish had been better men they could easily have driven the English out, which is perhaps a good reason for not bestowing much pity on the Irish, but it is not a good reason for telling the Irish they ought not to hate England. No pity can be made welcome which is ostentatiously mingled with contempt. It is quite true, to our minds, that during the last fifty years

England has supplied the Irish with a better government than the Irish could provide for themselves within the next century at least. There is no doubt of the substantial value of the English connection to Ireland *now;* but there is just as little that in the past history of this connection there is reason enough for Irish suspicion and dislike. The tenacity of the Irish memory, too, is one of the great political defects and misfortunes of the race. Inability to forget past "wrongs" in the light of present prosperity, is a sure sign of the absence of the political sense; and that the Irish are wanting in the political sense no candid man can deny. That they are really still to a considerable extent in the tribal stage of progress, there is little doubt. But they are surrounded by ideas, and institutions, and influences which make it useless to try to raise them out of that stage by the "imperial" method of government, or, in other words, by trying to persuade them that they have richly deserved all their misfortunes, and that the best thing they can do is to let a superior race mould their destinies. If it were possible for Englishmen to be a little more patient with their weaknesses, to yield a little more to the childish vanities and aspirations which form the nearest approach they have yet made to a feeling of nationality, and take upon themselves in word as well as in deed their share of the horrible burdens of Irish history, it would do more towards winning them Irish confidence than anything Americans are ever likely to say.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 4, 1872.

THE last bit of news is the elevation of Sir Roundell Palmer to the Woolsack. The present occupant of that exalted position, Lord Hatherley, is compelled by ill-health to retire. Though universally respected as a man of high honor and deep religious principle, he has not, I imagine, been a very successful chancellor. He was partly responsible for the most unfortunate scandal into which Mr. Gladstone managed to plunge a year ago. Doubtless, the explanation of an act of apparent immorality by two of the most highly moral of men was that commonly given—namely, that their profound consciousness of their own purity of intention led them to take liberties from which more worldly-minded and less immaculate persons would have shrunk. That manner of using a good character was not very felicitous. Lord Hatherley, however, survived what threatened at one time to be a very awkward scandal. Parliament was content to protest by a large minority without actually carrying a vote of censure; and Lord Hatherley remained in office for the session, although his infirmities made it generally understood that he was likely to retire at an early opportunity. It was as generally understood that he would be succeeded by Sir Roundell Palmer. Sir R. Palmer has for some time occupied a unique position. Admittedly the first advocate at the English bar, he refused to take office on the last opportunity from conscientious scruples about the disestablishment of the Irish Church. On other points, however, he was a supporter of Mr. Gladstone's government, and his independent position enabled him to render it some very useful services. On all occasions when the Government was in difficulties, he came forward and pronounced a quasi-judicial opinion, which had the advantage of coming from without, and was yet, if I am not mistaken, always in their favor. His credit was so high that he was enabled, as it were, to give Mr. Gladstone a certificate of good conduct, which was received with great respect, if not considered absolutely decisive of the question. Sir Roundell is one of the large number of men, since eminent in political life, who were nearly contemporaries at Oxford, and of whom Mr. Gladstone is the most distinguished. Like the Premier, he derived from the place of his education a certain ecclesiastical tinge, and is known as a vigorous supporter of the Church of England. Oxford may lay claim to having been of late years a mother of statesmen: besides Mr. Gladstone and Sir R. Palmer, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Cardwell, amongst the present ministry, were both distinguished at the university. Perhaps the peculiar shade of culture characteristic of Oxford men generally has marked most of them a little too strongly, and tends to diminish the sympathy between them and the rougher Dissenters who form a large part of their supporters; still, it cannot be denied that for eloquence, ability, and high personal character, it would not be easy to match them from the non-academical politicians.

The appointment of Sir R. Palmer has helped to stir up once more a certain interest in the terrible question of law reform. Hopes are excited by the advent of every new chancellor which are as regularly doomed to disappointment. Lord Westbury came in with the highest reputation for ability, if not with quite so strong an odor of sanctity as his successors, and did nothing beyond getting into a scrape for a disreputable appointment. Lord Hatherley has failed as signally. He produced a plan for the formation of a high court of appeal, which was picked to pieces by his brother lawyers in the House of Lords, and ultimately collapsed as completely—I know not whether as deservedly—as former attempts in the same direction. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Vernon Harcourt endeavored last session to get up a debate in the Commons on the causes which seem to hinder all attempts at anything like a systematic mode of dealing with this perplexing problem. Law reform, meaning any wide measure for reforming either the substance of the law or the system of administration, is a kind of Serbonian bog at which the most energetic pioneers of progress look in despair. Can it be, as the two Radical members suggested, that our present system prevents the introduction of serious measures, because the attorney- and solicitor-general are permitted to be absorbed in private business, which leaves them only scraps and shreds of time in which to attend to legislation? Did not the Tichborne case stand in the way of organic changes in our system? The law officers utterly repudiated this theory. They gave, or were understood to give, two reasons for their failure to introduce reforms. The first was that the English law was perfect, and did not want reform; the second and more plausible was that the House of Commons could not be induced to attend to anything so dry. Our legislators can only find time for topics which are forced upon them by popular outcry or which are flavored by personal scandal. They will spend months over the details of a Ballot Bill, because their constituents have a half-superstitious belief in the ballot as a traditional part of the Liberal platform. But as law reform is a matter which, however important, is of intelligible importance only to a few educated men, it is scarcely possible to make room for it. I imagine that this difficulty is not entirely peculiar to English politics. However, we did not expect to receive such a candid avowal of incompetency from those who, in theory at least, are supposed to direct as well as to follow the national impulses. Sufficient scandal was given to induce both the law officers to explain themselves in what are now called extra-sessional utterances. Sir John Coleridge, in particular, delivered a very able address at the British Association. That amiable body of philanthropists is, I fear, rather declining in public estimation by reason of the singular dreariness of its discussions, and able men are apt to be rather shy of it. Sir J. Coleridge's desire to put forth a manifesto as to his true sentiments was, therefore, a piece of rare good fortune; and his exposition left nothing to be desired, so far as good wishes are valuable. If Sir John Coleridge could have his way, it is plain that we should not only see our judicial system reconstructed, but have a serious experiment made in the direction of codifying the law. Whether, however, he or his colleagues will be able or willing to translate these aspirations into practice remains to be seen. The commission which has been dawdling over the matter for some years appears to have produced no particular result. Yet the whole question has attracted more attention than might have been expected; and it is not improbable that some serious measure of law reform will find a place in the programme of next session. Indeed, I have reason to know that Government has already taken some steps in the matter which may probably lead to more active measures. There is a chance for somebody to distinguish himself by bringing comparative order out of chaos, and it is permitted to hope, in spite of former disappointment, that Sir R. Palmer may snatch at such an opportunity of acquiring a permanent reputation.

His appointment naturally suggests a reflection on the chances of another agitation which is trying to struggle into notice. Sir Roundell refused office because he could not consent to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Is it possible that he may have to resign it because the disestablishment of the Church of England will become a Liberal measure? Mr. Miall, an excellent and hard-working Dissenter, with room in his mind for one idea, and possibly for more than one, is obviously of this opinion. He is doing his best to rally the Dissenters for an assault upon the object of their antipathy. For reasons which I have formerly noticed, I think it far from improbable that the next serious party battle in England may be waged over an ecclesiastical question. It is, however, equally clear that the Dissenters by themselves have not sufficient power to stir up much feeling against an institution which, however indefensible theoretically, is connected by so many intricate ramifications with the whole social structure of the country. It has struck its roots so deeply, and we are so much accustomed to its anomalies, that a successful assault from without is improbable. The real danger depends upon the internal dissensions. Whilst amiable High-Churchmen like Bishop Wordsworth and equally amiable Broad-Churchmen like Dean Stanley are yearning for a wider union and carrying on harmless flirtations with the Old Catholics, the Church is daily becoming more divided within itself. The threat of demanding disestablishment is becoming familiar to the most energetic of the clergy. One party, represented by Archdeacon Denison, threatens to leave the Church if the Athanasian Creed is abandoned; their opponents say that they will leave it if the Creed is retained; and although these threats are at present nothing more than threats, people are gradually familiarizing themselves with the idea. But in the absence of any internal convulsion, the chance of upsetting the establishment seems to be small. One

question which would have to be solved in such a case is sufficient to indicate the difficulties with which the agitation is beset. What, in the event of disestablishment, is to be done with Westminster Abbey? It is, if the name can be given to any building, a thoroughly national building. To allow it to be private property would seem to be out of the question. Could we give up Poets' Corner and the statues of Chatham, and Pitt, and Fox, and Wilberforce to any sect, however respectable? Disestablishment would in all probability be followed by subdivision. The church would become two or three churches within a generation or two. Could we allow the venerable Abbey, bound up so indissolubly with the historical associations of ages, to belong to the Wesleyans, the Independents, the Baptists, or to the Episcopal Church which would be on a level with them? What is true of Westminster is true in a measure of all our cathedrals; nay, it is more or less true of every parish church in the land. The difficulty, though small in the eyes of theorists or of excited ecclesiastical parties, is great in the eyes of the neutral mass of English laymen, and may serve to indicate one of numerous reasons which will long make disestablishment a delicate subject to approach.

Correspondence.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AND THE CHORPENNING CLAIM.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your article of last week, entitled "The Chorpenning Claim," there is much that reads like an attempt to justify the Postmaster-General in the matter of this claim, by transferring the infamy which attaches to that transaction from him to the Congress which enacted the law.

Your implied defence of Mr. Creswell is based upon the fact that the law of 1857, to which the joint resolution of July 15, 1870, referred, made the affidavits and proofs on file in the House of Representatives the sole basis upon which the present Postmaster-General was bound to act. A careful comparison of the two laws will, or should, satisfy you that this is an error, but it is unnecessary to follow up this question; and I only remark that the joint resolution of 1870 is entirely silent as to these affidavits and proofs, and complete effect could be given to it without referring to them. Waiving this issue, and admitting that Mr. Creswell was bound to regard the affidavits and proofs as conclusive in his investigations, I propose to consider whether he discharged his duties faithfully under the law.

These affidavits and proofs are precisely what you describe them to be, viz., a mass of rubbish: no fair-minded man could insist that they proved anything. Notwithstanding, Postmaster-General Brown, or those of his subordinates who were charged with the duty of examining this rubbish, were induced to find in it evidence of extra services amounting to $79,072, and made two awards amounting to this sum, which were paid and accepted.

The claimant (Chorpenning), not satisfied with these awards, filed his petition in the Court of Claims, asserting upon the basis of the services which Postmaster-General Brown found, by the evidence submitted to him, Chorpenning had performed, there were errors in calculation and in the construction of the law amounting to $76,576 37. Then follows this allegation:—"And your petitioner further avers, that the affidavits and proofs on file in the House of Representatives show that he performed other extra services not included in either of the said statements. That for said services, *not so included*, your petitioner is entitled, under the said act, to the further compensation of one hundred thousand dollars." This petition, which may fairly be presumed to make the best showing the claimant could for himself, was signed and sworn to by Mr. Chorpenning in March, 1866. In all, showing a demand for only $176,576 37.

A copy of this petition, as the law requires, was sent to the Post-Office Department and placed on its files, to the end that that department should be advised of the extent and character of the claim. Soon afterwards, at the request of Chorpenning, the Postmaster-General transmitted to the court a certified copy of the affidavits and proofs, which had previously been transmitted to his department from the House of Representatives. When the present Postmaster-General undertook the examination of this claim under the joint resolution of July 15, 1870, and, as is assumed, was constrained to accept these affidavits and proofs as conclusive against the Government, he had before him Chorpenning's sworn statement that his damages amounted to no more than $176,576 37. Had not Congress a right to regard this as a limitation set by the claimant against himself and conclusive upon him, beyond which Mr. Creswell would not presume to go? Could it be supposed that, in the face of this sworn statement voluntarily made, the Postmaster-General would attempt to find, in a mass of rubbish, evidence of services which the claimant four years before had not found, and which would nd did, in the opinion of this Government official, swell the damages to 440,000?

It is difficult for me to find any excuse for such conduct, nor do I see any mitigation of it in your extenuating article, which I confess was a surprise to me (a regular, steady reader of the *Nation*), and quite out of place in a journal which generally supports a higher tone of morality and justice. But few if any greater derelictions of duty have stained the characters of high public officials, and if there have, there is no propriety in "sheltering the commission of crime under the protection of precedent."

I do not propose in turn to furnish excuses for the action of Congress, but when the infamy of this transaction shall be fairly apportioned, the burthen of it will be found to rest where public opinion has placed it, that is, upon the shoulders of the man who attempted to execute the law by perverting it.

Perrin.

October 14, 1872.

[Our readers, a portion of the people of the United States, do not vote for the Postmaster-General, neither can they remove him from office nor yet impeach him for malfeasance. In our article we were dealing with the men they do elect, viz., the majority responsible for the vicious system of Congressional legislation and the more vicious apologies that are put forth for it in the stead of effective reform, and we took the Chorpenning claim as a pointed text for our remarks. It was not our intention to enter into the question of Mr. Creswell's complicity, and we think we used language sufficiently guarded in saying that the former Postmaster-General found his hands tied by the first statute precisely as the present Postmaster-General "*asserts* he has found his tied by the last"—conceding, what our correspondent manifestly thinks, that Congress in its character of national steward introduced a burglar into the national warehouse as an assistant, and told him to help his pal to as much as he chose to take, and that the pal took an unexpectedly large quantity. We still are not content with our steward's apology that he did not know the burglar to be a burglar nor the pal to be a pal; and we grow the more dissatisfied when we find that the steward continues to allow the alleged burglar to retain his position in the warehouse without even an attempt to bring him to justice. Our correspondent has doubtless noticed that Mr. Creswell has been making campaign speeches, averring that Congress left him no discretion in the matter, and that this has not been gainsaid by Mr. Dawes nor any other Republican "watchdog of the Treasury." Indeed, the conduct of the "watchdogs" seems to imply that they intend to keep a burglar in the warehouse, so as to have somebody to bark at. The case, as our correspondent states it, certainly seems a bad business, and furnishes an additional reason for electing a Congress which is not afraid to investigate Mr. Creswell's conduct and punish him if his guilt be established. To have this done we need to elect neither "war-horses" nor "watchdogs," but honest, earnest, competent legislators.—Ed. Nation.]

THE WORKING OF THE NEW INDIAN POLICY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the heat of the Presidential campaign, when the friends of General Grant are finding it so hard to hit upon acts of the Administration which they can present without qualification as reasons why it should be supported, it may be of interest to your readers to have their attention called, by one outside of politics, to one feature of the public policy which is producing results greatly to the credit of its instigators. I refer to the new policy in Indian affairs. Whether for better or worse, it is the child of the present Administration, and as such has been the object of incessant attack.

The Annual Pay Commission has just completed its work in Minnesota, and the general gathering of the Indians at the headquarters of the Reservations has furnished excellent opportunity for judging the present Indian policy by its fruits. Facts have also been brought to light which are not without scientific value.

It is true that the opportunities for this last experiment in Minnesota in dealing with the Indian have been unusually favorable. The Chippewas are above the average type of Indian. They have had long and peaceful intercourse with the whites. Living, as they do, somewhat out of the direct line of immigration, they have not been exposed so mercilessly as other tribes have to the skirmish line of ruffians which has preceded the settlers in many of the Western States. Their reservations are such as to permit their increasing their finan-

cial resources by the sale of their pine timber or by the cultivation of the soil; and in their agent (E. P. Smith) they are blessed with a man not only of irreproachable character, but one who as secretary of the American Missionary Association in the South has had much experience in dealing with men of a degraded class. But, on the other hand, Minnesota is a State where, from various causes, culminating with the Sioux war of 1862, hatred of the Indian is universal and bitter, witness the atrocious murder of two Indians by a mob in the streets of Brainerd the other day. Receiving uninterrupted annuities, the Chippewas have had the constant attention of the well-known Indian Ring; they have been the fat ox caught in the woods by the wolves; agent after agent, many of them men of notorious character, have fattened upon them; their pine has been stolen; their reserve funds have been spirited away; their school-money has been consumed, leaving no trace; their annuities have been taken from before their very eyes; while whiskey has been always accessible, when not actually furnished by the Government agent. As a consequence, they have a deep-seated distrust of the whites, and dread a closer contact with them. Little Thunder, a leading chief at Red Lake, in the extreme northern part of the State, said in the council that as he saw the whites beginning to approach them he lay awake as one who is frightened in the night. And the responsibility for the work among these 6,000 Indians scattered over eight reservations, the furthest of which are 350 miles apart, is laid upon one man.

The new policy has been in force scarcely two years, and these are some of the results: The Indians have begun to work. The unsettled Indians are gathering on the White Earth reservation, where the soil is adapted to farming. About 1,000 are there now. Many have cast aside their blankets and cut their hair. Over 100 houses are building and built, in which a large part of the work is done by the Indians. This year they had on that one reservation 140 acres of wheat, and many more of potatoes and garden products; they have 250 head of cattle, besides horses and hogs; there is a sawmill cutting from 15,000 to 20,000 feet of lumber daily, run by a dozen Indians under the direction of one white man; two fine buildings accommodate a boarding-school with seventy scholars and four teachers; and in a comfortable chapel built by the Episcopalians a full-blooded Chippewa preacher gathers every Sunday a congregation of sixty to a hundred. This reservation is the home of the agent, and most of his work has been done here; but its influence is felt at all the other points. The Red Lakers referred to it, and asked that they also might be put in the way of getting a church, a school, and oxen. In council with the Commission, the Red Lake chiefs said that they could not afford to set aside any of their annuity for these purposes; but, in response to what was said to them on the subject, the next day they appropriated $1,000 for a school, and a further sum for oxen, wagons, and ploughs.

Quite as notable a change is seen in the temper of the Indians. Hitherto the councils of chiefs on Annuity Day have been the occasion of a long series of complaints against the agent: this year there was an entire absence of anything of the kind. Indeed, every speaker took occasion to express his gratitude for what has been done for them, and his entire confidence in the management of their affairs. One of the traders, himself a half-breed, who has lived among the Indians upwards of sixty years, assured me that this is the general feeling, and said that the change wrought in the past two years is greater than he had ever deemed possible.

The question will occur whether or not these changes in the line of civilization find any real favor with the Indians, and will be permanent. Several of the chiefs said publicly, of their own motion, that they wanted it understood that they love their new habits, and desire above everything to progress in them; they deprecated their own want of facility, but spoke hopefully of their children. One has only to see the conscious pride with which men who, a year ago, were worthless savages, drive their oxen, and point to their gardens and houses, to be convinced of the strong hold the new life has upon them. Of course, the average progress has as yet been very small, and if the present policy should be changed, they would doubtless relapse into their old condition; but if they can be subjected to the influences under which they now are for a few years longer, the best results may be looked for.

Some incidental facts were developed which are interesting. The only complete mortality records, those at Red Lake, indicate 50 births and but 14 deaths during the year on that reservation, with a population of 1,075. At Leech Lake, where food is scarce, and the Indians in a more wretched condition, the births have been about 45 and the deaths 25 in a population of 1,500. The half-breed trader to whom I have referred above, a man of considerable intelligence and character, whose knowledge of the Chippewas is more exact, perhaps, than that of any man in the State, told me that within his memory there has been no perceptible diminution in their numbers; the rolls would indicate a slight increase. The preponderance of women over men is also noticeable. The Pillager rolls at White Earth give this year 107 men, 141 women, and 223 children, and the Mississippis 140 men, 171 women, and 192 children. The Red Lake rolls contain 269 men, 357 women, and 449 children (all above 15 years of age are counted adult). This is in face of the fact that pulmonary disease, attributed to the practice of carrying heavy burdens on the back, is prevalent among the women.

The men, as a rule, are strong-featured, athletic, and of good height. I measured a number, and found them to be over six feet high. Their speeches, by their clearness, force, point, brevity, aptness of illustration, and quickness of repartee, did much to justify the traditional Indian eloquence.

Just at present the best state of feeling does not exist between the Chippewas of the lower reservations and the people of Northern Minnesota. Several murders have been committed on both sides during the summer, for which no one has as yet been punished. On the part of the Indians they were committed solely for plunder by some young ruffians between 18 and 24 years of age. The leading one, Bobolink, is under arrest, and, if convicted, will be hung. The lynching of the Indians at Brainerd, and the comparative indifference of the authorities to it, have created a good deal of feeling on the reservations; but the day of a more even-handed justice is at hand.

KENT.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 14, 1872.

Notes.

STILL another American novel is announced by D. Appleton & Co.—"Spicy," by Mrs. M. J. Lamb; also, "Coffee: its History, Cultivation, and Uses," by Richard Hewitt, jr.; and "Little People of the Snow," illustrated, by W. C. Bryant.——Dr. Elliott Coues, a first-rate authority, will publish through the Naturalists' Agency at Salem, Mass., a "Key to North American Birds," illustrated by six steel plates and more than 250 woodcuts.——John Ross & Co. have transferred "The Mother's Register," lately published by them, to G. P. Putnam & Sons, who will make it a companion volume of "The Mother's Work with Sick Children," which they will shortly issue, and of other reprints of works by the same author, Prof. J. B. Fonssagrives, of Montpellier, France.

—Having let fall a few recommendatory words last week respecting Max Müller's introductory lecture at Strassburg, "On the Results of the Science of Language," it is but fair for us to add that no one who goes to that lecture for information respecting the present state of the science, for deep views of its principles and methods, or for kindling and inspiring words as to its future, can fail to be disappointed. It is long since Müller has produced an occasional effort that was at all worthy of his reputation; and the chief characteristic of this one is that it is commonplace and superficial, or, as Germans would be apt to say, *nichtssagend*. One of its most salient features is its denial that the question as to degrees of connection between the different branches of the Aryan or Indo-European family—the question, for example, whether the Celtic is more akin to Latin than to German, or the Slavic to German than to Sanskrit, is a legitimate, scientific question at all worthy of serious attempt at solution; the alleged reason being that at present there are very discordant views held respecting it; that is, that it is not yet solved! It would be curious to see what account of the "Dialectic Process" could be given which should justify us in enquiring and deciding whether English is a closer cousin to Dutch and Frisian than to German, and forbid our extending the same enquiry to the whole Germanic branch in its relations to its peers. Again, the assertion that, in any event, "it would be as wrong to speak of Aryan blood as of Dolichocephalic grammar," is one that has, indeed, a kernel of truth in it, but is falsely used to deny that the investigation of languages has any bearing on the determination of races. Once more we are told that "were it possible to trace human language directly back to natural sounds, to interjections or imitations, the question whether the science of language belongs to the sphere of the natural or the historical sciences would at once be solved"—namely, as we are doubtless to understand, in favor of the natural sciences. But we find it impossible to see how the settlement of one of these questions involves that of the other. If men, in their first attempts at communication, were guided by their natural exclamations, and by imitation of sounds outside themselves, that is no argument against the essentially voluntary character of the process, and the historical nature of the development of the produced instrumentality. One might as well say that if the first instruments used by men were actually sticks and stones, then the study of men's use of machinery is a physical science. No one would guess from Müller's paragraph what was the true aspect of the question, or what had been his own attitude with regard to it. English readers, we will add, may find the whole lecture in the *Contemporary Review* for June last.

—If Mr. Froude got a singular notion of social New York when Mr. Oakey Hall stretched a hand of honest welcome to him at the Lotos Club, he had an opportunity of revising his conclusions when he was dined at Delmonico's on what we have no doubt was a better dinner than he ever ate before, and certainly in about as good company as our unmonarchical land can show. He told an affable *Herald* interviewer who dropped in on him when he landed, that he was delighted with him—one surprise at least for that gentleman—and he must have been in bliss itself when he met the company that Messrs. Scribner and Armstrong and Seymour gathered together to see him and to make speeches. American publishers may before this have given one of their "eminent hands" a more superb and flattering repast, flanked by better oratory, a finer banquet accompanied by a more gorgeous feast of reason and flow of soul; but if so, history records it not. Since Johnson's dinner behind the screen, author and publisher never cut mutton in a manner so ideally perfect. The viands were in the well-known style of the distinguished caterer, the Falernian was of the rarest vintage; "perhaps the most distinguished man in the country" was present in numerous but select assemblage; he had read Froude with more satisfaction than he ever got from any other work; he spoke fluently and tenderly of the love we bear to the Tower and the Lions in the Tower, and Shakespeare and Milton, and he must have given Mr. Froude the impression that when an Englishman of any size comes over here among his cousins, he is sure of a welcome such as Swift describes as common in the country in his day. Seriously, the affair was a great success in all aspects. The speaking was, most of it, very happy; Mr. Curtis outdoing himself, which is what no one else has done for him in after-dinner oratory, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. Emerson, both masters, together with the other speakers, acquitting themselves in a manner which, we will do Mr. Froude the justice to say, probably did not make him sick with envy, but which would have that effect on the average Englishman. Laird or Lowe or Earl Russell would have stood the ordeal very differently, we may be sure.

—The public have since had opportunity for testing Mr. Froude as a lecturer, and it is safe to say that he will have success. It is true, however, that his reputation and his quality of guest will make his success as a lecturer much more certainly attainable than his unaided oratorical powers would have rendered probable. A thoroughly English voice and a delivery marked by the queer inflections which frequently to an American ear seem absolutely contradictory of the sense of the words spoken; and marked also by the singing cadences which are never heard from American lips, unless from Mr. Sothern's, would be against the lecturer in a comparison with hosts, we shall take leave to say hordes, of our own champions of the platform and the stump. Upon this sort of subject the American journalist has a liberty to be somewhat impertinent, and we shall not apologize for anything we say in the discussion of it—which is perhaps a necessary preface to the remark that if Mr. Froude expects "to stand well with our people" he must take care in addressing his audience to say, Ladies and Gentlemen, and not "Gentlemen" alone. We never allow our females to stand up in horse-cars, as even an untravelled European may fairly be expected to know; we are extraordinarily polite to women; it is a national trait. If Mrs. Fair happens to attend Mr. Froude's lectures when he goes to San Francisco and our Mighty West, the "Short Studies on Great Subjects" will stand a chance of never being completed unless he mends in this respect. Making points is another matter in which our distinguished lecturer may easily improve. He has them—the lectures, indeed, may be said to abound in them; but Mr. Froude, in a way which we will not offend our countrymen by calling rather well bred than otherwise, slurs over them, though there is not a Young Christian Associate whose heels are not burning to applaud every epigram that hits a Roman Catholic abuse and every bit of declamation. "Our people" enjoy point, and like nothing better than to laugh heartily with a speaker who has pleased them, and whom they are willing to please and wish to encourage. Mr. Froude's audience, when we have heard him, may be described as being, so to speak, an evangelical audience, as distinguished from a secular and worldly audience. There was a very strong infusion of the young men, their sisters, wives, fathers, mothers, clerks, and cashiers who have built up the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country. With these there was a sprinkling of other sorts of people; but on the whole the audience was very distinctly an American audience, a Protestant American audience, an audience which knows Ireland chiefly by its experience—Mr. Froude does not know how direful—of the kitchen in the basement where the meals are ruined, or in the wards where the heavy Democratic vote is polled; an audience fitly represented by the doctors of divinity who profusely accompanied the lecturer upon the platform, and congratulated him at the close of his very well-received remarks.

—In the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. J. A. Symonds points out an important service which has been done to poetical literature by Signor Cesare Guasti's recent edition of the poems of Michael Angelo. Hitherto, Mr. Symonds informs us, the commonly-received version of these poems has been based on the edition of 1623, which was prepared by the poet's grand-nephew, himself called Michael Angelo Buonarotti. This gentleman, sharing a self-confidence which, curious as it may be, has often mangled the works of great men in full belief that it was mending them, undertook to improve upon his great-uncle's style and thought, and set himself to soften down the asperities and obscurities of the original poems. To this end, he amplified, transposed, and in many and various ways mutilated the sonnets according to his own ideas of morality, taste, and grammar; and on the Dantesque audacities of Michael Angelo grafted the prettinesses of the Petrarchisti of the seventeenth century. He had the decency, however, to preserve the originals, so that we at last have the opportunity of examining critically what it was that the poet himself composed. The grand-nephew's "reduction," as he terms it, proves to have been thoroughgoing. In sonnet xxxi., for example, the original agrees in only one line with the version of 1623, while the remaining thirteen are distorted, transposed, mangled, deprived of point, and adorned with superfluous conceits. A chorale of Bach's in the hands of an Italian chapel-master of the last century could not have fared worse. All the later editions, till Signor Guasti's appeared, followed this vitiated edition prepared by Michael Angelo the younger, and, of course, all translators made use of a corrupt text. The true text, says Mr. Symonds, has not at all removed the obscurity and crabbedness which have always been alleged against the sonnets; on the contrary, perplexed syntax, harsh elisions, strained metaphors, and incomplete expressions are multiplied rather than diminished, and the difficulty of understanding the poet is increased. Still, such is the intellectual habit of the age, which is perhaps honest as no other age has been, that there will be general satisfaction among people interested in the matter that we have now in its integrity just what the poet wrote. Mr. Symonds would seem to have been able to master the obstacles besetting a translator of works so difficult; for he gives us twenty-three of the sonnets in an English version which we suppose to be faithful, and which certainly is not wanting in lucidity and ease. We select one for quotation, not as being a characteristic sonnet, for it wants the lofty Platonism of most of these productions and the strong feeling of others of them, but it has a simple and common—indeed, now commonplace and popularized—beauty which makes it generally acceptable; and it affords the translator a favorable opportunity. It is an apostrophe to Night:

> O night, O sweet though sombre span of time!—
> All things find rest upon their journey's end—
> Whoso hath praised thee, well doth apprehend;
> And whoso honors thee hath wisdom's prime.
> Our cares thou canst to quietude sublime,
> For dews and darkness are of peace the friend:
> Often by thee in dreams upborne I wend
> From earth to heaven, where yet I hope to climb.
>
> Thou shade of Death, through whom the soul at length
> Shuns pain and sadness hostile to the heart,
> Whom mourners find their last and sure relief,
> Thou dost restore our suffering flesh to strength,
> Driest our tears, assuagest every smart,
> Purging the spirits of the pure from grief.

Some of the religious sonnets, translated by Mr. Symonds, are fine; but we make room for a sonnet, relating, perhaps, to Vittoria Colonna. The poet first addresses Earthly Love, demanding of him the delights of youthful passion, and afterwards the Divine Love is shown to have supplanted the other:

> Bring back the time when blind desire ran free
> With bit and rein too loose to curb his flight;
> Give back the buried face, once angel-bright,
> That hides in earth all comely things from me;
> Bring back those journeys ta'en so toilsomely
> So toilsome-slow to him whose hairs are white;
> Those tears and flames that in one breast unite;
> If thou wilt once more take thy fill of me!
>
> Yet, Love! suppose it true that thou dost thrive
> Only on bitter honey-dews of tears,
> Small profit hast thou of a weak old man.
> My soul that towards the other shore doth strive,
> Wards off thy darts with shafts of holier fears:
> And fire feeds ill on brands no breath can fan.

—Mr. Browning's enquiry, "What's become of Waring," has recently received an answer in the shape of the reappearance of Mr. Alfred Domett, latterly of New Zealand, who is said to be the gentleman in question, and who now offers the public a poem in eighteen thousand verses. Mr. Domett was known as a poet before this work was produced. He is the author of a well-known Christmas piece, beginning with the verse—

> "In the solemn midnight centuries ago,"

and descriptive of the humble Babe in the manger at Bethlehem, an obscure hamlet of the mighty Roman empire. He is also the reputed author of

the poem which is put into the mouths of English officers in India during a cholera season, and of which a part of the chorus is—

"A cup to the dead already,
And a cheer for the next who dies."

Neither of these pieces promises true poetic excellence; nor, indeed, would Mr. Browning's "Waring" lead one to expect much beyond promise, so-called, from its hero, who appears as a sworn brother of the versatile ineffectual order so numerous and so sure to disappoint the expectations of the unwise and uncynical. "Ranolf and Amohia" is the title of the new poem, which appears to be a long tale of love and adventure, interspersed with philosophical remarks on religious and other topics. Ranolf is a Scotchman, very highly educated, with a taste for travel and a love of nature. Sailing for the Pacific, he lands in New Zealand, where nature is presented to him not only in foliage, flowers, beasts, and scenery, but also in the person of Amohia, a princess whom he finds in the hands of certain natives of nefarious intentions. From these he rescues her, and they love. Tangi Moana, her father, an enlightened man who has led his tribe to reject cannibalism, apparently has no objection to Ranolf as a husband for Amohia, especially as Ranolf, after passing in review in many verses the theories of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and the Brahmins, and having been initiated into the New Zealand systems of cosmogony and theology, finds himself, in point of religious belief, a New Zealandite—or a New Zealot, we may say; his poem here becomes what may be called advanced, and liberal, and mighty impudent to the poet's elders, and all believers in such pursuits as theology and cosmogony. We would not say a word which should lead any of our readers to suppose that we favor the practice of cannibalism; still we must recollect that Tangi Moana had it in his hands to have kept from us a poem that is two thousand lines longer than the Paradise Lost, and explicatory of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Fichte, and Schelling, and the doctrine that

"God and the general predominance of good"

are the things to believe in, and not creeds, and priests, and such things Kangapo, the villain of the drama, is determined that the husband of Amohia shall not be Ranolf, but another, and he causes Ranolf to be kidnapped. In vain, however, is the conspiracy, for Amohia contrives to release her beloved "Ranoio"—which is as near as she can come to "Ranolf"—and he escapes. Then arrives an embassy prompted by the wicked Kangapo, which demands the hand of Amohia for a chieftain who is the neighbor and rival of Prince Tangi Moana. To escape the hated nuptials Amohia plunges into the lake, resolved to swim away, she knows not where, but somewhere, and do something, she knows not what; anything to beat Kangapo, the sorcerer priest. Luckily, when she reaches the other shore, and is bathing in a natural vapor-bath to recover her exhausted strength, she is discovered by her Ranoio, who weds her. There is more of it; indeed, a great deal more of it—many cantos; but this description will let our readers see what the poem is like.

—The displeased but respected young Frenchwoman who some time since wrote us a rebuke for making Erckmann-Chatrian into two people when in reality there was but one of him, is not the only person who has been mistaken in regard to this curious literary partnership. That novels of such unity of tone should be the joint work of two men has been more or less puzzling to many people, and the following explanation of the method of the gentlemen in question will have interest. A correspondent of the London *News* is our authority. M. Chatrian is the more imaginative of the two, and to him is usually left the first invention of the plot and the management of the love scenes. He it is also who does all the descriptions of Phalsbourg and the scenery around. When a new story is to be made the two authors meet, and amid much smoking of tobacco discuss the details of the plot and the situations, and one of the pair writes a chapter or two, leaving blanks for the dialogues, descriptions, or what not which his friend is to furnish. M. Chatrian, for instance, makes the skeleton of a novel and begins by writing a chapter, which by-and-by goes to M. Erckmann, who puts in the necessary political reflections, furnishes the soldier-types, and elaborates the quaint and plain-spoken speeches which are put into the mouths of the peasants, the old sergeants, the watchmakers, and schoolmasters. The tureens of soup, the mealy potatoes, the browned sausages, the steaming sauerkraut with which the novels abound, as Dickens's earlier works abounded in beef, beer, punch, pudding, and gravy, are to be attributed to M. Chatrian, we are told, while the black coffee is put in by M. Erckmann, who is a connoisseur. Perhaps in their case, as in Dickens's, early privation may have increased the respect with which MM. Erckmann and Chatrian regard full meals of victuals. Both were long in poverty. For twelve years after their first meeting at Phalsbourg, where M. Chatrian held an ushership, they labored hard with painful bad luck, and without success or profit. Those were evil days for literature in France. It was of this period that Victor Hugo speaks where he tells how the servants looked upon him when he was visiting in a friend's house in Alsace; at dinner the unliterary butler kept a sharp eye on the suspected Bohemian, and when the champagne came to be served asked his master, "Shall I give any to the man of letters?" Politics was all in all in 1846, '47, and '48. Then was the time when the statesmanlike M. Sue was made a member of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, because of those political treatises, "The Wandering Jew" and "The Mysteries of Paris," and when Lamartine's "Girondins" was able to make him a principal minister of state. Afterwards the literature of the Second Empire came in, and the demand was for another sort of books than the unsensational, truthful, and pure productions of the two Alsatians. They were all but worn out with ill-success and disappointment when about a dozen years ago there came a call for a new edition of "L'Illustre Docteur Mathéus," which had previously shared the neglect of its author's previous productions. Since then they have had fame and prosperity, and have been unable to produce novels as fast as the publishers have demanded. Our informant says that this is likely to continue to be the case. Everywhere, he says, in rural France copies of the various novels comprising the "Romans Nationaux," are sold by the dozen where the colporteur disposes of one volume of Dumas or Paul de Kock or Ponson du Terrail.

—The three hundredth anniversary of St. Bartholomew (Aug. 24) has revived the old-time discussion as to the guilt of the church and the Pope for the massacre. In England, it took on a very lively complexion, the *Times* engaging in it, and some of the most eminent English Catholics, Father Newman among them, being constrained to denounce the deed whether sanctioned by the Pope or no. In France, Veuillot's *Univers* foolishly called in question the authenticity of the medal struck by Gregory XIII. in honor of the massacre, bearing his bust on one side and on the other an exterminating angel with the legend *Ygonotorum Strages*, 1572. M. Henri Bordier, whose statements concerning this medal in his "History of France" were specifically attacked by Veuillot, made a vigorous rejoinder through the *Journal de Genève*, referring to the "Trésor de Numismatique" (1840) of Charles Lenormant, editor of a Catholic journal, and to the "Histoire numismatique des Papes" of the Jesuit Father, Filippo Buonanni, published at Rome in 1699, for a representation of the disputed token. For the rest, the anniversary has called forth the following works: "L'Intolérance de Fénelon," by O. Douen; "La Saint Barthélemy devant le Sénat de Venise," being the reports of the ambassadors Giovanni Michiel and Sigismondi Cavalli, translated with notes by William Martin. Other recent French publications are M. Gainet's "La Bible sans la Bible," or the history of the Old and New Testaments based on profane testimony alone, or as nearly alone as the good curate could afford to do; the second and third volumes of Maxime du Camp's "Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie dans la seconde moitié du XIXe siècle," a very thorough account of the social and industrial life of the great city; a second edition, revised, but not too carefully, of the Abbé Villeloin's "Livre des Peintres et Graveurs"; and "Nouvelles Etudes sur le Brésil," by Charles Pradez, a Swiss author, whose sketches of country life in Brazil in the first volume of this work, and, in the second, reflections on the subject of emancipation, may be read with confidence and respect. The number of works on the Franco-Prussian war hardly diminishes. For reference on account of the author's statistics, Major H. de Sarrepout's "Histoire de la Défense de Paris en 1870–71," and "Le Bombardement de Paris par les Prussiens en janvier 1871," are worth owning. The same may be said of Gen. Trochu's "L'Empire et la Défense de Paris devant le Jury de la Seine," an official report of the trial in which the General was lately involved in defence of his own reputation. We will just mention, besides, another batch of not uninteresting memoirs—"Journal d'un Aumônier militaire" is the general title of them—by the Abbé de Meissas, the Abbé Bertrand de Beavron, the Abbé Faivre, Father Dufor, the Abbé Pretot, etc.

RECENT POETRY.*

II.

ONE thing is to be said in favor of the much abused books of ineffectual poetry, and that is, that whatever dark doubts they throw over the mind as to the intellects of a large part of mankind, they are, on the other hand, capable of reassuring an aged pessimist as to the moral condition of his fellow-beings. To find anything corrupting, or indeed anything not of the soundest morality, to say nothing about most of the virtues of antiquity, or

* "The Outcast, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1872.
"My Recreations. Verses by Emily E. Ford." New York: Hurd & Houghton.
"The Days of Jezebel: an Historical Drama. By Peter Bayne." Boston: Gould & Lincoln.
"Robert of Woodleigh, and Other Poems." New York: James Miller. 1872.

of the graces that adorn the Christian scheme, one must steer clear of the vast majority of unheeded singers. There is Mr. Joaquin Miller, to be sure, who writes verses which are bad enough to guarantee the goodness of his morality; while his printed morality is so bad as to demand much better verses than he has ever made or probably ever will make; but this Oregon Byron is exceptional among his fellow-poetasters. For one Miller there are a hundred J. W. Watsons and Timothy Titcombs, writing "Beautiful Snows" and "Marble Prophecies," praising the endearments of home life; caressing children and loving flowers like genuine nurserymen and florists, as the signboards say; execrating bad men; befriending women of the town who are repentant and out in the wet; lashing the Pope, lauding our native land, and inculcating every ennobling doctrine that the sun shines on.

"Blessings be on them and immortal praise."

Mr. Walt Whitman's name will, perhaps, occur to the reader as that of another exception, and a worse one than the blanketed poet of the sierras and sombreros and William Walker; but, for one thing, he has ceased from his early dirtiness; and for another, impossible as it is, that he should produce poems, he is a man of a larger pattern than the poets of the newspaper corners and the unsold small editions and the well-sold large editions which the magazine readers run in shoals to buy. Much less than his insight—which we were on the point of calling poetic insight—and much less than his fervor and force suffice for the making of the class of poets whom we have been praising for their blameless walk and conversation, and their abstinence from causing the cheeks of young females to blush. He has "invited his soul" more than they ever have, and his barbaric yawp has sounded over the roofs of the world further than their better regulated voices have gone, although when they come to lie upon the bed of death, where indeed yawps afford but small consolation, they can reflect upon complete editions of their works with a satisfaction that only expurgated editions of Mr. Whitman's works will afford his dying hour.

Of the poets before us for notice this week we should say Mr. J. W. Watson may rely with as much confidence as any on his chances of a satisfactory hereafter. If his book is an index to his heart, and if his daily life is in accordance with the sentiments with which his heart inspires him, he is an Israelite without guile and fitted to be an ornament to any community. He is the author of "Beautiful Snow," as an appendix to this volume asserts, and as Mr. Watson is ready to show by documentary proof, although as many as nine persons—and some of them, we are sorry to say, of the softer sex—have maintained that they were the authors of that work. It is a poem in which good women are compared to new-fallen snow, and fallen women are compared to the same snow after it has been trodden in the mire, and his success with this comparison has had the effect of making Mr. Watson fall in love with his subject, so he writes "The Outcast." It is like the rest of its author's works, and will please people who are so far from being difficult or nice that they are excessively good-natured, and, we may wickedly say, easy even to the point of what Mr. Sumner calls ridiculosity, to be pleased with any poetry that appeals to their kindness of heart and is not too much like doggerel. Even poor poets, we dare say, have their commiseration. The outcast in Mr. Watson's poem is a girl, though it might well enough be her father,

"A [blind] man who cowering stood in rags both scant and thin,"

and played on a violin one bitter winter's night, hoping for pennies. The poet listens, and the violin tells as plainly as words that the old man once had health, strength, friends, a home, and a wife:

"And who on all the earth could make a little go so far
As she the Mary of my love, my life's bright guiding star?"

Children also were his:

"When children came to bless our hearth, the neighbors far and near
Declared they were the best they'd seen for many and many a year."

They were four in number, all daughters, of whom "the first that left was Abigail," who died of consumption;

"The next was Hannah, she so young, so thoughtless, and so gay,"

who was accidentally drowned;

"Then Mary with her golden hair and skin like tinted pearl,"

who died after a brief illness;

"And Mary's mother and myself were left once more alone;
No! not alone; there still was one, a wanton, wandering child."

This last was the outcast. Then the outcast's mother died, and the widower gradually slipped into neglect, destitution, mental wretchedness, slow starvation, blindness, vagrancy, and playing on the violin in the streets, as heard by our author—

"The music changed, with one deep sob, into the tones of prayer,
So mournfully, so pleadingly, upon the cutting air:
A woman dressed in drabbled robes went flaunting idly by,
With painted cheeks and bloodless lips, with dim and sunken eye.
She stopped and turned her ill-clad back upon the whistling blast,
And listened with an eager air unto the very last.
"The music ceased, the woman reached toward the blind old man;
She stooped her head with starting eyes, she clenched her hands and ran;
But suddenly, with faltering steps, she tottered back again,
And stood as though her gasping lips were seeking words in vain.
A moment thus I watched the two, the man's unconscious form;
The woman bent and kissed his hand, then fled into the storm."

We advise Mr. Watson, when the next edition appears, to have the pair of them clubbed by the police, and carried to Blackwell's Island with their feet frozen. That termination would prevent any one's complaining of the gay levity of the work.

"My Recreations" is a work which ought to disarm criticism, if criticism were as civil as it should be, and as it will be in a better world. The authoress thus speaks of her verses:

"I am no poet, and I know it.
But if a wild bloom lingers
Within my loving fingers,
From the woods I joyful bring it;
In my sweet friend's lap I fling it.
Can you blame me that I show it?
. . . . . .
"I am no poet, and I know it.
But a robin's homely note,
Joyful gushing from his throat,
Though no semblance of a tune,
Adds a charm to leafy June.
My rude song, must I forego it?"

The volume contains a great many pieces the composition and perusal of which have, no doubt, given the author and her friends a great deal of pleasure. No producer, says Aristotle, "master of those who know," has such joy in his completed work as the poet; and there is none of Mrs. Ford's poetry which calls for the censure of her friends. As good perhaps as anything is this sonnet:

"Hail to thee, Absence! Friendship's touch and test!
Thou art abused as Love's destroying foe.
But little of thine office do they know
Who call thee this. Idealist the best—
Delightful Fancy is thy constant guest,
And flowers and fragrance showers at thy behest.
If sound the heart, and fixed strong and true,
The loves of years thou ever dost renew,
Casting the sad away, and hoarding all the rest.
From daily sight, beloved ones lie concealed
Within thy clear obscure. Owe we thee hate,
When sundered from all ill, there stand revealed
The hidden glories thou dost indicate?
Vanish friends' outward forms—if fresh and fair
Their memories vital blossom in thy air."

Perhaps we ought to warn Mrs. Ford about making the daughters of the Byzantine "sultans" habitual and hereditary Christians; and also against a way she has, and a very embarrassing way, of omitting the definite article. The elision is made in the interest of euphony, we suppose; but the effect is exasperating on the reader, and probably will increase the sinfulness of the world. Here is an example:

"On height sublime
Blooms Edelweiss, cheering hard Alpine toil
It shrinks not from snow line."

The mention of the edelweiss reminds us to remark that the lovers of flowers and gardens will find in Mrs. Ford's book verses in honor of the hyacinth, the bouncing bet, the nasturtium, the chrysanthemum, the gladiolus, the rose, the daisy, the dock, and many other of their favorites and aversions, each of which gives the author an excuse, which she is ever ready in taking, to "stoop to earth and moralize her song," for each is made to teach some useful lesson. The zinnia, for example, instructs us thus:

"The moral of bright Zinnia's tale
Is, love and culture must prevail,"

the zinnia being a flower for which gardeners have done much.

Mr. Peter Bayne is known as a Scotch gentleman who has written in theology and in criticism, and has found acceptance with a good number of readers interested in a certain set of subjects. His "Days of Jezebel" will not permanently enlarge his audience, but we should think it might do good to those whom he addresses. Anything that helps to make the Bible less of a fetish—which is what it is to many minds north of Tweed, and north and south of many other rivers—is a gain for everybody. This we suppose Mr. Baine's volume will to some extent do. The kind of men and women who get spiritual comfort out of the word Mesopotamia because it is a good Scripture name, and who read Pollok's "Course of Time" because a minister wrote it and it is gloomy, will no doubt be all the better for it if they can be made to see that Jezebel was a human being, and a Sidonian young woman, and that by possibility she may have had other occupations and objects in life than painting her face and cutting the throats of prophets and getting tumbled out of the window by Hebrew politicians. We shall decline to commit ourselves in regard to the historic Judea of Mr. Bayne's construction and its Jezebellian politics, though we may say in general that we profoundly distrust and not a little despise most such reconstructions as being usually done for some one purpose which is very much smaller than was the

life of the age and community reconstructed, and very much smaller, too, than the whole life of the age and community for which the reconstructor works. As regards the poetry of Mr. Bayne's work, it is creditable to his intelligence, but does not give him a rank among poets who need be discussed at this distance from Edinburgh.

"Robert of Woodleigh" is an astonishing poem.

> "At Woodleigh dwelt Judge Leeson and his sons—
> Robert, the eldest, tall, and dark, and proud;
> And Maurice, fair, and slight, and delicate;
> And though the judge was father to them both,
> They yet were not full brothers. Either claim'd
> A mother for himself—both now in heav'n."

Both these youths are in love with one girl, "a kinswoman of Leeson's latest wife." The elder brother is silent about his passion, while the younger is all the time hanging about the young lady and offering himself to her. But she, however, loves Robert, and does not love Maurice. Under pressure from Rodney Gray, his friend, Robert at last descends to ask her hand:

> "Yet still his plea the younger brother pled;
> And when the harvest-sheaves were gather'd in,
> And all the implements of toil laid by,
> And Woodleigh rang with shouts of mirth,
> He drew her from among the merry guests,
> And lured her on, with soft and honey'd speech,
> Across the slope, and thro' the moonlit wood,
> And halted on the summit of the cliff
> Which overhung the lake, and sued again
> With all the fervor of his ardent tongue,
> And laughing, vowed if she his passion spurn'd,
> To cast himself into the lake below.
> And from the distant vale the harvest-glee
> Was faintly borne—a joyous melody."

Seeing the pair leave "The Hall," Robert followed them, and, though he hears Maurice's vow, he is not the man to trust to contingencies, and he pitches Maurice into the lake and drowns him. Having done this he does not stay to press his suit, because he loathes the fainting maiden at his feet, and, as he turns from the cliffs, very justly heaps imprecations on her—the cause. After some years of absence the war of the rebellion breaks out, and Robert, entering it, makes prisoner one day of his old friend Rodney, who informs him that "the maid" is still true, and that Maurice was not drowned after all. Upon this the stricken man goes home, and finds that the judge is still living, and that what Rodney said of the younger son is true also, he having indeed been fished out of the lake. Happily, however, his wits were lost in his immersion, and he is a gibbering idiot, and clearly an ineligible life-partner:

> "The aged man then call'd his elder son,
> And beckon'd Amy Winthrope to his side,
> And plac'd their hands together, palm to palm.
> Be not afraid to take her hand, my boy;
> She loved you best, and waited all these years."

What Mr. Stoner knows about half brothers will be an interesting subject to his prospective relatives when his father marries again.

THE DEBATABLE LAND.*

THIS book is less a story than an argument. Its object is twofold: to trace the perversions, as the author thinks them, of Christian doctrine by the Protestant reformers, especially by Calvin, and to show that spiritualism is necessary to assure the further progress of Protestantism, mainly by affording phenomenal proof of a life to come. "Phenomenal proof," says Mr. Owen, "is far more convincing than historical evidence. Had the electric telegraph been invented and employed for a brief period 2,000 years ago, and had telegraphy then become one of the lost arts, the old records of its temporary triumph, how well attested soever, if unsupported by modern example, would have created but feeble belief to-day." Before attempting, however, the task of establishing this phenomenal proof, Mr. Owen makes a prefatory address to the Protestant clergy, and in it devotes a third of his volume to a sketch of the successes and reverses of Protestantism. During the forty years ending with the year 1562, he reminds us, the larger part of Europe was lost to the Roman Church. Ranke exclaims, "What an immense empire had Protestantism conquered! . . . An empire reaching from Iceland to the Pyrenees, from Finland to the summit of the Italian Alps." But in the year 1648, the contest of the religions having subsided, "the rights and the boundaries of the rival churches were determined by treaty. But how determined? . . . France and Austria and Belgium; Bavaria, Bohemia, Poland, and Hungary; even Westphalia, where the partitioning treaties were signed, had fallen back into the Roman faith. Not only had Protestantism lost them all, but, after the lapse of 201 years more, she has never regained one [of these countries]. . . . Not a single European nation is Protestant to-day except those that had been Protestant more than 300 years ago." At present there are more than two Catholics to each Protestant in Europe. In the United States, the Catholics increased in the nine years from 1859 to 1868 one hundred per cent.; while the Protestants increased in the same time less than twenty-nine per cent. At the present rates of increase, Mr. Owen concludes, the Catholics in America will largely outnumber the Protestants in the course of thirty-one years from the present date.

What then is the reason, asks Mr. Owen, that Protestantism has failed to hold its own? The error of Protestantism, says Macaulay, is this: "All divine truth is, according to the doctrine of the Protestant churches, recorded in certain books. It is plain, therefore, that in divinity there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in pharmacy, geology, and navigation. A Christian of the fifth century with a Bible is on a par with a Christian of the nineteenth century with a Bible." From this opinion Mr. Owen dissents. Yet he endeavors to show that modern Protestantism has vital need of certain supplementary truths. These truths that Protestantism must receive, if it would maintain its place among religions, are, he argues, those of spiritualism. This position taken, our author brings forward the evidence given in the body of his work favoring the belief that disembodied human spirits exist and hold communication with men. This he introduces with a reference to two theories respecting the miraculous phenomena recorded in the Christian Scriptures. The first is that they were isolated phenomena, miraculous in the orthodox sense of the word. But the belief in the miraculous is melting away, in the progress of science; and the ultimate result, says Mr. Owen, will be disbelief in the alleged miracles of the Gospel. The second theory is, that the so-called miraculous phenomena of all history are continuous; that the existence of spiritual gifts is traceable from the earliest times to the present; and that the marvellous powers ascribed to the founders of Christianity were natural and credible, and are of a piece with the so-called spiritual manifestations of our day. If the latter prove genuine, adds Mr. Owen, they form "the strongest evidences to sustain the authenticity of the Gospels. . . . To act upon the ignorance of the first century, it needed works which that ignorance looked upon as miracles. To act upon the apathy of our day, it needs phenomena acknowledged to be natural, yet of an intermundane character."

Upon the question, On what basis of fact do the alleged "spiritual manifestations" rest? Mr. Owen has a better right to be patiently heard than many, even than most other, writers who have discussed it. A more dispassionate mind, a more laborious observation, has seldom been brought to the study of the question. Mr. Owen has not the scientific habit of mind; he leans rather toward acceptance, if not toward credulity, than toward scepticism; but he has the advantage of being conscious of his own temperament. He makes constant endeavors to apply the personal correction to his own observations. We have never seen an account of physical manifestations so full as that which this volume contains which is, at the same time, more careful and methodical in its account of the experiments and of their circumstances. Nearly all of the observations recorded here were made from notes taken on the spot or shortly after the occurrence of the phenomena. Mr. Owen has guarded himself, as far as in him lay, from the imputation of carelessness or inaccuracy in his record; and of his perfect good faith there can be no doubt. We cannot enter into the consideration of individual experiments, for which we must refer the curious to the book itself, in the chapters headed "Characteristics of the Phenomena," "Physical Manifestations," and "Identity of Spirit." It is enough to say that Mr. Owen believes that he has seen the violation of familiar physical laws, as other experimenters have seen it, in the case of heavy tables lifted into the air, and there suspended or caused to rotate without the slightest visible contact of any sort (pp. 363–365), and all the familiar forms of apparition which spiritualists profess to have seen and felt—the lights, the touches, the figures of ghostly shapes. Many of these phenomena, says Mr. Owen, were seen by him at the houses and in the company of private friends alone. Many occurred in the presence and by the aid of professional mediums. Some of the narratives, as that of the spinet of Henry III. (first mentioned in the Paris correspondence of the *Nation*, June 12, 1866), are marvellous beyond the average of spiritualist tales, while none of them are trivial; and Mr. Owen is a good story-teller.

The force of personal testimony, indeed, cannot well go further. But personal testimony, in the present state of scientific knowledge, will not be regarded as conclusive respecting the phenomena in question, so long as physiology finds so much of apparently counterveiling testimony in the facts of unconscious cerebration. Between two witnesses—the careful, unprejudiced observer on the one hand, and the advocate of a mysterious brain-action upon the other—science is not yet prepared to decide. It is hardly less surprising that unconscious cerebration should make the ghosts of the dead live again in the convictions of cool observers, than that a real communication between the two worlds should be demonstrated. Upon either explanation of the facts, a mystery underlies them; and it is somewhat difficult to excuse

* "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. With Illustrative Narrations. By Robert Dale Owen, author of 'Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.'" New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1872. 12mo, pp. 542.

the apathy with which so many scientific men have regarded the examination of this whole subject. Granted that all the phenomena claimed for spiritualism are a delusion, few enquiries are more interesting than those which should show how Messrs. Owen, Reichenbach, Crookes, and other intelligent investigators of the subject, have become the dupes of unconscious cerebration. Of this, we think, Dr. Carpenter's widely-read recent essay upon the subject fails to take account. His theory only changes the ground of the difficulty: an unconscious cerebration that leads men like Prof. Huggins to read a false number upon a dynamometer is a phenomenon, it seems to us, of as questionable shape as the very ghosts which it discredits. Yet, when a theory like that of spiritualism is challenged by science, the accuser, and not the accused, must have the benefit of the doubt.

After all, in attempting to decide the claims of spiritualism, we are attempting to write sentences in a language of which we hardly know, as yet, the alphabet. What is spirit? what is matter? Science, to all appearance, draws slowly nearer and nearer to answering these questions; and books which, like "The Debatable Land," contribute their quota of carefully observed and recorded facts to the discussion are to be welcomed. In Sir John Herschel's thoughtful statement, which serves as a motto to Mr. Owen's book, "Occurrences which, according to received opinions, ought not to happen, are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries."

THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" FOR OCTOBER.

"THE Political Campaign of 1872" is the article which will attract most attention in the October *North American*. It is appropriately sedate, but of necessity it is interesting, and, as we look at the political situation, it is wise and will be found profitable for instruction. We do not understand, indeed, how a contest "of vital concern to thoughtful citizens" is at the same time but "a first-rate second-rate contest" and only "momentous" in the conventional language of party orators. If it is "of vital concern," why it is of vital concern—momentous to everybody, and no more and no less momentous to party orators than to the rest of us. However, writers of judicial coolness and philosophic poise and calmness may be allowed their little ways as other people are, and nobody need quarrel much with our author, who as he goes on shows himself to be uninfected by political indifferentism. He speaks first of the President's early mistakes and misfortunes, among which he counts Mr. Motley's removal, Mr. Sumner's displacement from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, the Santo Domingo business, the readiness with which the President fell a prey to politicians who perceived in his embarrassment their own selfish opportunity; the appearance of either the reality or the semblance of rings senatorial and military, as exposed by "Mr. Sumner's unsparing pen," and the dismissal of men like General Cox and Mr. Wells, whose names were in a particular manner connected with the people's rather vague but sincere hopes of reform in administration. "Except," he remarks, "in the simplicity and honesty of his character, the President's traits were not calculated to propitiate the critical disposition thus evoked. If he had had the slightest touch of the dramatic dignity of Marlborough or of the electric tact of Napoleon, he might have shrouded the errors of inexperience beneath a halo of well-earned prestige; but being as plain as an average private and as silent as a model picket, his shortcomings lay open to the dullest observation, with everybody welcome to make the most of them"—and with nobody, it might perhaps be added, to care much about correcting them. Endowed with a most extraordinary and overmastering force of will, and caring far less than most men for the approval or applause of others, it is likely that the routine duties of General Grant's civil office, and even its higher duties, have had small power to captivate a man who probably was never so happy nor in so full exercise of all his faculties as when he was urging a vast army to the destruction of other armies which called out all his indomitable moral energy and force of character. As to the President's falling out with Mr. Sumner—or Mr. Sumner's falling out with the President—we fancy that the *North American* writer exaggerates its importance as influencing the original Cincinnati movement; and that perhaps he is inclined to exaggerate General Grant's individual responsibility for whatever fault there was. So far as we are aware, the public has not as yet seen any full statement of the causes which led to Mr. Sumner's hostility, and we should say that the safest data upon which to base a conclusion as to the relative culpability of the two men are furnished by the matter and tone of the senator's recent attacks upon the President; and the well-known feeling of resentment and impatience with which Mr. Sumner's peculiar manner has inspired many of his associates must also be taken into the account. General Grant was not without earnest help in the assault that was made. Accepting these as the best available data, most persons will hesitate to pass upon the President any severe condemnation, and indeed will reserve judgment. And of how much importance was Mr. Sumner's dissatisfaction as influencing the original promoters of the reform movement may be inferred from the course pursued by him and by them after the Cincinnati nominations were made. Manifestly they and he had next to nothing in common; he parted company with them and they with him, almost instantly and with emphasis.

Coming to the Cincinnati Convention, our author says that precisely how the honor of a nomination fell upon Mr. Horace Greeley, "whether through previous negotiations with Democratic leaders, of which there is some evidence extant"; or through the skilful tactics of Governor Brown and General Blair in the Convention itself; or because of political spontaneous combustion in an inflammable crowd, is not known to this day, and he does not attempt to conjecture. As we suppose, all these causes affected the result; and besides these several others. The picture of the baffled Fenton "fleeing" from Cincinnati, all his schemes "stamped out," has frequently been exhibited since last May, and the theory has many times been scouted that our honest senator knew about twice or three times as much concerning what the Convention was going to do, and what the subsequent Fifth Avenue Conference was going to do, as was within the knowledge of one-half of the Conference and the Convention. But the truth is, we take it, that to scout this theory is to shut one's eyes to an important fact, and one which should have its weight when one is weighing the issues of the canvass. We are not among Mr. Fenton's well-wishers and friends, nor in his confidence, and we should be pleased to see him "flee" from all sorts of decent places, and fleeing as baffled and stamped out as the most disgusted Liberal Republican editor could wish; but we happen to know what were the confident expectations and predictions of some of the delegation who went out from this city with Mr. Waldo Hutchins, and who so promptly slaughtered Judge Selden and his friends the moment those reformers opened their mouths. All this, however, is of the past, Mr. Greeley having got his nomination, and, as things look now, being likely to get much good of it.

Without having too much respect for the political sagacity of the Cincinnati reformers, and, perhaps, with a somewhat deficient sympathy with the objects of the best of them, our author nevertheless treats these latter gentlemen fairly; and most of them, we dare say, will agree with him that the movement was somewhat premature. He does not deny that under certain leaders very different from those who were selected, it might have been wise to trust the moderate and respectable Democrats whom it would have attracted, with a fair share of power; but he discerns in the present activity of the worse half of that party, and in the success of that party as a whole under the weak control of such men as Greeley and Brown, a great danger to the peace of the country and to the Constitution as remodelled. The interminable continuance of rancorous and stupid wrangling over bygone issues, renewed attempts to set aside the verdict of the war; in short, troublesome though fruitless attempts at reaction, are what he fears from the success of the Greeleyites in the campaign. Financial and reformatory questions are, he concedes, to be the next issues in our politics, and party lines are to be rearranged; but in his opinion the people will not take up a new set of questions till they have definitively disposed of the set which has long and violently agitated them, and he regards the attitude of the Southern whites and of Democrats like Mr. Jeremiah Black as sufficient notification to the people that they must once more inform "those unapt students that the fruits of the war as embodied in our political system are a finality." This we hold to be sound doctrine, and a just statement of the question to be settled next month; it is, moreover, as we are glad to believe, a statement which sufficiently indicates what will be the event of the contest. Pennsylvania managers of the Republican party may buy voters at a dollar a head; Republican postmasters may be assessed to pay the wages of brass-bands; Southern communities that have sown the whirlwind of slavery and ignorance may reap the wind of ignorance and carpet-baggism; but the people will not attend to these abuses while Georgia young men shoot negro voters on election day, and while Mr. Black tells his friends to support Mr. Greeley because his election, although it will not indeed take the three last amendments out of the Constitution at once, will yet "begin the process of their gradual extinction." It was to be wished rather than hoped, that by 1872 the South would have learned her lesson, and accommodated herself to the changed condition of the country; but, doubtless, the East and the Mississippi Valley are to set her her task one more time yet, if not several times.

It is, by the way, an interesting subject of thought for politicians who have asserted the death of the Democratic party, that one great section of the country is to-day almost solidly "Democratic," and bids fair so to remain. There are good political thinkers in the South, and plenty of men who regret the estrangement which has taken place. But the political activity of the South has for a long time been directed not by capable men, but by visionaries and ignorant zealots, who have led their quieter and more sensible countrymen to foolish destruction. While back-country editors, preaching

doctrinaire politics and prejudice of race, can set hot-headed and thoughtless young men half-crazy, there will be a safe anchorage for the Democratic party, and it will die hard. The war did not kill it; it is still a great party, and has to be fought hard to-day; and we see no sign that it is not going to continue formidable.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the other contents of the number, but there is little that we could say of them. "The Germanic World of Gods" is by Mr. Karl Blind; "Niccolini's Anti-Papal Tragedy" is by Mr. Howells; "Kristofer Janson and the Reform of the Norwegian Language" is by Mr. Boyessen; "Herder" (second paper) is by Mr. Karl Hillebrand; "American Novels" is by Mr. T. S. Perry (who, by the way, will have charge of the *Review* in the absence of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Henry Adams); and the ten book-notices are by various hands, and are nearly, but not quite, as good as usual. This, it will be seen, is a very literary number of the *Review*, and there is nothing in it that is not readable, Mr. Boyessen's article, perhaps, being the most so, for though it is rather feeble in its criticism, its subject is fresh. It contains some account of a Norwegian poet, Janson, who appears to be of no remarkable merit, and it approves and defends the course of those Norwegian men of letters who are strongly in favor of developing a literature strictly Norwegian in language, and to a great extent national in sentiment and thought also. For outsiders to judge correctly of such a controversy is not easy. It is however right, we suspect, to have fears of any system which tends to provincialize a people, no matter how pure and brave and free were their ancestors. After all, much must be secured if lack of knowledge is to be compensated for, and if full companionship with the brotherhood of nations is to be shunned.

To Niccolini's tragedies Mr. Howells gives high praise, perhaps higher than is altogether deserved, foreign politics, whether in prose or in numerous verse, not being of an interest that absorbs many people. We, for our own part, confess that Barbarossa's just indignation with Adrian IV., and Arnold of Brescia's struggles with his cruel superiors, arouse in us nothing like the same feeling with which we regard the Cenci's of Shelley's Italy for instance, or the English young lady of Doctor Antonio's. This is ungrateful to people who may be said to have fought our battles for us and to have died that we might live—to have been imprisoned, and scourged, and burnt, to have thought, and fought, and conquered, that we might be able to scoff at rascally and tyrannical saints and priests and to read political newspapers, instead of the "Summa Theologiæ" and our own death-warrants. All we say is that since Adam fell it has been a natural feeling; and that there is a perennial battle going on regardless of Adrians and Italian histories and politics, and of which we think when we are asked to give much of our admiration to poetry like Niccolini's, good a patriot in his day and generation as Niccolini no doubt was.

Mr. Karl Blind's article and Mr. Hillebrand's are both easy reading, though how sound the former may be we do not know. It treats of ancient German mythology. Mr. Perry, in indicating the faults of several American novelists, dwells upon the false conception of the "truly American" in fiction, thereby furnishing almost the most American thing of the quarterly. Perhaps it may not be amiss to say that the *North American Review* should be rather more American in the paternity of its articles than the number before us. It is true that American men of letters do not much affect quarterly publications, and that it is hard to get them to write.

Work and Wages Practically Illustrated. By Thomas Brassey, M.P. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—This work will please that large class who will have no political economy except what is based on "facts." It is a book of facts by a man of facts, with as little admixture of "theory" as is compatible with intelligent treatment. The father of the author was the greatest railway contractor of England, and seems to have collected and preserved all his observations of the conditions on which the rate of wages depends, and of the efficiency and prosperity of the laborer under various circumstances. As his experience included but a single class of labor, the author extended the work so as to include a similar survey of all classes.

A collection of facts made in this way is necessarily too incomplete to serve as the basis of any generalization. If we had complete tables, like those of a census, showing the average wages of each and every class of laborers throughout an entire country, during intervals sufficiently long, and classified according to the conditions on which the rate of wages may be supposed to depend, we might infer something from them. But we cannot legitimately infer anything from the experience of particular railroads or factories, because, however extensive it may be, that of other similar establishments may be directly the opposite. It is therefore wise in Mr. Brassey that he has considered his facts only as illustrations of the subject, and has mostly left the work of generalization to the reader, only showing what a practical man of large views and extended experience might fairly infer from a great mass of facts which had come under his notice. It is pleasant to find him concluding from such data that trades unions are powerless to change the rate of wages, and that this depends entirely on supply and demand, rising when there is a demand for labor, without any combinations among the workmen, and falling in the opposite case in spite of all the unions can do.

One of Mr. Brassey's most suggestive conclusions is that, notwithstanding the great diversity in the rate of wages, the cost of a given amount of labor is nearly the same everywhere. Very often he found men who would work for one-third or one-half the wages of an Englishman, but experience always showed that they could do only one-half or one-third the work, so that in Italy, Moldavia, or India any piece of engineering work could be constructed as cheaply by English as by the native laborers. We are prepared to accept this conclusion on strictly scientific grounds. It is a well-established principle of physiology that all the muscular force put forth by the human body is derived from the combustion of food in the lungs, and that the greater the healthful combustion the greater the available power. We may consider that the excavation of a cubic yard of earth necessitates the consumption of a definite weight of roast beef, which remains the same whether the beef be consumed by a coolie, an English laborer, or a Jamaica negro. To make Mr. Brassey's proposition universally applicable, it should be so stated as to make the cost of labor, as expressed by food consumed, the same everywhere. We can hardly doubt that the money cost of labor is much higher in America than in Europe.

To the friends and fosterers of our American manufactures we especially commend the chapter on dear labor and invention, as suggesting that that most greedy infant, our iron manufacture, could fight its own battles with the world if our tariff men would only give it a fair field. We learn that our cast-iron car-wheels are better than any that Europeans can make of wrought iron, owing to our skill in mixing the ores; that labor-saving appliances have been brought to such perfection that in twenty-five classes of hardware goods the United States are able to export largely into countries in which the pay of artisans is scarcely a quarter of that in America. Although Mr. Brassey writes these chapters without any reference to our tariff, it is impossible to study them without seeing that the great burden with which our iron manufactures have to contend is not the competition of European "pauper" labor, but the cost of the raw material consequent upon our high duties. The skill, ingenuity, and tact of our mechanics are great, in proportion to their high wages; but the best situated iron ore of the country is in the hands of a few hundred men who, by the aid of a high tariff, can enhance the price at which they sell the mechanic his raw material.

From a politico-economical point of view, the short chapter on the hours of labor is among the most important in the present work. The question of reducing the working hours depends mainly on whether the workman can accomplish as much, or nearly as much, in the shorter number of hours; and this can be determined only by careful trial and experiment. Mr. Brassey cites a number of instances tending to show that the shortening of the hours of labor is compensated by the increased vigor and industry of the laborer. His instances are, however, altogether too few to warrant any general conclusion, and we only call attention to them as being the solitary attempt which has come under our notice to collect practical data for an intelligent judgment of the question.

The political economist will find little that is new or striking in Mr. Brassey's work. But it is calculated to do much good among those who do not believe in political economy, and wish to substitute for it conclusions drawn entirely from practical acquaintance with the affairs of life. To such we cordially recommend it, hoping they will not think the worse of it for not trying to refute the Ricardos and Malthuses.

Introduction to the Study of Biology. By H. Alleyne Nicholson. (New York: Appleton. 1872. 8vo, pp. 183.)—While this compend deals too much with generalities to serve as a manual for the beginner, it reflects very well the actual state of the science, both as to its latest and highest conquests and as to its still vexed problems, and may be recommended to the general student who would like, by a few hours' reading, to learn with what kind of enquiries biologists at the present moment are busying themselves. Advanced students will also find it a useful summary. The author's own opinions are decidedly "vitalistic," as opposed to the recent tendency to explain every fact of life through a mechanical conception. He is evidently

opposed to Darwinism—some of his objections, by the way, are rather wild—and in one place he goes so far as to assert that "living matter can overcome the primary law of the *inertia* of matter," and originate and arrest motion. This seems a rash statement to any one who has once accustomed himself to conceive of living matter as simply embodying the universal force in a state of high tension; which tension may be resolved and the force let loose by the advent of an incommensurably small amount of extraneous force, or *stimulus*, as it is called. The stimulus may often escape our detection and the movement appear spontaneous, but we are not yet justified in denying, with Dr. Nicholson, that it has an outward origin.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1872.

The Week.

THERE will be elections held on Tuesday next for members of Congress and State officers in fourteen States, and for members of Congress alone in fourteen more. In the remainder the Presidential electors alone will be chosen. The Greeleyites concede to Grant twelve States, yielding in all 119 votes, while they claim for Greeley seventeen States, yielding 178 votes, leaving Grant only one Southern State—South Carolina. They declare eight States to be doubtful—namely, California, Illinois, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin, yielding 69 votes, and thus, if their calculations are well founded, they have only six votes to get from the doubtful States to give them the victory. But out of the Greeley list the Republicans claim, with the utmost confidence, at least Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and New York, yielding 65 votes; and they count with greater or less confidence on every one of the States set down by the Greeleyites as doubtful. Should their anticipations prove correct, they will thus take away 65 of the votes of which the Greeleyites profess to be sure, and 69 of those of which they profess to have some expectation. These, added to the votes which the Greeleyites concede to Grant already, would give him 253. The States in which the contest will undoubtedly be close, and in which, therefore, one can fairly call the issue doubtful, are New York, and New Jersey, and Michigan, and Indiana, yielding 70 votes in all. Should Grant lose the whole of these, it would still leave him 183 votes, or a majority, supposing the remainder of the Grantite calculations to be correct. We ought perhaps to include Illinois among the closely contested States, though our belief is that the Liberals have made a great deal more uproar there than their strength will justify. As the result is so near, there is no use in prophesying. Many Republicans believe Greeley will carry no Northern State, and we think this a not unreasonable view; but it is only about the amount of Grant's majority that there is now any question in any quarter.

The *World* has practically given up the Presidential contest in a philosophical article intended to show that it makes little difference who is elected, which is a concession of some value, as it was the firm belief of the Democrats, and of many of the Liberal Republicans, six or eight months ago that the continuance of Grant four years longer in office would prove the ruin of free government in America. They were measurably successful in making converts to this belief, extravagant as it was, until they produced their remedy. When they said that Greeley was the only hope of the country, people began to lose confidence in what they said about Grant, and have been losing it steadily ever since. Indeed, the experience the country has had with them is not unlike that which people sometimes have with lunatics. A crazy man will often tell strangers a very plausible and coherent story about the persecutions of which he is the object, and the losses and vexations to which his enemies subject him, and obtain general credence; but when he comes down to details, and tells you that his own mother and the pastor of his church often pass the night under his bed, on all fours, pushing up the mattress with their backs, his tale assumes quite a different aspect. So the public was really getting alarmed by the accounts some of us gave of the President's ignorance and usurpations and of the abuses of the civil service, until we introduced Greeley as the great administrative reformer. Then there came a terrible laugh, and people began to see a queer, wild look in the Liberal Eye, and wonder they had not remarked it before.

The farce will be brought to a close on Tuesday, and all good causes will be the better of its termination. In place of the usual exhortation to all good citizens to vote early and on the right side, and go round and see that their friends vote too in the same way, we hereby remind the "organs" that there are only three days left now for the production of "charges." Let them, therefore, examine their drawers and see if nothing has been overlooked. Has no Greeleyite or Grantite minister been selling bad liquor on the sly in the basement of his church? Has no brother editor been carrying off the silver spoon out of the medicine glass of his dying friend? Has no senator been defrauding and brutally beating his sick washerwoman? Has the Attorney-General had nothing to do with the late silk robbery? In short, brethren, is there nothing more that you can say to give anybody pain, or to blacken a fair reputation, or to make your country look to the civilized world like a den of drunken thieves, and thus exalt "journalism" in the eyes of the community?

Popular interest has been almost completely turned away from the Presidential contest by the "horse epidemic," which begins to produce serious business embarrassment, and is apparently by no means so slight or evanescent a thing as was first hoped or believed. There seems to be very little known about the disease, medical science having really bestowed very little attention on animals, whose ailments are, in the main, treated by practitioners of about the same standing as the mediæval barber-surgeons, and who are mighty with drugs and "liniments." The principal feature of the disease seems to be an ulcerated sore throat, and it was supposed that a favorable change in the weather would arrest its progress or moderate the symptoms; but the weather has changed, and the malady continues to spread and assume a severer type. The increase in the number of fatal cases is hardly so serious an indication as it seems, inasmuch as large numbers of sick horses are being worked, either through necessity or cupidity, and work in many or most cases doubtless means death. At this writing there are no signs of improvement. The inconvenience caused by the stoppage of traffic is assuming grave proportions. The effect on foreign trade bids fair to be almost disastrous, and where the remedy is to come from it is hard to see. No mechanical substitute for the horse labor of a great city could be produced for months, and the epidemic is raging over a very wide area. Even if it were not, fresh horses could not be brought here. There is one good that may come out of the pestilence, and perhaps must come of it, and that is the total withdrawal of the horse from the regular passenger traffic of large cities. The way in which our car and omnibus horses are now worked and lodged ought to have brought a horse plague long ago, and the stables ought to have produced a man plague. If people are to be transported on rails, the work ought to be done by steam-engines of some kind, even in the streets. Most New Yorkers and Bostonians are now drawn from their business to their homes like pigs, and the animals that draw them are literally tortured to death, for overwork is torture, and torture of the worst kind.

The legitimate weapons of anti-Greeley warfare are too numerous to justify assaults on the Sage like that perpetrated in the *Times* on Friday. That paper published an "unearthed" letter of Mr. Greeley's, written two years ago to Mrs. Josephine Griffing, and tendering some wholesome advice in regard to her mode of befriending the blacks in Washington. To those who understand the circumstances of the case, the protest will be thought creditable to the good feeling and judgment of the writer. It was, in fact, a proper rebuke to the well-meaning but unwise philanthropists whose charity was tending to pauperize the whole black race in the District of Columbia, and if it has any present "interest to colored men," as the *Times* seems to think it has, it is not as a piece of "heartless and impertinent interference with a scheme of benevolence"—we

quote the *Times* once more. Mr. Greeley's bad (and not "unmistakable") handwriting is doubtless responsible for his seeming to call the blacks "an easy, *worthless* race." The context clearly shows that careless, thoughtless, or heedless was the epithet intended.

Mr. Wendell Phillips has fallen in among an evil and adulterous generation, who do not know a prophet when they see him and hear him, and indeed act as if prophets were bores. He wrote a letter for the benefit of the nominating convention in the Fifth (Mass.) District, giving them a mass of overwhelming reasons why they should nominate Mr. Buffum, a Labor Reformer, for Congress, but instead of surrendering, they only gave Mr. Buffum one vote, and nominated Mr. Gooch, who is, Mr. Phillips says, "a worthy, intelligent gentleman," but not "a live man," and his nomination is an insult to the Workingman. It is getting to be the general opinion in other parts of the country, we think, that the Labor Reform Party in Massachusetts ought either to grow strong, or die, or hold its tongue. It makes a prodigious noise in "halls," and is under the guidance of the wisest man of this or any other age—a man who never made a mistake, and never said anything that was not only true in a general, loose, domestic way, but strictly and literally true; and yet the politicians seem to care no more about it than about the noise of the wind in a pine-tree, and it makes hardly more show at the polls than the Graham-bread movement or the movement to remove the national capital to St. Louis.

A decision has been rendered during the past week under the Treaty of Washington, which takes away from the politician the last bone of contention between England and the United States. The Emperor of Germany has decided the Northwest boundary question in favor of the United States. The Administration having telegraphed its thanks for the care and attention bestowed by Germany upon this vexatious question, and the English press having had its final grumble over what they would call in France the "treachery" of the Emperor, the San Juan difficulty may be said to be at an end. The question practically was this: whether, under the Treaty of 1846, which established the boundary between the United States and British America, the cluster of islands (of which San Juan is one, and the most significant) lying east of the Haro channel, between Vancouver's Island and the mainland, belonged to Great Britain or the United States. It was a question of the interpretation of a very loosely worded instrument, relating to a matter not of vital importance to either country, as any one can see by looking at the map. As a "difficulty" it had some value, for it furnished a means of intelligent occupation to diplomats of both countries, and would have afforded a convenient *casus belli* to either country whenever one was wanted. It is a relief to have it out of the way, and fortunate that the American claim was allowed. "Fifty-four forty or fight" was a very good party cry in Polk's time, but "a hundred and twenty-three fifteen west longitude or fight" would never have done as a slogan at all.

To an age which has lost its sense of wonder, the horse distemper easily overshadows the event of the week which is by all odds the most marvellous and inspiring. A news despatch from Australia, *viâ* the Overland Telegraph and its connecting cables, dated Melbourne, October 24, was printed in our Saturday morning papers all over the country, from New York to San Francisco. The possibility of this achievement was of course contained in the successful working of the first Atlantic Cable, but it will still be long before we can find it perfectly natural that twenty-four hours only, or fewer, separate us from the antipodal continent which steam communication has but just begun to make seem neighboring. The remarkable feature in this case is the building of a line eighteen hundred miles long across the wilderness, and almost desert, of which the English settlements in Australia form merely a fringe along the coast. It was an undertaking certainly not unparalleled, but probably unsurpassed of its kind, and in its consequences is likely to resemble more our Pacific Railroad than our own overland telegraph. It has already made useful additions to the geography of the interior of Australia, and has begun to be used not only as the thread along which to string new settlements, but as the base of departure for several exploring expeditions in the waste on either side. It offers a fresh illustration of the value to mankind of the solitary labors of men devoted to science, when the perilous transcontinental pilgrimages of Burke, Stuart, and MacKinlay are followed within ten years by a telegraphic service that binds the colony to the mother country and the island to the mainland, and adds one more link to the solidarity of nations.

A few days ago Mayor Hall made one of his melodramatic appearances in court, and insisted on a speedy trial of the charges against him connected with the Ring frauds. A jury was speedily empanelled, the Mayor making few objections, or none at all; indeed, instead of making use of the dilatory machinery which served him so well on his first trial, he seemed only anxious to bring matters to a crisis as speedily as possible. As soon as the jury was empanelled, the Mayor addressed it in a few words, hailing it "as the star of his deliverance," referring in feeling terms to the cruel imputations on his character, assuring the jury that his professions of readiness for trial were no poor bravado, for there had not been "a second of time in the day or in the night" that he had not been ready to meet his accusers. The trial then began, and is likely to be a short one, and not so thrilling as the first, at which the demon Garvey made his first appearance on the stage. The present indictment covers the previous six, and embraces all charges, including "negligence," connected with the proceedings of the Board of Audit with which—"under the inscrutable decrees of Providence," according to his own statement—this unfortunate man had "happened to be connected." It will be a great pity should it be found impossible to convict Mr. Hall under this indictment, for there is no one in the city who does not believe him guilty of connivance at the Ring frauds, and his escape will be taken as a sort of demonstration that the popular belief in the safety of rascality on a large scale is after all correct. The evidence that has been put in thus far does not do much to connect Hall with the frauds. The main facts in the case are really these: 1st. That Hall, having been entrusted with the duty of auditing claims against his constituents, in conjunction with two others, agreed with the other two to neglect the performance of this duty, and transfer it to a third person, asking no questions, and allowing him to do exactly what he pleased, without supervision or restraint. 2d. That this was done by a man who had been fifteen years in city politics, knew the character of city politicians thoroughly, and must have been morally certain that the object for which the reference was made was no good one. 3d. That when the frauds were discovered, instead of expressing surprise or regret, he assumed a bold front, laughed at the whole matter, dared his constituents to do their worst, and has to this day never given the slightest evidence that he ever regarded the frauds themselves as any more than ordinary moves in the political game.

Gambetta still continues to furnish the principal topic of French politics, and he makes it fruitful by delivering plenty of speeches. But he has stirred up an old-fashioned quarrel between the Radical and Conservative press. The latter are raking up all the horrors of the Revolution, much in the style in which De Maistre did it, by way of showing that the modern Republicans are the legitimate successors and heirs of the Marats and Robespierres; while the Radicals will have it that all Conservatives are Bourbonists in disguise, and would like to restore the taille and the seigneurial "droits" and persecute the Protestants. The discussion is very exasperating in a country like France, but there is one good sign about it: each party evidently looks on want of moderation as the worst charge it can bring against its enemies; but there are also bad signs in it, and the worst is the one to which our Paris corre-

spondent calls attention—the way in which French politics is dominated by one man : if not Bonaparte, Thiers ; if not Thiers, Gambetta ; if not Gambetta, some one else. There is no more indication of the rise of *law* above men than there was under the Empire, though adhesions to what is called the Republic continue to be very numerous. M. Simon, the Minister of Public Instruction, has issued a circular which shows that he at least has learnt something, proposing to modify the French educational system in the direction of those of England and Germany ; that is, by the introduction of greater freedom, the diminution of supervision, the increase of open-air sports and gymnastic training. At present, the one "manly exercise" in which young Frenchmen of the middle class excel is fencing, and the conscience and self-reliance of the youth of both sexes are sapped by minute espionage and suspicion.

The Germans are going into social science with characteristic love of drudgery and painstaking. A sort of revival has sprung up among them on the subject, the leaders of which are mostly college professors and young men, and between them and the "practical men" there now rages, our American protectionists will be surprised to hear, a deadly feud. The "practical" economists in Germany are all, or nearly all, of the Manchester school of free-traders, or, in other words, of the extreme school, who eschew all kinds of government interference with industry, and indeed would confine government to mere police duty ; and Prussian policy has for years run in this direction. Not only have all changes in the tariff been strongly in the direction of free trade, but the Government has refrained from taking any of those measures with regard to the regulation of factory and mining labor which have been long on the English statute-book. The German economists have been for some time divided into three schools, the historical, philosophical, and statistical ; but the statistical alone has had any influence on legislation. The historical school, which is mostly found in the universities, and is disgusted with the disorder and disorganization produced all over Germany by the tremendous rise in prices, and the impetus given to speculation, by the great influx of capital from France, is now raising its head, and has just called a Congress at Eisenach, in which it declares war against the non-interference men, and calls for legislation regulating trade, industry, commerce, and labor in the interest of social morals, and in order to the more orderly and regular distribution of the products of labor. The mediæval system, it acknowledges, is its ideal, and while it does not hope or wish to bring it back, it thinks some modification of it must be attempted in order to prevent modern society from going to pieces. The principal speaker at the Congress, however, made propositions which the other members considered so wild, that most of the first session was passed in refuting him. By the time they had finished, he was himself so out of conceit with his own resolutions that he withdrew some and explained away others. In fact, the "practical men" have thus far carried the day.

The efforts to raise money in this country for the suffering victims of the floods in the valley of the Po, in the early part of this year, can hardly have ceased when they are again rendered necessary, and doubly necessary, by inundations which have taken place within the past fortnight, and apparently on a scale far exceeding that of the former disaster. The regions about Mantua and Ferrara are particularly mentioned as being afflicted. However it may be with Mantua, Ferrara has had forebodings, now completely justified, and if the complaints which it has sent up since 1865, and as late as the middle of last month, are warranted by the facts, the Government engineers are responsible for some portion, at least, of the present widespread destruction of life and property in that province. It seems a little extraordinary that the high engineering talent of the nation which accomplished the Mont Cenis Tunnel should not have rendered this periodical overflow either impossible or harmless.

Spanish finances, like most other Spanish things, are in a bad way. The hard facts of the case are that there is a floating debt of $84,000,000, which no government since the Revolution has shown its ability to deal with, and there is a deficit in the revenue this year of $20,000,000. The last finance minister but one, Señor Angulo, could think of no better mode of making ends meet than clapping a tax of 18 per cent. on the interest of that portion of the debt held by foreign creditors, but this met with no acceptance at home, and abroad was treated as an attempt at robbery. His successor, Señor Camacho, proposed to pay one and a half or two per cent. of the foreign obligations in cash, give bonds for the remainder at the market price of Spanish securities, and the foreign creditors received this proposition favorably, but the Cortes did not even consider it. The present minister, Señor Gomez, now proposes an ingenious kind of loan, the leading feature of which is the payment of two-thirds of the interest due to the holders of certain classes of the public debt in money, and the other third in Government bonds during the next five years, and a loan of $10,500,000, the interest of which is to be paid in the same way, to be negotiated by the Bank of Paris and of the Netherlands. This plan is now coming before the Cortes. Señor Gomez estimates the expenditure of the coming year at $333,500,000 ; the revenue at $272,500,000.

A very pretty diplomatic quarrel is raging in Europe over the old Laurium mines, so famed in Athenian history, and which once furnished a considerable portion of the Athenian revenue, but have not been worked for two thousand years. In 1863, a company composed of Italian and French capitalists bought the old ground on the sea-shore, near "Sunium's marble steep," from the village, got a confirmation of their title from the Government, and went to work and began speedily to make large profits by merely working over the débris left by the ancient miners, whose work—they were all slaves—was slovenly, and whose processes were of course imperfect. The result has been that a town of 3,000 inhabitants has sprung up around the mines, a railroad seven miles long has been constructed to connect it with the port, forty miles of macadamized road have been made in the neighborhood, and employment at high wages afforded to the surrounding population. But the company have had a funny experience with the brigands. One chief attempted to levy $10,000 of blackmail on them, and probably would have done it if they had not taken the precaution to have him killed. Another attempted to carry off the Superintendent, who had to call out his armed employees and offer battle under the rules of the military art on the adjacent plain, and the action was only prevented by the arrival of a reinforcement of regular troops from Athens. Finally, the Greek public became too much outraged by the spectacle of the company's prosperity, and the Government was obliged to pass an act declaring all the débris of the old mines public property, and clapping an enormous tax on the company for the future, and claiming $400,000 as arrears. This the company could not stand, and offered to sell out to the state for $2,800,000, but the state refuses to buy, and they are now trying to get the French and Italian Governments to interfere for their protection. The Greek defence is very characteristic, and would have delighted a sophist. It is that the original grant to the company only included the "scoria" or slag left, after smelting, by the ancient miners ; that "ecvolades," or ore thrown up by the ancient miners and left there as not worth smelting, do not belong to the company, and that their title to them being disputed, the matter ought to be referred to the courts. The company, however, treats the proposition to submit their rights to the Greek judges in a matter of this kind as a bad joke, and clamor for foreign interference. As nearly all the "smart" Greeks in Greece who are not brigands are engaged in "journalism," it can be readily imagined that the uproar over the affair at Athens is great, and that it is not likely to draw foreign capital very strongly towards what our politicians would call "the home of Pericles."

THE JUDICIARY AND THE BAR.

MR. DISRAELI has asserted in one of his speeches, aimed at Sir Charles Dilke, that the American legislative system costs more than the British civil list; from which he would have it inferred that a republic is a more costly government than a monarchy, and that the British nation gets more for its money than it would get should it adopt the governmental system of the American people. Of course the costliness of a government does not come from its being called a republic or a monarchy, nor from its executive head being elective or hereditary; yet nevertheless it is a startling assertion that, with all our simplicity, economy, and niggardliness on the one hand, and the meagreness of governmental detail on the other, we not only get less for our money than the English people, but we actually pay more for the little we do get.

The same thing, we suspect, may be readily demonstrated of the two judicial systems. While the English people pay very high salaries—about $45,000 a year in currency—to a few eminent lawyers who wear robes and wigs and are addressed as "My Lord," they receive from them such certainty and exactitude of legal justice, with such promptitude of administration, as to reduce the litigation of a naturally pugnacious and litigious people to a comparatively small compass, and almost relieve the modern law of England from the law's proverbial uncertainty. The value of knowing what the law is, or, in other words, of knowing what a decision would be if a suit were brought, and of thereby preventing the enormous mass of legal experiments which make up American litigation, cannot be more completely illustrated than by the spectacle of the three superior courts of Westminster, consisting of five or six judges each, carrying along the entire law-litigation (as distinguished from equitable) of the people of England. And this efficiency is in turn illustrated and in some degree explained by the extreme fewness of appealed cases. In our American system, the law reports consist almost entirely of cases carried by appeal from one court to another; in England, there are not enough of these cases to fill a volume, for which reason they are interleaved with the reports of the court where they originated. Thus we find in the reports of last year, that the largest number of cases carried to the Exchequer Chamber from any one court is but nineteen, and that the total of the appealed cases from the three courts—virtually all the law courts of England—is less than fifty.

This extraordinary fact is the most conclusive demonstration of the respect which is paid by the bar and people to the English courts—a respect so practical in its effects as to secure the belief that the decisions are ordinarily the true exposition of the law, from which it would be folly to appeal, and not mere stepping-stones to the court of last resort. Now, if any person on going into a court-room will contrast the value of the time lost by jurors, witnesses, and suitors, and the amounts paid for retainers, counsel fees, witnesses, travelling, printing, etc., etc., with the salary of the judge who sits on the bench controlling the movements of the complicated machinery below, he will perceive that the dollars and cents, or pounds, shillings, and pence, paid from the treasury for judicial salaries form really the smallest item of the expense which a nation bears in carrying on the administration of justice. Hence we can hardly value too highly a judicial system which by rendering the law "certain" (which means, simply, settled and known) shall prevent litigation; and we can hardly censure too strongly a system which by its uncertainty of administration invites men to invest in the chances of litigation and risk the outlay of additional costs as other men risk the price of a lottery ticket.

Remembering that both systems consist of courts of the common law, we should say that their distinctive characteristics are the extraordinary centralization of the one and the extraordinary dispersion of the other. In the English system, the centralization indeed amounts to substantial unity. The decision of a single judge is reviewed by the other judges of the same court; the decision of a single court by the judges of the other courts; to-day, the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas review the decisions of the Court of Exchequer; to-morrow, the Common Pleas and Exchequer will review those of the Queen's Bench. The law is virtually declared by all of the judges constantly intermingling and acting together, and it is impossible for two courts to be long apart or far apart. Further than this, the same unity extends downward as well as upward, for the chamber business of the three courts is performed by one, each court successively taking charge of it for a year. The conflict, therefore, of orders and injunctions with which we are so familiar cannot exist, and the bar, while giving different names to the different courts, and styling one judge a justice and another a baron, still finds them all congregated under a single roof administering one system of laws as parts of one judicial system.

The Federal judicial system, on the contrary, is broken up into different strata, the district and circuit courts. (The Supreme Court we throw out, as being merely appellate and taking the place of the House of Lords.) The lowest stratum is next broken up into nearly fifty isolated courts held by single judges, having no official communication with each other. All of these judges are underpaid; some of them are comparatively idle, their duties not filling a month of the year; others are overworked and wearied, wearing those ruts in their lives in which overworked, isolated men are pretty sure to travel. If two of these weak tribunals decide a point of law in two different ways, it ordinarily must follow that there will be two appeals. But the imperfection of the system was such that the circuit was often held by district judges, and, at best, it now amounts to little more than one man sitting to review another's work.

As such a defective system of course sent up to the Supreme Court, for the only real review that exists, all cases that could possibly be carried there, it followed that the Supreme Court fell some three years behind its work. To accomplish a judicial reform in this state of things, it was necessary, first, to relieve the judges from other duties, so that they should reduce their enormous docket; and, second, to improve the administration of justice in the courts below, so as to lessen the ratio of appealed cases. For the first evil, Congress created nine new circuit judges, and, to a great extent, relieved the Supreme Court judges from circuit duty. The second evil Congress seemed utterly unable to comprehend or to grapple with. Instead of appointing these new circuit judges—which is only a step towards the complete isolation of the circuit courts—it is obvious that Congress should have merged the district and circuit courts and united the district judges of each circuit into a court of review. Requiring them to hold court in each State of their circuit, prohibiting the judge who tried the case from sitting to review it, and paying them liberally for their expenses, would have made each circuit much like one of the courts of Westminster Hall; while the occasional presence of a judge of the Supreme Court would have tended toward the uniform action of all.

When we pass to the State tribunals, we find much diversity, but nevertheless a progression toward this same principle of division and subdivision and isolation. The former constitution of New York probably reached the limit; for while the people of England, with nominally three distinct courts of law, had one harmonious administration of legal justice, the people of New York, with nominally one Supreme Court, had really eight distinct and often jarring legal tribunals. Added to these were two courts, in the great centre of commercial litigation, of almost equal jurisdiction and importance. It is plain enough that the Court of Appeals must have become overloaded in the task of gathering together all of these conflicting elements, and reducing, after years of delay, judicial diversities into something like judicial unity.

When these systems are analyzed, and their inherent weakness laid bare, no one can suppose that any great respect could ever be rendered to each of their multiplicity of courts. There is in them no congregated whole which can command respect. The controlling principle is not diffusion, but belittlement. The division is in practical effect so complete that the parts cease to be parts and become paltry unities. The division also reoperates in another direction; for, as there is no great judicial power for the bar to re-

spect, so there is no united bar to scrutinize and uphold the judiciary. When we remember how completely the legislative bodies of the country are in the hands of lawyers, it seems at first inexplicable that lawyers should have done so little for the judiciary and for their profession. With every other profession and trade and interest so slightly represented in all our legislative councils, we might reasonably expect that the judicial system would have received the strongest support from government, and have been built up into a state approaching perfection. But the American bar of late years has never stood face to face with the judicial power and realized the duties which each owes to the other. When a Barnard or Cardozo has mounted the bench, the immediate remedy has been to carry business into some other court, and to regard the disgrace as affecting only one of the units of the judicial system, and not the judiciary. When the injustice and tyranny have grown insupportable, the fraction of the bar directly oppressed have not received the support of the entire body, by whom it has in fact been regarded as a local affair. In England, the whole judicial power is directly confronted by an entire and united bar. A Barnard or Cardozo upon the bench of any of the three courts would directly affect every lawyer in England, and he would feel that the scrutiny of every lawyer was upon him.

And this brings us to a scheme, which has been provoking much sharp discussion in England, looking toward a limited decentralization of the judicial power. The Judicature Commission, in August last, reported to Parliament a proposition in effect to increase the jurisdiction of the county courts and to concentrate them into what has been termed provincial courts. The commission is made up of judges, the Attorney-General, and eminent members of the bar, and among others Sir Roundell Palmer. If the commission had reported with anything like unanimity, its recommendation would probably be adopted; but it is almost equally divided, and many of its most respected members are of the minority. Among them is Mr. Justice Blackburn, the leading judge of the Queen's Bench after Chief-Justice Cockburn, and he gives this very pointed testimony to the value of a united and powerful bar:

"I attach much importance to keeping up the great central bar of England. The *only real, practical check on the judiciary* is the habitual respect which they all pay to what is called 'the opinion of the profession.' And the same powerful body forms, as I think, a real and the principal check on the abuse of patronage by the Government."

These county courts, it must be understood, are by no means the same as the county courts of the United States. The judges are barristers receiving ordinarily £1,000 and their expenses, which sometimes amount to £200 more. But though the purchasing power of their pay in gold is about equal to the paper-money salaries of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, their common-law jurisdiction is limited to £20 in cases of tort and £30 in cases on contract; and 80 per cent. of their business consists, it is said, of cases below £5. They are, therefore, small-debt courts respectably managed—so respectably that, while the appropriation made by Parliament for 1871 was £414,706, the fees collected and paid into the treasury by the county courts amounted to £358,031, leaving to be borne by taxation only £56,675. We may also note as one of the poor man's advantages in a respectable and well-paid judiciary (even for small-debt courts), the system popularly known as the "banking business"; which is the discretion given to these judges to withhold execution, and allow the judgment debtor to pay by instalments. That there is some defect in the English system is universally conceded. The Judicature Commission states it thus:

"There are two classes at least of the subject matters of litigation—those which can bear the expense of being tried before an elaborate central tribunal, and those which require a cheap, simple, and local procedure and trial. But there is a third or intermediate class of cases which frequently involve questions of complexity and serious importance to the persons interested, yet the expense of taking the parties and witnesses to any considerable distance from the place where the cause of action arose and they probably dwell, is generally wholly disproportionate to the value of the matter in dispute."

It is this intermediate class of cases for which the change in the county courts is proposed, and it will be interesting to watch the manner in which some improvement will be worked out by the able minds now in conflict. But from all that has been proposed, the judicial power of England is in no danger of immediate decentralization; for the proposition which has divided the commission and caused all the uproar of printed discussion is to increase the exclusive jurisdiction of these courts to £50. Yet it illustrates how clearly the bar and bench of England perceive the benefits arising from their relative positions, and how jealously they regard any proposition which may divide the influence of the one or lessen the greatness of the other.

THE POSITION OF THE HORSE IN MODERN SOCIETY.

IN spite of the inconvenience, as yet on the whole slight, caused by the "horse epidemic," there are but few persons interested in public health and morals who will not be glad of it, if it calls public attention in a serious way to the necessity for some change in our treatment of horses, at least within the limits of great cities. What is the exact nature of the difference between our duty to our fellow-man and our duty to the lower animals, or whether there is any difference at all; whether there is any difference in kind between cruelty to a horse and cruelty to a servant; whether the one can be practised without serious injury to the moral nature any more than the other; and whether, in short, "the beasts of the field" are not entitled to a higher place in systems of morality than has yet been accorded them, are questions which are now at last beginning to receive a good deal of discussion, but we do not purpose taking them up here. We merely wish to point out the striking illustration the prevailing horse disease affords of the importance of the part which this animal has come to play in our commercial civilization, and of the close relation there exists between *his* physical condition and *our* material interests. Our talk has been for so many years of the railroad and steamboat and telegraph, as the great "agents of progress," that we have come almost totally to overlook the fact that our dependence on the horse has grown almost *pari passu* with our dependence on steam. We have opened up great lines of steam communication all over the country, but they have to be fed with goods and passengers by horses. We have covered the ocean with great steamers, but they can neither load nor discharge their cargoes without horses. We have collected at the mouths of our great rivers and at the intersections of our railroads vast bodies of people, covering miles on miles of area with their dwellings and factories, but have left them wholly dependent for their intramural travel and for their regular supplies of food and clothing on horses. More than this, we have within the last few years made horse labor an almost essential condition of the protection of our great cities from fire.

This increase of our industrial and commercial dependence on the horse has, however, been so gradual, so quiet, and has issued so naturally from the state of things prior to the introduction of steam, and has been so completely overshadowed by the great applications of science to industry and locomotion, that little or no thought has been bestowed on its dangers. Indeed, most of us have well-nigh forgotten that the horse was an animal like ourselves—liable to pains and aches and death. We have come to think of him as a machine, on whose endurance we could calculate as on that of an engine, and for whose mortality we could make ample allowance in our business under the head of "wear and tear." We really ought, therefore, to be thankful that the present epidemic has brought us face to face with the startling fact, that the sudden loss of horse labor would totally disorganize our industry and our commerce, and would plunge social life into disorder, would threaten the lives of hundreds of thousands of human beings, especially if it occurred in winter, and might expose our great cities to destruction by fire. In short, we are now for the first time forcibly reminded that a plague might break out among horses, as plagues have broken out among men, which would sweep them away by the hundred or thousand every day, and which would momentarily baffle science. What we would now bring to the notice of the public is, that in our large cities

horses are exposed without let or hindrance on the part of sanitary authorities to just those conditions from which the great pestilences among human beings have sprung and do still occasionally spring. We take precautions in the public interest against overcrowding, filth, and absence of ventilation in tenement-houses, but we take no precautions against the overcrowding, filth, and want of light and ventilation of city stables; and yet every one of the large stables may fairly and properly be called a hot-bed of horse disease.

Light is as necessary to a horse's health as to that of a man, and yet nearly all our horses live, except during their few hours of work out of doors, often in the case of the city horse not over two or three, almost in complete darkness. In the best and most commodious city stables they have nothing more than a twilight. Moreover, the lungs of the horse are just like those of a man—only larger; their functions are precisely the same; the contact of oxygen with his blood is just as necessary for the preservation of his health and strength; nevertheless, nearly all our stables are built and regulated apparently on the theory that the horse does not need fresh air at all. The windows are small, and are either not made to open or are never opened. There are, in the case of horses kept for pleasure, and of horses kept in the country, mitigations of their lot which we need not point out; but in the city the working horse is treated worse than a steam-engine or sewing-machine. He is almost invariably, if his owner be a poor man, shut up during sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in a small, noisome den, every plank and beam in which is impregnated with foul exhalations, and which probably stands in a fetid alley, or behind a filthy yard. If he belongs to one of the great car companies, or omnibus companies, or livery-stable keepers, he is either immured in a cellar several feet below the ground, into which the light and air *cannot* come, and which is probably damp, or else kept in large rooms, with low ceilings and small windows, and in which light and air are not *allowed* to come, and in which he is packed together with several hundred of his fellows, almost as closely as they can stand together, up to his knees in half-rotten straw, and with fermenting manure all around him. The result is that, as any one may ascertain for himself, the stench of these places when the doors are opened in the morning is almost insupportable; and it is as certain as anything can be that the constitution of a horse which passes many nights in them rapidly gives way, and he dies; but he is set down in the books as having been "worn out" by hard work. The fact is, he dies of foul air and darkness and dirt—dies, in short, for want of the ordinary conditions of healthful animal life. If, instead of dying in this way singly, horses should now any day take it into their heads to fall sick by the hundred, and die of an equine "black death," it would serve us right. We could not justly complain of it.

The condition of the horse among us is a disgrace to our civilization. The manner in which we permit him to be used by car companies for local transportation, the pavements with which we supply him to do his work upon, and the dens in which we allow him to be lodged, are worthy of the Dark Ages. Our indifference to these things is like the indifference once shown about the physical condition of workingmen; the result may not be one which will rouse our sympathy or our fears, as the great human pestilences once did, but it may be one from which our manufactures, and commerce, and social life would suffer terribly. We tolerate in this city about a dozen great horse *ergastula*, every one of which not only disgraces us as a civilized community, but as a community which makes a pretence of knowing something of sanitary science; and the only excuse we offer for it is that the victims of these places are merely "private property." We now see that they are not simply private property; they are wheels in our great social machine, the stoppage of which means widespread injury to all classes and conditions of persons, injury to commerce, to agriculture, to trade, to social life; and that the sanitary inspection of horses and their dwellings during their life is just as necessary as sanitary arrangements for the removal of their bodies after death in every well-regulated municipality.

GAMBETTA'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

PARIS, October 11, 1872.

THERE is not much that is really republican in the Republic of M. Thiers; and what has been sometimes called the "loyal trial" of the Republic is merely the "loyal trial" of M. Thiers. Thirty-six Departments are still in a state of siege. The whole machinery of centralization works as smoothly and as irresistibly as it ever did. The Minister of the Interior, placed at the centre of his telegraphic cobweb, like a political spider, sends to the eighty-six capitals of the eighty-six Departments the decision of M. Thiers on every question, great or small. If there is an institution which may particularly be considered as inherent in a republic, it is the custom for all politicians to come before the people and to express freely their sentiments. Gambetta, in this respect, is trying to educate the country. He has just been stumping, as you say in America, a large portion of France, and made a succession of speeches. Some time ago it was noticed that Gambetta had made a secret alliance with M. Thiers. Though he was the leader of an opposition, he was practically an ally. He induced the Left of the Chamber to vote the law on the taxing of raw materials, which has a protective character, though the Left defends theoretically the principle of commercial freedom. Gambetta supported M. Thiers because M. Thiers was the founder of the Republic. As long as he kept that name he was constrained to give him his support against the monarchical majority of the House. This moderation astonished those who have always known the intemperance of Gambetta's character, the violence of his passions. But it was not the first time that he had shown some prudence. At Bordeaux, he threatened to make a *coup d'état* to arrest M. Jules Simon, who was the bearer of the decree of the Government of Paris which convoked the Assembly. Orders were already given for the arrest of all those who supported the Government of Paris against the Government of Bordeaux. Bismarck wrote a single line which at once sobered Gambetta. He gave up his dictatorship and retired from public life. When the Commune broke out, one of its principal leaders was Rane, an intimate friend of Gambetta and his prefect of police at Tours and at Bordeaux. Most of the leaders were what I may call Gambetta men, who had always defended the war *à outrance*. Gambetta remained prudently at San Sebastian in Spain, under the orange-trees of its lovely terrace, waiting to see which side would win, Versailles or Paris.

His is one of those Italian natures which are hardly well understood in France. It would be a curious calculation to see for how many years France has been really governed by Italians. I will only name Catherine de' Medici, Concini, Cardinal Mazarin, Bonaparte. Thiers was born in Provence, a province in which the Italian influence was very visible. Gambetta's father was a Genoese, who settled at Cahors as a grocer. He has a truly Italian appearance and an Italian nature. I don't remember who made this admirable eulogy of Turenne as a military leader: "His prudence belonged to his temperament, his temerity to his reflection." This last sentence could also be applied, in another sense, to Gambetta. He has no real political passion; he can appear violent, brutal, headlong. These outbursts are mere effects of his calculation. He is never angry, and he speaks so often as an angry man that, with his long flowing hair, he is compared to a roaring lion. It was thought by many that the lion had become a lamb. He had lately been moderate to the point of dulness. It suited his purposes to play that part, so that M. Thiers could reconcile France to a Republic which he called "profoundly conservative." M. Thiers had been completely successful. One by one the members of the old constitutional party had come to him, taking their places in the new *cadres* of a great party open to all. His triumph had been too complete; there was no longer any serious opposition. M. Thiers, under the name of President, had as undisputed authority as Napoleon III. ever had. He received the same ovations; the same mayors presented to him the same addresses; the same guns fired the same salutes; the same official journalists wrote the same articles on the impotence of all parties and the virtues of the existing régime.

Gambetta has found it necessary to interrupt this monotony. He felt that he would soon be forgotten; so he went to Grenoble and made a sensational speech which threw the whole country into a state of agitation. The French *bourgeoisie* was getting accustomed to the idea of a conservative Republic, of a Republic managed by old royalists, of a Republic without republicans. Gambetta threw off the mask and gave his own definition of the Republic. He declares that when he speaks of the republican party, he means "those republicans who have always been republicans." Again: "we must," he says, "distinguish among our recruits; we must be prudent, vigilant, suspicious." Here we have the keynote, the old Jacobin cry. We have not yet a law of the "suspected"; but we have already great classes of "suspected." Gambetta tells us that it is too late now for all those parliamentarians, all those partisans of fallen government, who are ready to join

the conservative Republic. "Why," he declares, "they make themselves republicans because they don't know what to do. We will leave them—as the early Christians used to do—at the door of the church to do penance." In 1848, the distinction was made between the republicans of the *veille* and those of the *lendemain*. Gambetta does not use these words, which have become ridiculous; but he will have nothing to do, he says, with eleventh-hour laborers. He thunders against those "who would take the Republic, place her on a chariot adorned with flowers, and bring her under the knife of the murderers." Here, again, we have the true Jacobin ring, the very phraseology of Barnave, of Danton, of Robespierre. When Gambetta, a law student, lived in the sixth story of a furnished house in the Rue Bonaparte, he had no other literature than the reports of the Convention. He learned them by heart. He is a mimic, an actor. During the war his proclamations, his bulletins, seemed to be addressed to the armies of Sambre-et-Meuse. Now, he speaks of the "Republic, adorned with flowers and conducted to the scaffold." The Danton in him burst forth when he called the conservative Republic "an ignoble comedy." The Comité de Salut Public would approve of these words: "Let us remain faithful to the true method. We approach the goal. Our motto is patience, vigilance, firmness. . . . We know all the machinations of our enemies, and we will, if need be, deal with them as they must be dealt with." Remember that these machinations are but the lawful claims of those who placed M. Thiers in power, with the distinct understanding that the question of the form of government should remain open as long as the French territory should not be liberated. In this long and intolerant definition of the true Republic not a word is said of the Communists, of those who took arms against the Assembly, under the very guns of the Prussians, so as to give them the spectacle of a French civil war; not a word of condemnation is pronounced against the men who seized and shot the hostages and who tried to burn a capital they could no longer terrorize.

When Louis Philippe was still an aide-de-camp of Dumouriez, he was sent to Paris with the report of the battle of Valmy. He was received by the Council of Ministers. A man touched his shoulder while he was speaking to the Minister of War. The young officer turned round. "I am the Minister of Justice—Danton." Louis Philippe could not disguise his emotion. Here was the man who had ordered the massacres of September. Danton seemed to understand his thoughts. "Young man," said he to him, "you don't yet understand politics." Gambetta understands politics. As long as the reaction against the horrors of the Commune was felt, he remained silent. Now he comes forward. He dares not yet make a defence of the Commune; but this is the way in which he speaks of the Assembly which vanquished the Commune: "Those *gens* of Versailles, of whom there is nothing to hope, with whom there is nothing to do." The Chamber has not yet begun to exercise the constituent rights which it pretends to have; but Gambetta is eager for a dissolution. "The dissolution," said he, "need not be pronounced: it is practically accomplished. The Chamber of Versailles is a *cadaver*, and the grave-digger is all ready to tumble it into the grave and to cover it with earth."

The dream of the conservative Republic is come to an end. Behind M. Thiers we see another, a younger Dictator, who will bring with him a new generation of ardent politicians; and behind these there is the great host of fanatic Communists, who already consider Gambetta as a reactionist. There is no constitution, no limitation of powers, no system of checks. Demagogy is already sweeping like a tide over all the great cities of the South; it is only kept back in Paris by the state of siege and martial law. M. Laboulaye has just published a long series of letters in the *Journal des Débats*, trying to make the framework of a republican constitution adapted to France. But he confessed a few days ago, in an American drawing-room, where he felt probably more free to speak his inner thoughts, that the public turned a deaf ear to his advice; that nobody cared less for a republican constitution than the actual President of the Republic, than Gambetta, who thinks himself already President, and than the Republican party at large. M. Thiers lives happily in the lovely palace of the Elysée, surrounded with generals, with courtiers, with the respectful representatives of foreign powers. He professes not to feel any uneasiness. He treats Gambetta as a mere spoiled child. "He is not a real lion," he says, "he is a lion of the botanic garden. I can always tame him and cut his claws." Bismarck, who is a profound politician, and who sees that under the present régime everything is gradually dissolving, treats M. Thiers with marked courtesy; he cajoles him, and M. Thiers does not see through this coquetry. The *habitués* of the Elysée shrug their shoulders when the Commune is named; they only have the Empire on the brain. The day before yesterday M. Thiers discovered that Prince Napoleon was in the house of a friend in the country, and, on his own responsibility, he sent a force of police to oblige him to leave the French territory, though there is no law of banishment against the Bonapartes.

All governments seem to be blind. Napoleon III. never saw any danger for himself or his dynasty except in the Orléans. He persecuted them, he confiscated their property; yet in fact the Orléans had nothing whatever to do with the revolution of the 4th September. It is the same now. The Bonapartes would not be in the least dangerous at present, if France had a well-ordered and well-established government of any sort. The country could only condone Sedan if it found itself in mortal fear of the Communist party, and if no dynasty was found but that of the Bonapartes ready to quell the spirit of revolution and of socialism. There is not a man in France who does not feel that France would appear very contemptible in the eyes of the world if it threw itself again at the feet of the Man of Sedan. All the abuse, the execration, then lavished on him would fall back on the country itself. A call for the Bonapartes would be tantamount to a declaration of impotence, of political imbecility. The Bonapartes are therefore the most distant danger; but they are, nevertheless, treated like the nearest danger, and the danger of Gambettaism and radicalism is overlooked by the Government. M. Thiers used the Commune in order to terrorize the Assembly of Versailles into accepting the Provisional Republic. He now uses Gambetta, consciously or unconsciously, in order to terrorize the Assembly and the country into an absolute submission into his own so-called conservative Republic. But if he uses Gambetta for the hour, Gambetta uses him for the future; and this curious and truly extraordinary combination of forces leads the country in a direction which is adverse to its own instincts. The pen of the Cardinal de Retz only, or of Saint-Simon, could well describe the complicated features of this political situation. Two semi-Italians have again the fate of France in their hands. They are half allies and half enemies. They attack each other publicly to suit their parties, and have private agreements. Each admires the other, and each wishes to be feared by the other. They are both *parvenus*, haters at heart of old well-established and traditional grandeur, of priests, kings, and noblemen; both passionately fond of military pomp, eager to surround themselves with gilded uniforms; both incapable of any personal attachment, of generosity, of any feeling of mercy; hard politicians, restless, fond of intrigue, of the sound of their own words; fond of art, though devoid of taste; both genuine children of the French Revolution, and imbued with all its prejudices and passions; both believers in force more than in justice. But force, alas! is now turned against France; and Germany has not more to fear from Gambetta than from Thiers.

Correspondence

THE PENNSYLVANIA JUDICIARY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The London *Spectator* of Sept. 7, in the course of an article on the "American Judiciary," says: "The corruption of the Pennsylvanian bench in particular was notoriously as great as that of the worst of the New York judiciary." I believe this accusation to be grossly unjust as it regards the great body of the New York judges, and it is wholly without foundation in Pennsylvania. It is not only untrue, but there is nothing to afford excuse or color for such an imputation. I speak with some authority from a large experience, which has brought me in contact with men from all parts of the State, and my assertion will be confirmed by every Pennsylvanian. The proofs are so numerous that it is difficult to bring them within the compass of an article. The present Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania, after a service of fifteen years, was recently before the people as a candidate for re-election. He was a Democrat, and his opponent a Republican. Our journals are not overscrupulous during the heat of an election, and it is a misfortune that such an office should be subjected to the chances of party contest. Yet the Republican papers contained no word derogatory to the purity of the Chief-Justice, to his impartiality as between man and man, or to his fearlessness in the face of any corporation, however powerful.

His high qualifications were fully and generally conceded. The points of attack were, that his decisions showed him to be a strict constructionist and an advocate of State rights, who ought not to be chosen by the supporters of a national government. To Pennsylvanians the accusation of the *Spectator* is simply preposterous. We know the judges, their simple and laborious lives, and that they leave little to their heirs except in the rare instances where they inherit a patrimony or have achieved a competence before their elevation to the bench. A charge which does not condescend to facts, and can only be met by a general denial, may leave a stain where it is least deserved. Fortunately, in this instance evidence can be adduced that ought to satisfy any candid mind.

Such is the standing of the judiciary in this community, that many important offices which were formerly elective have, within twenty years, been placed in the gift of the courts. The Board of Health, the Guardians

of the Poor, the Inspectors of the Prisons, the Board of Public Education, and, recently, the Board of Public Trusts (which last is the trustee in the place of the City of Philadelphia of the immense property, including the Girard Estate, so lately held by her), are appointed in this county by the judiciary. These trusts involve an annual expenditure of several millions of dollars, and of course the custody of a much larger sum. This increase of power was not desired by the courts, and they have, on the contrary, sought to avoid a dangerous responsibility, tending to bring them into conflict with a race of politicians who are accustomed to regard such offices as their legitimate spoil.

But it was not easy to decline the flattering confidence reposed by the community in the integrity and good sense of the judges; and although the propriety of loading the courts with patronage foreign to their appropriate function has been questioned by far-sighted men as dangerous to the independence of the judiciary, yet the experiment has confessedly been successful in its immediate results. The judges have, as a rule, gone out of the ordinary field of politics to choose men eminent in private life, who have administered the public money with a care and fidelity which is not always seen on either side of the Atlantic.

These remarks may suffice to show that the *Spectator* has been laboring under a false impression. It is a subject of regret that a journal which is distinguished for sound thought and earnestness of purpose should have been betrayed into an error so well calculated to increase the sentiment of distrust between the United States and England. It is difficult for an American not to be provoked by such a charge, and no Englishman who believes it can regard America as a country in which life, liberty, and property are secure.

PHILADELPHIAN.

"DIFFERENT TO," AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Mr. Richard Grant White, in commenting on my former letter, attributes to me a statement which I did not make, and should never think of making. Premising "different *to*," he speaks of my "assertion as to its general use at the present day by the best bred and most cultivated speakers and writers in England." He also says, "I have noticed 'different *from*' in the speech and the writing of only the younger generation of Englishmen, and those who to travel had united some loving study of the great Elizabethan writers."

To be sure, after saying that I had rarely, if ever, heard "different *from*" used by an English lady, I went on to say. "Moreover, 'different *to*' is just as usual with the vulgar English as with the educated, from whom it has descended to them"; but I thought the context sufficiently showed that I was there referring to oral usage alone.

One of the best living English writers, and one of the most voluminous, is Dr. J. H. Newman. Has he ever printed "different *to*"? Or has Bishop Thirlwall, Bishop Moberly, Bishop Wilberforce, Archbishop Manning, or Mr. J. S. Mill? To go back a little, does it occur in the pages of Dr. Arnold, Landor, Lord Macaulay, Mr. De Quincey, Bishop Hampden, or Mr. Grote? Southey may be alleged for it; yet, in all his writings where, save in his "Colloquies" (2d ed.), vol. 2, p. 273, and in his "Essays," vol. 1, p. 10?

We read, further: "Mr. Hall has shown that the phrase was used about a hundred and fifty years ago." To the extract which I quoted from a romance published in 1635, I may add the following from another romance nearly as old: "So was he enforced . . . to embrace a life much *different to* his humour" (Brathwait's "Two Lancashire Lovers," 1640, p. 231). Mr. Lowell, in his "Biglow Papers," second series, introduction, p. xliii., alleges that "different *to*" is "used invariably by Sir R. Hawkins in Hakluyt"; a still older authority than any I have happened on. Besides the eighteenth-century references which I gave, I may name Addison, *Spectator*, No. 239, and Richardson, "Sir Charles Grandison" (ed. 1811), vol. 6, p. 344.

"You appear very different to me *from* what you were lately;" "you appear very indifferent to me *to* what you were lately." Here, says Mr. White, are examples of "different *from*" and "different *to*." But surely *indifferent* is not *different*, or, in the sense which it bears in the latter of these passages, even the opposite of *different*. There is here just as much a play on words as there is on *concision* and *circumcision* in Philippians iii. 2, 3, or in the Greek original. Nor does it follow that, because, for instance, *dependent* takes *on*, *independent* must be followed by the same preposition. That our ancestors put *on* and *from* after *independent* I am aware. Besides, what preposition but *to* could *indifferent* take, the meaning being "as compared with"? We say, "this is ordinary *to* that." Bishop Bale, with a keen appreciation of the *odium theologicum*, wrote before 1463:

"There is no malyce *to* the malyce of the clergye."

"Different *to*" will be found criticised in Robert Baker's "Remarks on the English Language" (ed. 1779), p. 4. Baker calls it "an expression often used by good writers."

Formerly I compared it, from an analogical point of view, with "averse *to*." And not unlike it is "dissimilar *to*," which we much the more generally find; as witness Paley, Hallam, Southey, Mr. De Quincey, and Dr. Newman. Gibbon has "dissimilar *from*," and so has Landor, but also "dissimilar *to*," and that more frequently.

"To differ *to*," as I remarked, I have not seen, to my knowledge. "Differing *to*" would be equally gross; but "disagreeing *to*" occurs in Dacres's "Machiavel's Discourses" (1636), p. 155.

Addison, Steele, Defoe, Colman and Thornton, and Coleridge use "different *than*"; Glanvill, Landor, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Charles Reade, "another *from*"; Miss Burney, "another *to*"; Henry More and Steele, "contrary *than*"; the *Spectator*, No. 491, "inseparable *to*." Similar instances of carelessness bestrew our literature abundantly; but they have not, like "different *to*," obtained something of a footing.

In order to its being a neologism, an expression has absolutely to be of recent origin, so far as is known. If found, however infrequently, in books other than recent, an expression is no neologism; and, to my thinking, Mr. White, when he applies this term to "different *to*," employs language inexactly. Your obedient servant, Fitzedward Hall.

Marlesford, Suffolk (England), October 6, 1872.

P. S. On looking over my notes, I see I have omitted what follows: "Truly, I thinke there was never dreame, so *different to* the course of cogitation, and so full of monstrosity, ever hatcht in the braine of man." Sir Arthur Gorges, translation of Bacon's "Wisedome of the Ancients" (ed. 1619), preface.

Notes.

Shepard & Gill, Boston, announce "The Deserted Ship," by George Cupples; "The Soul's Inquiries Answered," by Geo. Washington Moon; Black's edition of De Quincey's works, in sixteen volumes; and a new juvenile by "Gail Hamilton," illustrated by Billings and Bush.

—Prof. F. L. O. Rochrig, of Cornell University, reprints from the Smithsonian Report for 1871 a paper on "The Language of the Dakota or Sioux Indians," among whom he passed several months in 1866. Though modestly professing to give only "a few faint and cursory glimpses" at this language, the paper will be read with interest by ethnologists and philologists. The writer hazards no opinion as to the origin of the Dakota group of languages, but he has observed, as some earlier writers have observed, "dim and vague resemblances, an occasional analogy, or perhaps *merely casual* coincidence" between it and the so-called "Ural-Altaic" family of Asia, and he points out some of these resemblances, without drawing from them any conclusions as to the affinity or identity of origin. It should be remarked, however, that the structural and grammatical features to which he directs attention are not peculiar to the Dakota, but are found in many other North American languages. The "polysynthetic arrangement" is less remarkable in the Dakota than in the Algonkin, and the use of postpositions and of intensive reduplication is common to both. Twenty years ago Gabelentz (in his "Grammatik der Dakota-Sprache," based on the excellent grammar and dictionary of the Rev. S. R. Riggs) arrived at the conclusion, beyond which sound philology may not yet advance, that "any supposed accordance between the Dakota and Altaic tongues is a matter of *feeling* rather than of scientific conviction (mehr Sache des Gefühls, als der wissenschaftlichen Ueberzeugung)." Prof. Rochrig remarks on the harmonious character of the Sioux language, on its euphonic changes of vowels and permutation of consonants, and on the derivation and composition of words. He points out the mistake of translating by "laughing water" the name *Minnehaha*, which really means "curling water," and is "the usual word for a waterfall or cascade." The chief to whom interpreters gave the name of "Hole in the Day" was, it appears, known among his people as "One who perforates the sky with his arrows," Sky-piercer.

—General Grant is the great quarreller of this age, but such of our readers as are old enough and Protestant enough to have knowledge of the congregations of twenty-five years ago, will recollect how easy it used to be to quarrel about all sorts of queer and trifling things; how readily Paul "withstood Peter to his face" in parish meetings about matters which the Master of both of them would have considered of no great consequence; how near

Dorcas, and Lois, and Eunice, and Lydia used to come to wishing it were lawful for big girls and women to slap each other in the face after the manner of small girls when they fall out. Anything would do to fight over. As we have just been reminded by the *Examiner and Chronicle* (which, however, is a Baptist journal), a Methodist Conference once felt compelled to decide a controversy as to the proper means of holding up breeches and pantaloons, and pronounced deliberate condemnation of "the ungodly habit of wearing suspenders." No doubt the fight over this article of apparel was warm; we dare say some very good men and women brought bitter hearts to the bread and wine of the communion table both before and after the Conference had rendered the decision. Perhaps there was even a secession and a new sect. We dimly recollect, and so, we suppose, can the *Methodist*—whether the *Examiner and Chronicle* can or not—a time when in many New England villages there was an upper chamber in which, much to the wonderment and curious awe of infantile enquirers into holy things, a small assembly gathered themselves together each Sunday morning and worshipped apart by themselves as "Jug Baptists." Why these separatists were thus out of communion with other Baptists, whether for difference of opinion as to suspenders and similar things, we have never known; but it is as likely as otherwise that the quarrel had about the same reason for existing as the quarrel decided by the Methodist Conference. At one time, the fight would be over the question whether, forsaking the Scriptures, and flying in the face of Providence, a stove should be admitted within the sacred walls, or, as of old time, the meeting-house should be kept righteously cold in winter, and the brethren and sisters who were weak in body or of feeble faith should be left to bring hot soapstones on their individual responsibility. Then at another time the wrangle would be over the minister's luxurious gold-rimmed spectacles, or his use of a fob-chain with seals, or his wearing clothes too fashionably made, or his wife's letting her boys use white linen handkerchiefs on weekdays, or his daughter's learning the piano.

—Innumerable and amazingly paltry used to be the causes of church members' conflicts, which were acrimonious out of all proportion to the importance of the matter in dispute; but, as we remember, no source of wrangling was so prolific as "the singing seats." The proverbial jealousies and meannesses of persons endowed with vocal gifts were of themselves enough to make the gallery of men-singers and women-singers anything but a fore-court of heaven or a promoter of harmony and sweet accord in the congregation. But apart from these rivalries "the choir" and the church music always were and still are the cause of no end of dissension, of heart-burning, backbiting, malicious prayers in evening meeting, and black looks while going down the meeting-house steps. Once, as history tells us, the dispute was whether the psalms should be read by the parson to a stuck-up body of Amandas, and Maranthas, and Ebens, and Jonathans, who thought themselves better singers than the Ruth-Marias, and Deacon Tim's daughters, and Abiels, and Salems, and the rest of the congregation; or whether they should be "lined out" to the whole congregation. The records tell of one deacon whom the advancing tide of false progress had left almost alone, but had not submerged or swept away, who, till the town constable interfered, used to enliven the services and make much disturbance by rising after "the choir" had sung, and inviting "the Lord's people" to "jine in" with him in singing a hymn which, now that "the world's people" had got done, he would deacon out to them. There was also the fight as to whether uninspired hymns might be allowed to supplement the inspired psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins. Long afterwards came the fight as to whether the violin and the bass-viol (called by their enemies and the light-minded among their friends the fiddle and the bull-fiddle) should be allowed in the singing seats as aids to the voices of the singers. Still later was the easier struggle as to whether the organ should be introduced; and, later still, arose the struggle, unfinished as yet, between the partisans of quartette or choir singing and those of singing by the whole congregation—a struggle in which the latter should be safe to win, one would say: if the business is to get the congregation spiritually aroused and in key with the preacher and his theme, the best singer that ever sang (let alone the majority of persons who hire themselves out to sing hymns for so much a year) is as nothing in comparison with the voice of a whole congregation. But there is difficulty in getting the people to trust themselves to sing, and, after that has been overcome, in getting them to sing in time and tune. The *Examiner and Chronicle* puts forward what looks to us like a very good suggestion, when it urges the use of the cornet in "leading" the singers. The notes of that instrument, penetrating but soft, can be heard above the sound of the voices, and would so much more than take the place of precentors and choirs in guiding the singers that congregational singing, of which many now despair, might probably become greatly successful; and, accompanied by the organ, the cornet would be better still than when used alone.

—As we desire to give the Honorable James Irving a lift in his present struggle for the right, we take pleasure in publishing a campaign song which has been put forth in his interest, and which a correspondent has kindly forwarded to us. The picture of a bull which ornaments the top of the broadside in our possession the resources of our establishment do not permit us to reproduce. It points to the fact stated in the second of the succeeding stanzas that Mr. Irving—he was in handcuffs the other day for a felonious assault—is a dealer in beef or beef cattle. The same stanza, it will be observed, affords indications that the gentleman who opposes Mr. Irving's desire to be an alderman is a dealer in liquors, the term "fusel-oil" evidently being a covert allusion to the principal sustenance of "the boys":

JAMES IRVING is our Candidate,
And we are called upon
To do our best endeavor for
This friend and worthy man.
Our benefactor we have proved
And always found him true,
Amongst the Democratic ranks
His equals are but few.

Our nominee provides us with
Fresh Beef from native soil
To counteract diseases that
Proceed from "Fusil Oil,"—
That dire annihilator which
Destroys the soul of man,
And has so much misfortune caused
Since this world first began.

The widow and the orphan in
The district where he's known
Have been consoled and comforted
By him when sad and lone.
Oh, yes his generosity
Goes on to prove the while
Where formerly a tear was shed
Can now be seen a smile.

The hand of friendship he'll extend
To relieve one in distress;
His purse is always ready
Any grievance to redress.
A breast did never shield a heart
More patriotic, kind, and true;
He never yet has show deceit
To one that e'er he knew.

How dare a "fusil" vendor have
Presumption to aspire,
To take the Chair so often filled
By him we most admire?
Jim Irving is the man for us,
None other we'll sustain,
We've raised him to position of't,
And shall do so again.

In conclusion Fellow-Citizens
Our next November Day
Go to the Poll, with heart and soul,
And triumph in the fray.
Yes, vote for Irving every one
With all your will and might;
This one request I ask of you,
And "God defend the Right."

Respectfully dedicated to the HON. JAMES IRVING, by one of his constituents.

—*Hermes*, the Berlin "Zeitschrift für classische Philologie," edited by Emil Hübner, with the co-operation of R. Hercher, A. Kirchoff, and Th. Mommsen, contains a sharp criticism of F. Lenormant, from the pen of R. Scholl. In 1866, Lenormant published a large number of Greek inscriptions, chiefly monumental, purporting to have been collected by himself in Athens and its neighborhood between the years 1856 and 1863. Some of these exhibited novelties of form and style which, if genuine, would have a philological value; but for this very reason they require verification. Now Scholl asserts that, to his personal knowledge, for a whole year Stephanos Kumanudes has searched the streets and the houses of Athens, even to the dog-kennels, in the hope of adding these inscriptions to his own rich collection, but no trace of them has he found. A friend has made a thorough exploration of Attica, but without success; the inscriptions in question are declared by competent authority to be unknown; the originals of Lenormant's stately list have vanished! Truly does Scholl pronounce this a singularly malicious accident. Is it possible, he asks, that in six years these inscriptions have all been destroyed, or built over, or concealed? Or did Lenormant remove them to France, or — what? He reminds us that in 1854 Lenormant discovered in Normandy the remains of an old chapel and churchyard, with numerous early Latin inscriptions, but he has never produced the originals to the satisfaction of scholars. Hence his inscriptions must be classed as "suspected."

—The "prayer-gauge" controversy, which was begun three or four months ago by an article from an unknown hand in the *Contemporary Review*, seems in a fair way of bringing itself to a close. The *Popular Science Monthly* for November contains an article on the subject by Professor Tyndall (printed from advance sheets of the *Contemporary*), in which that gentleman, apparently confessing himself the original culprit and author, makes a clean breast of it, and states in a plain and straightforward manner exactly

what he did mean by his "infidel attack" on the efficacy of prayer. In the original article in the *Contemporary* the suggestion was made that as there was a good deal of doubt in the minds of many people as to what may be called the physical efficacy of prayer—that is, as to the value of prayer in varying the effect, let us say, of the attraction of gravity, or the velocity of light, or of sound, or the operation of the *materia medica* upon the digestive organs or nerves—the question might be tested by a comparison of the results of some particular human effort directed to the accomplishment of some physical object, compared with the results of the same human effort directed to the same end and assisted by prayer. For the sake of experiment, it was proposed that the test should be applied to the cure of disease; that in some one hospital the patients should be tested according to a certain regimen, and in others the same regimen should be used, with the addition of prayers. Immediately on the appearance of the article, the *Spectator*, with numbers of other papers, indulged in "a considerable amount of animadversion" upon him and the unfortunate editor of the *Contemporary*. Perhaps, on the whole, it is fortunate that this was done, as the controversy has resulted in producing the explanation to which we now refer. The explanation, in brief, is this: Disclaiming all desire of anything save the "purification" of religion, Mr. Tyndall points out that the history of the human mind shows a steadily increasing tendency towards the definite separation of religious from physical beliefs. The gradual process of purification has relieved religion of the most of her early burdens, and at the same time freed science of the thousand superstitions which once hampered its progress. "Some of us," Mr. Tyndall continues, "think a final act of purification remains to be propounded," in the abandonment of the belief in the "physical value of prayer." The question is this: There are in the world a large number of people who sincerely believe that "prayer, at all events, upon special occasions," invokes "a Power which checks and augments the descent of rain, which changes the force and direction of winds, which affects the growth of corn, and the health of men and cattle—a Power, in short, which, when appealed to under pressing circumstances, produces the precise effects caused by physical energy in the ordinary course of things." Now, when prayer is brought to the attention of the scientific student as an equivalent of physical energy, "he claims the right of subjecting it to those methods of examination from which all our present knowledge of the physical universe is derived. And, if his researches lead him to a conclusion adverse to its claims—if his enquiries rivet him still closer to the philosophy enfolded in the words, 'He maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust'—he contends only for the displacement of prayer, not for its extinction. He simply says physical nature is not its legitimate domain."

—The third of the series of Annual International Exhibitions of Selected Works of Fine Art (including Music), Industrial Art, and Recent Scientific Inventions and Discoveries, will be opened at South Kensington, London, in April, and closed in October, 1873. Some account of the International Exhibition of 1871 (and more particularly of its picture-gallery) was given by Mr. W. J. Stillman in the *Nation* of Oct. 26 of that year. The third will consist of three divisions: (1) Fine Arts; (2) Manufactures; (3) Recent Scientific Inventions and New Discoveries of all Kinds. Fine Arts embraces works executed since 1863, or, in the case of "photography as a fine art" (if we understand the commissioners' circular), executed in the preceding twelve months; tapestries, carpets, embroideries, shawls, lace, etc., must be shown "not as manufactures, but for the Fine Art of their design in form and color." Under Manufactures may be named those in steel, including cutlery and edge tools, surgical instruments and appliances; and two classes—substances used as food, and carriages not connected with rail or tram roads—in which the commissioners remind us that America excels, singling out "the application of machinery to the making of carriage wheels." The universal Yankee, however, will perhaps be most at home in the third division; and if it is too late for him to put in an appearance at the Vienna Exposition, he may be almost fully recompensed by sending his invention to London. No rent will be charged him for space. If notified of his requirements before Jan. 31, "Her Majesty's Commissioners will provide glass cases, stands, and fittings, steam and water-power and general shafting, free of cost"; and "will carry out the arrangement of the objects by their own officers, except in regard to machinery and other articles requiring skilled assistance and special fittings," which must be provided by the exhibitor. Some conditions are imposed, viz., the objects offered will be admitted subject to the decision of competent judges as to their being worthy; they must be sent in between March 1 and April 7, the greatest punctuality being insisted on for paintings in oil and water colors and sculpture, while carriages alone will be received after the 19th of April; they must in every instance be accompanied by a label, "stating the name and address of the exhibitor, the special reasons, such as excellence, novelty, cheapness, etc., why it is offered for exhibition, and (whenever possible) the retail price at which the public can obtain it." In this commercial aspect the London Exhibition appears to be more immediately attractive than the Austrian. No prizes are awarded, but a medal certifies to the distinction of admission. Full information in regard to the Exhibition can be had by addressing the Secretary, Upper Kensington Gore, London, S. W.

—A description of the ivories, ancient and mediæval, in the South Kensington Museum has just been published, which is, with one exception, an admirable example of what an art catalogue should be. The exception is the title, which, being entirely without punctuation, after the objectionable French style, leaves the reader uncertain whether William Maskell is the author of the description or only of the preface. The great merit of the catalogue is its fulness. For every ivory, the author, whether he be William Maskell or some unknown laborer, gives size, date, and, in the comparatively few cases where it can be done, country, and then, in smaller type, a word-picture of the carving and an explanation of the details which are so apt to puzzle all but antiquaries. And in the case of two dozen remarkable examples the descriptions are supplemented, and may be tested, by photographs—a method of representation singularly well fitted to show the smoothness and apparent softness of ivory. The catalogue is preceded by a well-written preface of over two hundred pages—which is certainly by Maskell—in which the progress of ivory-carving is traced from prehistoric times and the caves of Dordogne, through Egypt, Greece, and Rome, to the Middle Ages, where there is most to record. A collection such as is here described has a double interest—the interest of art and the interest of antiquities. The merit of the different examples varies widely. A large part of the ivory-carvings that we have seen, or seen represented, can hardly give much pleasure unless some previous training has taught the student what beauties to look for among manifest defects. In the present collection we have religion represented by crosiers, crucifixes, pyxes, rosaries, and various diptychs and triptychs; war by swords, daggers, and a trumpet; games and sports by a hunting-knife, powder-flask, and chessmen; the domestic arts by combs, knives and forks, mirrors, and book-covers. But these reveal nothing new, nothing that was not known to us by hundreds of other monuments; they merely recall and confirm. There are, however, a few precious ivories that go beyond this, and give us a narrow but clear view into a very distant antiquity, a time earlier even than the age of iron or of bronze, "a time so remote," says Lubbock, "that the reindeer was abundant in the South of France, and probably even the mammoth had not entirely disappeared." These ivories, or rather mammoth tusks and reindeer's bone, are carved with so much spirit, so naturally, with such a perception of the characteristic features of their subjects, and such power of representing them, that they could not be the work of beginners in their art; and it is difficult not to believe in the coexistence of a considerable degree of civilization, so much superior are these carvings to the work of tribes known to be savage. It must be confessed, however, that they are also better than some of the work of nations not savage, and that civilized and artistic are not convertible terms. But, as inspiring a hope in further discoveries, they are historically more interesting than the mediæval specimens. We trust that the South Kensington Museum, which has already published excellent catalogues of its Mediæval Italian Sculpture, by Robinson; of its Textile Fabrics, by Rock; and of its Lace, by Mrs. Palliser, will extend the series to all other branches of its art collection.

— The foreign journals report the death of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, author of the well-known "History of the Reformation," and the leading member of the Protestant Theological Faculty at Geneva. He was born near Geneva, August 16, 1794, and was, therefore, seventy-eight years of age. He was a descendant of the old Huguenot historian of the same name, his ancestors having been among the refugees from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He prosecuted his studies partly at Leipsic and Berlin; was a pastor at Hamburg for five years; was then President of the Consistory of French and German Churches at Brussels; but for the last forty years has been Professor of Historical Theology at Geneva. He published at Paris, in 1848, a work upon Oliver Cromwell, in which he follows in the steps of Carlyle in the estimate of Cromwell's character; also, "Germany, England, and Scotland; or, Recollections of a Swiss Minister"; besides other writings of less account. His principal production is the "History of the Reformation," the publication of which was not finished at his death. This work is written in an animated, popular style, in a fervent religious spirit, and with a zealous sympathy for the Protestant side. It has attained to great popularity, and has diffused much valuable information respecting the age of the Reformation among a multitude of readers whom this knowledge would never have reached through any other channel. It is not characterized, however, by the accuracy and dispassionate tone which would be requisite in order to constitute it an authority. Although D'Aubigné sat, for a while, at the

feet of Neander, he did not possess the critical habit which has marked the German theologians of the liberal evangelical school since Schleiermacher. His work is also in some parts extremely, even tediously, copious. He devotes several volumes to the ecclesiastical affairs of Geneva prior to the work of Calvin. D'Aubigné's history, however, has for the most part the merit of being interesting. But its rank will not be among works of a scientific character. It lacks the discriminating and judicial tone. Dr. Merle—as he was called at Geneva—was a man of fine presence. His personal appearance was even commanding. He bore a striking resemblance, which was often noticed by his American visitors, to the late President Wayland. We believe that his character and social traits were worthy of very high esteem.

MUSSULMAN "FENIANS."*

DR. HUNTER is already well known as a writer on ethnological and linguistic questions, and has thrown a good deal of curious and interesting light on the composition of the population of British India. In the volume before us, he gives an account of one of the strangest of the many strange episodes by which the history of English rule in that country has been marked. Most of us, in talking and thinking about British India, forget that when the British began to "absorb" it in the middle of the last century, they found it ruled exclusively by Mohammedans, to whom the bulk of the population were despised infidels—"gens taillables et corvéables sans merci ni miséricorde," and most of us are ignorant of the fact that there are thirty millions of these Mohammedans still in the country in a state of social decay, smarting under the recollection of their lost supremacy and under the elevation of the race which their fathers held almost in slavery. How they must hate the British who have displaced them may be inferred from the fact that even under the Mogul Emperor Akbar, who professed to have reformed the administration and admitted the Hindoos to a share in it, among the twelve highest officers of the government not one was a Hindoo; and in the other grades, out of 252 officers only thirty-one were Hindoos. Of the Mussulmans of Bengal, where the Mussulman aristocracy obtained their most powerful hold, Dr. Hunter gives a picture which explains the change which British rule has wrought in the relations of the old conquerors to the Hindoo population:

"Their old sources of wealth have run dry. They can no longer sack the stronghold of a neighboring Hindoo nobleman; send out a score of troopers to pillage the peasantry; levy tolls upon travelling merchants; purchase exemption through a friend at court from their land tax; raise a revenue by local cesses on marriages, births, harvest-homes, and every other incident of rural life; collect the excise for their own behoof, with further gratifications for winking at the sale of forbidden liquors during the sacred month of Ramazan. The administration of imperial taxes was the first great source of income in rural Bengal, and the Mussulman aristocracy monopolized it. The police was another great source of income, and the police was officered by Mohammedans. The courts of law were a third great source of income, and the Mussulmans monopolized them. Above all these was the army, . . . officered by a great confederation of conquerors who enrolled their peasantry into troops, and drew pay from the state for them as soldiers. A hundred and seventy years ago, it was almost impossible for a well-born Mussulman in Bengal to be poor; at present, it is almost impossible for him to continue rich."

For some time after the British took possession of the government, the Mussulmans retained their hold of the offices, both high and low—judicial and administrative; but as security has increased, and the means of education improved, the Hindoos have been gradually working their way to the front, and now fill every grade of official life. They take comparatively kindly to the civilization, new laws, and new learning, and, besides this, are shrewd traders and financiers. The result is that the Mohammedans have everywhere gone to the wall. One is not, therefore, surprised to hear that throughout British India, wherever you find a Mussulman, you find a secret or avowed enemy, and often a very bitter one, of British rule.

This state of things has produced the singular conspiracy which Dr. Hunter describes. As long ago as 1820, a famous freebooter in Northern India, named Sayyd Ahmad, took to the study of the Sacred Law, and became a prophet, and began preaching the purification of the faith, and, travelling southward to Calcutta, made converts all along the route in great numbers, and appointed agents to collect taxes, besides four "khalifs" or vice-prophets, and a high-priest. In 1824, he found himself powerful enough to enlist a large armed following, and, establishing himself in the mountains on the Peshawur frontier, began preaching the Holy War against the infidels. He first commenced hostilities against the Sikhs, with whom he had many bloody encounters. In 1830, he actually took Peshawur, the capital of Western Punjab, proclaimed himself Khalif, and caused coins to be struck in his name. Having offended the prejudices of many of his followers, besides falling into other errors, he was defeated and killed in the following year. A successor was, however, found among his disciples, and he established a regular camp at a village in the mountains, called Sittàna, just outside the British frontier, and this camp has lasted down to our day as the headquarters of Mohammedan fanaticism in India, to which recruits flocked from all parts of the country.

"In this way," says Dr. Hunter, "the fanatics firmly established a twofold power on the frontier, and by their emissaries among the superstitious border tribes kept alive the embers of the Holy War. During intervals of many years they sank into the insignificance of border freebooters, but from time to time fired up into a fierce army of the Crescent. They perpetrated endless depredations and massacres on their Hindoo neighbors before we annexed the Punjab, annually recruiting their camp with Mohammedan zealots from the British districts. We took no precautions to prevent our subjects from flocking into the fanatical colony which spent its fury on the Sikhs, an uncertain coalition of tribes, sometimes our friends, sometimes our enemies. An English gentleman who had large indigo factories in our Northwestern provinces, tells me that it was customary for all pious Mussulmans in his employ to lay aside a fixed share of their wages for the Sittàna encampment. The more daring spirits went to serve for longer or shorter periods under the fanatic leaders. As his Hindoo overseers every now and then begged for a holiday for the annual celebration of their fathers' obsequies, so the Mohammedan bailiffs were wont, between 1830 and 1846, to allege the religious duty of joining the Crescentaders as a ground for a few months' leave. For the remissness which thus permitted our subjects to join the fanatic host against our Sikh neighbors we were destined to pay dear. The Prophet had established a regular system of Apostolic Successors, both in our territories and on the Sikh frontier. . . . Two of the khalifs or vicegerents whom he had appointed at Patna in 1821 made a pilgrimage to the frontier, and ascertained that their leader's disappearance was a miracle; that indeed he was still alive, and would manifest himself in due time at the head of a Holy Army, and expel the English infidels from India. His deputies continued, therefore, to levy money and men, but especially money, in the chief towns along the Valley of the Ganges, where the Prophet had preached on his journey to Calcutta in 1820–22. A perennial stream of malcontents thus flowed from our territory to the Fanatic Colony. Absconding debtors, escaped convicts, spendthrifts too ruined to be at peace with social order, traitors too guilty to hope for mercy from the law—all flocked from the British plains to this Cave of Adullam in the North. There were also refugees of a nobler sort; and every Mohammedan religionist too zealous to live quietly under a Christian government girded up his loins and went to the Sittàna camp. Their hand fell heaviest upon the Sikh villages, but they hailed with fierce delight any chance of inflicting a blow upon the English infidel. They sent a great force to help our enemies in the Cabul war, and a thousand of them remained steadfast against us to the death. In the fall of Ghazni alone, three hundred obtained the joys of martyrdom from the points of English bayonets."

In 1852, they were found to have a regular organization for passing arms and men and money up to the camp from British territory. They made incessant raids, tampered with the native troops and police, now and then committed murders. Their power and activity may be estimated from the fact that between 1850 and 1857 the British Government was obliged to send out sixteen distinct expeditions against them, and between 1857 and 1867 four expeditions more, employing in all 60,000 regular troops, besides auxiliaries and police. In 1863, the expedition against them cost the British 847 men killed and wounded, but it punished them so badly that they remained quiet for four years. In 1868, they rose again on a great scale, and tried to form a general coalition of the mountain tribes, but were baffled, and driven back into the mountains by an army of 7,000 regular troops, some of the operations being carried on 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Since then, trials of agents of the camp discovered in various parts of the British territory have every year occupied the courts, and a batch of convictions was secured as late as last year.

The most interesting portion of the book is the account of the machinery of the propagandist organization on British soil, as revealed by the evidence on these trials. The whole movement is distinctively Wahabi in its origin and spirit—that is, its chiefs belong to the puritanical or reforming sect of Mussulmans, which took its rise in Arabia about the beginning of the last century, as a fierce protest against the corruption of morals and doctrine and ceremonial introduced into the faith by the sensual Turks. Its seven great doctrines were: the oneness of God; the absence of all mediation between God and man; the right of private interpretation of the Koran; the rejection of all the rites, ceremonies, and forms introduced by mediæval and modern Mussulmans; the constant imminence of the second coming of the Prophet to lead the True Believers against the infidels; constant readiness to wage war against the infidels; implicit obedience to the spiritual chief. In sixteen years after the death of Abdul Wahab, the founder of the sect, his followers had overrun the greater part of Asiatic Turkey, and (1803-4) captured Mecca and Medina, massacred the inhabitants, and carried away into the desert the rich offerings which Mussulman princes and the pilgrims from many lands had, during eleven centuries, laid on the Prophet's tomb. From this until 1809 no caravan crossed the desert. The Wahabis next overran Syria, made one campaign against the British in the Persian

* "The Indian Mussulmans. By W. W. Hunter, LL.D., Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India, etc." Second Edition. Trübner & Co., London. 1872.

Gulf, threatened Constantinople, and were only defeated and driven back into the wilderness by Mehemet Ali in 1813. Since then they have been a poor, wandering, and despised sect; but in India the faith has been kept alive, under the stimulus of adversity and tribulation, better than elsewhere. They have produced a copious literature, inculcating the duty of rebellion, and prophesying the downfall of the British power, which is sold all over India by the missionaries. The headquarters from which the propagandist stream issued was established at Patna, and consisted of a huge mass of buildings communicating by secret passages and side-doors, forming a labyrinth which, when it came to be suppressed, the troops did not venture to attack without having previously procured a plan of it. Here the recruits for the Sittâna camp were received, instructed in the faith, and sent off in batches under trusty leaders; hence, too, the district missionaries were sent out, and the funds and supplies collected and tax-gatherers appointed. The taxes consisted of two and a half per cent. on all property, though this was afterwards increased; and every head of a family was obliged to put aside a handful of rice for each member of his household at each meal—the store to be subsequently sold for the benefit of the cause. The sect would probably prove too powerful to be suppressed by the courts, and would continue to give the British Government increasing trouble, if it were not at last arraying against it the prejudices of the well-to-do and conservative of the Mussulman faith, though whether these will suffice to disarm it is still doubtful. The Wahabis are the "Reds" of the Mohammedan world, and threaten the established order of things too fiercely to make them anything but abhorrent to fathers of families and owners of property. The bulk of the Mohammedan population in India, as they belong to the Sunni sect, though intensely disaffected, do not want to be told, or have their children taught, that they must conspire and revolt in order to escape everlasting damnation, and have, therefore, been sorely tried by the preachings of the Sittâna missionaries, and at last resolved to meet them fairly and squarely on theological ground. The issue raised was a very curious one. All true Mussulmans acknowledge that if a country be "Dar-ul-harb," or the country of the infidel, it is the duty of the Faithful if dwelling in it to revolt against its rulers or quit it; if dwelling elsewhere, to make war on it at all convenient times. So the question was submitted to the doctors of the law at Mecca, whether India was "Dar-ul-harb," the country of the enemy, or "Dar-ul-islam," the country of the Faithful, and they cunningly, to oblige the well-to-do, have delivered an opinion, which it is admitted is a little too subtle, that to make a country "Dar-ul-harb" the ordinances of Islam must not be observed in it, and it must be in such contiguity to a country which is Dar-ul-harb that no city of Dar-ul-islam intervenes, and no Mussulman is in the enjoyment of religious liberty; but these three conditions are not found in India; *ergo*, etc. What the effect of this will be on the Wahabis still remains to be seen, but Dr. Hunter does not seem to be very sanguine.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

OF the November magazines, *Lippincott's* seems to be as generally readable as any, Mr. Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" being very readable indeed, and the rest of the magazine being all fairly enough interesting. We should suppose that Mr. Black's story must have made him many friends who will be more than willing to meet him again. His stories published previously have had very good things in them; but not the least of the good things about this story is that it seems to give assurance that its author has now parted company with some of the views and conceptions which lay at the foundation of his earlier novels, and which made them on the whole something to be regretted, clever as they were in parts, and good an opinion as they gave one of their author. "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" seems to us a story for which to be grateful. At the same time, a writer who could write, and write so well, a novel so dubiously worth writing as "A Daughter of Heth," is a writer of whom expectations are not to be entertained without some fear and trembling.

The other contents of *Lippincott's* are some verses by Mr. Boker and Miss Emma Lazarus; an article about manufacturing straw into the paper on which the Philadelphia *Ledger* and many other journals are now printed; an account of a sojourn in Costa Rica by the late Mr. Robert M. Walsh; some remarks on "the London Season" by a gentleman who appears to have had opportunities of acquiring information on the topic of which he treats; an interesting description of some of the torpedo-boat expeditions made by the Confederates during the rebellion; some sketches of life in New Orleans before the war; a story for oppressed wives concerning unappreciated toil in the kitchen; "Monthly Gossip"; three or four good book reviews; and, finally, an article which takes as a text Professor Fairman Rogers's collection of pictures, and discourses of Isabey and Merle, and touches upon Ziem, Compte-Calix, E. Hübner, Boutibonne, Luminais, Hoff, William T. Richards, and George Boughton—all of whom are represented in Professor Rogers's gallery.

We should say that most persons who have opportunity to examine the pictures of which this critic speaks might do well to examine them with the help of his criticism. Whether or not it is in all points accepted, it may probably give them great assistance in feeling the pictures. The article about the torpedo-boats is obviously the work of a Southern soldier; but it is not intemperate, and has merits which will make its readers wish for more reminiscences from the same and similar sources. *Lippincott's*—as being a magazine with a Southern as well as a Northern outlook, and worthy of the confidence of both the North and South—might properly seek for much more of this historical material, of which a great deal will perhaps never see the light. Mr. Boker's verses lament the death of Mr. T. Buchanan Read, and express a private as well as a political grief. "Expectation," by Miss Lazarus, is a poem finished in details and true to a certain phase of feeling.

In the November *Atlantic*, Mr. Parton brings his life of Jefferson down to the time when Washington called his friend home to be Secretary of State, and gives us a glimpse of the beginnings of the French Revolution. A curious question is suggested to the reader by Jefferson's opinion, here given, as regards the relative value of general causes and special causes in bringing about great movements in history. "Let me have had control in France," Jefferson says, in effect, "and the king should have been made disgusted with his wife, who was the principal cause of his ruin. A representative Congress of Frenchmen should have been established as the legislative political body of the nation, and then France, after a faithful, though brief study of the institutions of America and England, would have peaceably and slowly effected such changes as were necessary for the best good of her citizens, and there would have been no such bloody and violent upheavals as shook France, Europe, and the world." Thus he speaks of Marie Antoinette and her influence:

"This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke," wrote Jefferson, forty years after, "with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in the wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will for ever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed that, had there been no queen, there would have been no Revolution. No force would have been provoked or exercised."

The question suggested is never asked until, so far as concerns the particular problem in hand, it has already been settled and set aside; but a discussion of it will be found not without its profit, though we imagine that not many people will come to Jefferson's conclusion, and believe that had Louis XVI. been addicted to mistresses instead of fond of his wife, there would have been no French Revolution.

"Guest's Confession," by Mr. H. James, jr., is concluded in this number of the *Atlantic*, and so is Dr. Holmes's serial tale, "The Poet at the Breakfast Table"; while Professor De Mille's "Comedy of Terrors" keeps on. "Guest's Confession" is a study of character which no one could have written who had not habitually observed closely; who had not been on several sides open to impressions; who did not get great enjoyment from the analysis of motive and feeling. It is a sort of comment on character, or a dissection of human nature, which is pretty sure to be interesting; but a danger in the way of the analyst is that he may be tempted to make his personages rather with a view to their cutting up interestingly and easily, than with a view to their being men and women capable of being alive, and to this danger Mr. James appears to us to have fallen a prey in this instance. We would not say, indeed, that we should be immensely pleased by a perfect success; but could we be so pleased, we think Mr. Guest's confession would not go very far towards pleasing us, acute and clever as it is.

Mr. John Fiske makes an essay entitled "The Primeval Ghost World," and popularizes some science which is likely to be as immediately fruitful as any science latterly preached. The subject is set forth skilfully and takingly. We would, however, commend to Mr. Fiske's attention Mr. Mark Twain's dog, who "couldn't be depended on for a special providence," as being nearer to the actual dog of everyday life than is the Skye terrier mentioned by a certain correspondent of *Nature*, to whose letter Mr. Fiske refers. The terrier is held to have had "a few fetishistic notions" because he was found standing up on his hind legs in front of a mantelpiece, upon which lay an india-rubber ball with which he wished to play, but which he could not reach, and which, says the letter-writer, he was evidently beseeching to come down and play with him. We consider it more reasonable to suppose that a

dog who had been drilled into a belief that standing upon his hind legs was very pleasing to his master, and who, therefore, had accustomed himself to stand on his hind legs whenever he desired anything, and whose usual way of getting what he desired was to induce somebody to get it for him, may have stood up in front of the mantelpiece rather from force of habit and eagerness of desire than because he had any fetishistic notions, or expected the india-rubber ball to listen to his supplications. We admit, however, to avoid polemical controversy, that in matter of religion the dog is capable of anything.

"A Prodigal in Tahiti" is by a writer of much cleverness and of a niceness of taste which is innate rather than cultivated and refined by those processes of education with which so few can dispense. "A Dinner Party" is a singular production, very noticeable for its difference from most of our magazine articles. But it is too ill-digested a compound of invented matter and apparent fact to be as good as it should be.

The poetry of the *Atlantic* is all worthy of notice, the sonnet of a new writer, J. Logie Robertson, seeming to us as good as any, and worth quoting for the imagery of the last three or four lines:

"IDLENESS.

"And slow and slower still, day after day,
Come the sad hours with beauteous upturned eyes
Gleaming with hopes I may not realize,
And seeming in their earnestness to say
Entreatingly: 'O send us not away
All empty-handed as we came: arise,
Give us at least some promise we shall prize
To be fulfilled though after long delay.'
And I, although I weep to see them pass
With lingering pace and disappointed look,
Am lifeless as a statue bound with brass,
And listless as an open, loose-leaved book,
Turned by the wind, yea, passive as the grass,
Weak as the wavelet of a summer brook."

If anybody wishes to see a perfect specimen of the worst sort of stories written by and for young women, he may turn to a story entitled "The Visit," in *Harper's Magazine*. The unripened apple, already rotten there, loads the tree, and exquisite ignorance in combination with a plentiful lack of that "simplicity concerning sin which is wisdom," are exemplified in a way which, if it is not as uncommon as it is detestable, is nevertheless, we are glad to say, not at all common in our periodical literature.

In this month's *Harper's* there is a long and anonymous *résumé*, which might have been done by the next friend of Mr. Bancroft Davis, of the negotiations of the Treaty of Washington; some chapters of General Strother's ("Porte Crayon's") sketch of life in the Virginia mountain region; the sixth of Señor Castelar's discourses on European republicanism; more of Mr. Wilkie Collins's, Mr. Charles Reade's, and Miss Thackeray's novels, and illustrated papers descriptive of Geneva, and of Mr. Junius Henri Browne's trip down the Danube.

Mr. Browne appears also in the *Galaxy* for November, and relates his experience among dying men. As a rule, men die without disquietude, and almost willingly, is the conclusion to which Mr. Browne's observation has brought him, and his observation has been extensive. Our own has not gone far, but so far as it has gone it has corroborated Mr. Browne's view, the thought of death being more terrible than the fact, and more terrible to those whom health and strength has, so to speak, unprepared for dissolution than to those made gradually ready by disease or wounds.

"Carl Benson" makes a victorious attack upon the delusion that publishers, or indeed anybody or anything, except merit, can secure the success of an author, and relates how he revenged himself and the whole craft and fraternity of the quill upon a certain too high and mighty publisher:

"The inexperience and incapacity in business matters of many, perhaps most authors, can hardly help inspiring a shrewd business man at times with a feeling of superiority; in one sense they are his puppets; unless his judgment is clear and discriminating, he may be tempted to consider them such in all senses. On the whole, it is no great wonder if a successful publisher (who, after all, is but mortal) sometimes thinks very well of himself, and puts on a few or a good many airs. They do think very well of themselves, some of these publishers, and are sedulously considerate of the distance between themselves and some other classes of mankind. Once in my younger days I had a pleasant encounter with one of them on some literary business. (In justice to myself, I must begin by saying that I did not wish to go near this person at all, having certain suspicions about him which subsequent experience and observation fully confirmed; but I suffered myself to be overruled by an aged friend, supposed to be wise in such matters.) It was a rainy day; I went on foot in my oldest clothes, English fashion. The great man took me for some poor devil of a sucking author, and was barely civil, more of the bear than the civility, as Tom Taylor used to say. However, my revenge came in time, and after this wise: A year or two later there fell into my possession sundry small bonds and mortgages, one of which was executed by a person of the same name and nearly the same initials as this publisher. When quarter-day arrived I walked down to his office and applied for payment of interest, with the most innocent air in the world. Imagine his indignation at the thought that any one could suppose his premises or property mortgaged for $5,000! Of course I attempted to apologize, but as my excuses were somewhat after the fashion of Brummell's when he had gone to the wrong house ('Johnson and Thompson, so much alike, you know'), they only made matters worse, and I left him looking things unutterable. So I paid that party."

Another article to which attention may well be called is one that upbraids the American woman—who, however, is certainly doing better than formerly—for living indoors too much, for feeding herself foolishly, and for dressing herself with too much regard for her appearance and too little regard for the needs of exercise. He animadverts also on the American woman's habit of treating her child as a doll, rather than a human being whom in its early years she has the tremendous responsibility of preparing for a life of health, strength, or of weakness and disease. In this respect, also, we note a change for the better; but the author's strictures are not uncalled for.

Miss Christina Rossetti, "H. H.," Mr. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, Mrs. Oliphant, Doctor Holland, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and Miss Edna Dean Proctor are among the writers in *Scribner's* for November, but the only writer who contributes something for which *Scribner's* regular readers will not furnish a sufficient audience is Mr. Edward King. He was with Mr. Stanley, of Livingstone fame, three or four years ago, when fighting was going on in Spain, and he gives the reader a lively impression of the energy, enterprise, and courage of this newspaper correspondent. We may add that he gives the reader a pleasant impression of his own trustworthiness and skill in his profession.

Town Geology. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, F.L.S., F.G.S., Canon of Chester. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872. 12mo, pp. 231.)—Canon Kingsley has put into his little book something of the enthusiasm of his "Westward Ho!" and not a little of the grace of the "Andromeda." It is not, as might be supposed, a bit of local description, done in high colors; on the contrary, it is to be commended to all novices in the science of geology, even though they care ever so little for Chester and its geology. As he is talking to a class of intelligent mechanics, men with some training but small acquirement, he prefaces his work by a general defence of science, which naturally leads to an attack on the ordinary educational system. Here, too, in an earnest, simple way, which seeks to strain neither the word nor the fact, he tries to show the absence of conflict between science and religion. Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the success of the effort, there can be none as to its honest spirit. Out of this spirit we may hope to fashion some accord. With his ground well laid, the author takes up six simple questions concerning the origin and history of familiar things. "The Soil in the Field; the Pebbles in the Street; the Stones in the Wall; the Coal on the Fire; the Lime in the Mortar; the Slates on the Roof," furnish texts for six excellently-planned and well-framed lectures, which treat of familiar things in a very happy way. The specialist can find faults of detail, but they are readily forgiven to one who in the simplest, purest English, writes his thoughts of things made clear by long and loving study. We hope the book may be extensively read, especially among our clergymen and other amateurs in geology. We hope, furthermore, that when they are moved to write, in their first ferment of knowledge, they may study Canon Kingsley's way. If they each write as good a book, we shall have the pleasure of being grateful; if, as is far more likely, they make a failure, they will at least not fall as far as if they had tried the difficult work of writing, when they should have been reading, a text-book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Price s*
From Darkness to Light	(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 00
Garrett (S.), Premiums Paid to Experience	(Dodd & Mead)
Goethe (W. von), Elective Affinities	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Gross (Rev. J. B.), Doctrine of the Lord's Supper	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Gutheim (Rev. J. K.), The Temple Pulpit	(New York)
Hand-book of Colorado, 2d year	(Blake & Willett) 0 60
Havergal (Frances R.), The Ministry of Song	(De Witt C. Lent & Co.) 1 50
Holland (J. G.), The Marble Prophecy, and other Poems	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)
Hood (E. P.), The World of Anecdote	(J. B. Lippincott & Co)
Home (D. D.), Incidents in my Life, Second Series	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Holmes (Dr. O. W.), The Poet at the Breakfast Table	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 2 00
Howard (C. J.), Recitations: Comic, Serious, and Pathetic	(Dick & Fitzgerald)
Isolina; or, The Actor's Daughter	(J. B. Lippincott & Co).
Johnson (Dr. F. G.), Natural Philosophy	(J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) 3 50
Josh Billings' Farmer's Allminax for 1873, swd	(G. W. Carleton & Co.) 0 25
Kingsley (Rev. C.), Town Geology	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Kingsley (H.), The Harveys: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Lange (Rev. J. P.), Commentary on the Psalms	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)
Lawrence (P.), The Lawrence Speaker	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 2 00
Leavitt (J. M.), Hymns to Our King	(T. Whittaker)
Littell's Living Age, Vol. XXVI	(Littell & Gay)
Mahly (Prof. J.), Der Roman des XIX. Jahrhunderts, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Mitchell (Miss M.), Guillemin's Wonders of the Moon	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 1 50
Müller (Prof. F. M.), Ueber die Resultate der Sprachwissenschaft, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Nordhoff (C.), California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence	(Harper & Bros.)

SUMMARY OF THE BUSINESS

OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

F. S. WINSTON, *President.*

For twenty-eight years and eleven months, from its organization to January 1, 1872.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
ACTUARY'S DEPARTMENT, October, 1872.

F. S. WINSTON, ESQ., *President, etc. :*

DEAR SIR: In compliance with your request, that this Department make an accurate Statement of the Condition and Monetary Affairs of the Company, for the information of our General Agents, Policyholders, and the Public, I have carefully prepared the following full exhibit on all important points, and have had the same thoroughly examined and compared with the several accounts by my Assistants, and by the Auditor. I believe it to be true and worthy of all confidence.

The great financial strength of the Company, and its more than sufficient pecuniary ability to meet all its obligations, as exhibited in this Statement, are mainly due to the low rate of ordinary expenses, and of Mortality, and high rate of Interest, which have characterized its experience in the past. In all these facts, which are vital in the science and business of Life Assurance, the Company exhibits a record of success and an attitude unequalled by any other Company in this country or in Europe.

Our net prices for Assurance are, as you are aware, based upon an Annual Interest of Four per cent. for money, and the Mortality rates of the American Life Table; and our selling prices, called Office Premiums, result from a percentage addition to these, to cover expenses other than Death Claims. The Company has, since its organization, returned to its Policyholders, in money, abatement of Premiums, increased Assurance, and for surrendered Policies, nearly one-half (0.458) of its Cash Premium Receipts; and paid, in cash, death and other Assurance claims, but little short of Seventeen Million Dollars, besides investing, at Seven per cent., being Three per cent. more than assumed in Premiums, a Reserve Fund sufficient to induce any Insurance Company doing business on legitimate principles, to assume all its obligations, present and prospective, amounting, at the close of last year, to nearly Two Hundred and Forty-nine Million Dollars.

Results so striking as these can only have been secured by the habitual practice of a rigid economy in expenditures, great caution in the selection of lives, and a most active vigilance in investing the funds which have been, and are now, constantly flowing into the Company.

Moreover, our business is steadily on the increase; the returns thus far received from our General Agents, and the current operations of the Home Office, indicating an augmentation in the amount of our Assurance of over Ten Million Dollars during the present year, over and above all its cancellations.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) WM. H. C. BARTLETT, *Actuary.*

STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.

Premiums received in Cash,	$64,677,770 23
do. do. Surrender of Dividends,	23,152,560 01
Interest, Rents, etc.,	17,486,707 79
Total Receipts,	$105,317,038 03

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death, Annuities, and Matured Endowments,	$16,959,557 04	
Dividends paid—by reduction of Premiums, in increased insurance, for post-mortem claims and in Cash,	23,386,833 93	
Paid for Surrendered Policies,	5,172,395 31	
Commissions and Brokerages to Agents,	5,984,789 99	
Medical Examinations, Printing, Advertising, Salaries, Rents, etc.,	3,835,523 86	
Taxes,	713,366 73	
Total Disbursements,		56,052,466 86
Net Assets, January 1, 1872,		$49,264,571 17

SUMMARY OF INVESTMENTS.

1. Bonds and Mortgages on property worth more than double the sum loaned,	$39,480,285 39
2. United States Stocks,	4,203,108 75
3. New York State and City Stocks,	1,000,000 00
4. New York State Town Bonds,	70,000 00
5. Real Estate,	1,089,863 89
6. Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	3,306,039 50
7. Balances due from Agents,	115,273 64
	$49,264,571 17

ADD:

Interest accrued,	$512,730 03	
Accruing Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums,	1,122,442 86	
Premiums in course of transmission.	134,480 57	
Market value of Stocks in excess of cost,	543,772 37	2,313,425 83
Gross Assets, January 1. 1872,		$51,577,997 00

The appraised cash value of the property mortgaged to the Company as security for these Bonds and Mortgages, is over $80,000,000. Fire Insurance to the amount of $23,000,000, in addition, is also held as collateral security to these loans.

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same correct.

(Signed) ISAAC F. LLOYD, *Auditor.*

BUREAU OF ACCOUNTS,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
144 and 146 Broadway.

The undersigned Committee, appointed to examine "the Accounts and Assets of the Company," hereby certify that they have carefully examined the same and compared them with the "Statement of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, for the year ending December 31, 1871," and they find the same to be as stated, and such Statement to be correct.

(Signed) JOHN WADSWORTH,
L. ROBINSON,
W. M. VERMILYE,
W. SMITH BROWN,
JAS. C. HOLDEN,

NEW YORK, February 1, 1872.

Gross Assets as above, $51,577,997 00

LIABILITIES.

Reserve required for all Policies in force,	$36,248,937 84	
" " " additions to same,	10,259,355 45	
" " " Annuities,	170,543 96	
Reserved for Expenses,	449,088 79	
Claims by Death not yet due,	456,478 97	
Post-mortem Dividends due on demand,	56,000 00	
Premiums paid in advance,	33,654 39	
Surplus accrued on Tontine Dividend Policies,	8,197 22	47,682,256 62
Surplus over all Liabilities,		$3,895,740 38
Dividend declared January 1, 1872,		2,843,727 92
Undivided Surplus,		$1,052,012 46

The Reserve Fund for Policies, and Additions to Policies, is ascertained by the American Table of Mortality and Four per cent. Interest.

The Mortality actually experienced by the Company has averaged about seventy-five per cent. of that predicted by the American Table.

	Percentage.
Ratio of Commissions paid to Total Receipts,	5.68
Ratio of all other Expenses to Total Receipts,	4.32
Ratio of Total Expenses to Total Receipts,	10.00

The Ratio of Expenses to Receipts has been steadily declining for several years, having been for the year 1871 only 7.8 per cent. against an average of 10 per cent. during the whole existence of the Company.

The Amount of Dividends paid (Cash value) is,	$23,386,833 93
Add Surplus existing after Dividend of 1872, to be returned,	1,052,012 46
Amount Paid for Surrendered Policies,	5,172,395 31
Total amount returned to Policy-holders,	$29,611,241 70
Total amount of Cash Premiums paid by Policy-holders,	64,677,770 23
Ratio of sum returned to Cash Premiums received, 45.8 per cent.	

It is not claimed that every Policy-holder has had his percentage of cash premium returned: the general average only is here intended. Some have had more and some less, depending upon the kind of Policy, its age, and that of the owner, and whether the latter has or has not used his dividends in payment of premiums. For instance, Policy No. 3, now the oldest, rises to 128 per cent.; whereas, No. 106,328, one of the more recent, and on which the dividend has been surrendered in payment of premium, reaches only to 32 per cent.

When Annual Cash Dividends remain with the Company, and are used to purchase more Life Assurance, payable with the Policy, the amount so purchased will, on the general average, be more than double that of the Cash Dividends.

In conclusion it is submitted whether any other Insurance Company in existence can make a more favorable exhibit in regard to the extent of its business, amount of its accumulations, magnitude of its dividends, economy of its expenditures, and the character and sufficiency of its securities.

(Signed) WM. H. C. BARTLETT, *Actuary.*

At the usual quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees, held on the 16th of October, 1872, on motion it was unanimously

Resolved, That in accepting the statement of the Actuary and Auditor at this meeting, the Trustees deem it their duty, and the present a fitting occasion, to express their continued confidence in the watchfulness, ability, and integrity with which the business has been conducted by the Executive Officers, and their appreciation of the faithful performance of their duties by those employed in other departments of the institution.

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, Trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, do express our entire confidence in the accuracy of the preceding statement.

(Signed)

S. D. Babcock,	Lucius Robinson,	John V. L. Pruyn,
Martin Bates,	Alfred Edwards,	David Hoadley,
John E. Develin,	Geo. C. Richardson,	W. E. Dodge,
H. C. Von Post,	W. M. Vermilye,	Richard Patrick,
Henry E. Davies,	J. C. Holden,	F. R. Starr,
Ezra Wheeler,	O. H. Palmer,	Samuel M. Cornell,
W. H. Popham.	I. Green Pearson,	Samuel E. Sproulls,
Geo. S. Coe.	R. H. McCurdy,	John Wadsworth,
Wm. Smith Brown,	William Betts,	Alonzo Child,
J. Elliot Condict.	Wm. F. Babcock,	Seymour L. Husted.
Wm. A. Haines,	Francis Skiddy,	

The two other members of the Board—namely, Messrs. Alex. H. Rice and Henry A. Smythe, are absent in Europe.

We append Extracts from the Report of a Committee appointed by Policy-holders residing in Boston, Mass., to examine the condition and management of the Company.

REPORT.

To the Policy-holders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, residing in Boston and Vicinity.—By their Committee appointed at the Meeting held in Boston, May 19, 1870, upon the Specific Charges presented at that Meeting, upon other points set forth in the Letter of a Policy-holder, and upon the General Condition and Management of the Company's affairs.

Boston, June 8, 1870.

. . . . . .

"We accepted the duties of this commission with intent to their full performance in the interest of our constituents, to uncover the truth, whether of right or wrong, if found hidden; knowing well that the purest integrity and the best ability must not only guide, but must be fully believed to guide, the management of the sacred trusts held by our Life Insurance Companies, for the protection of the insured, and not less for that gainful progress and success essential to the maintenance of low rates of premium under the mutual system. Well-grounded confidence, the effect of able and faithful administration, is indispensable to that feeling of comfort and content which ought to belong to every man who insures the future welfare of his dependent ones, it may be from hardly-earned savings. The duty to condemn the wrong carries the coequal duty to approve the right. Unjust aspersion of a faithful officer is as wrong as the retention and defence of an unfaithful one.

. . . . . .

"We were authorized 'to investigate the affairs of the Company.' Every facility for it was given by the President and other officers, who placed at our disposal every account and record in the office, and their own services.

"Besides the executive and administrative officers, there is for each department a Committee of Trustees, whose duties are not merely formal, to give sanction without knowledge; but each member of the several committees is required to know and pass upon the merits of each separate transaction in his department. For instance, no money is loaned until the value and other particulars of the estate offered as security under mortgage have been ascertained by their own inspector of real estate; nor until the title thereto has been examined by expert conveyancers, and by the learned and faithful counsel of the Company, and reported clear; nor until these have been passed upon by the Committee of Trustees, and the written signature of each member present given in approval of the loan—these papers each bearing a plan and description of the estate in question, all being recorded and preserved in the office. The success and value of these precautions are shown in the results that will be mentioned in another place.

"The trustees, men of high personal character and eminent in their several professions, not only give this constant attention, in sufficient number, to the ceaseless transactions, but, in further security of the vast interests in their charge, they appoint from time to time their own committees of investigation and review, calling to their aid the services of mathematical and other experts in determining the laws and principles of finance and insurance by which they shall be governed.

"The routine of business is so nearly perfect in its system that we could see no place for amendment. At every step, from the application for insurance upon a life to the safe and profitable investment of the rapidly-accumulating premiums, there is a test of accuracy, a check against error, wilful or accidental. We cannot take space to describe all this in detail, but must be content to say that, if the system pursued is not perfect, and does not avoid the possibility of error, it is because these results are not easily attainable by fallible men.

"All the reports upon the general condition of the affairs of the Company concur in showing a rapidity of healthy progress, success, and strength of position attained, without parallel elsewhere. These show an able and careful administration of this great trust, and a satisfactory condition of its affairs at the present time.

"Our conclusion, from the enquiry which we were commissioned to make, fully sustains the language of the Superintendent of Insurance: 'that the Company has been managed with peculiar ability and integrity, and that its condition is eminently sound.' The excellence of that management in the past, and the character of the men administering the trust, give good assurance of what it will be henceforward.

"With our congratulations to you, and all others who are so fortunate as to hold policies of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, we submit in this informal manner the first Report of the Committee of Boston Policy-holders.

"Respectfully,

"B. F. NOURSE,
WILLIAM HILTON,
"Committee."

The Hon. William Barnes, late Superintendent of the Insurance Department, writing under date of June 16, 1869, says: "Holding the rank which you have held so long as the leading Life Insurance Company on this continent, I am happy to see that your condition was never stronger or more impregnable than at this date. Your Assets are in such a situation that either your Board, or the Superintendent, can at any time accurately test the solidity of the same, and in such a manner as to satisfy, beyond cavil, any honest and intelligent Policy-holder as to the soundness of the Company.

. . . . . .

"I shall also feel it to be my duty, as the Legal Guardian of the Public interests connected with Life Assurance, to disabuse the public mind from any ignorant, false, or malicious assaults upon your standing, management, or responsibility."

The following statement exhibits the progress of the Company since January last, and its condition on the 1st instant:

SUMMARY OF THE BUSINESS FROM JANUARY 1st, 1872, TO OCTOBER 1st, 1872.

Net Assets, January 1st, 1872,		$49,264.571 17
RECEIPTS.		
Premiums,	$8,794,676 88	
Interests, Rents, etc.,	2,318,985 47	11,113,662 35
Carried forward		$60,378,233 52

Brought forward		$60,378,233 52
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Claims by Death, Annuities, and Matured Endowments, ...	$2,087,125 04	
Paid for Surrendered Additions, . .	1,708,548 77	
Paid for Surrendered Policies, . . .	1,215,335 01	
Commissions to Agents, Medical Examiners, Printing, Advertising, Salaries, Taxes, etc., ...	1,024,706 59	6,035,715 41
Net Assets, October 1st, 1872, ...		$54,342,518 11
SUMMARY OF INVESTMENTS.		
Bonds and Mortgages, ...		$46,105,357 07
United States and New York State and City Stocks, .		5,773,108 75
Real Estate		1,272,701 49
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at Interest, . . .		1,158,489 46
Balances due from Agents, ...		32,861 34
		$54,342,518 11
ADD:		
Interest accrued, ...	$750,690 13	
Accruing Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums, ...	1,120,000 00	
Premiums in course of transmission, .	106,172 75	
Market value of Stocks in excess of cost,	561,332 13	2,538,195 01
Gross Assets, October 1, 1872, ...		$56,880,713 12

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement, and find the same correct.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, *Auditor.*

Number of Policies in force October 1, 1872, 77,265, insuring $260,374,332.

WM. H. C. BARTLETT, *Actuary.*

The Company will continue to guide its business in the future by the same principles and rules which a long experience has shown to be most conducive to the safety and best interests of its Policy-holders. It will issue Policies of all approved descriptions, and at its usual Table rates.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.
RICHARD A. McCURDY, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN M. STUART, *Secretary.* W. H. C. BARTLETT, LL.D., *Actuary.*
FREDERIC SCHROEDER, *Ass't Secretary.* L. C. LAWTON, *Ass't Actuary.*
C. A. HOPKINS, *Cashier.*

WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D.,
HON. LUCIUS ROBINSON,
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1872.

The Week.

THE general result of the Presidential election will not surprise the country, though there are some special details of it about which there had been, up to the last moment, sufficient doubt to make the final news waited for with expectancy and received with gratification. In spite of the "claims" of the Liberal Republican papers, it was well enough known that no one of any sense thought that "the only Southern State likely for Grant is South Carolina"; or that Illinois was doubtful, or that New York and New Jersey belonged in "the Greeley column." But there was grave doubt if O'Brien might not be elected Mayor of New York; if Banks, in his Congressional district, might not fail to reap the fit reward of his unprincipled astute stupidity; if ex-President Johnson might not succeed in inflicting himself upon the country as a Tennessee Congressman for the next two years. But the game of Senator Blair and Senator Fenton—good enough for the small caucussing in which those leaders are adepts—was tried on too large a scale to meet with anything but the most thorough and sweeping defeat, and nearly everything has gone as every sensible man thought it must go and every decent man wished it should go. All the great States have cast for Grant and Wilson a very heavy proportion of the Republican party vote, and the action of the Democrats has fulfilled the words common in the mouths of many of them last July when their Hoffman-Kinsella-Ben-Wood leaders turned them over to Greeley at Baltimore; they were sold, but declined to be delivered. As we go to press, it seems probable that the Republicans have carried every State except Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Georgia, Missouri, and Virginia; and of these States Tennessee seems to have elected a Republican Congressman-at-large and Missouri may have elected a Republican Governor, while Virginia may turn out to have gone for Grant and Wilson. Supposing this general calculation of the electoral vote to be correct, the Republicans would have well on to three hundred votes, against something less than a hundred for Greeley and Brown. It is some time since we have had any expectation that the Coalitionists would secure many more votes than were secured by Seymour and Blair in 1868, and at their best they have apparently done very little better than the Democracy did then. For the interest of both the North and the South, we may say of humanity, we hope the South will ponder this result and consider carefully what shall be its political course. Certain things, she should know, are settled and at rest; or at least will always be decided in this one way as often as they are brought up for decision.

The result of the municipal election has, if possible, been even more satisfactory than that of the Presidential election. O'Brien, who entered the field as a "boss," has been badly beaten—his followers numbering in all about 33,000. This is an unpleasantly large number, it must be admitted, considering that the candidate secured them solely by distribution of coal and other acts of "kindness to the poor." But it was a small number, considering that the Republican "managers" in this city bargained with him some days before the election, came very near nominating him for the mayoralty and supporting him with all their force, and only gave up the plan at the last moment through sheer shame. The fact that they had been bargaining, however, got abroad, and created the belief in many minds that they were only running Havemeyer as a "dummy," and were secretly helping O'Brien, a theory which O'Brien did his best to spread. Many persons were thus led to vote for Lawrence, the Tammany candidate, fearing that a vote for Havemeyer would be thrown away. That the latter has been elected, and that O'Brien should stand at the foot of the poll, under these circumstances, must therefore be considered a most cheering sign, and we trust will be a warning to "managers." It will be a great gain when these gentlemen are thoroughly convinced that the public is not made up of knaves and fools.

Along with Havemeyer's election comes that of the Reform Judiciary ticket. Two excellent Judges, Messrs. Van Vorst and Noah Davis, mount the bench in place of McCunn and Cardozo. Josiah Sutherland, also an upright and experienced man, succeeds as City Judge Gunning S. Bedford, one of the Ring charlatans, a young person of the Hall type of mind and character, whose antics on the criminal bench have, during the past few years, been one of the municipal scandals, though we believe no charge of "corruption," in the New York sense of that word, has been brought against him. In fact, the reform spirit seems to have fairly taken possession of the city voters, and if it can be kept alive by solid results, there will be a fairer prospect of pure government than we have had since 1846. But we doubt if it can be kept alive, unless the number of elective officers is cut down, and the city elections are separated *in toto* from the national ones, in time at least. The O'Brien bargain was the result of having the city and national election on the same day; it would not have been thought of otherwise. Every voter yesterday had nearly fifty candidates for city offices submitted for his choice, and there were not over six of them about whom a man having honest business to attend to could know or learn anything. On the whole, therefore, the result is most encouraging.

The most significant and striking "lesson of the election" is undoubtedly the rebuke it administers to "managers" and "practical politicians." We do not think six months would be a day too long for the members of this calling in the Liberal ranks to retire from the public gaze. The young ruffians and blatherskites whom they put forward to do the public and dirty work of the canvass of course have various excuses to offer, but the knowing men who palmed off Horace Greeley on the Cincinnati Convention as "truly popular," even if nothing else, must surely long for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Those sagacious Westerners too, who snorted over the simplicity of the Eastern men when they doubted Greeley's "availability," and promised wonderful things from a certain mysterious state of feeling about the Sage which they said existed "west of the Alleghanies," and which no New Yorker or New Englander could understand, must feel that they owe an apology or explanation to somebody. Though last not least, the Greeleyite delegates who attended the Fifth Avenue Conference must, and ought now, for the credit of their sex, if for no other reason, to explain the grounds on which they were so sure that Greeley would carry every State in the Union except Massachusetts, which as moderate and cautious men they left "doubtful." Those who were present at that remarkable gathering may remember how the supporters of Honest Horace rose man after man in their seats, and, after likening him to some disgusting drug, declared that their sole reason for accepting him was their certainty that he would win, and how each of them then, with calm and unblushing brow, announced the majority by which Greeley was sure to carry his State. But the best and most enjoyable feature in the proceeding was their scorn and indignation for the "visionaries" and "impracticables" who refused to accept Greeley at any price. One old Democratic War-horse from Pennsylvania got so angry over them that he could hardly keep his seat. He wanted to go home and work for "a fact" and have done with talk. He has got his "fact," and we suspect would now prefer a vision or fancy.

The last important "exposure" of the campaign appeared in the *Times* of Monday. From this it appears that "the party which holds up its hands in horror at the use of money in elections," *i.e.*, the Greeley party, had drained the pockets of the patriots who composed it to the extent of $300,000 during the canvass; that among others Mr. A. T. Stewart was approached at an early day, and asked for money; that he, with his accustomed sagacity, replied that owing to his extensive business connections, and the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Grant officials, he could not subscribe openly, but would *sub rosa;* that Mr. Ethan Allen was so overjoyed by this that he immediately "rushed the fact into the newspapers"; this singular indiscretion disgusted Mr. Stewart, and it was as much as Mr. Fenton could do to get him to give even a portion of what he had at first promised. He afterwards subscribed to the Grant campaign expenses, thus treating "both sides alike except only as to amounts." There is a scandalous story also about Ethan Allen and ex-Marshal Murray, who, it seems, are quarrelling over a sum of $1,000, part of the campaign fund. This dispute may get into the courts, and if it does, there will be a great deal of amusement among all regular Republicans and Democrats, and a corresponding amount of chagrin among the Liberals over the Marshal's spelling, which, to judge by the letter published in the *Times*, is far from correct, and shows, as our fathers would have said, that "the intelligence of those who advocated the election of Mr. Greeley was quite on a level with their morality."

The *Times* also published the same day a long and despairing letter written by the late Secretary of the Greeley National Committee, and which, together with the other exposures, were doubtless sold to the *Times* by Greeley "workers" anxious to turn an honest penny before the camp was broken up. Although this Johnson letter, or "Confession" as the *Times* calls it, relates to events which have now lost their interest, it is worth preservation as the most perfect specimen of a politician's "view of the situation" we have ever seen. Its mixture of shrewdness and candor, of professional despondency with personal jollity, of public admiration with private contempt, of readiness to tell lies with zeal for "the right," have never been surpassed. The effect is heightened immensely by the lingo in which it is written, and which is the regular caucus dialect. Another remarkable thing about it is its abundance of grotesque imagery, which must in many places have cost the writer a great deal of trouble, though, as the letter was private, it is hard to see why he should have taken it. We advise every "foreign observer" now on this continent to get a copy of it, not simply for the sake of the style, but because it is as good an explanation as has been offered, or can be offered of the causes of Greeley's defeat from the politician's standpoint; but it must be remembered that a politician's causes are all secondary. His ruin is always wrought not by public sentiment but by "dissensions" or "treachery" among the "workers," or by the want of money.

Mayor Hall's second trial has come to an end, the jury having disagreed. Seven jurymen were for conviction, five for acquittal, according to common report. This result will not tend to enhance the popular belief in the value of jury trial, which cannot now be said to stand at a very high point. Although in general we do not like to criticise the judicial action of lawyers of Judge Brady's standing, we cannot avoid saying that in his charge to the jury he made a great mistake in not giving some definite indication as to his opinion about the evidence. The idea that the judge and jury are separate and independent bodies is well in theory, but it does not correspond with the actual facts as we see them. There are numerous cases in which judges encroach upon the theoretical boundary of the jury's power and are yet within the practical limits of law—as for instance, when a judge sets aside a verdict as against the evidence in the case, or for an excessive award of damages, or when he nonsuits a plaintiff, or directs the acquittal of a defendant. If it were his duty merely to admit certain kinds of evidence, explain the law to the jury, and then leave the case to them, he would do none of these things. Besides this, the rules excluding hearsay evidence, which prevail only in Anglo-Saxon countries, were originally framed to protect the public from juries' ignorance and want of skill, and are based upon the idea that what the jury needs is instruction and guidance at the hands of the court. These considerations have double force, too, at the present day, when the jury is, as a rule, in this city, though better than it has been, not wholly enlightened.

"Woodhull & Claflin" have reissued their paper during the week in a style of disgusting obscenity, and evidently for the purpose of levying blackmail by libellous attacks on persons likely to purchase immunity with money. One of these has had the male publishers arrested on a criminal charge for libel, and swears that they sent him a proof of the article on him in type, offering to suppress it for $200, which he declined to pay. In the meantime the two female editors have been indicted by the United States Grand Jury for sending indecent publications through the mails, and will doubtless get the full penalty of the law—one year's imprisonment and a fine, which will do them a world of good, and which they ought to have had long ago. We cannot help calling the attention of our Woman's Rights friends to the fact that it is to their attentions, and to their new doctrine that it makes no difference for the purposes of a "movement" what a woman's character is, provided she is "sound on the main question," that we owe the rise of these two wretched creatures into notoriety. That a considerable number of respectable women, with a fair repute for common sense, should have cast to the winds all well-established canons of human experience as to the value of female modesty, and have paraded this pair of adventurers as valued "co-workers" in a "great cause," is the most dismal illustration we have yet had of the aberrations into which the "spirit of progress" occasionally leads people.

The horse distemper—or "epizootic influenza," as it is called by those who must have a fine name, even if the ideas which it represents are rather vague—is gradually abating, so far as New York is concerned. The streets are comparatively full of horses; here and there during the past week a solitary ox-team or a handful of men might be seen dragging a cartload of furniture or of merchandise, but the cases were few and far between. One enterprising establishment, desirous of transporting its wares and at the same time of extending its "connection," conceived the idea of enlarging the ox's sphere of influence by sending a loaded team through the city with a large sign or banner above, a blouse-clad driver in front, with another on the seat, the latter being provided with several bands of sleigh-bells, which he occasionally jangled. The effect on the public was admirable, but the appearance of the team confirmed us in the belief that the ox is not an animal adapted for use on the pavements of this city. As the oxen stumbled and slipped along Broadway, patiently tugging at the heavy load behind them, the spectacle was quite melancholy, and if it became frequent would call for the intervention of Mr. Bergh. Accustomed as the ox has for centuries been to country roads, the effect upon his mind and physical constitution of such roadbeds as have been furnished us by the City Government of New York is not easy to calculate.

Four millions, at least, of the forty-four millions threatened by the Treasury, and petitioned for by "prominent business men," have been let loose. The *Times* acknowledges it in its Washington correspondence as something about which there is no concealment. It says that four or five millions of the forty-four, which the Treasury considers a "reserve" which it is entitled to issue at its

discretion, were thrown on the market at the last sale of gold and purchase of bonds on the 7th of October. Of course, if the discretion exists and five millions have already been issued, we may shortly expect the remainder. It should be remembered that there is the strongest doubt whether the law will bear any such interpretation as the Secretary of the Treasury puts on it, and considering the gravity of the question involved—namely, the right of one man, at such time as he pleases, to increase the legal-tender currency of the country by one-seventh—one would think that he would wait and get the distinct authority of Congress before moving in the matter. But respect for law, or hesitation in doubtful cases, has not been a characteristic of the Administration, and of no member of it less than Mr. Boutwell. So he is going ahead. With this power in the Secretary's hand, no man is safe in undertaking any business venture, and we need hardly say that the Secretary would have to be more than human to prevent his friends profiting by it. Greeley was not the man to give us "reform," but verily reform is needed.

A third American steamer, the *Missouri*, has been lost within the past week, and, as usual, with great loss of life, and with a lamentable display of want of readiness in danger on the part of all on board. In the case of the *Bienville*, the captain displayed courage and presence of mind; but in the other two, the appearance of peril seems to have resolved officers, crew, and passengers in a few minutes into a wild and panic-stricken mob. In the *Missouri* the boats were either not launched or launched in such a slovenly manner as to be swamped instantly. The only man on board who seems to have kept either head or heart was a West Indian passenger, who threw his own pleasure-boat overboard and got into her safely, and, knowing how to manage her, saved twelve lives. The impression which all this is making on people's minds is very painful. They are asking themselves whether the skill, the coolness in the presence of danger, and the spirit of discipline of American seamen are disappearing along with American shipping. The *World* predicts that if this sort of thing occurs much oftener, few will be willing to trust their lives on the water under the American flag. But the answer is simple—the money-getting devil has so thoroughly got hold of American corporations that they have not only got pretty well rid of the moral sense, but of national pride. Some of them do not care to ship American seamen, or any other kind of seamen, among their crews. The sailor of most of the steamers is now a "deck hand," that is, a laborer, whose business it is to load and unload freight. When it comes to launching and manning boats in a heavy sea, he is found to be uncontrollable and good for little except to howl and jump about. As to the discipline of most of the coasting steamers, the less said about it, the better. We heard of an authentic illustration of its condition the other day which is worth mention. A fight broke out among the passengers in one of the Havana steamers, the line to which the *Missouri* belonged, and knives were drawn. The Captain made his appearance to quell the riot with a long knife of his own, and threatened if the peace was not preserved he himself would "sail in" and begin stabbing. The whole matter of inspection needs thorough overhauling; in other words, the people want more protection, at sea at least, from the greed of companies, and we trust when "reform inside the party" begins they will receive it.

A letter to the *Tribune* dated Titusville, October 26, gives a curious account of a new plan on the part of those interested in petroleum to control the "crude oil" market. The plan is to establish a stock company, including producers, refiners, and also railroad lines, under the laws of Pennsylvania, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, subscriptions to be payable not in money but in oil, at five dollars a barrel, the company to be a vast oil bank, distributing or restraining the production and distribution of oil at its pleasure. Members of the association cannot sell except to the association; and it is provided that whenever the production of "petroleum shall be permanently in excess of the demand, the Council shall determine at what time the production shall be restrained, and shall take such measures as may be practicable, necessary, and lawful to prevent the drilling of oil-wells." There are a number of other articles, including the usual provision for a Bureau of Statistics and Information—not intended, as the evil-minded might suppose, for the suppression, but for the dissemination of useful knowledge relating to the business. This is the second monopoly of the kind that has been projected within a year or two, the "South Improvement Company" having failed through the premature assumption of the office of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics by some unauthorized outsider, the public taking alarm at the statistics and information which he disseminated. The success of such a scheme must depend upon the railroads, and its chief interest lies in the fact that it should be possible, by contracts with local Tom Scotts or Vanderbilts, to control the access to public highways. Under the present system, the law of railroads is rapidly assimilating itself to that of private ways at common law.

General Ducrot, who made the great sortie during the siege of Paris, and vowed to come back "dead or victorious," but did neither, has issued an address to the troops under his command, in which, after calling for discipline and all other good military qualities, he declared that "the time might come when the Germans would regret rending hearts and homes, and tearing from France her dearest children." This has produced a good deal of perturbation, and it was rumored that the German ambassador had demanded an explanation; but this is unlikely, because the explanation is simple enough. General Ducrot has only said what the whole French army is thinking, and what M. Thiers's policy naturally leads it to think. The military reorganization has been conducted on a scale which nothing but the hope or expectation of revenge could justify; but, nevertheless, if the officers are not restrained in their speechifying, they may seriously damage French credit.

The collision which has been long foreseen between the Upper and Lower House of the Prussian Parliament has at last occurred over the County Reform Bill, which proposed to extend the sphere of local self-government in the rural districts, and which was passed by the Lower House last session, but has now been rejected by the House of Lords by a vote of 145 to 18. Whereupon Count Eulenberg, the Minister of the Interior, gave in his resignation, having made the measure "a cabinet measure"; but the Emperor refused to receive it, and the Ministers have now followed the English practice, and dissolved Parliament, or, in other words, appealed to the country. The bill will be passed again after the election by the Lower House, and should the House of Lords still hold firm, the Crown will, it is declared, follow the English precedent of 1832, and threaten to create, or create, as many new peers as may be necessary to carry the measure. There is, however, hardly any likelihood that the peers will stand firm, although they are the last stronghold of Junker bigotry. The course of the Crown—that is, of Bismarck—in this matter is as strong a proof as could be desired of the baselessness of the fears which many entertained that the effects of the war on Prussian institutions would be reactionary, or at least conservative. Thus far they have certainly proved highly liberalizing. But it makes one sad, nevertheless, to recall the fact that many European Liberals—the London *Spectator*, for instance—declared vehemently in 1870 that the cause of France was "the cause of human liberty." It was nothing of the kind. Liberty has gained and is likely to gain more from German triumphs in the next five years than from France in the next fifty. There is nothing in the present condition of France, or in its history during the last twenty years, which is not calculated to create despondency about the future of free government.

THE SECOND PRESIDENCY OF GENERAL GRANT.

THE first term of General Grant began at probably the most unfortunate moment at which any man without the training of a politician and the experience of a statesman could have assumed the responsibilities of the office. The sense of relief from the great strain of the war was passing away; the irritation arising from excessive ill-adjusted taxation and the first contraction of a delusive inflated currency, was beginning. The first burst of contemporary gratitude to a great soldier was dying out, and the debt due to him from the country he was regarded as having saved was supposed by many to be paid by the gift of its highest office; while the reverential love which a second generation gives a national hero had not yet begun. The disastrous Administration of Andrew Johnson, with its corrupt system of office-bargaining between the President and the Senate, had surrendered no small part of the attributes of the Presidency; so that instead of public officers being, as the Constitution prescribes, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, they had come to be appointed by the Senate on the nomination of the President. The impeachment, too, had lessened the public estimation of the office; and to such a degree that respectable and ordinarily temperate journals and periodicals had attempted to demonstrate that an objectional President might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innocent of high crimes and misdemeanors. There were, moreover, certain personal characteristics of General Grant which tended strongly to make his administration a failure, but which, singularly, indicate that his second administration will be incomparably better than the first.

The first of these personal traits is that characteristic which cannot be readily defined, but is well understood in the common phrase of "minding his own business." This characteristic he possesses in an extraordinary degree. Positively—reticent, composed, self-contained; negatively—neither curious, nor enquiring, nor enthusiastic, nor sympathetic. In the army the quality served him both ill and well. As a subaltern, it probably contributed to his failure, being mistaken for indifference and a want of soldierly, ambitious zeal. When he became a brigadier-general he was content to be simply general, not flying about among his regiments, drilling, instructing, enquiring, but leaving all regimental work to his regimental commanders. Officers who served immediately under him, and who, fresh from civil life, felt the need of an active superior, never saw him, and regarded him as a listless, indolent, and perhaps incompetent commander. But when he rose to more extended commands, his subordinates gradually learnt two things: first, that the responsibility of their command rested entirely upon themselves; second, that while they would be justly appreciated and generously commended, they would never be interfered with within their own official spheres. Hence grew up that remarkable devotion which led such soldiers as Sherman and McPherson to refuse to be transferred to another commander, and that capability which redounded to his own success; for certainly no other general was served by such efficient subordinates as General Grant.

But when he left the army and came to direct the civil affairs of the Government, this controlling characteristic of his nature nearly caused his ruin. He had entered West Point a mere boy and grown up there, taught little of civil matters, and from his nature seeking little beyond his business, which was to become a soldier. His frontier life and the Mexican war kept him all the more closely to that business. When he left the army in disgrace, his sad secluded life was bounded by the four walls of a little shop; so secluded was it that when he went back to Galena covered with renown, it was said that not thirty of his townsmen knew him by sight. During the war he saw nothing of public men save a few officious intermeddling members of Congress, and was warned by his lieutenant that Washington was a den of disaster and iniquity. At the end of the war when he moved his headquarters to the seat of Government, he had never studied the work of the politician or the statesman, for it had not been his business; and because it had not been his business he knew nothing of it or them. Of civil affairs and of public men in civil life, he was probably the most ignorant intelligent man in the United States.

The greatest misfortune that has ever befallen General Grant is that he came to the Presidency too young. If with his unerring instinct in the selection of men, his quiet observation, sound sense, and evenly balanced judgment, he had continued four or eight years longer in Washington at the head of the army, he would probably have made a great and useful President. As it was he came not to administer but to be taught. There are indications enough that his own modest self-estimate and excellent judgment told him this; but unfortunately he had beside him a shallow, selfish, unscrupulous counsellor in Mr. Washburn, and he had been crossed and vexed in his brief administration of the War Office by Mr. Johnson, and roused into the desire for power which mortification frequently awakens in men of quiet temperament. He came to the Presidency almost absolutely ignorant, from a civil point of view, of men and things. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should lean upon the few men he knew, and obtain information only from those immediately around him. Yet he had a clear idea that the country needed something more than the management of professional politicians, and that the people looked to him to introduce an era of better things. The idea of administrative reform was not ripe in the public mind, and the desire for a new civil service had not a definite form, yet no incense was ever more grateful to the nostrils of a people than the smoke which arose while General Badeau burnt the office-seekers' letters. When Colonel McClure was sent home with nothing but the title of "The Pennsylvania Politician," and sundry intruding senators were turned back by the assurance that their assistance was unneeded, the hopes of nearly all men seemed to be no longer deferred. General Grant saw this plainly, and proceeded in his quiet way to make up his own practical working Cabinet. But when his private "slate" was broken by the declension of Mr. Wilson, and the ineligibility of Mr. Stewart, it disconcerted the plan of his campaign; his ignorance of men was an impediment to further movements, and all his military strategy unavailing to recover the ground lost by the surprise. The confidence of the country in General Grant, especially in his moral courage and firmness and his supposed determination "to fight it out on this line," caused an apparent apathy, influential men leaving the matter placidly to the President, believing that he was abundantly able to hold up his own hands during the emergency. The wily politicians in Congress saw their advantage and seized it. They held before him the fate of his predecessor, and assured him that he would have arrayed against him his own party in Congress who controlled the press and possessed the ear of the public, and they besought him as friends to follow in the beaten pathway of presidents, and warned him that his efforts were considered blunderings, and were fast becoming ridiculous. The fear of causing new dissensions between Congress and the Executive, a sense of his own inexperience and ignorance, perhaps some dread of having his high military reputation clouded by the ridicule which would be attached to a chimerical and impracticable scheme, proved too strong a combination of adverse causes, and General Grant surrendered. If the President had stood firm, throwing upon Congress the responsibility of rejecting Mr. Stewart, and patiently selecting new men who would serve their country as cabinet ministers rather than their party as professional politicians, there is little fear that the country would have been on his side, and members of Congress soon relegated to their constitutional sphere of legislative duties. We deplore the result, and cannot wholly forgive the surrender, but an examination of the operating causes and agencies enables us to understand how it was brought about.

The next characteristic of General Grant has been his instinctive sagacity in choosing men. In military life this talent had been perhaps the chief cause of his success. No other general can show such a triumvirate as Sherman, Sheridan, and McPherson, beside the long list of lesser field-officers, equally active and devoted, if

not equally renowned. When the President went over to the politicians, he chose his lieutenants as skilfully as he had selected those of the army. It is true that their tactics have been most unfortunate for the country, and almost disastrous to their party, but as mere politicians there could not have been selected more indefatigable fighters. General Grant abandoned a line of statesmanship for a line of politics, and on his new line it became necessary, in his opinion, to have a new set of corps-commanders. The men we do not admire, their field of operations we think small, their system of strategy shallow and mean; but as officers adapted to that kind of petty political warfare they were the ablest that could be had.

But there is one other characteristic of General Grant which his first Presidency has hardly called into action, but which in the second may be found to retrieve much of the ground that has been lost. This is ability to learn, and especially to learn wisdom from his own mistakes. The repulse at Belmont (whether we judge it by his first or substituted report) and the comprehensive strategy of the campaign of 1864-'5 will always seem to be the work of two different men. Yet between the two extremes can be traced his steady, patient growth; erring, but erring less and less; making mistakes, but never repeating the same one; moving tardily, but always in some way attaining ultimate success. It is on this characteristic that the hopes of his countrymen may now rest. We have reason to believe that during the four years of his term he has been learning as during the four years of the war; that little has escaped his quiet, unobtrusive attention; and that his knowledge of public men and the wants and interests of the country is incomparably greater than it was. On certain subjects, as civil-service reform, he has always been in advance of his party in Congress, and has proved to be much stronger than his party and his party leaders among the people. He owes nothing to Messrs. Morton and Cameron, and other managers, and they owe all their present success to him. With the first Presidency we hope the President will consider his debts of gratitude to those gentlemen fully paid, and himself entirely free to administer the affairs of the executive department exclusively for the welfare of the country.

POLITICAL ECONOMY IN GERMANY.

THE great rise in prices in Germany caused by the enormous sums which she is receiving from France, and the change in the distribution of population caused by the organization of the Empire, and the social awakening which has naturally followed on the development of the Constitutional system, are, as might have been expected, stimulating the discontent of the laboring classes, and stimulating the discussion of the labor question among all classes. This question has not yet assumed the prominence in Germany which it has long possessed in France, and is rapidly assuming in England, but it has begun during the last ten years to threaten all political problems with serious complications, and to exercise a very disturbing influence on industry. That socialism has not already obtained as strong a hold on the German as on the French workingmen, is not due to any lack of exertion on the part of socialist agitators and philosophers. The Church has had in Germany a succession of apostles and prophets such as Lasalle, Jacob, Bebel, and Marx, who have had full as much fervor as their brethren in France, but have had to work in a much less promising soil. The Germans have had no social revolution; and their political experience has been of a kind to make the position of the aristocracy easy. In Prussia they have been subjected to the stern discipline of a military monarchy, and, though last not least, their temperament makes them rather ill fitted for the heats and enthusiasms and visions without which socialism is nothing more than oratorical vapor.

The economical policy of Prussia, to which what we are now saying more particularly applies, has for a long while been that of Adam Smith, or, as it perhaps ought more properly to be called, that of Cobden and Bright. Prussian legislation has for many years run in the direction of non-interference with trade and industry, and employers and workmen have been left to fight their battles out as best they might. In fact, the "interdependence of classes" received a severe blow from the reforms of Stein long before it had been shaken in countries much more advanced politically. The Government has long taken charge of the education of the young, and has exacted of every citizen solid and efficient military service; but it has not, as regards either trade, commerce, or religion, been what is called a "paternal," or, in other words, a meddling Government. Its financial and industrial policy has for many years been shaped by shrewd, hard-headed economists—mostly brokers and merchants and manufacturers of the *laissez-faire* school; and it certainly cannot be said that the country has not prospered under their auspices. But it has not been in their power, and it is not in any one's power, to prevent the growth of suspicion and distrust between employers and laborers. The causes which have bred these feelings elsewhere, and which have often been discussed in these columns, are actively at work in Germany, and with the usual results. In Germany, as elsewhere, the weak, the ignorant, the idle, the shufflers, and the stupid go to the wall, and there, as elsewhere, the strong and educated, and industrious, and thrifty, and intelligent get most of the good things of this life; and in the struggle there is naturally a good deal of suffering, a good deal of both real and apparent injustice, and a good many of those contrasts of fortune and condition which the poor in our time find it so hard to bear. In other words, the *laissez-faire* policy has not any more than the protective policy abolished poverty or made honest men sure of their due, and its failure has been suddenly magnified by the enormous industrial disturbance wrought by the French indemnity.

Under these circumstances, there is occurring in Germany what has occurred in England. An agitation has been started by a number of "educated radicals," mostly young men, filling chairs in the universities, for a return to paternal government. They call themselves "historical economists," and have their minds filled with questions of the content and good feeling which reigned among the working-classes in the old days of the guilds, when the man's duty to the master and the master's duty to the man were regulated by law, and when everybody had a settled status and appendant rights, and was not left to seek his subsistence on the stormy sea of competition. They are enamored, too, as the English Positivists and Carlylists are, of strong government. They are sick of debates, and hate the very name of Adam Smith, and want to have wages and rent and hours of labor settled by the police, acting under the orders of a humane and enlightened minister. "We have had enough of your political economy," they say; "you call it a science, and yet no two of you are agreed about one of its axioms, definitions, or canons; you say it regulates industrial relations, and yet the whole industrial world is plunged in confusion; you say it provides the workingman with the means of acquiring that share of products to which he is entitled, and yet the workingman was never so discontented." In the Congress which they called at Eisenach, to which we referred last week, a misfortune overtook these gentlemen which threatens their school everywhere, but which our "Labor Reformers" have thus far been knowing enough to avoid. They had been injudicious enough to put on paper a formal and detailed statement of their demands, and the result was that their positions were one by one assaulted and carried by the hard-hearted, practical men who came to the Congress. Their aims were acknowledged on all hands to be praiseworthy, but their plans for carrying them out were shown to be so opposed to the habits, tastes, notions of morality, on which the social organization in Germany is based, that there would not be the slightest chance of securing their adoption, even if embodied in legislation. Among us the friends of paternal government have thus far confined themselves to vague denunciation of existing social arrangements, or vague longings for the regeneration of humanity by governmental action, but no blandishments have thus far succeeded in inducing

them to draft a bill for the formal extirpation of poverty and rascality.

The rising of the professors in Germany is, however, mainly interesting to us for the illustration it affords of the curious combination of mutually destructive tendencies, if we may use the expression, of which social radicalism all over the world is made up. If there is one feature in it which is more prominent than another, it is its contempt, or indeed one might say its hatred, of authority. It is not thrones, principalities, or powers alone of which it seeks the overthrow. It wages unceasing warfare on the principle of obedience in all fields of human activity. It is mutinous towards parliaments as towards kings, as impatient of jurisprudence as of theology, and dislikes the justice of the peace nearly as much as the military general; and its influence, whether good or bad, whether a preparation for better things or for worse, has undoubtedly permeated society to a sufficient extent to make the work of government—which mainly consists in ordering people to do certain things, and punishing them for not doing them—increasingly difficult. Indeed, we do not think we exaggerate when we say that the most marked characteristic of all democratic societies in our time is impatience of control, on the part of citizens, wives, children, apprentices, and pupils and soldiers. This, as we have said, may or may not be a good thing. It may be leading us on, as some people think, to a period of noble self-rule, or it may be leading us on, as others think, to truly destructive anarchy; but that it is one of the great facts of the day nobody will deny.

On the other hand, side by side with this phenomenon, and apparently an invariable accompaniment of it, is a longing for more government. The state is called on by some to suckle, clothe, educate, board, and find work for every man, woman, and child within its limits; by others, to abolish usury, provide capital and profits for all, prevent poverty, and in fact save everybody from the now ordinary consequences of his own mistakes and ignorance and want of capacity. The French Communists of course represent the extreme of this tendency, but it is found in greater or less strength in the teachings of nearly all our own philanthropists and humanitarians. But this tremendous extension of the functions of the state means the indefinite extension of the very things which advanced radicals most hate. It means more power for the government; enormous multiplication of functionaries; infinite complication of administrative machinery; increased opportunities for cheating and stealing on the part of officials; increase of inspection and surveillance and responsibility; increase of authority and of obedience—the conversion of society, in short, into a camp, governed by innumerable rules and regulations, guarded by a swarm of sentinels, with passive, unreasoning obedience the sole guarantee against worse anarchy than that of a routed army. That any kind of radical, whether philosophical, historical, or social, has in his mind any plan for the reconciliation of these conflicting tendencies, we do not believe. Indeed, we doubt whether many of them have even thought the matter over seriously. Each sect is so absorbed in upsetting the existing order of things, that it does not occur to it that in so doing it is destroying the very foundations on which any other order of things must rest. If we preach lawlessness, we must be prepared to find *our* law treated with as much contempt as other people's. In other words, the very spirit, whatever it be, which is making workingmen hostile to their employers, would render them hostile to any officer deputed by Government to offer them state protection. And yet under all this there lies a really healthy desire to have the state render more services in return for taxation than it now renders. Everybody sees that this is possible. We might have better justice, better police, safer transit, better schools, more openings for labor, more means of healthful recreation, better safeguards against disease, for our money than we now have, if the state were better organized. With all demands of this kind every lover of his kind must sympathize heartily. But this means more administration, and more administration we cannot and ought not to have without improvement in the Administration, in its personnel, its processes, its pay, its rewards—without, in other words, a great reform in the civil service. Reform in the civil service must, however, be based on popular appreciation of the value of discipline, popular remembrance of the weakness of human nature, popular respect for law, and popular desire for excellence—that is, popular love of seeing things well done, whether legislating, judging, soldiering, letter-carrying, or street-sweeping. Love of perfection, in short, of seeing men thoroughly perform what they undertake to perform, is what now needs preaching more than anything else. It is the absence of it which is working most of our evils, and which makes nearly all radical schemes for the regeneration of society seem impracticable.

THE ENGLISH LECTURERS.

MR. YATES.

THE audience which gathered at Steinway Hall on Monday evening of last week to listen to Mr. Yates's first series of lectures on "Princes of the Pen" found suggestive signs of preparation in the arrangement of stage and accessories. A large and very well drawn cartoon in colors, representing Mr. Dickens's house and garden at Gadshill, leaned against a stand on one side of the lecture-desk, flanked by a similar drawing on the other side, directly copied from the well-known plate, "The Empty Chair"; while still a third drawing, presumably a portrait, leaned against the wall, with its back to the audience, ready for exhibition in due time. The personal appearance of the lecturer, too, was well calculated to confirm the pleasant impression of his apparatus. Mr. Yates, as many of our readers have probably had occasion to know, is of rather noticeably tall, muscular, and commanding figure, his features have a certain masculine strength and freshness, and his voice is one to drive an orator, actor, or platform reader mad with envy—a simply magnificent organ, full, rich, mellow, and strong. The lecturer's manner, too, is singularly quiet, dignified, and easy, and his pronunciation shows none of the exaggerated Anglicism which so impairs the elocution of his countryman, Mr. Froude. Though his delivery is not free here and there from a slight conventionality, as of a man who reads, not speaks, it is impressive, deliberate, and singularly distinct. In short, Mr. Yates, as far as manner and method go, is particularly pleasant to listen to, and the physical appliances of his oratory are amply fitted to supplement and emphasize any good quality in its matter.

It is easy enough to assent to the principle with which Mr. Yates prefaces his lectures, that a judicious Boswellism is a main desideratum in a biographical sketch or description. Discretion will dictate a certain mental reserve even here; and a finer taste will doubt whether we really know a great man better, after all, in the petty and superficial detail of his daily existence, than in the grander and more fundamental traits of soul and imagination, of action or achievement, which all the world may read. If the hero is never a hero to his *valet de chambre*, it is because the valet, from the very necessities of the situation, must deal exclusively with the unheroic and unessential traits of his master's character. Goethe was probably not more really Goethe when powdering and dressing for a Weimar court ball, than when pondering over the Theory of Colors, or rapt in the composition of Faust or Egmont. There is nothing so very characteristic, after all, in the curls of Voltaire's wig or the cut of General Washington's buff waistcoat, and it is questionable whether posterity has not a right to enjoy its more ideal image of a great man—the assemblage of lofty characteristics by which alone he has influenced his age—undisturbed by the delineation of the commonplace or material features in which he is naturally just like every one about him.

Still, the curiosity incident to human nature, to gain something like a visible and tangible impression of the world's notable men and women—especially those who, by their actions and writings, have come closely home to our sympathies—is natural and innocent enough, and we may afford to praise the well-meaning portrait-painter who gives us Aristides or Napoleon in dressing-gown and slippers, so the portrait be truthful, consistent, and, above all, vivid. But here the would-be Boswell has a difficult problem. If he have the space of three bulky volumes in which to develop his theme, he may afford to be discursive, minute, trivial, inconsequent, to repeat and dilute, to gossip and prose, even—to transfer us as nearly as possible to the scene and surroundings from which he took his own impressions. In the brief period of a platform-hour, his finished art must atone for hurry, limitation, and incompleteness, his hasty sketch must be informed with the power of a penetrative imagination and an instructive selection. Each rapid stroke must be as bold and free, yet as suggestive and characteristic, as a dash from

the graver of Dürer or Gavarni; no dot or line must be weak or wasted, for all his picture has room for will not more than make up the complex but consistent impression we demand.

Along with the lecture proper, therefore, with its clear enunciation of principle and logical cogency of enforcement, the platform *causerie*, as one might call it—the pleasant hour or two of pleasant chat and anecdote, of gossip and reminiscence—has taken important place of late years in the annals of the lecture stage. Such lectures deal evidently but little with ready-made thought or well-developed doctrine; they aim to supply the material of such thought, and the illustrations of doctrines already held or yet to be determined. They take the place exactly of the pictures in a volume of history, travel, and biography, and, by their aptness, impressiveness, and judicious selection, should furnish us the mental atmosphere and induce the proper mood for the better reception of graver facts to be gathered from other sources. In doing this work for the life and character of his friend Charles Dickens, Mr. Yates had a task the more difficult that he was treating a theme on which the American public has already considerable and minute information, yet is insatiably eager for more. The lecturer will probably seem to well-informed hearers to have somewhat underrated the actual state of our knowledge on his subject, and, along with much which was not only pertinent and suggestive, but fresh, to have given us much which could hardly claim the merit of novelty. Even in face, too, of the difficulty of cramming into a short evening's talk enough material to produce on the minds of the auditory a clear and unitary impression of Dickens's personality, we could have wished in the lecture a little more of that constructive imagination which should pervade the enunciation of detail or incident, and blend them to a picture. The materials of Mr. Yates's mosaic were not ill-chosen, but perhaps it may not be hypercritical to think that they might have been better put together. On one point of special criticism we venture with some diffidence, but the matter may fairly claim a word of notice. Indisputably, the one point on which the American public would most eagerly demand information, if they might honorably and discreetly do so, is that of Dickens's domestic relations. It is not, nor ever can be, a matter of indifference to them that the man who, through his writings, has been their fireside friend, the prophet of all tender and earnest feeling, of all sweet and gentle domestic ties, should stand in history accused of just the opposite traits in his own life—of coldness, fickleness, or injustice. If Mr. Yates could have aided to remove this suspicion, his audience would have owed him a gratitude such as hardly any other merit of his lecture could have earned. It is to be regretted that either his sensitiveness in touching on such matters of delicacy, or—must we think?—his lack of confidence in the merits of the case, should have caused his few remarks to appear like what a lawyer would call confession and avoidance, and left the sad impression of contemporary gossip or tradition only deeper than before. But with all deductions for the shortcomings we have hinted at, Mr. Yates's remarks were a welcome contribution to the treatment of a deeply interesting theme, and those who listened to him last week will feel a pleasant curiosity to hear what he has to say about such men as Thackeray and others, concerning whom, though our interest is hardly less, our personal knowledge is notably less minute and real.

ENGLAND.—WORKING OF THE NEW EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IN LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 18, 1872.

TWO years ago we were all rejoicing over what we rather presumptuously called the settlement of the National Education question. Although the scheme then carried through Parliament was avowedly a compromise, it was considered to be one which would be supported by an overwhelming majority. Setting aside the few bigots who insisted upon secular education pure and simple, and the few bigots who would have none but an exclusively clerical scheme of education, it was hoped that we should all agree to work the machinery as energetically as possible, and then all kinds of desirable results would follow. All the neglected population of our streets would be forced into familiarity with the three Rs. England would, like Prussia, be thoroughly drilled into education. The schools provided by the official boards and the schools provided by the various denominations would co-operate harmoniously, and there would be at worst a sufficient degree of emulation to stimulate all persons concerned to the fullest exertion of their energy. These roseate expectations, like most others of the kind, have been doomed to disappointment. If not altogether abandoned, we are compelled to admit that the day of realization is further off than we had originally supposed, and that, in short, we had immensely underrated the extraordinary difficulty of the task which lies before us.

Thus, for example, in London a controversy has recently arisen which strikingly illustrates the various perplexities which are not yet cleared up. In the early days of enthusiasm, men of unusual distinction allowed themselves to be nominated for the board. Lord Lawrence and Prof. Huxley—to mention no others—were amongst the first members, though both of them have since been compelled to retire from ill health. The debates of the board were anxiously watched, and it was hoped that we should speedily witness unmistakable results of their labors. The debates, however, prolonged themselves after the fashion of most parliamentary performances, and a certain degree of impatience began to be manifested. Most people became rather tired of watching the course of affairs, and we had sunk into comparative indifference, when, at last, the board, having made elaborate preparations for its campaign against ignorance, began decidedly to take the field. New schools are being built; some have actually come into operation; and an attempt has been made to put in force the provisions for compulsory education. A certain number of previously neglected children have been forced into the schools. Straightway there arises a sudden shock of indignation, showing that jealousies which were supposed to be extinct are still in full force, and that the whole battle, which occupied Parliament for a session, is to be fought over again in the petty parliament of the school-boards; and that questions which Parliament evaded by committing their decision to the local bodies, are now pressing for a solution. The immediate cause of the explosion occurred at certain schools in the North of London. The visitors appointed by the board had succeeded in sending to a school already established some thirty children, who had hitherto been completely neglected. Well, one might have thought, here was a cause for rejoicing. The school would certainly welcome these little outcasts, at any rate, if their fees could be paid by the school-board. On the contrary, the children were summarily dismissed, and the managers of the school were indignant at the burden thrust upon them. Their reason was that these unfortunates belonged to the class variously designated as "waifs and strays," "street Arabs," or "gutter-children." They were poor little hangers-on upon the lowest fringe of society, who had learnt the worst of language if they had learnt nothing else, whose clothing was not even decent, and who were suspected of bringing with them physical as well as moral contagion. They were therefore received much as a sweep would be received in a first-class railway carriage. If you force these children to school, it was urged, you ought to provide a separate place for them. There are lines of demarcation amongst the London poor just as deep and wide as those which separate the aristocracy and the middle-classes. The child of the decently-clad artisan altogether refuses to be mixed up with the child of the poor beggar or crossing-sweeper. The spirit of caste, in short, raises difficulties as great as those raised by the spirit of religious bigotry.

But other complications speedily arose. The school-board naturally does not wish to open the doors of the new schools to this social refuse. It desires to make its own education a model; if its system is to be weighted by having all the refuse, a slur will be thrown upon it, and it will not be able to compete on equal terms with the denominational schools. There is nothing, it may be, which the denominational schools would like better. If the schools founded by the board are left empty, the advocates of the old system declare them to be useless; if they are filled, the same persons maintain that they are filled by draining the old schools, and that no real addition is made to the educational resources of the country. The representatives of the denominational party on the board are strongly inclined to hamper its efforts in every way that occurs, in order to prevent its competing effectually with the schools now established. The clergy, indeed, all over the country look askance upon school-boards generally, and are only too ready to denounce them as useless and expensive incumbrances. Meanwhile, if the board tries to set up an inferior class of schools for the poorest children, in order to draft them off from the better schools, it meets with a new set of difficulties. In the first place, there is the obvious difficulty of enforcing a system to which Englishmen are so little accustomed, and especially of enforcing it in the case of children whose earnings form a considerable part of the resources of the family. If a boy picks up a few pence a day by selling newspapers or matches, and you force him into school, it may be that his family will not be able to support him. And thus arise all kinds of delicate questions, which the board is scarcely able to answer. They have no sufficient machinery for deciding upon the degree of poverty of the parents and of knowing whether or not they can afford to pay school-pence, or afford even to be deprived of the services of their children. And here again comes in a conflict of authority with the system of poor-law relief. The workhouses have already large schools, at which the children of paupers are educated. Should the guardians or the school-board deal with the lowest class of children, or how should the limits of their duties be defined?

These difficulties are suggestive enough of the complexity of the problem.

There is no reason to suppose them insuperable, or even to suppose that they are not in the way of being overcome. But it is clear that the school-board has to organize a system of compulsion for which our habits have not in the smallest degree prepared us, and that in so doing they have to encounter not only the prejudices of the parents but the jealousies of numerous religious bodies already in possession of the ground, and ready to contest every inch of the way; and, moreover, to solve a variety of intricate social and economical problems. Meanwhile, public interest in the matter has rather flagged; people are unreasonably disappointed because their unreasonable anticipations were not fulfilled; and there are plenty of parish politicians who are only too ready to get up an agitation against any system which involves a pressure upon the rates. There are loud assertions that the whole thing is a failure, and suggestions that our old comfortable way of letting things alone had its advantages. How far greater results might have been fairly anticipated is a question which I am not qualified to answer; perhaps no one could. It was certainly natural enough to expect some more tangible fruits of two years' legislation; but, on the other hand, the outcry seems to prove that the board is really getting to work at last; and the complaints themselves demonstrate, if there were any necessity for such demonstration, that they have an ample field for labor. This vast disorganized mass of houses presents, of course, the most aggravated case; and it is here more than anywhere that social difficulties have outrun all attempts to grapple with them. It must be a work of many years to bring anything like order out of such a huge fragment of chaos. In other towns the work is apparently further advanced; and we may hope that more real impression is being produced on the appalling masses of ignorance and poverty. Meanwhile, the process must be slow, and moreover a good deal of heat will be generated while it lasts.

One question which seems pretty certain to arise in the next session will probably illustrate the intensity of the religious animosities which at present exhaust themselves chiefly in school-board questions. Mr. Gladstone can hardly avoid longer proposing some settlement of the Irish University question. It is idle to speculate on the nature of the solution which he will propose. He is watched by several parties, whose antipathies are so marked that it will indeed be a feat of statesmanship if he succeeds in removing them all. The Roman Catholics, who insist upon the endowment of their university; the Protestants, who will be scandalized by any kind of concession to Catholicism; the Radicals, who object to any encouragement to the denominational system, whether Catholics or Protestants are to reap the benefit, have the materials for a very pretty triangular duel; and when we consider that the question has to be fought out upon an Irish topic, and is therefore in no danger of being treated with coldness, or confined within strictly logical limits, we may anticipate a lively session. The leaders of both parties have complicated matters by flirtations with the Irish bishops and their opponents which will give ample opportunity for personal recrimination. It is not beyond the bounds of probability that this may be the shoal on which Mr. Gladstone's government will be finally wrecked, in spite of the skill with which he has hitherto frustrated the predictions of his opponents. Such speculations, however, are as yet premature; for we have been treated to no foreshadowings of policy from which the keenest of political prophets could infer the future.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, October 14.

THE difficult question which is to form the principal topic of discussion during the coming parliamentary session is now engrossing public attention in Italy to a high degree, long ere the project of the bill can be even known, nay, completely worked out in the ministerial councils. The promised "Law on the religious corporations of Rome" is indeed designed to be the finishing stroke of that legislation which has taken upon itself to regulate the relations between church and state on an entirely new principle, and to carry out definitively the famous maxim of the *chiesa libera nello stato libero* (free church in a free state), of which the type is to be found in your great North American Republic. Three important and comprehensive laws were successively voted in 1866, 1867, and 1871, with a view to attaining this desirable end; the project of a fourth is already known and tolerably certain of being accepted by Parliament; the fifth and most delicate, from a general and political point of view, is precisely the one I allude to above, and upon which public opinion, press, Parliament, and even the Ministry itself, seem to be extremely divided in opinion. There is the Clerical party, which of course finds everything *au mieux dans la meilleure des Romes possibles*, and would fain save from the rising deluge that Mount Ararat on which they have collected together with the remnants of their treasures. There is the Radical party, ever ready to make *tabula rasa*, and to proceed in an old Catholic country—nay, the centre of Catholicism, where for centuries prejudices, interests, customs, narrowly connected with the ruling church, have been accumulating—in the same way as Washington's contemporaries did on a new continent, with a Protestant church divided into ever so many sects, and entirely independent of the state. Between these two extremes are the hundred shades of opinion of all such as, while ready to give to God what is God's, and to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, are anxious to enjoy all the benefits of modern legislation, and desirous at the same time of remaining good Catholics, and to draw the patient's tooth in as painless a manner as possible; who are disposed to treat ancient and respectable interests with gentle consideration, and show deference to powerful foreign friends, yet would not be loth to redress flagrant abuses and assert the national independence.

These different currents are clearly to be seen in the successive laws I have mentioned which attempted to regulate this delicate and difficult question. The bill of 1866 simply did away with all those religious orders and corporations in the kingdom which were not of public utility, pensioned off the monks and nuns belonging to them, and put up their property at public auction. The law of 1867 conferred upon the state the right of likewise suppressing convents and pious foundations of public utility—such as the orders for the instruction of children, attendance on the poor or sick, etc.; and, in any case, of converting their property into Italian funds. The famous "Law of the Guarantees," the debates over which occupied the whole session of 1870-71, regulated the mutual position of church and state; confirmed the abrogation of all the concordats which had been formerly concluded by the different Italian states with the Holy See and were subsequently provisionally replaced by the Piedmontese law at the moment of annexation; repealed the Piedmontese legislation by abolishing the royal *placet* and *exequatur* for curates and bishops, who were henceforward to be appointed by the Pope alone; granted to the Holy Father a civil list, free residence, free communication, the right of receiving diplomatic representatives from foreign powers, etc., etc.—all rights of which, excepting that of the civil list, Pio Nono has made an implicit use, although he persists in protesting against and refusing to recognize the very law which confers them upon him. The fourth bill, an appendix (or *novella*) to the great law of the guarantees, regulates the administration of the *asse ecclesiastico*, or property of the churches and parishes, out of the revenues of which these churches are kept and restored and the priests draw their salary—for the *budget des cultes*, in the French sense of the word, *i.e.*, the payment of the priests by the state, never existed in any of the former Italian states. This bill, which confides the management of such property to local committees, composed partly of ecclesiastical dignitaries of the diocese or parish, partly of lay vestries, elected directly by the faithful, or indirectly by the provincial and municipal councils,—this bill, as I have already said, is sure of being accepted by Parliament, having originally emanated from the Right, which proposed it two years ago in the shape of an amendment to the great law, and being now presented by a Ministry which belongs to the Centre, so that it may reckon upon the support of at least four-fifths of the House. Not so, however, with the important law on the religious corporations in Rome.

The address from the throne, for which the present Ministry is answerable, promised last year that a law should be brought in "extending the law of 1866 to Rome, and divesting the Roman religious corporations of the character of moral or juridical persons, at the same time leaving the *sostanza ecclesiastica*—a very elastic term—of the city of Rome to the Romish Church. To the Keeper of the Great Seal, as Minister of Public Worship, Signor De Falco, a learned and intelligent Neapolitan jurisconsult, was entrusted the drawing up of this new law, which was to conciliate the interests of the state with those of the church, and to satisfy the Italian Liberals, the Catholics, and the foreign powers—a task not easy to be achieved. It can hardly be wondered at if Signor De Falco's remarkable scientific treatment of the question contented neither party and was abandoned after some laborious sittings of the Cabinet, whereupon the new Minister of Public Instruction, the well-known economist Scialoja, was commissioned to work out a new project, which, it is said, was finished a few days ago, and also failed in meeting with the approval of all the members of Government. Signor Visconti-Venosta, as usual timid, cautious, and somewhat too fully conscious of his country's weakness, wishes to spare the "legitimate susceptibilities" of the great powers, by which France, of course, is meant, to speak plain English. Signor Sella, the Minister of Finance and the (tacitly if not publicly and officially) recognized head of the Cabinet, is anxious to fill the treasury as well as to satisfy the advanced Liberals, whose opinions on religious matters he shares at bottom. Signor Lanza, the nominal President, wavers between both views of the case without daring to adopt either resolutely. Meanwhile public opinion is growing more and more excited; the

bare thought of French "admonitions" is regarded as a disguised intervention and continuance of the Emperor's Roman policy, and this is quite sufficient to drive many moderate folks to extremes in a radical sense. Even the words pronounced by Count Andrássy respecting the *case generalizie*, or central direction of the monastic orders, were resented and taken amiss by the irritable susceptibility of Italian patriots. It will be difficult, however, not to make certain exceptions in favor of these establishments, although no foreign power can have any formal or legal right of interfering in their behalf. Each monastic order has in Rome its General, who is the means of communication between the head of the Church and the different convents, and it is impossible to imagine the Roman Church without such an institution; but, on the other hand, neither the Augustines, nor the Benedictines, nor the Dominicans are exclusively French or Austrian, nor is it clear that these states should have any special right to protect them, unless the edifice, indeed, in which they reside belongs as property to one of these states, in which case it would certainly be respected. It is probable that if all parties knew the real state of affairs with regard to the monastic property, radical measures would be less eagerly urged upon the Government. The sale of church property has not brought in, throughout Italy, what sanguine financiers expected it would; in Rome things will be still less favorable for the finances of the kingdom. The prudent monks and nuns, seeing the storm rising, have taken steps beforehand to meet it with as little damage to themselves as possible: *i.e.*, they have augmented their *passiva* as much as they could, whilst they have diminished the *activa* in every possible way. They have contracted large debts; they have simulated sales of property as having taken place before 1870, and, by this means, pocketed the unseizable liquid, money, whilst the land is in the hands of friends; they have admitted a great number of new brothers and sisters, so that the Italian Government will find itself liable to a large amount in pensions, whilst it will only receive scanty property in return. Nay, it has itself sometimes innocently contributed to bring about this state of things by buying up at an enormous price certain monasteries which were needed for public service, and giving the monks the opportunity of hiding their thus converted riches away from it.

The consequence of all this will most likely be a bill which simply extends the laws of 1866 and 1867 to Rome; does away with all the corporations, converts into Italian funds all their property—by which measure the Government will be exempt from paying any pension; and finally allows them all—*case generalizie*, "useful" or useless convents—to be revived, not as juridical persons, but as "free associations," the members of which may again acquire property and restore the old state of things in an underhand way, as they have done everywhere in France and Italy. As to the *asse ecclesiastico*, which is legally the property of the city of Rome, it will most likely be handed over to the projected committees of laymen and priests I have alluded to above. It is a delusion to believe that, with the state of mind now prevalent in Italy, any further concession can be thought of. The separation of the church from the state would be complete, and it would remain to be seen whether this principle, applied to the very cradle and centre of Catholicism, has any life in it; whether sooner or later it will bring about that most desired and most desirable boon, religious peace; or whether, the struggle assuming another form, the interests of modern society will finally succumb to those of the church, or *vice versa*.

Correspondence.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MEDAL.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: There must surely be some mistake in the following paragraph on page 267 of the last number of the *Nation* (No. 382, October 24, 1872), in which it is stated that:

"In France, Veuillot's *Univers* foolishly called in question the authenticity of the medal struck by Gregory XIII. in honor of the massacre, bearing his bust on one side, and on the other an exterminating angel, with the legend, *Ugonotorum stranges*, 1572."

M. Louis Veuillot, in a leader written by himself, and which appeared in the *Univers* of August 30 last, admits with entire candor not only the existence of the medal, but also of paintings commemorative of the event. His words are as follows:

"Mais la médaille commémorative et les peintures approbatives exécutées à Rome? La médaille existe, et les peintures aussi. Je viens de lire la description de la médaille dans les *Numismata pontificum romanorum*, t. i., Rome, 1699. C'est une très-belle pièce, qui représente non pas la *Religion*, mais l'Ange exterminateur tenant d'une main la croix, de l'autre un glaive de flammes dont il atteint les rebelles qui fuient, *Ugonotorum stragges*. Quant aux peintures, je les ai vues maintes fois dans le Vatican. Elles attestent le sentiment de joie avec lequel tout le parti conservateur européen accueillit la nouvelle de cette exécution, qui ne fut pas tout de suite connue comme un guet-apens, et qui parut simplement un acte de justice et une victoire du bon parti. Ce serait la même chose si tout à coup l'on apprenait que l'*Internationale* a livré une bataille et qu'elle l'a perdue, ou qu'un prince s'est trouvé assez résolu et assez fort pour saisir tous les chefs de cette bande, les livrer aux juges et exécuter la sentence. C'est ce sentiment qui a toujours éclaté après les fausses victoires de l'ordre et qui, depuis le 18 brumaire, a fait chez nous le succès de tous les gouvernements. Louis-Philippe a reçu des journées de juin, Napoléon de la journée du 4 décembre, et M. Thiers trône à Trouville dans les flots de la mer et dans les flots de l'emprunt à cause de sa victoire de Paris."

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will do M. Veuillot the justice to publish this correction. L. B. B.

New York, Oct. 31, 1872.

[Our correspondent will observe that it was not the existence, but the *authenticity* of the medal which the *Univers* was said to have denied. We had not seen that paper when our paragraph was written, but M. Henri Bordier's statement in regard to it was as follows:

"Comme divers journaux français, détestant cette boucherie française d'août et septembre 1572, rappelaient que le pape avait fait frapper une médaille pour célébrer, au contraire, sa joie du massacre, l'*Univers* répondit que cette médaille, empruntée par ses confrères à l'*Histoire de France* de Bordier et Charton, n'avait guère d'autorité, puisqu'elle provenait de *deux compères*."

Whether the passage quoted by our correspondent preceded or followed this allegation that a couple of Protestant confederates (*compères*) were the only authority for the medal of Gregory XIII., we have no means of knowing.—Ed. Nation.]

THE HORSE QUESTION AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your article on "The Position of the Horse in Modern Society" delighted every lover of the "noble animal"; it ought to delight every person who claims the possession of common sense and humanity. The modern horse is a highly civilized creature, leading a very artificial life. Probably he is in some respects more *artificialized*, that is, diverted from his natural state, than his owner; and certainly civilization tells more against him in one respect: *he cannot take care of himself*. Power of speech he has not, and his power of action is very limited. He may push open a sliding window with his nose, or even break a pane of glass to get fresh air (I have seen horses who were wiser than their keepers do these things); but he cannot clean himself or his stable; he cannot put on or take off his clothing.

And here comes in the great obstacle to improvement, a difficulty which you have not noticed, and which is not, like the want of space attendant on dear land, confined to our cities. It is *the dearness of labor*. Perhaps the majority of your readers are not aware of the amount of labor required to keep private horses and their equipments in good order according to the European standard. In the city there should be one man for every two horses. In the country, where there is less night work, one man can take care (and only *just* take care properly) of three. Few of our "town swells" observe this rule. I knew a man who literally counted his fortune by millions; he and his family were fond (in a way) of horses, and he kept twelve, which two men were supposed to take care of. An extreme case this, to be sure, but the full complement of men is rare in a city stable, and Mr. Bergh's strictures on the "laziness" of grooms are not, as a general rule, founded on fact.

In the country we usually find three or more horses entrusted to a fraction of a man, the other fraction of said man being employed in other work. With the exception of some large stud-farms, like those of Mr. Mali and Mr. Winthrop, I do not remember ever having gone into a country neighbor's stable (or *barn*, in the Massachusetts dialect) that I did not find the floor soaking in liquid manure, and solid ditto lying in the stalls and the horses treading in it. Every one of these houses was presided over by a neat New England woman, with the eye of a hawk for a speck of dirt or dust, a woman who, if transported to some Southern or Western town, would set all the available "help" of the locality to scrubbing floors and washing windows till the aborigines thought she must have cold water on the brain, as many male New Englanders have in another way. Yet probably not one of

these ladies would ever think of visiting her "barn," nor do I see what good she could do if she did visit it, unless she took hold of shovel and fork herself, seeing that the *quasi* coachman would probably be off at gardening or farming or doing some other "chore."

If this is the usual state of a private stable, what must a public stable be! The horses are harnessed and unharnessed, fed (after a fashion), and *left to rot*. That is the plain English of it; and our wonder ought to be, not that a horse epidemic or plague has broken out now, but that it did not break out long ago.

Many of our tamperings with health, comfort, and safety may be traced directly to the same cause. A man occupying a "brown-stone front," with $12,000 worth of furniture in it, will tell you that he "cannot afford" to burn wood in his office, or "soft" coal in his parlor. The tariff is not entirely to blame here; it is not the difference in the cost of the fuel that he fears; what appalls him is the prospect of an additional servant. For the wood and bituminous coal fires require a quarter of a servant to look after them, and as servants cannot be hired in fractions, if you need an extra quarter, you must take an extra whole. Thus also we have gas all over the house in all manner of dangerous places, and water-pipes all over the house in all manner of frost-infested and plumber-provoking spots, and stoves that spoil our provender under pretence of cooking it. Railroad accidents happen because a company cannot (or thinks it cannot) maintain an adequate staff of employees; and so on to the end of the chapter.

CARL BENSON.

November 1, 1872.

TRADES-UNIONS IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the argument of a cause in the Supreme Court, before Judge Ingraham, yesterday, the by-laws of the New York Benevolent Society of Co-operative Masons were read and commented on. I annex a copy of some of them.

It was shown in that case that most of the masons in this city belong to this Society, and that it is practically impossible for a mason to get work here unless he is a member of it. The application was for a mandamus to compel the Society to reinstate a member whom they had expelled. The relator showed that after he had committed the offence of taking a sub-contract, the Society committee went to all his workmen, and persuaded them to quit the job, and work for him no longer.

It is a good illustration of the workings of these powerful societies, and deserves the consideration of every thoughtful man. LEX.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1872.

ARTICLE XXVI.

§ 1. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work; on Saturday, leaving off at four o'clock P.M.; and one hour for dinner. This shall not be violated by any member, under a penalty of five dollars for each offence.

§ 4. The members of this Society shall not work with non-members where they have a majority; but every conciliatory effort shall be made to induce non-members to join the Society, before resorting to a strike.

§ 5. Any member of this Society who shall work for less wages than the Society may from time to time determine, or work more hours than this Society shall deem proper for a day's work, shall pay a fine of thirty dollars.

ARTICLE XXVII.

§ 1. The members of this Society shall not lump nor take sub-contracts, nor shall they work on sub-contracts for any party, under a penalty of fifty dollars for each offence.

ARTICLE XXVIII.

§ 1. The members of this Society shall not, on any account whatsoever, suffer a brother member to be discharged or otherwise injured, while acting with their consent, in a peaceable and discreet manner, for carrying out any of the rules of this Society; nor shall any member work for the foreman or boss who discharges a brother member for so acting, until the grievance is redressed.

Notes.

THE editor of *O Novo Mundo*, of this city, announces that he will publish in the course of the following year a couple of translations by Captain Richard F. Burton from the works of Brazilian authors, namely: "Manuel de Moraes," by Sr. Pereira da Silva; and "Iracema," by Sr. J. de Alencar. ——We have received from the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass., Part I. of "The Birds of Florida," containing original descriptions of upwards of 250 species, with notes upon their habits, etc., by C. J. Maynard. Its thirty-two pages embrace the following families: Turdidæ, Saxicolidæ, Sylviidæ, and Paridæ—thrushes, bluebirds, warblers, titmice, etc. A scientific description precedes a familiar and thoroughly popular account of each bird's peculiarities, modes of nest-building, seasons of appearance and migration, and song; and the author's observations in New England are made quite as prominent as those in Florida, for which reason the catalogue may be recommended indifferently to the residents of either section. The form of the work is quarto, and the printing has the usual excellence of the Salem press. One of five plates, drawn and colored from nature by Helen S. Farley, accompanies the part before us.——A work on "Proportional Representation of Successive Majorities in Federal, State, Municipal, Corporate, and Primary Elections by the Free Vote," by Hon. Charles R. Buckalew, will be shortly published by John Campbell & Son, Philadelphia.——Harper & Bros. announce "Journalism in the United States from 1690 to 1872," by Frederick Hudson.

—We inadvertently stated last week that Prof. Tyndall was the author of the original article in the *Contemporary Review* which opened up the "prayer-gauge" controversy. He did, indeed, transmit it to the *Review*; but it was from the pen of another writer.

—Some eight years ago, Mr. John Gilmary Shea of this city, widely known among scholars for his valuable and conscientious labors in the field of American history, commenced the publication of a translation of Charlevoix's "History of New France." This translation he accompanied with critical and explanatory notes, which shed a flood of light on the text. Entirely at home in this field of research, Mr. Shea fully doubled the value of Charlevoix's already admirable work by comments and explanations in which he points out the sources of his author's statements, presents many facts unknown in Charlevoix's day, and cites numerous documents unearthed by modern research which happily elucidate much that would otherwise have remained obscure. Mr. Shea's careful translation is not a small part of his labor, and his disinterested zeal and scholarly devotion to his themes have here produced volumes which fill a gap in our historical literature. But the translator's devotion as a scholar is almost surpassed by his courage as the publisher of his work, which he has carried through the press almost unaided, the subscription list never having reached a point sufficient to meet the actual cost of manufacturing the volumes. The work referred to is among the handsomest ever produced by the American press, the sixth and last volume, just issued, being illustrated like all the others with fine steel engraved portraits, valuable facsimile maps, autographs, etc. We give this information for the benefit of historical societies and students of American history, none of whose libraries should be without the only work which in point of fact supplies the early annals of some sixteen States of our Union.

—A bronze statue of Sir Walter Scott, copied from that surmounting the Monument at Edinburgh, was erected in the Central Park on Saturday last, beside the Mall, and a few yards from that of Shakespeare. The funds were raised by the Scotchmen of this city, and one of their number, Mr. Wood, presented it, in a brief speech, to the Park Commissioners, Mr. Andrew H. Green receiving it, and Mr. Bryant closing the proceedings with an address. There was a large body of spectators present, the Scotch element predominating, and a company of the 79th Highlanders furnished a guard of honor, and five pipers marched round the monument furnishing a pibroch. There was nothing new to be said about Scott, and nothing new was attempted. The scene itself was one of the greatest tributes that could be paid to the memory of a great man. The spectacle of Lowland Scotchmen—that is, of Anglo-Saxon Presbyterians—clad in Highland kilts and tartan, is to the historical observer one of the strangest spectacles to be seen anywhere, and it is all or nearly all Scott's doing. It is true that Lowland Scotchmen have glorified the kilt and tartan on many famous fields, but it was Scott who made them proud to wear them as a national costume. It is in reality the most Celtic of costumes; it was "the garb of old Gaul" 2,000 years ago, and, down to the close of the last century, it was in the eyes of Scotchmen the dress of blackguard cow thieves and horse thieves, and the sight of a pair of bare legs sticking out of a petticoat made elders swear. The great "Wizard of the North," however, took it, waved his wand over it, and ever since the Johnsons, and Thompsons, and Robinsons are as eager to wear it, as the Campbells or McIvors, and have made it thoroughly respectable, though it must be admitted their knees look a little too white in it.

—A writer in the Harvard *Advocate* enters a forcible protest against falling in with the custom which prevails in some other colleges of employing a professional trainer for the college crew. He denies that this is necessary to maintain Harvard's lead at the oar, and shows that she has wone nine out of thirteen races, in each instance distancing a crew under professional care. "In 1871, she was second of three boats, and the third had been under the care of a professional. In 1872, she was second of six; and, of the four who were behind her, two were under the care of very famous professionals, one of them from the crew which beat at the Paris Exposition, and the other

from the present champions of the world." The writer offers other objections, based on the low character of the professional trainer, his unfitness to associate with young collegians, the temptations he is under to sell out his employers, and the great encouragement which his employment lends to the practice of betting on the intercollegiate races. There can be no doubt of the soundness of these views (though we think a crew should have criticism of some kind from outside its practice boat) nor of this other, which we hope will prevail at Harvard, as it takes away the occupation of the trainer: that the object of rowing is not to beat Brown, or Yale, or Amherst, but to *learn* to row thoroughly, by original application and experience—to master a science, as the writer puts it, and not to buy it ready-made. In other words, the principle which governs grown-men in the acquisition of knowledge, and which, in despite of "rank," and "marks," and "prizes," should govern the student while in college, is applicable to physical pursuits. The ambition to do good work, and the mere ambition to be "at the head," stand in the same relation to each other as the gymnast and the prize-fighter.

—Mr. Belmont has arranged for sale a selection from his picture-gallery, and the skimmings of this fine collection are found to comprise some morsels that would make the pride of a *menu* less fastidious than his. The specimen of Meissonier, for instance, is strong, terse, and solid to the extreme of that painter's bent; it shows a cavalier warming himself in an anteroom; the little touches are positive, without repentance, and, so to speak, large; one comprehends, in dwelling on this simple study of a suit of clothes and a leathery face, how Meissonier is a painter in the grand style, though restricting himself to minute focus and cabinet canvases; the brush in his fingers, broken of its vagaries, taps the picture like a punch rather than like a plume. The Gérôme is a still better example, and it is rather puzzling how Mr. Belmont could consent to part with it, as Gérôme is producing now nothing so inventive, or so beguilingly covered with the illusion of antiquity. It is the "Diogenes," the large picture, and not the little color-sketch which has been exhibited in this country; the cynic, seated in an old earthen jar, is preparing his lantern to look for a man; his procedure is watched by a crescent of dogs, lean and little-hoping brutes in full harmony with himself, who agitate their pointed snouts in a sceptical and pessimistic manner, yet a manner not devoid of appetite. The figure of Diogenes, treated in nude, is firm like a carving, and the analytical, inexorable modelling seems to pronounce the forms like some mathematical demonstration: such and such a set of muscles, cast into such action, could not possibly arrive at any other grouping or any other detail. By Merle there is the "Crétienne," showing the action of emotional contemplation on a lymphatic and sedentary subject; she makes *étalage* of her fat wrists, curly fingers, and liquid eyes; although she is well painted and popularized by a fine engraving, she seems to suffer from that indefinable lack of moral directness which Anglo-Saxons, even while forgiving much, have never forgiven when it occurs in French interpretations of religion. The large Bouguereau, too—a mother who has lifted her baby from the cradle—has a slight lack of heart, or something in the type, which has brought it about that American connoisseurs do not get along with it, even while admitting that hardly another contemporary painter could have moulded such a mother's face or such a pretty infant. For genre painting, indeed, we find nothing more hearty and enjoyable in the collection than the home-scene by Max Michael, of Berlin, wherein a good little boy, sent up to his father with a birthday address, is stealing a glance at his manuscript, like an imperfect actor as he is, amidst the delighted merriment of the parents, and the musing contemplation, not unmixed with scorn, of his elder sister. The character here is exquisitely felt, and the technic does not seem to yield greatly in ability to the Ecouen pictures of Frère and Soyer in the next room. There is a large "history," a piece of "official" art, by Robert Fleury, a magnate so very comfortable at home in the lofty praises of the community that he can afford to lose, what certainly will be slow to reach him, the chorus of American adulation. There is a cattle-piece by Rosa Bonheur, excellent for bovine character, but flat and ineffective as a landscape; and another by Troyon, the live figures in which are of less account, while in landscape it is of masterly excellence, containing indeed a sky which blinds and extinguishes all other skies in the gallery. The pictures by Zamacois, Hamman, Jacque, and Toulmouche, are in the well-known vein of their authors; but we may spare a good word for Joseph Stevens, of Brussels, whose fame is more thoroughly obscured by the brilliant reputation of his brother Alfred than it ought to be, and whose delineation here of a tired cab-horse, catching cold in the rain, is a true and brave piece of work, commendable to all who are just now sympathizing with cases of "chevaline catarrh." The indications we have given will only suggest, and not exhaust, the riches of a choice and delicate collection; the real gems of the gallery of Mr. Belmont, it is gratifying to learn, remain in each other's company and in his own favor.

—The flood of English announcements for the fall season will hardly serve to make the present year conspicuous in literature, or so raise its average as to leave it more than mediocre when compared with some of its predecessors. Among the excerpts which we shall now proceed to make from the copious lists of the London *Publishers' Circular* and the *Bookseller*, no work perhaps is worthier to stand first than Mr. Darwin's on the "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," which will be accompanied by photographic and other illustrations. Doubtless this will be at once one of the most popular and most striking, not to say convincing, of all his works which treat of the origin and relationships of man. Other scientific works are: "The Story of the Earth and Man, in a Series of Sketches of the Geological Periods," by J. W. Dawson, LL.D.; "Records of the Rocks," by Rev. W. S. Symonds, F.G.S., with illustrations; "Walks of a Naturalist with his Children," by Rev. W. Houghton; "The Seaweed Collector," by Shirley Hibbard, illustrated; "The Orbs around Us," by Richard A. Proctor; the late Prof. De Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes," originally contributed to the *Athenæum*; "Change of Air and Scene, with Notes of Excursions for Health to the Pyrenees and the Watering-places of France," by Dr. Alphonse Donné; "Nursing the Sick," by Dr. Æneas Munro; "Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body," by D. H. Tuke; and, in intimate connection with health and disease, "The Water Supply of Cities and Towns," by William Humber, and (a second edition) Samuel Hughes's "Water-works for the Supply of Cities and Towns," with a description of the principal geological formations of England as influencing supplies of water.

—Biography counts a goodly number of works, almost all of which promise to be interesting. We may begin with "The Personal Life of George Grote, the Historian," written by his widow; "Notes of Thought and Conversation," by the late Charles Buxton, M.P., with a memoir; "Memoir of the late Dean Alford," edited by his widow; "Memoir of Dr. Norman Macleod," by Alexander Strahan; "Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne," edited by Col. Wrottesley; "Life and Letters of Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N.," by his daughter Florence; "A Lady of the Last Century (Mrs. Elizabeth Montague)," by Dr. Doran; "Memoirs of Mrs. Lætitia Boothby," written by herself in the year 1775, and now edited by W. Clark Russell; "Personal Monographs," by Lord Houghton, accompanied by portraits; "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by A. J. C. Hare, embracing reminiscences of Coleridge, Arnold, and others; "Memoirs of Leonora Christiana, Daughter of Christian IV. of Denmark," written during her imprisonment at Copenhagen, and translated by Frances E. Bunnètt; "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar," by his son; "Briefs and Papers, being Sketches of the Bar and the Press"; and "Doctors and Patients; or, Anecdotes of the Medical World, and Curiosities of Medicine," by John Timbs, F.S.A.—a work in two volumes.

—Rather less numerous are works of travel, adventure, and discovery, of which the following seem worth noting: "A Search after Sunshine; or, A Visit to Algeria in 1871," by Lady Herbert; "A Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem," by James Creagh; "Our Work in Palestine," a history of researches conducted in Jerusalem and the Holy Land by Captains Wilson, Anderson, Warren, and others; "Travels in the Eastern Caucasus, the Caspian and Black Seas, and Daghestan," by Gen. Sir Arthur Cunnynghame; "Jottings during the Cruise of H.M.S. *Curaçoa* among the South Sea Islands in 1865," by Julius Brenchley; "Adventures of Three Russians and Three Englishmen in South Africa," by Jules Verne; "Life and Explorations in Africa," by the Rev. C. New; "Rough Notes of a Journey through the Wilderness, from Trinidad to Pará," by H. A. Wickham; "The Mormons and the Silver Mines," by James Bonwick; and "Overland, Inland, and Upland," by a lady. In history we are promised: "Bokhara: Its History and Conquest," by Prof. Arminius Vámbéry; "History of Sicily to the Athenian War," by W. Watkiss Lloyd; "Estimate of the English Kings, from William the Conqueror to George III.," by J. Langton Safford; "St. Domingo, Past and Present, with a Glance at Hayti," by S. Hazard, with maps and woodcuts of the author's designing: "Cleveland, Ancient and Modern," by Rev. J. C. Atkinson; and "City Road Chapel, London, and its Associations," by Geo. John Stevenson, a work containing a chapter on remarkable longevity which may perhaps interest Mr. W. J. Thoms, lately editor of *Notes and Queries*, who is now engaged upon a work in which he hopes to show that no modern instance of centenarism can be authenticated—a theory which could be easily upset from this side of the Atlantic if not from the other.

—Religious works, issued and to appear, embrace: "The Gallican Church, from the Concordat of Bologna, 1516, to the Revolution," by W. H. Jervis; "History of Christian Theology to the Apostolic Age," by Professor Reuss; "Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of

Trent," by John Earl Russell; "Turning-Points in Life," by the Rev. Frederick Arnold; and "The Cloud of Witnesses," a sermon preached at Dunrobin by Dr. Cumming, when, as we learn from the *Publishers' Circular*, "the Queen was graciously pleased at the close of the service to say to him: 'Dr. Cumming, I thank you for your discourse, to which I have listened with great pleasure.'" "Sagas from the Far East, or Kalmouk and Mongolian Tales"; "Tales of the Teutonic Lands," by Geo. W. Cox; "Brides and Bridals," by J. Cordy Jeaffreson; and "Present Pastimes," by F. C. Burnand, will complete our list. The art publications, including in that term illustrated works on all sorts of subjects, are fairly numerous; but we have left ourselves no space in which to speak of them.

TYLER'S LIFE OF TANEY.*

IT was the misfortune of Chief-Justice Taney to be brought by the faithful discharge of his duty into opposition to the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen at a period of intense national excitement. His unpopular performance of a high conservative function—a performance he had no right to refuse, and no opportunity to defend—incurred a tempest of aspersion which time and reflection are only beginning to dispel. His office imposed on him the burden of pronouncing the formal logical conclusions flowing from a legal system long ago outgrown by the nation. The man was made to expiate the wrongs of the system, by politicians who found their account in directing against him the generous and easily misled wrath of that part of the nation which was the first to perceive these wrongs.

Once before, in his public career, Taney had been assailed by a clamor which was, however, neither popular nor generous. The history of the United States Bank concerns a past generation; yet so long was Taney's life that this episode in it occurred in his maturer years. For he was born in colonial days, the year after the Declaration of Independence, and he was trained by the teachings of Monroe and Madison as a strict constructionist of the new Constitution; yet he continued an active though not a partisan member of the Federal party while it strove with the Republicans of that day for the political control of the new nation. As a Federalist, he opposed the war of 1812, but forgot party ties and personal views in its hearty support when once declared. For several years, both before and after the war, he pursued his profession in the busy little manufacturing city of Frederick, where his signal abilities and assiduous study soon gained him a share in all the business worth having in what was then the great western town of Maryland, and by degrees attracted to his office cases from every part of the State. Here he married Miss Key, the sister of Francis Scott Key, whose chief distinction is that of being the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." It might be curious to enquire how far the history of the brothers-in-law sustains the truth of the saying about the songs and the laws of a people. Yet this professional activity did not exclude interest in political affairs. Once during his residence at Frederick he was defeated as a candidate on the Federal ticket for the Lower House of the Maryland Legislature, and once again when named by the war-Federalists as representative in Congress. And in 1816 he became a member of the State Senate, and directed much important legislation in organizing the tribunals of Maryland. In 1823, he removed to Baltimore, where his increasing reputation and practice soon carried him to the leadership of the Maryland bar. It was while he held the office of Attorney-General for the State, and at the age of fifty-four, that the eye of President Jackson discerned in him a fit person for a place in the Cabinet, where the character of its chief and the gravity of the questions engrossing the public mind demanded strength and boldness.

Our domestic history has always moved in cycles determined by the oscillations of the respective orbits of national and State authority. The theories inspiring the rival parties that arose on the adoption of the Constitution are the theories which really divide parties to-day. In 1829, they marked out the grounds of conflict even more clearly. If the President, in his inaugural, condemned encroachments of military upon civil authority, attacked a national debt, and rebuked Federal interference with elections, on their part his opponents were loud in support of a high tariff, of national aid to internal improvements, and of a strong central moneyed power. It was in the contest with the last of these political heresies, as embodied in the United States Bank, that the aid of Taney's sagacity and courage and peculiar financial ability was sought by the President.

In spite of its supposed precision and its subjection to judicial construction, our Constitution has always been indirectly made to serve the turn of that sort of legislation which its friends calls progressive and its enemies call revolutionary, quite as effectively as though Congress had the omnipotence of Parliament. The theory of latent powers necessary to carry out those granted has been found elastic enough to satisfy almost any party demands in time of peace, to say nothing of its enormous extensions in time of war. Compared with the present system of land grants to railways, deduced from the power of Congress to regulate commerce, and consequently internal improvements among the States, the creation of a National Bank to equalize currency seems a safe and easy conclusion from like premises. The real dangers of the later experiment are written plainly enough in the history of the earlier one, if we choose to read them. Nor will the political passion which, forty years ago, saw in the Bank a monster, and in Jackson the saviour of his country, seem at all exaggerated when the impending struggle shall begin, less than forty years hence, between governments, State and national, and great corporations. Taney, as Attorney-General, served the President and the country well in that contest, expressing his large legal experience and solid principles in forcible counsels. When the time came for striking the last blow by the removal of the Government deposits from the custody of the Bank, Taney assumed the bold task, replacing the vacillating Duane by executive nomination, as Secretary of the Treasury. While holding that office he found occasion, in his report of May, 1834, upon the finances, to vindicate his administration of it and to justify the attack upon the Bank in a manner that ensured the rejection of his nomination by an angry Senate, the month after. It was the first instance of such a refusal to confirm the President's nomination of a cabinet officer. The motives for the rejection, betrayed by the silent vote that effected it, were so persistent as to cause his defeat when nominated the following year as Justice of the Supreme Court, even though the appointment was favored by Marshall. But the abuse heaped upon him by the retainers of the Bank, both in and out of the Capitol, soon died away; and the student of history to-day accepts the judgment formed at last by the public mind, that Taney deserves praise rather than blame for his share in the contest with the United States Bank. It must be from carelessness rather than by intention that his biographer confounds the future course and regular and solvent winding-up of the National Bank, on the expiration of its charter in 1836, with the reckless and flagitious management, ending in bankruptcy five years later, of the State bank chartered under the same name by Pennsylvania.

In 1835 the highest office under the Government became vacant by the death of Chief-Justice Marshall, who had shed lustre upon it and upon American jurisprudence since the beginning of the century. Taney's appointment as his successor was confirmed on the 15th of March, 1836, after vehement opposition from the old Whig leaders, under the pretext that the place was given as a reward for political services. It was such a reward, even as Marshall had received the same reward from Adams, for services rendered not to the President or party, but to the country. It was a reward deserved by merit and fitness, honorable both to the giver and the receiver; and it will be well for the country when a return to the old-fashioned practice does away with the modern perversion of the words that describe it.

In arguments before the Supreme Court discharging its function of pronouncing on the constitutionality of Acts of Congress, there has of course always been, as in the preceding legislative discussion, a contest between theories of a strict construction of the Constitution, and the latitudinarian ingenuity which would sustain almost any law as being within the meaning of that instrument "necessary and proper for carrying into execution" the specific powers granted. Marshall, in his earlier days a rigid constructionist, had leaned in his later years towards the other view. That it was the effort of Chief-Justice Taney to bring the court back to its former strictness in dealing with such cases is evident, not only from the current of his published decisions, but also from the protesting and almost lamenting tone indulged in by Judge Story in his dissenting opinions and his correspondence. The particular instances of this tendency in Taney's mind would be interesting only to the professional reader, who will find the biographer's review of the cases in which it was manifested to be full and impartial. Between the respective rights of the States and of the Federal Government, Taney drew a firm and clear line, and on occasions of conflict resolved the questions discussed in a large untechnical manner, yet with all due regard to precedent. He carefully observed (as in the instances of the boundary dispute between Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and in the later controversy involving indirectly a decision between the regular and the revolutionary government of Rhode Island) the distinction between matters of property and political rights, refusing to stretch the jurisdiction of the court over the latter. Yet when the occasion called for statesmanlike forecast, he did not hesitate to enlarge the area of Federal legislation to the widest allowable limits, as in his liberal decision affirming the constitutionality of the act which extended admiralty jurisdiction beyond tide-waters to the great lakes and navigable rivers of the country. Unless this tempering of conservatism by impartiality, this reluctance to magnify his office, are borne in mind, an estimate cannot fairly be

* "Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL.D. By Samuel Tyler, LL.D." Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1872.

made of his conduct in the great case which brought such obloquy on his name.

Taney alone of the public men living at the outbreak of the late rebellion saw all the phases of that long quarrel which planted discord at the very birth of union. From the Massachusetts declaration of the right to secede, upon the purchase of Louisiana Territory, and the assertion by Josiah Quincy of the duty to do so, at the admission of that State eight years later, through the times of the Hartford Convention, accused by Adams of conspiring to dissolve the Union, through nullification and the compromises of 1820 and 1850, through the suspension of the right to petition and the Kansas and Nebraska Acts, down to John Brown's raid and the fall of Sumter, he knew all the elements in that widening strife, and the chief political actors on both sides who fomented it. The story of its progress is told by his biographer in the language of the South, with blame only for the North. It is not within the purpose or limits of this paper to point out his inaccuracies of statement, especially with regard to the fairness and general acceptance of the compromise of 1850. At last, after Taney had presided in the Supreme Court for twenty years, growing in the respect and confidence of the nation, the duel of the sections took the shape of a constitutional question before that tribunal, and the issue whether Congress could exclude slavery from the Territories was presented in the famous Dred Scott case. The decision that it could not, given by six judges out of eight, was delivered by the Chief-Justice in an elaborate opinion. It is out of place here to consider the merits of that controversy. But two points in the subsequent history of the decision, on which the biographer dwells at length, cannot be passed over if justice is to be done to the memory of Taney. In the necessary review of the condition of the African race at the time our government was formed, Taney stated as a historical fact that throughout the civilized world negroes "were regarded as so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." These are the very words of his decision, and some judgment may be formed as to the temper of the times, when it is remembered that they were seized upon by partisans, falsified into an utterance of his own present views upon the rights of the blacks, and published through the world and believed by thousands as such. A graver charge against Taney, and as false a one, was uttered on the occasion of that decision by no less a person than Mr. Seward, on the floor of the Senate—the charge of a corrupt arrangement between President Buchanan and the Judges of the Supreme Court to get up a mock trial on the Dred Scott case, for a political purpose. The biographer shows conclusively, by correspondence with the judges and by comparison of dates, that there neither existed nor could have been supposed to exist a shadow of truth in the story.

Such accusations, indeed, though posterity will be sure to clear him of them, Taney could not at such a crisis hope to escape. Not he, but the Constitution, was on its trial—the Constitution, declared by Marshall to be a superior, paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means. The time had come when it must be changed, because its provisions, framed in an earlier day of narrower thought and experience, had ceased to express the convictions and purposes of the people. Neither ordinary means, nor the extraordinary methods of amendment provided by the instrument itself, were available. The supreme remedy of civil war was close at hand.

It is a relief to turn from this public persecution to the private life and character of the Chief-Justice, as sketched in this volume. His simplicity and high honor impressed every one who came into relations with him. The great men who had been his political enemies in early life sought reconciliation and asked counsel of him in his later years. The few charming letters that are given bear witness to the tenderness of his affections and the gentle authority of his social influence. His religion was that quiet and constant force in life of which the Roman Catholic faith often offers such beautiful examples, and his charity in act and speech the ready expression of an honest, generous nature. As a strong, calm, and pure man, filling blamelessly the highest station in the most troubled period of the national life, Chief-Justice Taney will always remain one of the most venerable and interesting figures in the history of the country.

"GARETH AND LYNETTE."*

SOME other and earlier poetry of Mr. Tennyson's the "dark-browed sophist" was to "come not anear," for the reason that no such person could "fathom it," the thought and feeling being too much for him in its delicacy and profundity. We should say that in this case, too, he may probably consider himself warned off the premises, and that "Gareth and Lynette" also, like the earlier poem, is not calculated to give him much pleasure. In other words, supposing the sophist's brow to have an organ of sound judgment behind it; supposing him to be a person well acquainted with poetry and capable of detecting a counterfeit poet, or a genuine poet who has been counterfeiting and issuing notes with nothing behind them; a person who does not, for instance, confound dreamy languors with delicate sensibility to real feeling and emotion; a person who believes that the imagination of which the poet is compact is not a sick girl with sick fancies, but is, as Keats finely said, like Eve, who was Adam's dream until when he awoke he found her to be the living truth; a person who knows that poetry in its essence is not a shadow of cloudland, but a clear vision of truth, which the reason will in no way contradict nor the heart disapprove—supposing the dark-browed sophist of most of the poets who talk about him to be a person of this general description, we fancy that he got about as much satisfaction from the poem of "The Poet's Mind," produced in the Laureate's callower years, as he will be likely to get from this new idyl.

While yet the Knights of Arthur's Table are all brave and loyal, and the ladies of his court are all as chaste as fair, Gareth,

> "The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
> And tallest,"

burns with an ardent desire to become a warrior for the right,

> "To sweep
> In ever-highering eagle circles up
> To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
> Down upon all things base, and dash them dead."

He is, however, kept at home by his mother, who is frighted at the thought of his departure from her, and has long resisted his wish; but at last he gets her leave. Incautiously telling him that he may go to the court, but that it must be in disguise, and that if serve the king he must, he must serve in the scullery for twelve months and a day before he serves in the field, he takes her at her word, and on the following day sets out for the city. The king, who knows his lineage, receives him well, granting the required boon, and Gareth becomes a kitchen thrall, under the discipline of Sir Kay, the curst and shrewd, a seneschal who nips his scullions severely, and who in particular mislikes young Gareth, and hazes him, as the mariners say, and puts upon him, as goes the phrase in the kitchens of our day. Thus Sir Kay receives his new assistant:

> "He rose and past: then Kay, a man of mien
> Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
> Root-bitten by white lichen,
>
> "'Lo ye now!
> This fellow hath broken from some Abbey, where,
> God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
> However that might chance! but an he work,
> Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,
> And sleeker shall he shine than any hog.'"

Or "pork hog," as the original has it. Lancelot, who, as well as Arthur, is in the secret of the youth's birth, is ever kind to him, and interferes to bespeak for him the seneschal's good-will, remarking with the courtesy for which he is famous that Sir Kay knows all about dogs—

> "Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray, and all the hounds"—

and also knows a horse, but that as a person to judge of a man he knows nothing, and that Gareth is no doubt of noble birth, his hands being fine, his nose high, his hair fluent, and so forth. To whom Sir Kay waspishly:

> "Then Kay, 'What murmurest thou of mystery?
> Think ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?
> Nay, for he spake too fool-like: mystery!
> Tut, an the lad were noble, he had ask'd
> For horse and armor: fair and fine, forsooth!
> Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see thou to it
> That thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day
> Undo thee not—and leave my man to me.'"

And of this following manner was the manner of Gareth's life in the suds under the seneschal's supervision:

> "So Gareth all for glory underwent
> The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage:
> Ate with young lads his portion by the door,
> And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
> And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
> But Kay the seneschal who loved him not
> Would hustle and harry him, and labor him
> Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
> To turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
> Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bowed himself
> With all obedience to the King, and wrought
> All kind of service with a noble ease
> That graced the lowliest act in doing it."

"So for a month he wrought among the thralls," and then on a day a damsel, Lynette by name, enters Arthur's hall, and cries upon him for justice, her case being this: a caitiff knight besieges the castle of her sister, the Lady Lyonors, whom he desires in marriage, she desiring none of him, but by all means somebody or anybody else. His three brethren, "strong fools," according to Lynette, guard the approaches to the lady's castle, suffering no suitors to pass the river fords, the first brother guarding one passage of the

* "Gareth and Lynette. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

circumvolving river, and calling himself Morning Star, the second calling himself Noon Sun, the third calling himself Evening Star, and the three collectively being known as Day, while the fourth goes by the name of Night. This last is a knight of portentous appearance, singular habits, and of a reputation to match his looks. Some hold that he has eaten the flesh of infants; he at all events slaughters women and children; he rides always by night; he never speaks to any one but by the mouth of his squire, who gives him out for a most fearful demon when roused, and easily roused; he wears a grinning skull at the top of the helmet which crowns his gigantic stature, the skull, no less than his name of Night, threatening endless night and death to whosoever provokes his sword. This is the suitor for the hand of Lyonors, and she, extremely anxious for deliverance from him, seeks as a champion Sir Lancelot, for whom accordingly Lynette asks. But Gareth, whom previously the king had in secret made a knight, now, much to the disgust of Sir Kay, loudly demands that the quest be given to him, and obtains his request, much to the surprise of everybody and to the exceeding indignation of Lynette, who is something of a shrew, as perhaps is indicated by her curious nose:

"Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

At this point we are half through the mere story, and may for a moment pause to remark on the foreign matter imported into it. Of this there is not much; and what there is cannot be said to improve it. The four brethren, whom Lynette sharply but with substantial justice called four fools, borrowed their allegorical names from a painted allegory drawn on the walls of a gorge by a holy anchorite once resident there. The allegory sets forth "the war of time against the soul of man." The beholder sees the name "Phosphorus," then "Meridies," then "Hesperus," then "Nox" and "Mors" carved upon the slabs of stone, and under each name the figure of an armed man. These five, "their faces forward all," are depicted as pursuing after the soul—"a shape with broken wings" that flees for help and shelter towards the cave of the anchorite. We may anticipate the sequel of the young knight's adventures by saying that his faith and courage are victorious over all the representatives of Time, and that when he comes to war with Night and Death, that terrific monster—the skull which surmounts his helmet being cloven and his helmet, also split in two, found empty—discovers himself as a blooming youth, who asks quarter and says it was his three brethren who clothed him with horrors not his own. This fable teaches, we presume, that faith and loyalty are triumphant over Time, and that after death's grisly terrors have been encountered life and immortality are found beyond. The reader will readily come to a conclusion as to the value of this lesson and as to the poetical value of the imagery by which it is set forth. For our own part, we should say that at least it is all better than finding Gareth and Lynette to be a sun myth or a piece of phallic symbolism, though exactly how much better it is we do not undertake to say.

To return to Camelot, Lynette no sooner understands that Gareth is to be her sister's champion than she flings out of the hall in a very disrespectful fury, and sets her face towards the Castle Perilous without waiting for her escort, who, however, equips himself and makes after her. Thus she accosts the young man:

"To whom Sir Gareth drew
(And there were none but few goodlier than he)
Shining in arms, 'Damsel, the quest is mine.
Lead, and I follow.' She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt,
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger shrilling, 'Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease";

and spurring her horse she flies from him. He follows on, and when he comes up to her is again abused like a pickpocket, but like a true knight he answers gently and with a smile which drives the young lady nearly crazy, and once more she flies. This time she loses her way in the forest, and when Sir Gareth comes up with her tells him so, and permits him to keep in her company; lion and stoat, as she tells him, having before then consented to "isle together, knave, in time of flood."

Sir Gareth begins his good fortunes by unseating Sir Kay, who pursues him to bring him back to his dish-washing, and who goes "dislocated home," for which exploit none the less does the damsel revile him. Soon afterwards he rescues from six robbers a knight whom these ruffians had bound and weighted with a great stone about his neck to the end that he might be drowned in a pool; but Lynette continues her abuse and declines to sit at the table with him:

"Him—here—a villain fitter to stick swine
Than ride abroad redressing woman's wrong,
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

As they proceed on their journey, however, and success attends Sir Gareth's lance, the maid gradually begins to fall in love, though she fails not of her impudence till some time after the tender passion has stolen in upon her. This part of the story is far better managed than the rest of it, and the song of which a verse or two is sung now and again by Lynette in snatches will please the readers who have liked the blank verse songs of which Mr. Tennyson made so very fortunate a beginning in "Tears, idle tears," and one of which has adorned each of his idyls. As we have quoted from this poem so much that seems to us wholly unworthy of its author's reputation, and of evil example to all young poets—who are, we fear, but a lazy breed at the best—we will quote this pretty song complete:

I.

"O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly thou! my love hath smiled on me.

II.

"O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

III.

"O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is done,
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

IV.

"O birds that warble to the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.

V.

"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,
O rainbow with three colors after rain,
Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me."

The verses mark, though not very obviously, the progress of Lynette's passion, the last of them being preceded by these lines:

"But the damsel said,
'I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-knaves.'"

On the whole, "Gareth and Lynette" will add nothing to the value of the poem in which it is placed. It has all the faults of the other idyls, some of its own, and but an insufficient degree of the merits which have made that series of poems a pleasing and, in some respects, a delightful work. We think the author's better admirers will regret its appearance as being injurious to its companions. Parting with Mallory's charming realm of romance, and having it to some extent utilized, and so to speak utilitarianized and unpoetized, for the sake of getting the sweetness of the Tennysonian Elaine, the high strain of honor, the keen sense of duty of the Tennysonian Arthur, and the remorse and sense of sinfulness of the new Lancelot—this is one thing; but parting with our enchanted land and with Sir Gareth of Orkney and his Linet, and the Castle Dangerous, and getting in exchange a feebly grotesque story about the new Sir Kay and allegorical knights and damsels with tip-tilted noses, is quite another thing, and one which it will please few good readers to do. Let alone such higher matters as the inadequate conceptions of life, destiny, and duty which these idyls exhibit, there is in "Gareth" very little to redeem its faults in respect of such smaller matters as the frequent false simplicity of diction, and the frequent absurd turgidity; the failure—almost sure to be melancholy and total when Mr. Tennyson attempts the humorous—of Sir Kay and the fishwiferies of the damsel; the weakness of the invented part of the tale.

It is perhaps no harm to remind parents whose boys seek romantic reading, that it is now possible to get, at a cheap rate, a judiciously expurgated and well-arranged edition of Sir Thomas Mallory's compilation, and that it is a very suitable book for the approaching season of presents.

A Norwegian-Danish Grammar and Reader. By Rev. C. J. P. Peterson. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1872.)—This is a book remarkable neither for profundity of scholarship nor for any high degree of literary merit; but containing, as it does, the rudimentary grammar of the Norwegian-Danish language set forth in tolerably intelligible English, it may in a measure accomplish its purpose, that of bringing the literature of Norway and Denmark within the reach of English and American students. The effort is certainly in itself a laudable one, and it is therefore the more to be regretted that the author has not had the skill to avoid many of those inaccuracies which now mar the pages of his book, and which, we fear, will seriously interfere with its usefulness. His failings are especially conspicuous whenever he ventures upon a paraphrase of an English idiom—for, being but moderately versed in the phraseology of English grammar, he is frequently compelled to resort to the most artificial paraphrases. In the first part of the etymology there occur several misapplications of grammatical terms, among which we especially note the following. Any changes in the termination of words, no matter whether declensions, conjugations, or

derivative changes, are treated under the common head of inflections; *Baron* (a baron) is thus inflected into *Baronesse* (a baroness); *Biskop* (a bishop) into *Biskopinde* (a bishop's wife), etc.

On page 15, where a list is given of the nouns which change their meaning with their gender, we find two mistranslations. *En Brug* certainly means a custom, but *et Brug* (neuter) does not mean a trade, but a mill or a factory. *En Værk* is not "a pain," but a boil. In section 14 the author contradicts the rule quoted on the preceding page. "The neuter gender of adjectives," he says, "is formed by adding a *t* to the common gender"; and, as an example, he gives *god* (good), neuter *godt*. On the next page he asserts that adjectives ending in *d*, with a vowel before it, "are not inflected in gender." On page 12, where the Norwegian alphabet is given, we are told that the letter *j* is pronounced like the English *j* in *job*, while the truth is that it has the sound of the English *y* when used as a consonant, as in *yacht, yes, Yankee*, etc. It is also very questionable whether the Norwegian letter *o* can be said to be identical in sound with the English *o* in *oak*, and equally doubtful whether *ö* is the English *u* in *bury*. In regard to the English *o*, it has been observed by elocutionists that it has a diphthongal character, or rather that it is a compound sound, consisting both of the open and the closed *o*-sound. Any one attempting to pronounce *old, cold, oak*, etc., may convince himself of the truth of this. The Norwegian and Danish *o* has both these sounds, but never in the same syllable. When short, as in *Borger* (citizen), *Orden* (order), it is pronounced like the English *o* in *often*; when long, either with this same open sound prolonged, as in *order, form*, or with the closed sound of the German words *ober, Ohr*. The letter *ö* has also two distinct characters, none of which is that of the English *u* in *bury*. It is either short, like the English *u* in *uncle*, or long, and has then the sound of the German *ö* or *æ* in *Höhe, Oehl*.

In his translation of Norwegian idioms, the author gives further evidence that his knowledge of the English language is only of a superficial kind. A brief consultation of Webster's Dictionary would, in many instances, have relieved him of the necessity of making an elaborate paraphrase where a direct translation would have been more to the purpose. If, for instance, he had been acquainted with the use of the word *vein*, in the sense of turn of mind, cast of genius, he would have rendered the phrase, *Han har en poetisk Aare*, he has a poetical vein, or he has a vein for poetry, instead of "he has some *talent* for poetry," and the imagined difference would have altogether vanished. To take another example: the more literal translation of the idiom, *At gaa i Barndommen*, to be in one's second childhood, would have been preferable to "to be in his dotage"; and so in numerous other instances.

Some fifty years ago, the Danish grammarian Rask made a similar effort to introduce the Norwegian-Danish language to the notice of English readers; but his book is now both out of date and out of print. In spite of all its deficiencies, the present grammar and reader cannot fail to attract some attention among students who feel an interest in the tongues and literatures of foreign lands. And to those who are already familiar with the literatures of the Scandinavian countries, it cannot but appear strange that they should have remained so long a *terra incognita* to English-speaking nations. In Germany, the works of Oehlenschlæger, Hertz, and Bergsoe have appeared almost simultaneously with their publication in Copenhagen, while in England and America they are still waiting for an introduction, perhaps with the exception of Hertz, whose drama, "King René's Daughter," was published some years ago in Hurd & Houghton's series of foreign translations. We therefore rejoice to see names like Welhaven, Asbjörnson, and Wergeland in a book published on this side of the Atlantic, even if the selections from their writings are not in every instance judicious. It seems especially hard to forgive Mr. Peterson for choosing among all Wergeland's poems a piece of nursery doggerel entitled "The Kings of Norway," in which none of the poet's characteristics appear, which he simply wrote as an historical exercise for schoolboys, and for which he never thought of claiming any degree of literary merit. But Asbjörnson's "Reindeer Hunt," and Welhaven's "A Legend of St. Olaf," are fine and worthy specimens of Norse literary art.

Goethe and Mendelssohn. (1821–1831.) Translated, with additions, from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy by M. E. von Glehn. With portraits and facsimile, and letters by Mendelssohn of later date. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.)—At Goethe's death, in 1832, Mendelssohn was only twenty-three. The friendship between the two, if that be the right word to describe their relations to each other, had begun eleven years before, when Mendelssohn was a boy of twelve and Goethe nearly seventy-three, but still fond of talking of pretty girls, and as well-pleased as ever to have his artistic tastes skilfully ministered to. As for Mendelssohn, the boy had already written two operas and was busy with a third; to say nothing of six symphonies, a cantata, six fugues for the pianoforte, and a psalm in four and five parts with a grand double fugue. Like most geniuses, and, we believe, like all musical ones, he had developed early; and Goethe, who had listened in his own fourteenth year to Mozart in his seventh, felt moved to say that the young Mendelssohn bore "the same relation to the Mozart of that time, that the cultivated talk of a grown-up person does to the prattle of a child." A critic of seventy-three, even as cool-headed as this one certainly was, is perhaps not altogether to be relied on to compare faithfully his judgment of sixty years back with that formed in age beside a beautiful and fascinating child like Mendelssohn. The maturer works of the latter are not likely, at least, to be placed on as lofty a level as those of Mozart.

One gets a very pleasant impression both of Goethe and of the little musician in the letters written home at this time by the latter:

"Every afternoon," he says, "Goethe opens the Streicher piano with these words, 'I have not heard you at all to-day, so you must make a little noise for me.' Then he sits down by me, and when I have finished (generally improvising), I beg for a kiss, or else I take one. You can have no conception of his goodness and kindness, nor of the quantity of minerals, busts, engravings, statuettes, and large drawings which this Pole-star of poets has in his possession. That he has an imposing figure I cannot see; he is really not much bigger than my father. But his look, his language, his name, they are imposing. His voice has an enormous sound in it, and he can shout like ten thousand fighting men."

But after all there is not very much more of Goethe in the little volume than will fairly suffice to give it a taking name. There are a few notes from him which do not say a great deal, and as in the case of the Beltine correspondence "the child" has the most interesting part to play. The background against which the figure is thrown up is, of course, a great thing in itself, but here it is not much more than a background. In a letter to Goethe, Mendelssohn makes a characteristic criticism on the differences between the North and South Germans, which artists of all kinds have frequent occasion to verify:

"It is most amusing," he writes, "to see the difference between a Munich and a Berlin musical party. At Berlin, when a piece of music comes to an end, the whole company sits in solemn silence, each one considering what his opinion is to be, nobody giving a sign of applause or pleasure; and all the while the performer is in the most painful embarrassment, not knowing whether or in what spirit he has been listened to. And yet afterwards, he often finds people who have given all their attention, and been very deeply moved, though outwardly appearing so cold and indifferent. Here, on the contrary, it is great fun playing at a party, because the people can't help talking every minute about what they like; sometimes even they begin clapping and applauding in the middle of a piece; and it is not at all uncommon, when one gets up from playing, to find that everybody has moved because sometimes all of a sudden they want to come and watch one's fingers, and stand all round the piano, or some one wishes to make an observation to some one else, and goes and sits down by him and talks. Afterwards they overwhelm you with compliments and kindness; but I don't know whether I should not be afraid that, after a day or two, much of the vividness of the impression would fade."

The Appendix, which contains perhaps half the matter of the book, consists of certain heretofore unpublished letters of Mendelssohn, written for the most part to some of his English friends, and not specially interesting to the general reader. Those written to home friends while in England contain, however, some pleasant gossiping. He was exceedingly well received, as everybody knows, and gives his "dear little mother" a long account of a morning at Buckingham Palace, when the Queen came in to Prince Albert and himself, who had been "talking music," and after kneeling down in good housewifely style to pick up the sheets of it with which they had littered the floor, honored him by singing as well as "any amateur," some of his own songs. To musical people and to others who are not a little repelled by the sort of hero worship which imagines that every detail about its idol must be generally interesting, the work may safely be commended.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse, Sept. 1872, swd.	(Schoenhof & Moeller)
Da Costa (Dr. J. M.), Modern Medicine, swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
De Mille (Prof. J.), Young Dodge Club; The Seven Hills	(Lee & Shepard)
Evans (J.), Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Freeman (E. A.), Outlines of History	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Raleigh (Rev. A.), The Little Sanctuary and other Meditations	(Dodd & Mead)
Richardson (J.), Wonders of the Yellowstone	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 1 50
Smith (W.), Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 5 00
Stockton (F. R.), Roundabout Rambles in Lands of Fact and Fancy	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)
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Tafel (Revs. L., R. L., and L. H.), Interlinear Translation of the Sacred Scriptures, Part I, swd.	(Boericke & Tafel) 2 00
The Hills of the Snatemuc: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Thenlin (F.), Spanish Self-Taught, swd.	(Dick & Fitzgerald) 0 25
Verne (J.), Aventures de 3 Revue et de 3 Anglais dans l'Afrique Australe, swd	(F. W. Christern)
Ville (G.), Six Lectures on Agriculture, 3d ed., swd.	(A. Williams & Co.) 0 40
Warner (A. B.), My Brother's Keeper	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1872.

The Week.

BOSTON has been the victim of a tremendous fire, originating no one knows how, occurring under elemental conditions not unfavorable, but speedily getting beyond control of the Fire Department, one of the best in the whole country, and resulting in the destruction of sixty acres of such warehouses and stores as no other city on the continent could show. The merchants of Boston have long been men of a breed aspiring to the title of merchant princes, and earning it by their public spirit, munificence, administrative ability, and the honors which have followed these. Governors and ambassadors have been taken from among their ranks; they have founded and endowed colleges, and encouraged learning, and everywhere, to the ends of the earth, have been known for their energy, ability, and integrity. In their warehouses they have of late years been accustomed to take a pride, and many a line of solid and handsome buildings attests the dignity of the "solid men of Boston." Now, from Summer Street north nearly to State Street, and from Washington Street east to the water's edge, with two or three small exceptions, there is nothing but rubbish remaining of the many hundreds of granite and iron structures in which the dry-goods merchants, wool merchants, and leather merchants of Winthrop Square, Summer Street, Pearl Street, Milk Street, Federal Street, Broad Street, Kilby Street, Water Street, Devonshire Street, and Congress Street carried on trade. Not many buildings of a public character were lost, though the warehouses covering the site of the birthplace of Franklin, and the homes of Webster and Everett, perished. Trinity Church, the Mercantile Library, and the Merchants' Exchange went down, but the famous Old South Church was saved, and so was the New Post-Office and the Old State House.

Of the origin of this calamitous fire, which will cost the Boston business community many millions of dollars, nothing, as we say, seems to be positively known, but its continuance and its defiance of the Fire Department are generally attributed to the common use of light Mansard roofs surmounting high buildings, to the tops of which the engines could not throw water. High buildings we shall assuredly be compelled to have in our cities; and we suspect no fire department will ever be very effective against a fire when once it has taken on the enormous proportions of this one. That the Mansard roof, with its projections, its joints, its light structure, is a bad roof in so great a fire, with the tremendous heat, the air full of flame and of flying cinders that effect a lodgment on its surfaces, would seem to be evident; but its sole responsibility is, we suppose, somewhat hastily assumed. There is, by the way, a certain satisfaction in thinking that handsome and substantial as was the portion of the city burned, the more beautiful portions which make the compact little city the most beautiful in America for its general position and proportions, for the individuality of its streets, houses, and squares, the absence of ostentatious pretence and monotonous uniformity—all escaped untouched, and are as they have been. For the very newest of the better parts of Boston not so much is to be said; but there are few American towns that can, for instance, show anything so graceful and pleasing as streets like the slope of Beacon Hill, with its Common before it, Tremont Street, or Louisburg Square, into none of which have some of our New York styles of architecture much more than touched as yet.

It was fortunate in some ways that the news of the fire reached New York on Sunday morning. It undoubtedly prevented a panic on the Stock Exchange, as the brokers and holders of securities had time for deliberation. Had the despatches met them for the first time on their way down to business on Monday morning, there is no knowing what might have happened. By the time they met, the fire had done its worst, and was under control, and the insurance companies had nearly found out the extent of their losses, and Mr. Boutwell—or "Uncle Boutwell," or "Father Boutwell," as the brokers begin to call him—had been communicated with, and expressed his readiness to avert a panic by extensive purchases of Government bonds. So that when the Board opened, stocks were found only to have fallen five or six per cent. instead of nine or ten, or even twenty, as many expected, and even this or the greater part of it they had recovered before the close. Moreover, it was remembered that not only was the fire much less extensive at Boston than at Chicago—for the Chicago fire was, on Sunday morning, in every one's mind—but that it reached few or no dwelling-houses and destroyed no factories or great seats of industry, that the loss fell mainly on persons of great wealth, and that Boston, unlike Chicago, was not the debtor but the creditor of the rest of the country.

Sunday was a leisure day with the reporters, and they had plenty of time to "work up" the story of the fire in thoroughly sensational style. The accounts sent to the press here from Boston were curious as examples of how a man may write a great deal and tell very little. Most of them were really, in the main, the record of the reporter's own feelings. One writer predicted about midnight on Saturday the exact amount of loss in dollars and cents the fire would cause before it ended. The reporter of the *Times*, who sent the fullest report, appears to have passed the night in a state bordering on distraction, but he is evidently a desperate man, and will never suffer himself to be taken alive. "I write this," he telegraphed, "with my hair singed by the flames, *my face burning*, and two or three burns where the coals have flown down my back.' He must have been a horrid object as he sat at his work. The *World* reporter was almost equally wrought up. He telegraphed "that it was an awful Sabbath morning, and that God only knew whether it was to be another Chicago."

Of the seventy-one New York insurance companies which had risks in the burnt district, only eight, as nearly as can be ascertained at this writing, will be put in peril by the fire, and all, or nearly all, will pay something. The Boston companies are all ruined. The Connecticut companies, and all, or nearly all, those of other States, meet the calamity without flinching, and the English companies, which have to meet losses amounting to between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, are all strong, and telegraph their agents to draw the amount. The New York *Tribune* publishes a valuable estimate of the loss sustained in buildings, taken from the assessors' books in Boston—amounting in the whole to $7,765,000. The value of the goods destroyed is of course yet unknown, and can only be guessed at, but the common one of $100,000,000 is undoubtedly a gross exaggeration. The truth probably lies between fifty and seventy-five millions.

The magnitude of their victory has astonished most Republicans, and this not altogether because of the din and clamor made by the Liberal Republicans, but because, while it is comparatively easy to know what the action of your own party is going to be, there is one thing which it is extremely difficult to calculate beforehand with anything like precision, and that is, the inaction of the members of the other party. What number of Democrats were going to do nothing there was little means of finding out. As the result shows, an enormous number would do nothing for their candidate,

and a certain number voted for Grant. Take, for instance, a Connecticut town as to which we happen to have some definite information: its vote ranges usually at rather less than 1,700, and it has given Republican majorities ranging from about 300 to about 20. This year, of the men on the Democratic town committee's list of voters registered as Democrats, there were 257 who voted no Presidential ticket or voted for Grant. Facts like these should be borne in mind by people who think all the world has suddenly become Republican, and that there were no Republicans recalcitrant and discontented. Honest Democratic disgust, however, some of it stupid Bourbonism, more of it distrust of Greeley and contempt for the bargain and sale at Baltimore, was what gave Mr. Greeley so overwhelming a defeat; and we trust the majority in Congress, or the better leaders there, will not find their hands weakened by the brutal confidence in numbers which only too probably may be felt by their worse associates. It was this disgust with Greeley that brought Maryland's majority for him down to less than 2,000; Kentucky's down to 10,000; Tennessee's down to 8,000, or thereabouts! These three States, with Georgia, Missouri, Texas probably, and Louisiana perhaps, though perhaps not, will give Greeley and Brown 76 votes at the most, and 68 more likely. Week before last, as we observe by a remark in the *Times*, the types and carelessness in reading proof made us print "Michigan" for "Missouri" in the list of States doubtful. Of Michigan we have of course had no doubt. From the beginning, our own opinion has been that Greeley running alone would have got not a single electoral vote, and that running with Grant he would get not more, or but very few more, than Seymour and Blair.

The Republicans make great gains in Congressmen, as well as in such enormous popular majorities as 130,000 in Pennsylvania and 50,000 in New York. The present Congress consists of 243 members; the Congress which assembles on the fourth of March will contain 292, and of these it is now probable that the Republicans will have all but, if not quite, a two-thirds majority in the House, and in the Senate a majority as large as at present. Mr. Trumbull will fail of a re-election from Illinois, and this is a fact over which, standing by itself, we think no one need be glad. Though we should have been sorry to see a Liberal Republican victory of such magnitude as the carrying of Illinois by the coalition, yet we do not forget that Mr. Trumbull is an experienced and able public man who has done the state some service, and some service also to the Republican party. We regret his recent political course, because it will have deprived the Senate of his leadership—a leadership far more creditable and more useful to the country than that of the men who have recently cracked the whip over older and better men than themselves. Blair of Missouri will, it is thought, be succeeded by a Democrat, but this is not certain, nor is it certain, on the other hand, that he will be his own successor. This being so, and with the loss of a Republican senator in North Carolina, we may say that the next Senate will stand about as the Senate of this Forty-second Congress, and the Administration will be strong enough for anything—perhaps even for San Domingo, should it be thought advisable to take up that business again. It will certainly be strong enough to bear watching, "generosity" to the contrary notwithstanding, there never yet having been a political party composed of angels, and our antagonist being our helper in Washington as much as anywhere else.

Mr. Greeley has done what was perhaps the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances—gone back quietly to the editorship of the *Tribune*. In the card in which he announces his determination, he promises to make that paper "a thoroughly independent journal, treating all parties and political movements with judicial fairness and candor," and "to endeavor to give wider and steadier regard to the progress of science, industry, and the useful arts than a partisan journal can do," and that "he will not be provoked to indulge in those bitter personalities which are the recognized bane of journalism." If he carries out this programme, he will do much, even at this late period in his career, to rescue the New York press from its present low estate, and will lay the community under weighty obligations. But he will not be surprised or offended to hear that most people will for a good while look at his efforts with great incredulity, that many cannot bring themselves to expect of him, of all men, "judicial fairness and candor," and that his proposal to abstain from "bitter personalities" excites hilarity among the young and thoughtless. He can, however, live down these doubts, and will have the hearty sympathy of all decent people in his new enterprise. He speaks of his Presidential canvass as "another line of business" in which "he embarked six months ago." As during these six months he was, according to his own account and that of his friends, engaged in a gigantic effort to save the country from despotism and nepotism, to reform the civil service and the currency, and to restore fraternal union between North and South, and to banish carpet-baggers, it seems a little flippant to talk of this noble work as "another line of business." But Mr. Greeley will have his joke.

A correspondent complains justifiably of our having said in our last issue that the Presidential election "had gone as every decent man must have wished it to go." He says he knows a great many "decent men" who wished Greeley to be elected. So do we; our phrase was extravagant, at best, and we can only plead in excuse for it the near contemplation of some of Greeley's followers in this city for six weary months.

Elections have taken place in seven Departments of France to fill seven vacancies in the Assembly, and in all but Brittany the Radical Republicans have carried the day. In one sense the result is more, and in another less important than it seems. The whole Department votes at the election of each representative, so that the election of a single member furnishes an indication of the drift of public opinion. Looking at the matter in this way, the Conservatives have lost ground heavily. On the other hand, there has been an extraordinary amount of abstention—and it is admitted on all hands that the abstention has been mainly among the peasantry—that is, among the Conservatives. The explanation of this which is offered and generally accepted is that the peasants never vote when they can help it, and this year receiving no stimulation from the prefect, and being satisfied that, on the whole, "order" is in no danger from the Republic, did not poll over half a vote, and allowed their own favorites to be defeated. But even this is a great gain for the Republicans. To have disarmed the fears of the peasantry is half the battle. In Brittany, where the peasants came out in great force, and where the vote was very full, the Conservative candidate carried everything before him. In short, "the situation" may be described as meaning that the peasantry, who desire peace and quiet of all things, are sufficiently satisfied with the Republic to let it have a fair trial, but not sufficiently to give themselves any trouble about keeping it going. In the meantime, the Germans are rapidly evacuating the occupied Departments—having now left Marne and Haute-Marne. The near approach of their total withdrawal is reviving the discussion of the constitution that is to be, and all sorts of projects are laid before the public; but the probable opinion seems to be that the work of drafting a constitution will be committed to a committee of forty-five members of the Assembly. Until the constitution is adopted, there is no chance of the dissolution of the present Assembly.

The expulsion of Prince Napoleon from French soil by order of M. Thiers has caused the latest French excitement, and is viewed in a great variety of ways. The Orleanists, and all that school of politicians who take England and America for their model, deplore it as one of those pieces of disregard of the law which prevent really free institutions from taking root in France. The Radicals, as might have been expected, think it a perfectly legitimate proceeding. They never disapprove of goring, provided the victim is the right

ox. The best defence of the act has come from M. John Lemoinne in the *Journal des Débats*. He says that the Bonapartes raised themselves above the law by providing a special tribunal for the trial of offences committed by "Princes of the Blood," and that, therefore, they have no moral right to claim the benefit of the ordinary jurisprudence of the country, and that it is, with the occurrences of 1851 before our eyes, useless to say that a man's "wearing the name of a Bonaparte" ought not to be treated as a crime, inasmuch as the name was used on the occasion of the *coup d'état* as an instrument for overthrowing the Government, and doubtless would be so used again; and that an English Minister would, if Parliament were not sitting, take equally energetic measures to rid the kingdom of a pretender as formidable as Prince Napoleon. All this is doubtless true, and would be very effective if arbitrary acts were exceptional in France, and if every government did not regularly set itself above the law whenever it pleased. Gambetta even went so far as to attempt to make whole classes of persons of whom he did not approve, incligible for election to the Assembly of 1871.

M. Thiers has concluded his Commercial Treaty with England, and it is now said that his sole object in putting on the "surtaxe" on foreign shipping trading to French ports was to extract England's assent to the Treaty. The "surtaxe" has proved a total failure. In the first place, it only affected English, American, and Greek ships, as they do most of the French carrying trade—the French mercantile navy being very small, and the other powers having none to spare. In the next, it suddenly deprived the French merchants of a large portion of their means of transportation; in the third, it is sending the trade of the Mediterranean at one blow to Genoa instead of Marseilles, and is rapidly making Milan instead of Lyons the great silk entrepot, and is sending the trade of the northern French ports to Antwerp; and lastly, it has called out a counter-tax from our Government, which is causing the total loss of the export business to this country by the French Havre line of steamers. The goods hitherto brought over by these ships are now sent to Bremen and Hamburg. Petitions are accordingly pouring in for its abrogation, and it will doubtless speedily disappear or be suspended. Its practical results have been so absurd that it now begins to be said M. Thiers must have foreseen them, and only used it as a device to induce England to "come down."

Another of M. Thiers's financial failures has been the tax on matches. In 1871, a tax of four centimes on the hundred wooden matches, and five centimes the fifty on wax matches, it was calculated, would produce $3,000,000 annually. Illicit manufacture was thereupon started at such a rate that the duty only yielded at the rate of $960,000 a year, while the price of matches rose enormously. The Government then resolved to make the production of matches a monopoly, and sell it to the highest bidder, and two Marseilles houses already engaged in the manufacture have bought the privilege for $3,800,000 a year; but the price of matches is fixed at about forty cents the 4,000 matches. The monopolists also pay the Government a duty of nine centimes the 1,000 on all matches exported. This arrangement is an economical curiosity in its way, as it is a return to the old system of farming out the revenue, which was supposed to be for ever banished from the economy of civilized modern states.

The Spanish bondholders, at a meeting in London, have accepted the offer of the Spanish Minister of which we spoke last week—namely, to take one-third of the interest due them for five years to come in certificates bearing three per cent. interest—but which they accept at 50, when the market value is only about 30. In this way the Government is in reality borrowing in round numbers $16,400,000 a year for five years at 50 from its own creditors, when it could not get more than 30 from anybody else—or, in other words, is compelling them to lend to it at six per cent., when anybody else would charge it nine. The London *Economist* denounces the arrangement as "disgraceful," and says it is "bankruptcy made easy" for any government that chooses to adopt it, because it will enable it to cover virtual repudiation with all the appearance of an honorable settlement. The only excuse the creditors can give, and the only one we believe they attempt to give, for their concession is, that they are through it escaping a worse thing. But it must be admitted that the device is very ingenious, and will prove a valuable addition to the art of "financiering."

Prussia and the United States are now the two, and the only two, lucky nations which have no difficulty in making ends meet. The Prussian budget, or financial statement, was laid before the Lower House just before the late adjournment, and from this it appears that in the year 1871, although the war lasted through the first quarter of it, there was a surplus of about $10,000,000. In the current year, a surplus of $12,000,000—counting the thaler as equal to our paper dollar—is looked for, nearly all the taxes having yielded more than was looked for. Two-thirds of the increase comes from profits realized by the Government in the administration of the railways and of the mines, funds, and estates owned by the crown; in other words, through the honesty and skill of the Prussian civil service. We wish our own "Controllers of Primaries" would think seriously of this. The "Toms," Dicks, and Harrys of the Custom-house ought to ponder it. Moreover, in all this no account is taken of the French indemnity. That is solid profit which is put into public improvements or laid up for "a rainy day."

The decision of the Emperor of Germany on the San Juan boundary dispute has not been at all well received in England, and has called forth a good deal of bitter denunciation. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which may be regarded as the calmest and most sensible of the critics, condemns the decision on the ground that, as it was absolutely impossible to make out from the language of the Treaty which channel was meant, the arbitrator was bound to gather the materials for his finding from the surrounding circumstances. He must, therefore, have seen that to give the United States the Island of San Juan is to furnish them with a base of operations which would render Vancouver's Island untenable in time of war, and would shut up the most available approach to British Columbia. He ought, therefore, have held, the *Gazette* thinks, that Great Britain did not intend the Haro Channel to be the boundary, and that as the matter was of comparatively small importance at the time to the United States, they did not intend it either; and it draws from the decision some very gloomy conclusions as to the consequences of referring of matters of this kind, deeply affecting national honor and interests, to foreign adjudication. To this the *Economist*, which represents the cooler and more moderate view, replies that the Emperor could not have had a better guide in seeking the intention of the parties to the Treaty than the history of the preceding negotiations. That in referring to this, he must have found that the line originally fixed on, 49° N. L., ran through Vancouver's Island, and that the British asked the Americans to remove it further south, for the purpose of yielding to them (the British) the exclusive possession of the island, and that it was for the accomplishment of this object, and no other, that it was made to run along "the channel" which has caused the dispute. The Emperor finding, therefore, that the Haro Channel gave England all that she originally sought, is not bound to go further and provide her with a good military frontier, which she herself evidently had not thought of at the beginning of the controversy, or protect her against the consequences of her own ignorance or laches, as to the bearing of the American occupation of San Juan on the defensibility of Vancouver's Island, particularly as the joint navigation of the channel is expressly stipulated for in the Treaty. This, we think, must strike every candid man as sound sense. The business of an arbitrator sitting on the interpretation is not to patch up a bad bargain, but to put disputants as nearly as possible in the position they themselves would probably have got into if they had not fallen out.

THE SOUTH AND THE ELECTION.

AS the Greeley managers, throwing all other business aside, declared "reconciliation between North and South" to be the main if not the only point in their policy, and as the South was thus led to expect something from the election of Greeley which would not result from the election of Grant, there is now some danger that many Southerners may be plunged into despondency by the result of the vote of last week. We think we may safely take upon ourselves to assure them that the election of General Grant does not mean any indifference on the part of the North to their condition and prospects, or any diminution of the disgust and alarm with which the Northern public has heretofore regarded the fate which has overtaken them. The North is by no means opposed to reconciliation, but it will not have reconciliation through Greeley. What the South asked in the late canvass was that the North should elect Greeley President as a sign of reconciliation, and as the only one of any use. This the North has certainly declined to do. It does not cherish any hatred to the South, but absolutely refuses to hand the affairs of the nation over to Greeley and his Democratic following as a sign of its good-will; but as far as the South is concerned, this is all that the election means. There is, therefore, no occasion either for despair or despondency. Six months have been wasted in the interchange of coarse abuse over Greeley, which is doubtless a misfortune; but otherwise things remain as they were. Republican institutions are in no more danger, carpet-baggers in no more favor, than they were before the canvass began.

What we think about carpet-baggers, and what we think about the Ku-klux act and other attempts to find a remedy for carpet-baggers, are well-known to our readers. We hold, and we have always held, that conquest entails on the conqueror, among other responsibilities, the responsibility of providing peace and security for the conquered. Unfortunately, the United States did not attempt to provide these things for the South. They set up a government which in many of the States was simply a cover for robbery; and, when Congress attempted to provide a remedy for the resultant disorders, it only went halfway. We should never have said a word against the Ku-klux Act if, in addition to hunting down midnight assassins and robbers, it had sent officers to Charleston to oust Scott and Parker and take charge of the State finances, and see to it that every taxpayer got the worth of his money in legislation and police. It would doubtless have been unconstitutional, but it would have been that kind of unconstitutionality which great crises justify, and which never lessens the respect of a community for liberty and law. What Congress did was, in practice, to furnish the carpet-baggers with all they needed—protection against the pistols and cowhides of the men they were plundering. This, we hold, was, taken by itself, both wrong and impolitic; but Greeley would not have remedied it. All that he promised with regard to the carpet-baggers was pure moonshine. Nobody believed it. He could if elected have done nothing to the carpet-baggers except denounce them; and if Parker and his kind care for denunciation, we are greatly mistaken in them. It is no doubt true that in the beginning people at the North did encourage the carpet-baggers. It was only two years ago that Parker was cited as a witness against the *Nation* by the *Independent* of this city, regarding the intelligence of the South Carolina Legislature. Many of these fellows left the North in the odor of political sanctity, and by shouting for the Union and for human brotherhood, kept up a certain kind of maudlin admiration in their rear, and succeeded in persuading a certain portion of the Northern public that they were missionaries carrying light into dark places. But Greeley was one of their most prominent supporters. Nobody did more to halloo them on, or encourage the use of United States troops to protect them against the consequences of their crimes. Therefore, it was ridiculous as well as useless for the South to ask the North to select him, as the exponent of Northern indignation against the carpet-bag régime.

But the Northern mind is completely rid of any delusions it may have ever labored under with regard to carpet-bag government. There is no desire to perpetuate or countenance any of the Southern abuses. There is no hatred of the South, or desire for her further impoverishment or humiliation that we know of or meet with. The state of the Northern mind on the Southern question, if we know anything of it, may be described as a hearty willingness to "clasp hands" and let bygones be bygones, provided the South will frankly accept the results of the war—that is, accept them just as they are accepted in the Cincinnati platform; but "accepting them frankly" means to the Northern mind accepting them in deed as well as in word—that is, not only putting the acceptance into platforms, but putting candidates and parties on the platform whom we know to be really favorable to these results, and not candidates and parties who never did accept them until they saw a chance of electing a President on whose weakness and want of perspicacity they thought they could count with confidence; and not only writing newspaper articles inviting Northern settlers, but making Northern settlers comfortable and secure after they have settled. On these things the North insists as the only true signs that the war is really over, and nothing can take the place of them.

We wish most sincerely the South could now be convinced that her future is in her own hands, and yet such is the truth—melancholy it may be, but still the truth. Congress has done all that it *can* do; the North has done all that it *will* do. Every Southern State is now handed over, as all States are, to the rule of the majority of its own people. If it be true, as many think, that where the negro voters are in a majority, or where they hold the balance of power, there is no hope of improvement from the education of public opinion, the South must look to immigration for her resurrection. Those white men who groan so dreadfully under negro and carpet-bag rule must get other white men to come down and settle on their wastes, and give them a majority. If they can neither do this nor win the negroes over, they must suffer on. They may rely upon it, there is something wrong in their own policy, as long as hundreds of thousands of new-comers from Europe seek homes two thousand miles away on the semi-barbarous Western frontier, when they could have them almost for the asking all along the Atlantic seaboard, within a day's journey of French and German and British steamers. It is not for nothing men thus plunge into the heart of the continent. If the South can find no means of attracting them beyond the publication of flaming advertisements, if when they get strangers down there they cannot make them so happy and hopeful that they shall ask their friends to follow, we do not know what remedy there is for Southern ills. All restrictive and coercive legislation is done away with, and if the white race is so far paralyzed or degraded that it can find no honest way of ridding itself of the domination which it makes a boast of despising, it must make up its mind to suffer without help if not without pity. We do not, however, believe that this is the case. In more than one State, the modern spirit—the spirit which takes facts as they stand and makes the best of them, and meets difficulties, not with oaths and execrations, but with labor and craft—is rapidly showing itself, and it will doubtless spread and do its work.

THE REISSUE OF GREENBACKS.

A SHORT time since there appeared in various Republican newspapers a series of "money articles" which would have puzzled a good deal an old-fashioned American statesman. On their face they purported to discuss a rumor which they announced to the public was afloat, to the effect that the Secretary of the Treasury intended to reissue some four or five millions greenbacks which had been retired from circulation by Mr. McCulloch. They mentioned the advantages of the plan, and its disadvantages—on the one hand, the effect which it would have in easing the money market, in facilitating the transportation of the crops to deep water; on the other, the objections to it which would arise from the danger of increasing the supply of the protested notes of the Govern-

ment, the danger to its own credit, and the doubt as to the legality of expansion attained by the reissue of notes once withdrawn from circulation, under the provisions of an act framed with the express intention of contracting the currency. The peculiarity of the articles to which we refer was that the rumor as to Mr. Boutwell's intention apparently originated in the minds of the money editors themselves, as there had been no public announcement of the intention of the Government. The articles, too, were curiously tentative, balancing with great nicety the various considerations *pro* and *con*, but preserving a judicial impartiality between them. These articles were immediately followed by the issue of the currency. Of course it would be very gross to hint that any of them, or any of the editorials written about the same time in Administration journals, were inspired by the Treasury: we do not refer to them for this purpose. We allude to them simply on this account—that so far as the public knows, the only advice which Mr. Boutwell has taken as to the legality of the issue—a matter so grave as to involve a total change of policy on the part of the Government with regard to the currency, the substitution of the policy of expansion for that of contraction—he must have got from these money articles and editorials to which we refer. Congress is not in session to explain or give an authoritative construction to the statutes under which the contraction took place, and, as we shall undertake in this article to show, Congress is the only body which can give an authoritative construction. Whether he has or has not got an opinion from the Attorney-General in favor of the construction of statutes which he has adopted, is a matter of little or no moment. In order to explain what we mean, it is necessary to review at some length the history of the legal-tender acts.

In the first place, the Act of February 25, 1862, authorized the issue of $150,000,000 of Treasury notes, and provided that they should be "received the same as coin, at their par value, in payment for any loans that may be hereafter sold or negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury, and may be reissued from time to time as the exigencies of the public interests shall require" (Sec. 1). The supplementary Act of July 11, 1862, authorizing an additional issue of $150,000,000, gave the Secretary power to "exchange for such notes, on such terms as he shall think most beneficial to the public interest, any bonds of the United States bearing six per centum interest, and redeemable after five and payable in twenty years, which have been or may be lawfully issued under the provisions of any existing act"; and to "reissue the notes so received in exchange"; the act also provides that he "may receive and cancel any notes heretofore lawfully issued under any act of Congress, and in lieu thereof issue an equal amount of notes, such as are authorized by this act" (Sec. 1). The Act of June 30, 1864, restricting the amount of paper currency to $400,000,000, provides (Sec. 2) that "the Secretary of the Treasury may redeem and cause to be cancelled and destroyed any Treasury notes or United States notes heretofore issued under authority of previous acts of Congress, and substitute, in lieu thereof, an equal amount of Treasury notes, such as are authorized by this act, or of other United States notes."

It is on these provisions that a flimsy argument has been built to show that the Treasury has under them a general power to reissue any uncancelled notes which may come into its vaults. It needs but little consideration to show how fallacious must be the reasoning which leads to such a conclusion. Congress in passing these acts had one object in view, to raise money. In order to do this it authorized the issue of four hundred millions of promises to pay, which it floated by making them generally receivable in payment of private and public debts. Manifestly, as these notes would be constantly coming back to the Treasury not only in payment for "loans sold or negotiated," but in the ordinary course of business, it was necessary that they should be reissued, or they would totally lose their value as currency, and a contraction would take place every time any notes came into the Treasury to the exact amount of the notes; if there had been no power of reissue, the currency would long ago have disappeared from circulation. Whenever $50,000,000 came into the Treasury there it would remain, and the currency would have been diminished by that amount. This would have totally defeated the purpose of the framers of the legal-tender acts, who meant to create a paper currency, and at that day never dreamt of contraction. All these provisions as to reissue may therefore be totally disregarded, as having been framed without any other idea than that of making the legal-tender system feasible.

The real question arises under the Acts of April 12, 1866, and February 4, 1868. In the first year, as our readers no doubt remember, the currency being already at the limit prescribed by law, and the difference between the price of gold and paper causing a good deal of doubt and distrust in the minds of the business public, Congress determined upon a total change of policy—that of a return to specie payments by a gradual contraction of the currency. It is necessary to bear in mind that this moment marks a dividing line of interpretation. All acts or resolutions of Congress on the other side of this line should be interpreted in the light of their early intention, which was to maintain an expanding, or at the best a fixed currency. Acts had been passed increasing and fixing, but never diminishing its amount. This side of the line their intention changes, and interpretation must change with it. The law of April 12, 1866, authorized the Secretary to sell bonds, the proceeds to be devoted "to retiring Treasury notes or other obligations under any act of Congress." Under this law forty-four millions of currency were retired by Mr. McCulloch. Now, what did this act mean? It is argued on behalf of the Government that it only meant that the greenbacks should be withdrawn from circulation, and that no permanent contraction was intended. The act contained no provision for the cancellation of the currency retired, and therefore Congress meant to reserve to the Secretary the right of reissue. But what is the natural meaning of the words used? To "retire" obligations surely means a great deal more than to lock them up in a vault. Besides this, there was a very obvious reason for not ordering the cancellation of these obligations. No one denies that it is in the power of Congress to expand the currency, and it may well enough have been the intention of Congress to leave it open to expand by a reissue of its own. But a reissue of its own is one thing, and a reissue by Mr. Boutwell is another. We are not left, however, to conjecture as to these matters. On February 4, 1868, public opinion having undergone another revolution, and now taking alarm at the contraction carried on by Mr. McCulloch, Congress passed another law, this time suspending "the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to make any reduction of the currency by retiring or cancelling United States notes." In this act we have an interpretation of the former one. Congress here says that by "retiring" they meant to effect a "reduction of the currency," so that we have a perfect right to read the former act in this way: "The Secretary shall sell bonds and apply the proceeds to a reduction of the currency by purchasing and retiring notes in circulation." This seems to us almost a conclusive proof, taken in connection, too, with the fact that not a word is said in the last act about reissue, although everybody knows that the cry for expansion at the time, and many times since, has been so great that Congress would have been only too glad of an excuse to reissue the forty millions retired by Mr. McCulloch, if they, in common with everybody else, had not felt that the first act was intended as a permanent measure of contraction. Under these circumstances, Mr. Boutwell's notion that he can reissue these notes is very much as if an agent having received authority to issue notes for his principal, and subsequently received authority to go into the market and buy up the notes, were to claim the right to reissue them on the ground that he had received no instructions as to what was to be done with the notes when they were bought up. Of course, in the matter before us, Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Boutwell are one person.

These considerations seem to us to show at least that there is very grave doubt as to the existence of any such power as Mr. Boutwell claims. Of course if he has any he has all, and he may to-morrow, if he thinks it advisable, issue forty millions of notes which

have been out of circulation for five years. Under these circumstances, what is his proper course? Obviously to wait until Congress comes together, and ask it to instruct him as to whether he has or has not such a power. With such doubts hanging over him, to seek to excuse himself by getting an opinion from the Attorney-General would be ridiculous. It is not a case demanding immediate action, which must be decided one way or the other; there is no need of action at all. All Mr. Boutwell has to do is to wait for the reassembling of Congress. Even with his professed ignorance and contempt of political economy, he must be aware of the dangers which the country suffers from any doubts as to the condition of the currency, the loss of credit abroad, the alteration in value of all contracts at home. For a man who knows these things to take advantage of an extremely doubtful and probably non-existent power, in the absence too of Congress, from whom he pretends to derive the power, and begin to flood the country with currency every one supposed it had got rid of, is an act of the most monstrous recklessness and abuse of authority. That any single man should have the power with a few strokes of his pen to alter the value of every debt in the country, and to raise or lower the prices, would be tantamount to bestowing upon him the right to send his official subordinates into every house in the United States, and remove from such households as he might designate certain articles of furniture, wearing apparel, food, and soon, and bestow them on the neighbors. This is the practical result of any great change in the volume of the currency. Few people will be inclined to believe that Congress ever gave Mr. Boutwell any such power; and in the present state of doubt on the subject, for him to shelter himself behind a technical legal construction would be to give proof of the most ignorant and audacious contempt of public opinion and decency. It is Congress, and Congress only, which can instruct Mr. Boutwell as to his powers in the matter. His present action has a look all the uglier, because it appears to be prompted by the desire to forestall the opinion of that body, and to force it to adopt his own construction of the law, by putting before it the disagreeable alternative of either ratifying his action or stigmatizing one of the great party chieftains as a law-breaker. How much weight such low considerations have with Congress the results of many recent investigations—such as of the French Arms Sale and the Postmaster-General's case—amply show.

GREELEY AMONG THE ARTISTS.

WHEN the London-Bridge New Zealander of the future turns his attention to our history here in America, he may probably conclude that the one man who had most to do with bringing about the result of the elections now just over was General Grant. And probably he may be right; although there need be little doubt that no one man yet rules the American people—the Atlanta *Constitution* and the Hartford *Times* to the contrary notwithstanding; and that General Grant has been successful because of the things he stood for, and not by reason of things personal to himself. Still, if one were to attempt the impossible, and try to apportion to individual persons their precise share in the work in which all of us have been engaged for the last seven or eight months, it may well enough be that a fair award would assign to the President-elect the greatest influence in causing the defeat of what General Brinkerhoff and Mr. Theodore Tilton would call The Liberal Cause. But next after the name of General Grant, if not bracketed alongside of it, would appear the name of Horace Greeley. It might appear as Horace Greeley, vituperator of Democrats; or as Horace Greeley, maker of the Pittsburg speech; or as Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune;* or as Horace Greeley, woodchopper; or as Horace Greeley, the friend of Seceding States; or as Horace Greeley, the signer of the bail bonds; or as any or all of these; or it might appear as Horace Greeley simply, as that comprehensive term is known to this generation of American voters; but that appear it would, we are fully persuaded. The history of the campaign, as it was recorded in the speeches from the platform and the stump, in the editorial articles of ten thousand papers, in the talk between individual men, leaves no doubt of this. One-quarter of the breath expended in the contest has perhaps been spent in extolling and decrying the services and disservices of General Grant in war and in peace; but if so, at least another good quarter has been spent in execration and mockery of the dissimulating wickedness and transparent folly of Honest Old Horace Greeley, and in praise and laudation of the amiability, generosity, integrity, popularity, and far-sighted wisdom of the same gentleman.

As recorded in the pictures of the political artists, this prominence of Mr. Greeley in bringing ruin upon his own party is made even plainer than in the speeches and the newspaper articles. And we do not know that the artists of Mr. Greeley's own side, and especially the principal one, were not as efficacious against him as Mr. Nast, who is entitled to such credit as belongs to one of the most effective allies of the President. This happened, however, if happen it did, rather in consequence of the treatment given to Mr. Greeley's antagonist by the Greeley caricaturists than in consequence of their way of representing himself. For some reason or other, probably because of his slight acquaintance with American affairs, and perhaps by reason of that "condescension in foreigners" noted by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Matt Morgan, or the editor of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper,* saw fit to represent General Grant as a low blackguard, constantly drunk, a thief, and an incapable idiot—a conception of the American chief-magistrate rather more likely to please a foreigner than to be approved by the average American voter. It is not too much to say, then, that Mr. Morgan's caricatures went a long way in defeating Greeley, and especially in defeating Greeley and sober Gratz Brown. In one picture, Grant, stupidly drunk, with a dirty pipe in his mouth, stops his horse-cart loaded with cordwood, and deposits his "first Presidential ballot for James Buchanan." In another, Grant, drunk again, stands in front of a blackboard on which is written a list of his monstrous thefts, and Tweed in front of one which displays thefts of a very much smaller size; nevertheless, a policeman approaches Tweed to handcuff him, while Grant surveys a kneeling crew of his followers. Conkling offers him a crown, Tom Murphy a house and a glass of liquor, others money. In a third, General Grant, dirty and ragged, and still drunk, is dancing while Tweed looks on, and Grant, with a whoop, tells him that he is going to set up O'Conor as a "dummy," and that if the trick succeeds, "I'll remember yer, old fellow; yer almost as good as one of the family." In a fourth picture by the same artist, Grant, drunk always, heads a motley horde of office-holders advancing against the people, and armed with money-bags; Grant cries out that he has formerly trusted to numbers to carry him through, and numbers of greenbacks must do it this time; but opposing him is a dignified array of Liberal Republican politicians, across the front rank of which a gigantic Greeley, of a benevolent but firm aspect, stretches a baton, before which the enemy shrinks appalled. Another picture shows us a shell from Baltimore, smoking on the floor of the Long Branch cottage, into which it has just dropped, and at which the President, with a face of drunken astonishment, is gazing in terror.

These pictures, even supposing them veracious in their suggestions of fact, would, for the reason indicated, have been mistakes. In the first place, the people are so unwilling to dethrone a popular idol that they are sure to give an incredulous hearing to such stories. Then, again, they know, as everybody knows, how easy it is to set such stories afloat; everybody has experienced the difficulty of proving them, and many persons look on the fault charged as venial; finally, once before had the accusation been brought, and it had broken down. For these and other reasons, all these caricatures were political blunders. It is not the same thing to pronounce on the effect of campaign instrumentalities before an election that it is to pronounce upon them after the polls have spoken for or against them with majorities of hundreds of thousands. One is in danger of speaking too confidently. However, one may safely set down in moderate terms an opinion always held; and it is our opinion that these caricatures have always been very weak in this other respect—namely, in portraying Grant as a ruler with despotic inclinations and habits. Many people may have believed that undue means were used to induce North Carolinians to vote for Governor Caldwell, and if so, it was good caricature to depict a crafty-looking Internal Revenue officer arresting a tobacco planter for a petty violation of the law, and offering him a choice between confiscation of his tobacco and a vote for the Republicans. But the good sense of putting Grant in a royal seat, with a crown on his head and a host of bayonets behind him, is not apparent.

Very inefficacious, too, were Mr. Matt Morgan's pictures of Mr. Greeley himself, Mr. Schurz, Mr. Trumbull, and Mr. Sumner. It may be, however, that upon people unfamiliar with the faces of these persons and not very familiar with their characters, the pictures were of more effect than was the case among people who knew them more thoroughly. There may be persons to whom Mr. Morgan's benevolent, hydrocephalous Mr. Greeley,

> "That old sage, so mild and bland,"

is a real being; and who are not struck by the utter "ridiculosity" of these portraits of Mr. Sumner. To Mr. Morgan the Senator from Massachusetts is a lofty statesman, a shade too good for this world of mere men, and whose

wishes are rightly held sacred. He has one cartoon, in which Mr. Sumner, in flowing robe and with a majestic dignity upon his brow, stands upon an eminence from which he surveys a Red Sea full of Grantite Egyptians, Pharaoh Grant being on the point of getting the full force of "a tidal wave." Beside this Moses is a meek and philanthropic Joshua in the person of Mr. Greeley, also robed in white, who wears the look of those among the children of men in whose mouths butter will not melt. In front are some colored children of Israel, to whom Moses utters these words: "I have brought you out of the land of Egypt, and out of the House of Bondage, through the Red Sea of Slavery, to the Promised Land of Equal Rights to All, by the aid of this good man Horace, and I now commit you to his guardianship."

Mr. Morgan's mottoes, by the way, have been curiously bad. Latterly, in particular, they had a Sunday-schoolish, goody tone singularly inappropriate to a political contest. We give one instance out of many. Take the motto of a cartoon representing an honest American mechanic (looking like a pious English blacksmith), who holds by the collar a villanous United States deputy marshal. Thus does the honest mechanic address the myrmidon of power, who wants to find out whether there has been any false registration: "Although my house is so poor that it does not shelter my wife and children from the rain and snow; though every cold breeze may blow through the side and through its rafters; nevertheless the President of the United States cannot enter it save by mandate of the law," and therewith, by hand and knee, he ejects the astonished deputy (from a thousand-dollar staircase, by the way), who looks as if he had never heard such a torrent of good language in his life, as indeed he probably never had, especially in that portion of the city. Usually he was called a "mutton-hearted thief," and told where he could go.

It would no doubt have been asking too much to have asked an English artist to come over to this country and suddenly become competent to treat of our institutions and politics, and it is not to Mr. Morgan's discredit that he has made a failure. An American artist in England might make a worse, and in fact would be almost sure to make a worse, unless he had far better guidance than Mr. Morgan appears to have had. It was, however, not expecting too much to expect from Mr. Morgan an occasional exhibition of the imaginative effectiveness displayed in some of his work for the *Tomahawk*. There has been some of this, but only a little. Indications of it are to be seen in the picture of the historic dead of the Republic rising from their graves to view with horror the corruptions of these later days; but in the details of the cartoon neither artist nor handicraftsmen made a success. In general, Mr. Morgan's work has been spirited and good in drawing, though he has either caught likenesses but poorly, or else has wilfully Liberal-Republicanized them with the Sermon on the Mount in view as the platform of that noble party, and Mount Ebal as the standing-place of the Republican party of hate and cursing. His grouping, however, has been confused, and he has not cared on how many different scales of size he has drawn the figures of the same cartoon.

Mr. Nast's pictures have excellently answered their purpose. They have given evidence of great fertility; of the true caricaturist's boldness and irreverence; of a keen relish for ridicule and of a capacity for making fun, and a less capacity for enjoying pure fun; of much acuteness in the perception of character, as exhibited in external signs, and a great readiness in catching and vulgarizing a likeness; of a sufficient degree of coarseness; of a hearty sympathy with "the masses," in their tastes, opinions, and wishes. The popular idea of that side of Mr. Greeley's character at which people in general have always smiled, and that side of it on account of which they have always distrusted his leadership and disregarded it, Mr. Nast has held up to the country in pictures recognized by everybody. We have heard of one voter, a fisherman of Patchogue, Long Island—not a very literate gentleman, but on the contrary one of the kind that was to go with such a tremendous rush for Honest Horace and Governor Brown—who has been heard laughing to himself at intervals throughout a whole evening, saying, "Go West, young man, go West"; and reminding his companions of the amazed look worn by Mr. Nast's Greeley when the temporary occupant of his editorial chair makes it known to him that he has lost his editorship as well as the election. The white coat, and the readiness to change it; the furious bawling and violent language; the addiction to headlong assertions and contradictions; the fickleness; the readiness for all sorts of political bed-fellows; the temerity and lack of tenacity, Mr. Nast's pictures have all expressed very thoroughly, whether or not very subtly, and whether or not another analysis than his would discover the real secret of this curious character. At all events, they have been well adapted to their audience, and must indubitably have had great effect; though here again we see Mr. Greeley at work defeating himself, the artist's most recondite researches having taken him not much deeper than to the recent files of the *Tribune* and to Mr. Greeley's speeches. But these the artist has used with an ingenuity and vigor not super-subtle, indeed, nor over-scrupulous, but extremely telling. For instance, Mr. Greeley in that stumping tour "which has filled even his enemies with admiration"—and which alone would have been enough to kill him dead as a candidate, he acquitted himself so marvellously—spoke at Pittsburg about the convention of soldiers and sailors after a fashion which everybody recollects. Immediately Mr. Nast came out with a full-page picture that made votes for the Republicans wherever there were surviving soldiers that needed conversion from Liberal Republicanism, and wherever there were Northern youths who were boys in the days of Lincoln and have since studied school histories. In the upper corner of the page is a printed extract from the speech, setting forth that the convention was called together "with the single purpose of rekindling the bitterness and hatred, the animosities and antipathies," etc., etc. Down the centre of the picture marches a procession, headed by General Burnside and consisting of the surviving soldiers, some sound and some on crutches, who bear transparencies with the regular inscriptions and pictures—a woman strewing flowers on graves, while Confederate and Union soldiers shake hands; a lion and an eagle lying down together; such assertions as that "We will vote as we fought, for Union," and the like. As they march, they pass a platform from which they are furiously assailed by a stout gentleman in a white coat and hat, who gesticulates violently. Out of his pocket protrudes a placard with the inscription, "Perhaps it was a mistake that I was born: H. G.," in allusion to the unfortunate speech in which Mr. Greeley said that perhaps his opposition to slavery was a mistake; at the end of his tail, for our old gentleman is simian, is the famous tag marked "Gratz Brown" which has made the second of the Liberal Republican candidates so ludicrous throughout the canvass; on the side of the platform is the inscription, "If you vote for Grant you are bought"; in the shadow of it two villanous-looking jail-birds, disguised in white hats and coats, are looking to their pistols; from the pocket of one issues an inscription, "What I know about Reform," and from that of the other, "Baltimore, 1861 and 1872"; in the foreground, and with the platform just behind, is a warrior also in white coat and with his trowsers tucked into his boots, who blazes away at the procession through a bell-mouthed blunderbuss, labelled "New York *Tribune*" and "This is not an Organ."

A lyre the "organ that is not an organ" has lately become; but it has also been a hand-organ, a trombone, and a fiddle played upon by an enormously long bow. We have not time, however, to do more than barely indicate the ingenuity which has marked this series of political pictures, undeniably coarse, but not so much so as former works by this artist, who constantly, if slowly, improves both in mental force and adaptability, and who perhaps would earn higher praise had he subjects less coarse with which to deal. Reviewing his dealings with the Ring, as well as with the Assistant Democrats, it is remarkable how seldom he has offended against good taste.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

BOSTON, November 11, 1872.

ARRIVING here at sunrise this morning, with the last sensational reports of the New York papers—the blowing up of Parker's, the destruction of the Old South Church, and both the old and new Post-Offices, as well as the newspaper offices, and the threatened destruction of State Street—I was prepared for the worst. As we came into the city the early dawn revealed a huge, dark cloud hanging over it, into which the smoke from the burnt quarter seemed to rise as a water-spout rises from the surface of the sea, or perhaps still more exactly, as the cloud of vapor, in the old Arabian Nights' tale, rises out of the fisherman's jar. We ran into the depot as usual, and the crowd of passengers, taking the customary direction, moved along towards the centre of the city. We had not gone far when we became aware of a condition of things for which I, for one, was not prepared. The entrance to a narrow street near where the fire began first showed the scene of the disaster. Imagine a narrow way through which you had passed a thousand times ending suddenly in a huge, vague, bluish waste, through which could be indistinctly seen, here a tall chimney, here the edge of a wall, there an iron shaft tumbled in the midst of a huge pile of brick, mortar, and other débris—a thick flaming smoke belching up from behind and out of the bottom of everything; at the mouth, standing guard, a mounted patrol. The effect would have been strikingly picturesque and military, if it had not been that the patrol had given it a rather burlesque air by drawing his sword to warn off the inoffensive crowd, who, being generally unarmed, would hardly under any circumstances have made an attempt to force the guard. The patrolling squad is stationed in a circuit round the burnt district, and no one is allowed to enter the lines without a pass. This guard was established when the fire was got under control, and has proved an excellent means of maintaining order and preventing robbery.

In order to understand the history of the fire, it is necessary to have a map, because the burnt streets are so crooked, short, and peculiar, that no verbal description will render the matter intelligible. The streets wholly destroyed comprise a district of about sixty acres, bounded roughly by Bedford, Summer, Washington, Water, Congress, the south side of State, Broad, Milk, and Oliver Streets, and the water. The buildings in these streets were mainly solid granite structures, four, five, and six stories in height, occupied by jobbing and commission firms engaged in the wholesale dry-goods, boot and shoe, and wool business. The stores on Devonshire and Franklin Streets were perhaps the most substantial in the country. They were built, however, in great part with light, wooden, slated Mansard roofs, and these roofs it was, according to the universal testimony here, which caused the rapid spread of the conflagration. The fire began in a warehouse on the corner of Kingston and Summer Streets, no one knows how, and speedily made its way to the roof, the elevator passage furnishing a convenient draught. The engines quickly made their appearance, but they were too late, for the flames were out of their reach. No stream of water could reach the top of the buildings, and the fire had full swing. Creeping along the roofs, it very soon took in several large buildings, finding its way gradually down as it went on. There were also a great many flat roofs covered with tar and pebbles. The interior of the buildings, too, was very combustible, the light brick walls, and innumerable wooden partitions, drawers, and shelves, furnishing the best possible fuel to the flames—to say nothing of the stores of cotton and woollen goods. Every one whom I have consulted is agreed that but for the Mansard roofs the fire would have been got under control, and there is plenty of positive evidence pointing in the same direction. Hovey's large, old-fashioned store in Summer Street, for example, built of heavy granite, was made use of to arrest the progress of the flames. The roof was covered with wet blankets—the same protection which was devised, if I remember right, for Mr. Ogden's house in Chicago—and the store in this way did effective service for Summer Street. So also the new Post-Office, built of huge granite columns and blocks, effectually stopped the fire in another quarter. And this morning, from the roof of a building in Devonshire Street, I could see a large iron building, with a flat top, which had been burned round on three sides, but was itself uninjured. There was abundance of water, there was no want of discipline in the fire department, and there is no suspicion, so far as I have heard, of incendiarism. Indeed, as aid poured into Boston from all the surrounding cities, it would have been strange if the spread of the fire had been attributable to lack of force for the suppression of it. Nor had "politics" anything to do with it. The horse disease, no doubt, increased the difficulties with which the firemen had to contend, engines having to be brought by hand from great distances, and inflammable goods being left necessarily in the way of the flames, owing to lack of transportation. With horses the fire might possibly have been got under before it obtained headway, but after once getting into the roofs all the horses in the world would have had little effect.

The fire was stopped partly by natural causes, and partly by gunpowder. The general direction of the wind was northwest (though there were also local currents, caused by the intense heat, blowing from other points of the compass, which accounts for the stories about the fire moving "against the wind"), and the fire was carried by it directly away from Washington Street and down to the wharves at the water's edge. There it blew itself out; in the same way it was brought to an end by an open space known as the Fort Hill improvement, recently laid out by the city; there were buildings on the further side of this, but the flames could not cross it. On what may be called the northeast and southwest *sides* of the fire, many buildings were blown up. In one direction the new Post-Office, the most solid granite structure in the city, occupying in length an entire block, dammed the fire, and saved that part of Devonshire Street which lies between Milk and State Streets. The granite is flaked and chipped, and many edges are completely spoilt, so that the expenses of repairs will be very great, but the amount saved is also very great. It may safely be assumed that with a few more tolerably fire-proof buildings in this part of the city, the fire would have been got under control early. No attempt was made to stop the flames to the leeward, and the general opinion seems to be that if the wind had been blowing strong the other way, there would have been little chance of saving the city.

As to the condition of the burnt district, it may be described as a gigantic smouldering hole. Except on the edges, I do not think there is a single building left, and those that have been burnt are ruinously and hopelessly burnt. The warehouses seem to have tumbled down *en masse*. The general effect is more like the ruin produced by a hurricane, than what we ordinarily expect to see after a fire. As the fire began not long after sunset on Saturday, and was over by the middle of the next day, there was not much time to remove goods or empty safes. The safes tumbled down with the fall of the walls into the cellars, as all good fire-proof safes are warranted to do. I saw the contents of that of the Revere Bank, which were in perfectly good condition, and the same may probably be said of most of the others. The only one mentioned as destroyed was said to have been injured by being pierced as it fell by an iron shaft.

It will be seen from what I have already said that the Boston fire is not at all a "second Chicago," except that it was caused in great measure by the same carelessness in building. The early estimates of losses were perfectly wild; but there are several considerations which show that though the calamity is a severe one, it is not only not irreparable, but will by the community at large be felt but slightly. In the first place, only a small number of families turned out of house or home—the burnt district contained few tenements; in the second place, the stores of goods were not very large; in the third place, the buildings were occupied by men who sold not on their own account but for factories all over the State. These factories are of course better able to bear the loss than the individuals who compose them would be, and the total effect of the destruction is lessened by its distribution. The insurance companies, too, promise to come out better than was at first anticipated. It is safe to say that the prosperity of the city will not be seriously affected by the fire. In one way the destruction will be a positive advantage; the streets in the burnt districts were the only avenues for the transportation of heavy merchandise between the north and south ends; they were crooked and inconvenient to an inconceivable degree. They will now be laid out wider and straighter, and the effect of this on real estate will of course be important. The actual loss in buildings and goods may be roughly put down at $25,000,000; but this estimate is of little or no value until the condition of the insurance companies is known.

Throughout the city perfect order has been maintained since Sunday. During the entire day I saw no drunken men in the streets, and the discipline of the troops on guard is better discipline than one would expect to find in an ordinary volunteer camp. The self-control on the part of the inhabitants during the height of the excitement appears to have been very great. At one time a large crowd collected in front of the safe-deposit vaults on State Street, where millions of securities were stored, and demanded that the vaults should be opened, that they might get their deposits out. State Street was then threatened with destruction. With the most praiseworthy firmness, their demand was refused. Of course, in the confusion there would have been the best possible opportunity for robbery.

There seems to have been some carelessness, however, and certainly great want of organization, about the blowing up, and this, as usual, is attributed to the character of the politicians in control of the city. By the general statutes of the State, it is provided that "the engineers, or any three of them present at a place in immediate danger from fire, or, in their absence, two or more of the civil officers present, or, in their absence, two or more of the chief military officers of the place present, shall have power to direct the pulling down or demolishing of any such house or building as they shall judge necessary to be pulled down or demolished in order to prevent the further spreading of the fire"; while, according to the common law, any one can blow up a building if the act is necessary. Under the statute the city would be responsible to the owner; under the common law, the owner would have to bear the loss. It has never been decided in Massachusetts that the statute supersedes the common law, but such seems the better opinion. If it does, there is likely to be a good deal of trouble; for the two chief exploders were not, I am informed, the engineers or other officers mentioned in the statute, but the Mayor of the city and the Postmaster. A friend of mine, who is a member of the city government, informed me that he asked the Mayor during the height of the fire what preparations had been made towards organizing this part of the work, and the Mayor told him that no organization was possible, but that he had given general permission to thirty persons to blow up buildings at their discretion. The Postmaster may have been one of these. The Mayor is a shrewd New England lawyer of the "smart" sort, without much administrative ability; the Postmaster, an active politician. On the whole, the blowing up seems to have been managed badly; but as the fire was stopped by it, it is hardly likely that the officials engaged in the work will be allowed to suffer.

I may observe in conclusion that nowhere have I witnessed that peculiar kind of scene which "baffles," or beggars, or staggers description. There may have been such scenes, but if there were, they must have taken place in secluded spots, in the presence of a select "reportorial" audience. All the people I have seen in Boston have seemed remarkably cool and collected; the streets here are very full of people, but they look very much as they do on ordinary occasions, very quiet and business-like. Already those who have been burnt out have

put up signs indicating their new or temporary place of business; people are wandering about the "burnt district" attracted by curiosity or interest, conversing in the usual curt, informal manner of native American citizens. The normal conversation is something of this sort: "Awful, ain't it?"—"Yes." "How did you come out?"—"All gone to smash."—"So have I." Every one takes it very quietly, and there is a general feeling among those Bostonians whom I have seen, that though it may look very badly just now, "it will all come out right in the end."

HUGO—PROUDHON—GAUTIER.

PARIS, Oct. 25.

THE war has spread consternation in the French literary world, and our republic of letters is not as prosperous as M. Thiers' Republic. Renan, after having published his "Intellectual and Moral Reform," so full of gloomy prophecies, has gone to Italy. He is now in Rome, correcting the proof-sheets of his new work, "The Antichrist"; he looks with more sadness than pleasure on the agony of the Papacy, and he has not concealed it from his Italian friends that he would like to see young Italy merciful and generous in her dealings with Pio Nono. Michelet is alarmingly ill, and will probably never write any more. Madame Sand, at the end of the most laborious literary career, finds herself so poor that she is obliged to exhaust the rest of her energy in novels which denote her fatigue. Victor Hugo's genius is still as powerful as ever, but his mind is, so to speak, intoxicated and maddened. His last book, "L'Année terrible," is Communistic in all its tendencies. It fully deserves the wild praise of Mr. Swinburne, but there remains nothing in it of the poet of the "Voix Intérieures" and of the "Orientales." I have read it with more horror than admiration, and wondered how so great a genius could roll down into an abyss of coarseness, of immorality, of perversity. Taine is preparing a work on the Principles of '89, which will be a severe critique of the French Revolution and of the revolutionary school.

Sainte-Beuve is gone, and his editors have only lately republished his curious book on Proudhon, with additions which have attracted some notice. These additions are some letters of Proudhon addressed to Prince Napoleon in 1853. It is certainly singular that the famous socialist should have taken for his confidant at that time the prince who is now the most active representative of the Imperial system. But like many socialists, Proudhon always professed to be indifferent to mere political questions. He favored a general progress towards socialism and revolution, and if Cæsarism could be his instrument he would have accepted Cæsarism without too much reluctance. These letters to Prince Napoleon are full of alarming prophecies on the state of French society; Proudhon is constantly pursued (and remember that the letters are dated 1853) by the dream of a royalist restoration. The supporters of the Empire are all traitors in disguise: out of a hundred salaried functionaries of the state, there are ninety-five who laugh at the Emperor and who with all their hearts demand Henri V. "I have received this confidence from one of the most "attached followers of his majesty." Here Sainte-Beuve wrote with a pencil on the letter the name of M. de Persigny. "I am," writes Proudhon at the time of the Crimean war, "like an *illuminé*, under the light of one of those intuitions which sometimes come on me, and which make me speak like an oracle. Well! what was at first only an intuition has become a certainty." His intuition which had become a certainty was the abdication of Henri V. in favor of the Comte de Paris. What a confidence to make to Prince Napoleon! and who can say that this prophecy will not prove true, though the Comte de Chambord only a few days ago issued a new manifesto, in which he still assumes, with as much emphasis as ever, the rôle of a king by divine right of the son of Saint Louis. There are many curious anecdotes in this book of Sainte-Beuve's. Proudhon not only wrote sometimes to the prince, he occasionally visited him. "What society do you dream of?" said the prince once to the socialist. "A society, sir, where I should be guillotined as a Conservative." Proudhon had married, in the latter part of his life, a woman of very low extraction, an *ouvrière*. He writes these lines to his friend Bergmann, the philologist of Strasbourg: "I have just married at the age of forty a young and poor *ouvrière*, not for love—you know me too well to believe that I can indulge a passion—but simply out of sympathy for her position, of esteem for her person, because, would you believe it? in the absence of love, I had the fantasy of a home and of paternity." He had three girls, and after their birth he wrote: "I regret not to have been in 1848 already a father of a family for at least five or six years." The time of 1848 was the period when Proudhon indulged in the wildest socialistic plans. In fact, Sainte-Beuve shows well how, by the natural process of thought and under the teaching of events, Proudhon had finally become prudent, almost conservative. If he prophesied, he perhaps secretly desired, the return of Henri V. and his abdication in favor of the Comte de Paris.

Two days ago, one of the minor stars of our literary world died out. Théophile Gautier, who is not much known out of France, played, however, not an unimportant part in that literary revolution which is called by the name of *romanticism*. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Alfred de Musset, were the great leaders of the movement against the classics; but Gautier was for a time the noisiest and the most unruly warrior of the romantic army. The time is now very remote when the first representations of Victor Hugo's dramas, "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas," were events which almost convulsed Paris. Gautier was then very young; he had long curly black hair falling on his shoulders, he wore a beard like a bard's; he was to be seen in the parterre of the Théâtre Français, surrounded by an enthusiastic band ready to do battle with the classics. The rivalry between the followers of Hugo and the exclusive admirers of Racine and Corneille was so strong that they often came to blows; many times the wooden benches of the pit (there were no chairs then in it) were broken by the disputants. The classics had their allies on the stage. Mlle. Mars, who had so much finesse and grace, and was accustomed to the old répertoire, would not bring herself to recite that verse of "Hernani":

"Vous êtes, mon lion, superbe et courageux."

She would say:

"Vous êtes, monseigneur, superbe et courageux."

Gautier and his friends on this occasion threatened to storm the stage, and obliged her to say "mon lion," trembling with fear and rage.

Such scenes now seem to belong to past ages; we have become terribly eclectic. There are no more classics, no more romantics. One day the Théâtre Français plays the *Cid* or *Andromaque* before an admiring audience; the next day the same audience will applaud a modern drama of Augier, of Pailleron, of Ponsard. The same actors are accustomed to wear the peplum and the latest fashion in cravats; the public of the first representations, which are the most decisive, is completely changed; the pit, the ancient parterre, is no longer the tyrannical king of the theatre. It is now filled, in its reduced proportions, with hired applauders, who form what is called the *claque*. Public opinion is formed by the young *élégans* of the clubs (for a *première* is always fashionable); by ladies of the *demi-monde*, who have only that sort of culture which can be acquired at the Bois, at the races, in the great restaurants, and in a world of elegant pleasure; and by journalists, who are generally the friends of the actresses and of the managers. This mixed public has no real passions, it wishes only to be amused. It has a sort of unconscious and instinctive taste, but no principles of any sort. Its formulas are very simple: "It is a success; it is not a success." It is also changing and fanciful. Just now, for instance, there is a real reaction in favor of the classics; after Offenbach and the buffooneries of the operettas, the rusticity and the heroism of Corneille seem refreshing. To-morrow the mode goes somewhere else.

Théophile Gautier was like a fossil representative of past ages; he remained to the last romantic; only his ardor was calmed and his enthusiasm was cooled. He was, in his books, the representative of the school of "art for art." He cared not for ideas, he was a true pagan. There was a sort of epicurean calm in his person. He wore to the end his long, flowing hair and beard, and looked like a smiling "Jupiter Olympius." He was exclusively an admirer of beauty, a colorist in style; he chiselled his verses with much perfection, and he was very careful to avoid any moral sentiment. He was not really immoral, though "Mlle. de Maupin" is certainly one of the most obscene works of our present literature; he ignored morality. The two types of humanity which he constantly loves to depict are the Spanish *torero* and the ballet-girl. His book on Spain, "Tra los Montes," has a real beauty of coloring and a great freshness of description. Gautier has a genuine admiration of the elegant *torero*, who, dressed in silk and gold, under the burning sun and the eyes of thousands of people, asserts the triumph of human courage over brute force. This spectacle does not inspire him with horror; he can sympathize with those Roman ladies who ask the gladiator to die with grace. The *torero* means to him beauty, pride, calm, intelligence, all that makes humanity glorious. The same spirit throws him into a sort of ecstatic admiration before the ballet-girl. She means the poetry of movement, the music of forms, of attitudes. How often I have seen him at the opera with his eyes half-shut, looking as it were through his imagination on the gay drama of a ballet. He wrote himself the libretto of "Giselle," the most poetical ballet played for many years, and various others. He was as fond of the sight of dancing in his late years, when he had become a respectable father of a family, as in the days of his youth. He wrote little for his reputation, as he was very lazy and not fond of producing much; but he was obliged to make his living as a critic of art and the drama. For years he wrote theatrical reviews for various papers. He was of such an easy and indulgent

disposition, that he has never been known to say a harsh word of any piece or of any actor. In fact, he cared very little for comedies or vaudevilles. His annual reviews of the exhibitions of art were written with more care; when he had to describe a picture he recommenced it, as it were, and described it as it ought to have been. But he was too systematic; he cared for nothing but color, and never looked at a picture which did not glare at a distance.

Gautier was a sceptic in politics; he went through life as a dreamer, caring more for the rhythm of a verse and the form of a vase than for the social or political questions of his time. He was treated with much favor by the government of Louis Philippe, but wrote an official *cantata* in the *Moniteur* on the birth of the Prince Imperial; and these paid verses were not without grace and even sentiment. His was essentially an affable and amiable nature; he had lost his god, the god of his youth; he could not sympathize with the author of the "Misérables" and of the "Châtiments"; he remained like the priest of an ancient religion, who feels that he can make no converts, and only expects tolerance for himself.

Correspondence.

"ANOTHER LIE NAILED TO THE COUNTER."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, commenting upon the New York papers, says: "The other papers which supported Grant or Greeley in New York are numerous. Among the former we may mention the *Nation*, which was disposed to carp, but drew itself 'out of that crowd' in season to save its reputation. If reports are correct, the *Nation* has long been dependent for support upon funds furnished by the Union League Club of this city. As the Club was for Grant, it can readily be seen where the shoe pinched."

If it is true that the *Nation* supported Grant because it was dependent upon a Grant club for funds, I shall be disgusted to hear anything more about independent journalism in America. I think justice to your readers requires you to offer some explanation.—Yours, respectfully,

A. M. Goodwin.

Waltham, Nov. 11, 1872.

[We advise Mr. Goodwin to take a more cheerful view of "independent journalism," and to find some more profitable occupation than ascertaining the truth of all the "stories" sent by lying New York Bohemians to the papers of other cities. Since he asks the question, we do not mind saying that the *Nation* is supported wholly by money received from its subscribers and advertisers, and that we have as yet received nothing from the Union League Club. If any money has been raised for us in that body, we advise the donors to look after the collector, who is apparently a scamp. Should anything be recovered from him, of which there is little likelihood, we promise to hand it over to the Children's Aid Society as soon as received.—Ed. Nation.]

IMPORTANT AND TRUE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Another weapon to fight the d—l with has been invented, and household peace, quiet, and contentment have been assured by a captain in the British Army. No longer can it be said that the Lord sends meat and the devil sends cooks, for not one bit of difference need it now make who the cook is, or what the stove or the range may be. Only find a place where water can be made to boil, and a good dinner you may surely have, if you have the material, even though Bridget has never before been taught how to boil a potato.

This promise I found not many months ago in one of the London papers, and since then I have eagerly watched for a chance to buy a "Warren Cooker," and I think it not the least of the benefits conferred on me by the *Nation* that from an advertisement of the New York Lead Works in your paper I obtained what I sought.

This apparatus, which was invented by Captain Warren, consists of a tin vessel divided into several compartments. First, an outer vessel or boiler about fourteen inches deep, in which a moderate quantity of water is placed, inside of this outer vessel is placed an inner vessel or oven, around the sides of which the water rises so as to reach about half its height, and into this inner vessel or oven the meat is put; upon the top of this oven another vessel of two compartments for vegetables or pudding is then placed, by which the oven is closed, *steam-tight*; the upper compartments are covered with a cover, and the apparatus may then be placed on any stove, range, or fire whereby the water may be made to boil. It will be observed that the meat is not exposed to the contact of the steam, but is enclosed and surrounded by boiling water or hot steam, while the vegetables or puddings are steamed in the two upper compartments, into which the steam is allowed to enter; the process taking longer than the ordinary process of cooking, but it needs no attention if sufficient water is used. The meat is neither dried up nor soddened, but all its juices are retained and it cannot be burned. To give it a good appearance, it needs to be taken from the cooker ten minutes before it is served, basted, and placed in a quick oven to brown.

An ample Sunday dinner may be placed in this apparatus, set upon the stove, and there left while the whole family, including the cook, go to church, with the certainty that it (the dinner, not the family) will be nearly ready to serve after the service.

For stewing, making soups, and for all cooking which requires to be done slowly and with moderate heat, nothing could be better; for brown bread it serves most admirably; and if a separate cooker of the right shape is kept for fish, those who eat the fish will think they never tasted fish before.

As a duty to dyspeptic humanity, I have sent this note to you.

Yours economically, Paterfamilias.

Boston, November 8.

[It is perhaps right to say, this being a suspicious world, that "Paterfamilias" is a contributor of ours, who has nothing whatever to do with the manufacturer of the "Cooker."—Ed. Nation].

Notes.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "The Runaway," by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal"; "P's and Q's, or the Question of Putting Upon," by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge; and the following child's stories: "Tales at Tea-time," by E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen; "Ribbon Stories," by Lady Barker; "In the Golden Shell," by Mrs. Linda Mazini.

—General George Gordon Meade's death took place at Philadelphia, yesterday week, he being in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His illness was jaundice, complicated with water on the heart and pneumonia, and his death followed after less than a week of sickness. General Meade was born at Cadiz, in Spain, where his family was temporarily resident. He graduated at West Point in 1829, and received an appointment in the artillery branch of the service, and seven years afterwards resigned. In 1842 he re-entered the service, on which occasion he was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Topographical Engineers. These appointments are sufficient proof of his studious habits, and indicate also the character of his mind, which was cool, cautious, methodical, preferring always to work on a well-studied plan, of which all the details were prearranged. Thus, he was never a general whose operations were marked by dash, or one who took pleasure in seeking the plaudits of his soldiers, who, however, soon learned to trust him as a safe man, provident of their interests and careful of their comforts. He obtained a brevet first-lieutenancy in the Mexican war, for gallantry at Monterey and Palo Alto, and in 1856 he was made a captain. In 1862 he was made a major in the regular army, having previously in 1861 been commissioned as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and in 1862 as a division commander under General Reynolds. Afterwards, in December, 1862, he succeeded General Butterfield in command of the Fifth Army Corps, which corps always felt something of a sense of property in him, though he soon left its command for the command of the Army of the Potomac, to which he was appointed after General Hooker's disaster at Chancellorsville. Many of our readers will remember the modest, business-like order in which he made known the President's appointment, and will recollect that it was in harmony with all his subsequent orders and proclamations, and with his whole conduct, which always was dignified and temperate, and in marked contrast with many of our too Napoleonic, proclamatory, declamatory chiefs. A few days afterwards he took up his position in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, and there fought the battle which will make his name always famous in our history, and which turned back the rebel invasion. It is for better judges than we can pretend to be to say whether there was excess of caution in his decision not to attack the retreating rebel army; public opinion was divided at the time, but public opinion was ill-informed and incapable of passing judgment, and has since adopted a view different from its former view, and accordant with that which was urged by General Meade's proper advisers,

his subordinate commanders. It is certain that the principal leaders of the Army of the Potomac were not at that time as harmonious among themselves as they afterwards became, and General Meade's position at their head was one of delicacy and difficulty. In 1864 General Grant took the main command, his headquarters being with the Army of the Potomac, and under him Meade served till the close of the war. He was then made a full major-general of the regular army, and during Reconstruction was successively in command of the Military Division of the Atlantic; of the Third Military District (Georgia, Florida, and Alabama), and again of the Atlantic Division, with headquarters at Philadelphia. General Meade was a cultivated gentleman, clear-headed, a man to be relied upon; not of warm passions, though he could at times be irascible. His sense of justice, however, could always be trusted to repair such consequences of the anxieties and responsibilities which weighed on him so heavily, as on many others of our countrymen of whom the country will always be proud. He belonged to a type of soldier and public servant which is not now so abundant as it has been, and will bear all the cultivation we can give it, the type which is greedy neither of gain nor glory, and finds its happiness in the doing honest work faithfully and well.

—We gave some account of the history of Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., in No. 366 of the *Nation* (July 4). At the same time we instanced a few of the more famous alumni of this excellent institution, which has probably trained for college and for public life a greater number of noted and able men than any similar school in the country. We have before us a list of the students attending the present term, and an analysis of it shows no diminution, but the contrary, of the university character (so to speak) which has long distinguished Phillips Academy. Maine has 5 students; New Hampshire, 29; Vermont, 2; Massachusetts, 42; Rhode Island, 3; Connecticut, 4; New York, 23; New Jersey, 2; Pennsylvania, 6; Ohio, 6; Illinois, 2; Wisconsin, 1; Minnesota, 1; District of Columbia, 2; Delaware, 1; Virginia, 1; North Carolina, 1; South Carolina, 1; Kentucky, 1; Missouri, 7; Kansas, 1; Arkansas, 2; Louisiana, 1; California, 3; Nova Scotia, 1; Denmark, 1 —in all, 149.

—The Springfield *Republican* has recently had some letters about Yale College and Harvard College, from a correspondent who evidently knows a good deal about the past and present of "the university at Cambridge," and takes a deep interest in its success. It is true that his mind is in some trouble as to whether President Eliot will not by-and-by become too much like the archangel Uriel, but as the letters are instructive we shall overlook his fears on that point, and also his man-destroying and really horrid course as regards this journal, which we are happy to say worries him rather more than the archangel and the President combined. Uriel, the reader should know, is reported by Mr. Emerson, in one of his finest and most completely characteristic poems, as having astonished the other thrones, and dominations, and principalities, and powers, by speaking one day some deep words disclosing profundities which even the divinest of created intelligences could not contemplate without a shudder, or rather what the French call a "sensation." Then, when he perceived the shock he had given, he is said to have retired into his cloud and for ever after held his peace. Even so, as the correspondent vaguely fears, it may turn out that the progressive President of Harvard, dismayed at the dismay which, as the correspondent is credibly informed, he has stricken into some bad old dull conservatives and some judicious observers, may cease from going onwards in the path of liberality and may turn his back upon advancement. Harvard has always had a good deal of conservatism, he says; in "the splendid star of idealism," for instance, which arose at Concord (in the northwest), Harvard could see nothing but German transcendentalism; she has not as yet made Mr. Wendell Phillips a doctor of laws; Theodore Parker, that giant, she never so much as noticed, and may she not by-and-by begin to go backward? She may. We think, however, that the correspondent will be able to find easy means of reassuring himself. He has but to turn his eye from the Harvard College which declined to fit out John Brown expeditions, and was fond of the merchant princes of Boston and was not fond of Brook Farm, to the Harvard College which moved its students from Cambridge to Concord, in order that Washington's troops might have winter quarters in the College yard; whose undergraduates were among the three-months men of 1861, and to the memory of whose graduates and undergraduates killed in the war which followed 1861 a hall is now dedicated; which taught spiritual freedom as early as any similar institution in America, or in England, or in any country where the English language is heard; which, despite its age and its dependence upon the good-will of its wealthy graduates, has, in accordance with its traditions, set itself to the work of turning a college into a true university, and by general consent has measurably succeeded. Mistakes have been made in the past, and will be made in the future, and probably may be making now; but we should say that as regards the mistake of undue conservatism, the unduly conservative person would oftenest be found to have "Uriel" marked on his shirts, as Mr. Hosea Biglow says, and not "H. U." Our correspondent informs us that at present the catalogue of the university shows that the College proper and the two schools of divinity (Episcopal, and Unitarian or General), the Law School, the Medical School, the Lawrence Scientific, the Agricultural, the School of Mining and Practical Geology, the Observatory, and the two Museums, contained last year the names of 1,214 students, of whom 621 were in the College itself. This year there are about 650 in the College, and the whole number of names in the catalogue will be about the same as before. The fact that a Harvard degree in law, medicine, dental surgery, or any other study pursued in the university, has by late changes in the government and practice of the institution come to signify real attainments on the part of the person holding it much more certainly than before, may doubtless be held responsible for the fact that the number of students is temporarily less than it would otherwise have been. But this failure to show a gain in point of numbers we suppose to be altogether temporary. The total number of instructors connected with the College is about one hundred, exclusive of lecturers and private tutors, who are numerous.

—Every little while the local editors of a pair of Western papers printed in rival cities, or rivals in one city, begin a tilt at each other in reference to some peculiarity, or alleged peculiarity, of their respective cities, or of the respective editors. The relative wickedness of Saint Louis and Chicago has been a fertile topic; so was the relative size of those two cities, and of each as compared with Cincinnati, and there have been countless other causes of dispute which were productive of an amount of extravagant, low fun and horse-play which we suppose the journals of no other country have ever displayed. One editor, we see, having recently remarked that in his family it has been usual for the male members to complete the allotted span of human life, his neighbor thereupon reminds him that "that was before the coming in of capital punishment." Another records the loss of a mule from his establishment, and his rival remarks that no greater case of self-forgetfulness was ever put on record. "Small Talk," of a Chicago paper we believe, is reported by a friend in another city to have fallen off a steamboat in the middle of Lake Huron, and to have at first abandoned all hopes of his life. He, however, luckily bethought himself, and, extending his ears to their full length and breadth, he was swiftly wafted ashore under a fine press of sail. We are next told that "Shakespeare" of the Chicago *Post*, although he is but seventeen years of age, yet can sit at his desk and brush the cobwebs from any part of the ceiling with his ears. It is thought that as he grows up, his ears will match any possessed by the editorial fraternity of his native city. The size of the feet of the ladies of Louisville has been a powerful theme of discourse by the St. Louis papers recently. One of them informs its readers that the agitation of the earth's surface, reported from Nashville as an earthquake, was really caused by a fashionable ball in Louisville. The same paper says that the popular cradle in Louisville has bay-windows for the infantile feet, and that Louisville shoemakers use pile-drivers for pegging thin-soled work. The jokes are carried to an absurd degree of extravagance, and are not always extremely provocative of laughter; but sometimes again they are very funny. The political campaign, as might be expected, has been fruitful of them, and a very amusing and jocose collection might have been made by any one who had thought of doing so in May last.

—In 1633, when Boston was three years old, the General Court of Massachusetts was called on to deal with the "labor question." The scarcity of workmen, Governor Winthrop tells us, "had caused them to raise their wages to an excessive rate, so as a carpenter would have three shillings a day; . . . *and accordingly* those who had commodities to sell advanced their prices, . . . so as it grew to a general complaint." "The evils which were springing, etc., were: (1.) Many spent much time idly, because they could get as much in four days as would keep them a week. (2.) They spent much in tobacco and strong waters, etc., which was a great waste to the commonwealth." The court taking notice of these "and some further evils," devised in its wisdom a remedy, which, if not thoroughly effectual, answered its purpose as well as some modern prescriptions for adjusting by legislation the relations between capital and labor. The conditions of the problem seemed, to Governor Winthrop and the magistrates, to be plain enough. The workingman must be protected against himself. He was growing poor by being overpaid. Because his wages were too high, he worked only two-thirds of his time, and for the rest of the week he was spending money instead of earning. By spending, he was raising the prices of all commodities, and so was compelled to pay more than he ought, not merely for his "tobacco and strong waters," but for necessaries of life.

The General Court interposed for his relief and the good of the state, *by lowering his wages* and compelling him to work six days in the week. They ordered that master carpenters, masons, etc., should not take more than two shillings (or fourteen pence, with board) per day, and that they should "work the *whole day*, allowing convenient time for food and rest." The wages of inferior workmen should be fixed by the constable and town committees. Every person was forbidden to "spend his time idly or unprofitably," and offenders in this wise—especially "unprofitable *fowlers* and *tobacco-takers*"—were to be looked after and brought to due punishment. And to the end that "honest and conscionable workmen should not be wronged or discouraged by excessive prices" of necessary commodities, the court decreed that no goods should be sold in the colony for more than fourpence on the shilling advance on the price at which the same description of goods "might be bought, for ready money, *in England*." What more could a General Court do for "labor reform"? And yet, four years afterwards, the law-makers were obliged to listen to "direct complaints made concerning *oppression in wages*, in prices of commodities, in smith's work," and so forth, "to the great dishonor of God, the scandal of the Gospel, and the grief of divers of God's people both here and in the land of our nativity."

—The New York correspondent of the *Messager de Paris*, an able writer not wholly enamored of our democratic American form of government, and who even thinks that "aujourd'hui la République américaine a cessé de vivre," has been reviewing M. Laboulaye's well-meant attempts in the *Débats* to frame a constitution for France after the pattern of our own. The main ground of his criticism is that Laboulaye, in spite of his long and minute study of American politics, has a very imperfect knowledge of what he is talking about, and displays in his recent articles "cette ignorance du fond et cette perfection de la forme qui sont comme le cachet distinctif de ses écrits politiques." Ignorance of the matter and perfection of style, the correspondent should have remembered, have sometimes been thought the distinguishing stamp of French writing generally. Perhaps we should not bring him to book for assuring his readers in the *Messager* that Mr. Greeley's election was certain long after his defeat had become more than probable. That was an error of judgment not necessary to be laid to his account as a foreigner. In the very letter, however, from which we have quoted, he has fallen into an historical error so gross as to prove him a very indifferent schoolmaster on American affairs. He names three causes as having contributed to the decay of American institutions, of which the first is "la transmission de la nomination du président du Congrès au suffrage universel" (!).

"Previous to 1825," he says, "the choice of President, instead of being committed to the people, was made by the Senate and House of Representatives in convention. Accordingly we observe that the Presidents appointed in this manner are remarkable for the most eminent qualities of mind and character; they were Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—statesmen, writers, thinkers. But no sooner had Congress divested itself of its right in favor of the masses and the conventions which represent them, than we see men of inferior calibre mounting to power," etc., etc.

M. Laboulaye will doubtless not have to look into the United States Constitution to inform his critic that Congress never elected any President, and that John Quincy Adams was the only one whom, from failure of the people to make a choice, the House of Representatives had an opportunity to elect and did so elect.

—Literary activity in Italy scarcely yet permits the regular and unfailing chronicle which French, English, and German literature sustains. Only now and again does a work not technical appear which deserves mention outside of the peninsula. The recent erection in Milan of a monument to Leonardo da Vinci has given occasion for the publication of "Studj intorno all' arte e al genio di Leonardo da Vinci," by Carlo De Blasiis, a slight work embellished with copper-plate engravings of Leonardo's portrait of himself in the Florence Gallery and of his *Gioconda*. "Scritti inediti di Lodovico Antonio Muratori" is a Bolognese publication, marking the two hundredth anniversary (Oct. 20) of the birth of the great historian. The first part of the volume is edited by Prof. Cesare Foucard and Prof. Galassini, and contains contemporary documents illustrative of Muratori's varied career, the "Treatise of Moral Philosophy for the Use of the Prince," and sundry letters; the second part contains an autobiography. Muratori's bones, by the way, have just been removed from their first resting-place in Modena, and an examination of them proved him to have been a man above the average height. The eighth volume of Nicomede Bianchi's "Storia documentata della Diplomazia Europea in Italia dall' anno 1814 all' anno 1861" has appeared, and is even richer than its predecessors in the curious documents brought to light. It embraces the period from 1850 to 1851. A posthumous work on Assyrian antiquities ("Ricerche per lo studio delle antichitá assire"), by the late lamented Felice Finzi, a young scholar of great acquirements and still greater promise, shows a thorough acquaintance with the foreign literature of the subject. A social question which concerns all manufacturing countries is treated for Italy in the brochure of Dr. S. Bonomi, of Como, "Sul lavoro dei fanciulli negli opifici," in the course of which the author says: "By getting operatives at ten years of age, you will have only wretched soldiers at twenty and thirty, and ruined men, worthless for reproducing the species; compelling a child to labor prematurely will never make an intelligent and robust workman." Two other Italian physicians, Drs. Verga and Valsuani, have been investigating the pretensions made concerning the anti-cancerous properties of the weed cundurango ("Il condurango nelle affezioni cancerose"). They agree with the faculty here in regarding its alleged virtues as decidedly "not proven." Of the life of Daniel Manin, by Profs. Errera and Cesare Finzi, we spoke some time ago in advance of its publication. Another Venetian work, of a different order, which has passed to a second edition, is Tassini's "Curiosità veneziane, ovvero origine delle denominazioni stradali di Venezia." Prof. A. de Gubernatis has in press at London an English work in two volumes on Zoological Mythology—the worship of the cow, the bull, sacred elephants, etc. Ferazzi's "Manuale Dantesco" has reached a fourth volume; "Bibliografia," another bibliographical work that promises well, is Giovanni Papanti's "Catalogo dei Novellieri Italiani in Prosa," which will be a valuable supplement to the catalogues of Borromeo, Gamba, and Passano. It is in two volumes, and, it is said, describes a large number of rare works from personal observation. What would an American public think of the condition of the Biblioteca Nazionale at Florence, where the mass of manuscripts coming from the suppression of the monasteries has overpowered the cataloguers, so that new books received to-day cannot be catalogued and placed at the disposal of the public for a couple of years? The librarian sees the evil, but with his small force professes himself unable to remove it. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that it is possible to catalogue a book that is in demand before another previously received book that nobody wants.

—Among the recent publications of the English press we should like to call attention to the privately printed issue of the dramatists of the Restoration. It is to contain the works of Killigrew, Shadwell, Etherege, Centlivre, Wycherley, Sedley, Congreve, Farquhar, and others. The first volume of the series has appeared. It contains three plays by Sir Wm. Davenant, Ben Jonson's successor in the laureateship. Perhaps the only one that is at all well known is the comedy of "The Wits," which was printed in Dodsley's collection, and which, in spite of the coarseness of the time, is an amusing play. Of those in this first volume of the reprint one might be readily excused for ignorance. What especially strikes the reader of the tragedies is the bombastic fierceness of the plots and the tremendous mouthing of almost all the characters. Thus, for instance, does Albovine, in the tragedy of that name, woo his mistress:

> "Fill me a bowl with negro's blood, congeal'd
> Even into livers! Teli her, Hermegild,
> I'll swallow tar to celebrate her health."

This, however, is no fair specimen of the author's general style, but only of his by no means uncommon frightful faults. A more valuable extract is the following from the second act of "The Cruel Brother," to which the editors of this edition call attention. Now that it is rather the fashion to run down the French, it is not wholly out of place:

> "'Tis known the French do take a pride
> In the emphasis of sudden anger,
> As if alacrity in ill did make
> The fault look handsomely, and dulness add
> Deformity to sin.
>
> They have spirits: but they all are useless made
> By forward and affectate violence.
> He that spends his fury and his strength
> I' th' first charge, must not hope to make 's retreat
> So nobly as the modest combatant,
> Whose onset slowly moves: as careful not
> T' outride his skill. Their valor is t' attempt,
> Not to perform. 'Tis a giddy nation;
> And never serious but in trifles.
> Thou dost mistake—in natural effects,
> Where fancy is so rich, 'tis incident
> To some misexpence. These witty riots
> Divulge the wealth of th' brain. Fruit that is ripe
> Is prone to fall, or to corrupt itself,
> According to the age of Monarchies,
> They now are fully ripe: they reach
> The height and top of mortal faculties.
> Nature in them doth stand upon the verge
> Of her own youth. The English want
> Three hundred years of that perfection.
> And as the moon ne'er changes but i' th' fall,
> Even so the mighty nations of the earth
> Change in their greatest glory. First, their strict
> And rugged discipline to vain delights,
> Their solemn marches next to wanton jigs,
> Their battels fierce to duels splenative,
> Or witty quarrels of the pen."

This play was written, by the way, in 1630, so that England has still sixty years before it is wholly given over to Offenbach and journalists' duels. Of the paper and neat appearance of this volume too much cannot be said. We notice, however, a list of twenty-five *corrigenda*—far too great a number. Subscriptions may be sent to J. Baer & Co., London, Paris, and Frankfort.

—Lovers of Elizabethan literature are shortly to have a three-volume edition of George Chapman's fifteen tragedies and comedies. The text, says the *Athenæum*, is to be printed *verbatim et literatim* from the now very rare original quartos, and will be accompanied by a memoir of the author.

—We read in the English papers that M. Alma-Tadema, the French artist, intends transferring his allegiance, and has applied for letters of naturalization to make himself a British subject. To some extent our American artists appear to be undergoing this same process. Mr. George Boughton, so well known for his Puritan maidens and his graceful landscapes, has quite won the English heart by his confiding sentimentalism and pretty pensiveness. Mr. Hennessy also has apparently taken up his permanent residence in London, and we see that the English critics speak with praise of his pictures, which certainly are not wanting in sentimentality either, but which his foreign critics commend as rendering skilfully what they take to be some distinctively American landscape effects. Mr. Bradford is another American artist who has had success; he has at least been warmly received in some extremely fashionable circles, everybody running after his photographs, and even, we believe, applauding his pictures. As representative of American art, we may properly be better pleased that the London public have had an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the works of Mr. John La Farge. The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, not an unexacting judge, and the critic of the *Daily News*, both speak very favorably of some landscapes painted by this artist, whose landscapes, for their disintegrating effect on landscapes by most other artists which may be hanging in the room with them, are indeed likely to be as effective in most British galleries as they are in our American places of exhibition. Some of Mr. La Farge's flower pieces, also admirable, and, so far as we know, altogether unequalled by similar work done by any other contemporary artist, are also praised by the critics we have mentioned, though not as their delicate beauty merits.

—The London *Bookseller* calls attention to the falling off in the accuracy with which the *Times* used to be printed, in the days when, as the tradition ran, "there was a well-paid official in Printing-house Square who forfeited a guinea for every typographical error detected after the publication." "Not a day now passes," says the *Bookseller*, "without errors in every page of the *Times*. Nor are these mere clerical errors. They are blunders implying not carelessness, but ignorance; not rapidity, but stupidity." It cites such instances as these: "Infallible and *impeachable* are not synonymous," where *impeccable* is evidently used by the writer (Sir George Bowyer); "*Honnonian* school of geology" for *Huttonian*. "In the list of Greeley's supporters we find Charles A. *Duna*, for *Dana*, a name which might be familiar to English readers." "For years the name of the American Secretary of State was constantly printed as *Fisk*." "The same paper has sadly muddled the name of the new German envoy at Constantinople, and even the erratum had to be corrected." "In the review of Robert Chambers's life, William, the biographer, is put to death, and has to protest that not he, but his brother, succumbed to overwork in preparing the 'Book of Days.'" The *Bookseller*, however, might be a little modest in this matter. We have found its proof-reading noticeably less accurate than that of the *Publishers' Circular* when authors' names were concerned, and we fear that in its very just criticism on the *Times* it exhibits some of the "nodding" with which it reproaches the Thunderer. Thus we suspect an error in the sentence: "In the article on 'Our Foreign Critics' at the Autumn Manœuvres, the words *fear* discipline were printed for *feür disciplin*." Should we not have read: "*Fear discipline* were printed for *Feuerdisciplin*"? And is there not an anachronism when the *Bookseller* says, after speaking of the *Times's* "Southern articles during the war": "We have not the slightest doubt that *in those days* the Secretary of State was supposed in the *Times* office to be Mr. Fisk, the Prince of Erie, of unhappy notoriety"?

—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15, contains an interesting article on Rabelais from the pen of M. Albert Réville. The article is a criticism of a recent work on the curé of Meudon by a German professor—Dr. Fr. Aug. Arnstaedt. M. Réville gives what we suppose may be taken as the "modern" view of the writings of Rabelais, which differs from the old view in being in most respects exactly opposed to it. According to what may be termed the Rabelaisian legend or myth, Rabelais stands a representative of "absolute scepticism"—the calculating cynic, the corrupter of youth who delights in his work, the fallen angel of the literary world. Illustrating this attributed character, certain stories have clustered about his name. On his death-bed, for example, he had himself wrapped in a domino that he might make a sacrilegious pun about dying *in Domino*. Another story ran that he died with a jest on his lips about "drawing the curtain on the *farce jouée*." These stories are apocryphal, M. Réville assures us, as that other tale (which will die a harder death, perhaps) about the curé's amusing fancy, when in want of money for a journey, of labelling some packages of ashes as poison intended for the royal family, having himself arrested with these in his possession, and so, carefully looked after as a suspected criminal, carried to Paris for nothing. Unfortunately there are no proofs of any of these stories. Indeed, little is known of his life, but that little, taken in connection with his writings, makes the legend very legendary indeed. It is calumny, M. Réville says, to accuse Rabelais of intentional immorality or impiety. "One finds in him neither the insinuating and perfidious sensuality of the *Decameron* nor the unhealthy obscenity of the *Nouvelles Nouvelles*." His aim is generally very lofty, though his methods of reaching it are often very strange. "Rabelais is indecent, but not a corrupter." The legend, so far as it relates to his religious life, fares no better. "That he was a very poor Catholic, and more detached from the traditions of the church than many of his Protestant contemporaries, there is no doubt"; but that he was a good curé, faithfully performing the duties of his office, beloved by his flock, and with so good a reputation as a preacher that people came to Paris expressly to hear him, there seems also reason to believe. The story of his substitution of himself on a fête-day for the statue of the patron saint of his convent is apocryphal. Were it true, it ought properly to be regarded rather as a juvenile freak than as a characteristic piece of cynicism.

—Turning to Rabelais's writings, or rather to the chief of them, "Pantagruel," the most interesting question is, Have we the key to them? According to the legend, the characters of Rabelais's "Gargantua," "Grangousier," "Pantagruel," "Panurge," and the rest, were taken from the most distinguished men of his time, as, for example, Francis I., Louis XII., and Henry II., and the Cardinal d'Amboise; according to another explanation, they were taken from the royal family of Navarre. These theories, however, are completely abandoned nowadays, and a new explanation invented, viz., that no explanation is needed at all, that there is nothing in the writings of Rabelais "except the play of imagination, with laughter for its sole end, or at the most with the aim of introducing here and there a few philosophic truths." This theory is also erroneous. The fact of the matter is that Rabelais's writings contain a hidden or esoteric doctrine, and that the characters do not represent historical persons but personified abstractions, such as royalty, science, the state, the religious life, and so on. The serious idea of the two first books of "Pantagruel" is the education of youth and the ideal of life. The three others deal with the search for truth in general, the aids which help the search, the obstacles which hinder it, and the enemies which must be overcome to reach it. The unity which binds together the somewhat incoherent parts of the scheme is the individuality of the author himself. We have not space to go into all the details of M. Réville's proof of this explanation, nor the theory of life to which it in the end brings us, nor his interesting literary criticism. It is enough to say that "Pantagruel" and "Panurge" are taken as representing the opposite sides of Rabelais's (or, perhaps, we ought to say of human) nature, one strong, amiable, loyal, learned, courageous, religious, in short, noble—the other cowardly, lazy, thievish, vindictive, foul, and ignoble. "Panurge" and "Pantagruel" stand to each other in a relation analogous to that of Don Quixote and Sancho, Faust and Wagner. Whatever Pantagruel conceives from an elevated, ideal point of view, Panurge with his enthralled intelligence regularly translates and lowers to the level of his material tastes. Pantagruel seeks the supreme word of fate; Panurge wants to know if he may marry without risk. The young hero loves the glory acquired in defensive warfare; Panurge dreams only of the palpable profits of victory. Pantagruel is merciful and generous; Panurge delights in cruel vengeance, in the humiliation and death of those who have offended him; is only prodigal in the interest of his own skin. "It is a perpetual contrast, yet withal never was there a more intimate union." The search for truth ends in the discovery of Rabelais's philosophical and religious principle, which M. Réville calls "l'amour de la vie intense," which we might translate: "love of life at the full." The theory, however fanciful the reader may think it, is well carried out; and M. Réville's article, containing as it does besides this "key" an explanation of Rabelais's very advanced and enlightened views of education, ought to do something to rehabilitate the reputation of one of the wittiest and profoundest of French writers.

FROTHINGHAM'S RISE OF THE REPUBLIC.*

THE title of Mr. Frothingham's work is not on the whole a well-chosen one, for the reason that it appears to cover a wider field than the author had in mind. The real subject of the book is the formation of the American Union, and this subject is treated of with great breadth and fulness. But points even essential to the development of the Republic, except when they bear directly upon the sentiment or establishment of union, are treated only incidentally, if at all. Thus the internal governments of the several colonies, as well in institutions as in political usages and principles of administration, are hardly touched upon; although these are surely of the greatest importance in the establishment of the American Republic.

We must, therefore, forget the large promise of the title, and look merely to what the author set out to do, if we would judge fairly of his book. Regarded as a history of the establishment of the *Union*, it is marked by great simplicity and comprehensiveness of plan, and contains a very complete relation of the events which gradually led the colonies to regard themselves as having common interests, secured their political independence, and thus at last brought them into a firm and lasting connection. These events are analyzed with care, and so grouped that the successive chapters emphasize and bring into distinct view the successive steps in this development, particularly in the reciprocal relation between this process and the causes which occasioned these steps, whether these causes were foreign enemies or acts of the English Government. In this way the English legislation from the Stamp Act down, and its influence upon public sentiment and revolutionary action, are made unusually clear. This particular merit finds expression in the headings to the chapters, which state tersely and suggestively the successive acts of aggression and the consequences of each in the colonies; as, "The Tea Act and American Union," "The Regulating Act and Association," "The King's Proclamation and Revolution."

We wish the headings to the chapters had stopped here; but each chapter has besides another and expanded form of the same, and, what is worse, an introductory paragraph in which the substance of the chapter is packed into a few excessively heavy and obscure sentences--not a bad plan in itself, if only it were done with more skill. Thus, in Chap. VII., "Royal Instructions and Party Organization" is expanded to "How the Patriots advanced from an embodiment of Public Opinion to a Party Organization, by forming Committees of Correspondence. March, 1770, to August, 1773." This is all very well; but then follows this ponderous paragraph: "The patriots, in dealing with the Stamp Act and the Townshend Revenue Acts, developed elements of union, which had gathered strength beneath the diversity that characterized the colonial age; and thirteen communities embodied in their varied action common convictions on political ideas, and so were prepared for a general organization. When the ministry attempted to carry out their policy by arbitrary Royal Instructions, the patriots formed committees of correspondence, and thus organized the party which achieved the American Revolution"—p. 249. We must do Mr. Frothingham the justice to say that this is not by any means a fair specimen of his style. When he philosophizes he is heavy; but when he narrates, he is, although certainly not lively or picturesque or even elegant, yet on the whole an interesting writer. His style improves as he warms into the subject, and the last chapters are much more readable than the first; even if at times we meet with very clumsy expressions, as that at the close of the war (p. 582) the soldiers "impressed an American lesson on mankind" in returning quietly to their homes.

The principal fault we have to find with this book, from a general point of view, is the failure to appreciate honest differences of judgment, as well as the various modes of political thought, in the revolutionary period. We should be sorry if it did not show a hearty sympathy with the revolutionary movement; but surely at the distance of a hundred years, we ought to be able and willing to recognize what there was of good on the other side; to admit that the policy of independence was not so unquestionably clear as it seemed to ardent minds at the time, or as we have been accustomed to regard it in the light of subsequent events. An undiscriminating eulogy of everything that was said and done on one side, and censure of everything on the other side, are not what historical science at the present day demands or permits.

In like manner there is hardly any discrimination among the partisans of independence themselves, or intimation of that variance of opinion and purpose which already existed among them, if only in the germ, and which afterwards divided them into two hostile parties. In truth the American revolution was carried through by a coalition of parties not unlike that which expelled James II. from the throne of England. It was only in the face of a common enemy that John Adams and Samuel Adams, Washington and Jefferson, joined hands in a common cause; when this external pressure was withdrawn, and the one object—Independence—which they all equally desired, was attained, the natural divergences of temper and opinion carried them farther and farther from each other, and created the most intense and venomous party spirit that has ever existed in this country.

But it is not enough to recognize this latent divergence among the patriots; it should be noticed further that the revolutionary movement was in the main controlled and inspired by what we may call the conservative division of the patriot party. Under the influence of the prolonged political rule of Jeffersonian Democracy, it became the fashion to forget this, and to regard the revolution as representing the theories of the school of political philosophy which succeeded in reaping its results. De Tocqueville pointed out with great emphasis, and we cannot insist upon it too strongly, that the American Revolution was essentially a conservative one; that it was of the type of the English revolutions, and not of the French. It is true our fathers went to war, as Webster says, "on a preamble"; but it was a preamble that dealt with specific historical rights, not with abstract theories. It was in defence of institutions and practices of long standing—and that too not merely of the few years of the colonial period, but of the hundreds of years of English liberty—that they took up arms.

On the other hand the oppressive measures of the English Government were an innovation; just as the whole series of the triumphs of prerogative have been. The reduction of the Belgian provinces under the authority of Spain; the subjection of Hungary and Bohemia to Austria; the submission of the entire church under the Papal See; the enforcement of tonnage and poundage and of ship money—all these victories of prerogative were gained over long-established and well-defined liberties. George III. came to the throne with the same lofty notions of prerogative which had brought the Stuarts to ruin—notions which he had imbibed from somewhat analogous causes with them. The attempt to crush the liberties of the American colonies was the commencement of his systematic efforts to carry out his radical theories of prerogative; it was the liberties of Englishmen, no less than their own, that the colonists successfully vindicated.

Again, it was not true of the American revolutionists, any more than it is true necessarily of other communities, that the radical and subversive theories of liberty were found in the most democratic communities. There was a certain aristocratic element in all the colonies; but it was strongest in Virginia and New York, those which took the lead in the radical crusade of Jefferson and his school; while democratic Massachusetts was the consistent and vigorous supporter of the Federal party. Neither is there any inconsistency in this. The democratic institutions of New England were characterized by an organized action, a vigorous and orderly administration, and a rigid adherence to the precedents of historical liberties, such as have characterized all free governments that have endured. It was emphatically the self-government—government of self and by self—of an intelligent and organized community; not that lawlessness of a mob which passes for democracy nowadays. An illustration of the degree in which the "liberties" of the New England municipalities consisted in strictness of procedure, and in an administration which, in Mr. Mill's words (Disc., vol. ii. p. 137), "breaks the headlong impulses of popular opinion, by delay, rigor of forms, and adverse discussion," is found in the rule by which no matter of business can come before a town-meeting unless it has been distinctly announced beforehand in the warrant; again, in the rule that all appropriations of money are made for specific objects, and that the magistrates are held rigidly accountable for applying the funds to these purposes. It was this organized, orderly, conservative democracy that began and carried through the struggle of the Revolution, and that stood firmly by the statesmanlike administration of Washington.

It is indeed in forms like these that the guarantees of liberty mainly consist, as Webster finely pointed out in his speech on the Presidential Protest (Works, vol. iv. p. 129). "Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but . . . every free government is necessarily complicated, because all such governments establish restraints, as well on the power of government itself, as on that of individuals." In consistency with this, the progress of despotism in the old countries has consisted essentially in doing away with local forms and usages, and forcing various differently organized communities to surrender their individual and often complicated institutions, and to adapt themselves to one simple model. In like manner the type of democracy which follows this same innovating process, and aims to reduce all political action under the simple will of the numerical majority, is in reality in league with monarchy, and effectively prepares the way for the one-man power, whether of Cæsar or Cleon. And not merely this; it should be observed that it is noways incon-

* "The Rise of the Republic of the United States. By Richard Frothingham." Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1872. 8vo, pp. 640.

sistent with an arrogant sentiment of aristocracy. The New England democracy is essentially conservative; Jefferson democracy found its strength and heartiest expression among Virginian slaveholders.

The portions of Mr. Frothingham's work which seem to us to merit special praise are: the third chapter, which gives a remarkably clear and interesting account of the proceedings under James II. and William and Mary, and brings into great prominence the career of Jacob Leisler, in connection with the Congress of 1690; the portions which treat of the part taken personally by King George III. in forcing the oppressive measures of the ministry; the analysis of the successive steps by which the colonies merged their individual action in that of Congress, and thus made a "beginning in America of what in matters of international law is termed sovereignty" (p. 419); and especially in Chap. XI., the able exposition of events during the month of June, 1776, as bearing upon and preparing the way for the Declaration of Independence in the succeeding month.

RECENT NOVELS.*

"UNAWARES" is a perfectly simple little tale, told in a very charming way, and one that we warmly recommend to our readers. The plot on which the story rests is so slight that it would be an act of ingratitude to reveal it; one can guess beforehand how it will turn out without losing any interest in the welfare of the heroine whose love adventures fill these few pages. What the reader feels is not any terror that is instinctively associated with certain tragic events, even if they are clumsily lugged in by the novel-maker, nor any intellectual tickling from an epigrammatic flirtation, but genuine sympathy with a human being who is having her tussle with the troubles of life. The heroine is no exalted creature unduly beset by cruel fate, but a simple enough person, in whom the principal interest is her girlishness as it is shown in her confident belief in the certainty of her ultimate happiness, in her half-romantic dreaming, and in her self-confident inexperience. A writer who can draw a character that is what people are, and not merely does what people, and most commonly people in novels, generally do, is a successful novelist. Perhaps the captious will take exception to the hero, who is too much like the hero of women who write novels, and so, probably, of many who read them; and, in our opinion, they will be justified in regarding him as rather a man of straw who is to be adored for his energy and his constancy than as a representation of an energetic and constant man who is as well drawn as the heroine. There is a slight angelic flavor in the foresight, the professional wisdom, the ardent love, the self-abnegation, etc., with which his womankind might properly invest him, but which is of a sort that to some extent mars the dispassionate novel. Still, there is no need of dwelling on a fault which, in this case, is too slight to hurt a story in other respects so good. Especially deserving of praise is the natural way in which the story is set in a foreign country, so that the reader receives the impression of what is most important in the scene of the novel without having it ungracefully thrust upon him. It is all subordinated to the real story. We once more recommend "Unawares" as well as "The Rose-Garden" as novels which are far superior to most of those which we have seen this year. They interest us as pictures of life, not as an exhibition of the mechanical ingenuity of writers.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey's "A Golden Sorrow" belongs decidedly to this latter class of novels. There are a number of people in the volume, rather than in the story, who appear occasionally as if they were taking part in characters, and give us amateur imitations of selfishness, love-making, typhoid fever, etc. There is the cruel father who is painted with the blackest of black paint, the girl who marries the choice of her heart, albeit to the worldly eye it is a most imprudent match, and the girl who does not believe in love and who marries for money. We only wonder that the author gave this one a chance to humble herself and try again under the other dispensation, instead of letting her starve to death in her best clothes on a desert island as an awful warning to cynical young women. Indeed, she better deserves that fate than the one which is chronicled as a punishment for her extraordinary behavior about her rich but aged husband's will. This may be worth mentioning as an example of the ingenious devices, not so much of the women who are so far mistaken as to marry rich men, but of those who try to write novels without material. The husband is just dead, his young widow fears that his money will pass into some other person's hands, and persuades her docile brother to put on a night-cap, jump into another bed, and, pretending to be the husband, to make a will in her favor, forging her husband's name. This is perfectly successful, and her only punishment is that she marries the gentleman whom she had thus defrauded, and whom, we are told, she really loved.

"The Lady of Lyndon" is a novel that is especially remarkable for the high-toned names of the people who fall in and out of love in the story. Fitzgerald, "commonly called Fitz," Tempest and his sister Winifred, Sir Vere Lyndon and his sister Clare Lyndon, Lady Constance Hampden and her sister Lady Audrey Hampden, Lord Tudor the fastidious, and *his* sister Lady Fullerton, Bertram Denbigh and Edith Hampdon, daughter of the Reverend Augustus Hampden, Sir Montague Lyndon, who is occasionally referred to, who is dead and gone—such people are to be criticised with reverence. The story is simply one of flirtations, which are complicated by various social entanglements. To follow the plot, to keep the run of the calls which are made and returned, and not to confound in one's mind the madly exciting events of the various tea-parties, requires of the reader the most unflinching attention. The author takes very good care of all the characters, they all move and have their being "in the highest circles," and she marries them all off in succession to the right people. The novel is simply a long tale of gossip, as devoid of faults as it is of any genuine interest. Now that the equinoctial storm is over, we feel doubtful about recommending it, but it may do for very bad weather in the winter.

A much more ambitious and a far more successful novel is Miss Healy's "A Summer's Romance." The scene is laid in the island of Capri, and all the incidental part of the story, such as the descriptions of the island and the delineation of the unimportant characters, is managed with a great deal of skill, which is successful in attracting and pleasing the reader. We doubt, however, whether as high praise can be given to the way in which the main plot of the novel is told. It would seem as if the author had introduced characters which she could not manage, and which she had studied rather in the pages of other novelists than in actual life. In a few words it may be said that the romance is one that went on between a pale, at first sight unattractive young woman, who had been a companion to an aggravating English matron, and a young painter. The young woman had been left free for a few months by the matron's death, and a sum of money that had been left her, and she determined to spend her vacation at Capri. These two young people are thrown a great deal together in an unconventional way; they have long and emotional conversations about themselves; he gives her instruction in drawing, and sings to her with the usual result, until finally the evil angel appears, disguised this time under the sweet-sounding name of Carryl Crittenden. This new arrival does not believe in love, and warns his pliant friend Lester, the painter, against the danger he is running of getting entangled. Moreover, he promises to turn the girl's love from Lester to himself, the irresistible. He only succeeds in falling hopelessly in love himself; but he takes his revenge by persuading Lester to leave the island, to return to England, and enjoy a legacy which had been left him by his aunt, the English matron referred to above, on the condition that he should not make an unsuitable match by marrying beneath him. There is, of course, very much more than appears in this very meagre analysis; but this may, perhaps, be enough to warrant a closer criticism of this part of the novel. What had gone before was prettily and naturally told, but from the moment that this "man of the world" appears, we find a great change. He is always posing, always grim at heart, however delightful in manner, cynical but entertaining; in short, he is too much the ordinary hero of fiction. And there is something, not painful, for that was to be expected, but unnatural in the way in which the tragedy is shuffled into the story, and a very amiable young woman is racked because a young man prefers money to marriage. This is a fair problem, and one for which no novelist need go far for example; but the story is harmed by the fact that this question is complicated by Crittenden's jealousy and Lester's blind devotion to his friend, so that the most definite impression left upon the reader is one of the absolute impotence of Lester's mind. He was false because he could do nothing but follow the advice of the person who spoke to him last. The writer fails to represent a man who decides after a struggle which would be the dramatic centre of the story; she only paints a weak man with no mind of his own, who does as he is bid, and we should feel grateful that Louisa escapes him. In spite of this fault, however, the novel is better than most, and we trust that it will be followed by more from the same pen.

One is averse to saying anything about Mrs. Oliphant's last novel, "Ombra," because its dulness is so rare a fault of hers, and one that, in general, wherever found, is sufficiently obvious of itself. The story is not a particularly interesting one, nor is it told with the author's usual skill; but although the novel was apparently hastily written, there is some of the keen observation and the delicate humor that all the readers of her books will remember.

* "Unawares. By the author of 'The Rose Garden.'" Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.
"A Golden Sorrow. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.
"The Lady of Lyndon. By Lady Blake." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
"A Summer's Romance. By Mary Healy." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.
"Ombra. By Mrs. Oliphant." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.
"The Eustace Diamonds. By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.
"Victor Norman, Rector. By Mrs. Mary Denison." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

On the whole, however, "Ombra" is disappointing, and cannot be recommended.

"The Eustace Diamonds" is the name of Mr. Trollope's last novel, which fills a bulky volume of three hundred and fifty pages. Every one who reads novels has made up his own mind exactly how much merit this author has, exactly how far he sees into human nature, and how interesting his delineations are. That his popularity is declining we should explain as merely the weariness of the public at what formerly amused it. In his method, Mr. Trollope is singularly unchanged, and advancing years only give him more experience. This novel will, we think, be found very readable by those who are not appalled by the author's formal slowness and familiar mannerisms. There is something very ingenious in the account of the bad heroine's lies, and in her unreasonable devotion to her falsehoods. The book is dull at times, but it is clever and more entertaining than half a hundred of the parodies of sentiment which for ever attract hungry readers.

How to render a verdict on "Victor Norman" without finding it flimsy in plot, indelicate in idea, and marred in other respects by unpleasant imitations of Dickens when not at his best, we do not know. The hero, a gentleman of rather "high-church" proclivities, and rector of a flourishing parish, is dogged throughout the story by a suspicious woman and an underbred child, who bears him a striking likeness, and who imparts that flavor of doubtful morality, or that suspicion of hidden sin under a just exterior, which appears to be so taking with both novel readers and novel writers. Of course the damaging suspicion is unfounded, and after suffering all the usual horrors, and inflicting them upon that member of his congregation who is most in love with him, Victor Norman comes forth "as clear as the sun," if by no means "as terrible as an army with banners." Then we have also an old "parcel man," lame and ugly, who marries out of pure benevolence, and with a wish to save her from a life of shame, the most beautiful and innocent maid that ever stood with "bare little feet" on a New York crossing, and swept it for casual pennies. He carries her home to his "pepper-pot of a house," and watches the gradual passion that grows up between her and his handsome grown-up son, to whom he has entrusted the forming of her mind. How Dick grows mad with longing, and how he is tempted to poison his father, but heroically resists, and is in the end rewarded by hearing from his complaisant parent that nothing could have given him a truer joy than to watch the struggle between love and duty in these two who are so dear to him, and that although he was properly married in church to Bessy, yet he has never held other than parental relations with her, and will be happy to resign her to his son. All these things are told in a way that makes one wonder if there is such a thing as delicacy of soul recognized by or recognizable in our popular literature. For Mrs. Denison goes on to "annul the marriage," and makes Dick and Bessy orthodoxly happy. It is unfortunate that novels like this should get a publisher.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.*

THIS is the life of one of the best examples of a Southern public man of the old school. If the leading slaveholders had had his moderation, or the wisdom to be guided by his counsels, they might have held their slaves and maintained a powerful influence in national affairs for many years to come. Mr. Crittenden was a slaveholder and a believer in the political necessity and morality of the system. At least we have never seen any reason to think that he questioned either the one or the other. A letter from the late James G. Birney, dated Feb. 11, 1836, inviting him to be the President of the short-lived Kentucky Society for Gradual Emancipation, which is printed in this work, gave him an opportunity, had he wished it, of expressing his opinion on this subject. As the answer is not given, and we believe was never made public by Mr. Birney, we may infer that he did not see fit to commit himself to any effectual action against slavery. That he would have rejoiced in any method of freeing Kentucky from its blasting effects, and would have gladly co-operated in carrying it out, we are willing to believe. But like Mr. Clay, he doubtless thought that the predominance of the party to which he belonged in the nation was of too much importance to be risked by any such Quixotic adventure. He was a thoroughgoing Union man to the last, and, like most other such North and South, believed that the Union was only to be maintained by granting the slaveholders every possible protection for their peculiar species of property; and his name will be best known in history by his last abortive attempt to compromise the differences, which seemed to him but superficial and immaterial, while they were in fact vital and arising out of the very nature of things and the constitution of the human mind.

Mr. Crittenden was born on the 10th of September, 1787, in Kentucky. She was when she received him at his birth but a rude nurse; half civilized, and possessed of but few of the necessary appliances for his nurture and education. Perhaps it was no real disadvantage to him that he had to wrestle with hardships and difficulties, and to be his own best instructor. He made his way to the bar at the age of twenty, was appointed Attorney-General of the Territory of Illinois at twenty-two, took part in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of the Thames, which was the remote occasion of making General Harrison President, and incidentally Mr. Crittenden his Attorney-General; was elected to the U. S. Senate at thirty in 1816, resigned three years later, was made District Attorney for Kentucky by President Adams, turned out of office by Jackson, and again elected to the Senate in 1835. When General Harrison was elected President, Mr. Crittenden was made Attorney-General, but resigned his office in a few months with the rest of the Harrison Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Webster, because of the treachery of John Tyler to the party that elected him. He was almost immediately returned to the Senate, and there remained till 1848, when he resigned to become Governor of Kentucky. On this occasion a dinner was given him by Senators and Representatives and citizens, without distinction of party. The list of the signers of the letter of invitation is given, and is noticeable for the forgetfulness which has settled down upon the greatest part of them in the course of a quarter of a century, from which a very few—Jeff. Davis, Mason, Bell, Toombs, etc.—are rescued by the infamy of their treason. Low down in the list is a name, perhaps the obscurest of all at that time, and which no one then dreamt was to be the most illustrious in our history since that of Washington. We need not add that the name was that of "A. LINCOLN," then a Representative from Illinois. Mr. Crittenden returned to Washington as Mr. Fillmore's Attorney-General in 1850, after the death of General Taylor, and held the office until the end of that Administration. In 1855 he was again elected to the Senate, and so remained till 1861, after which he was returned to the House of Representatives. While canvassing for a second election, he died on the 26th of July, 1863, in his 76th year.

During the intervals of his national service at Washington, Mr. Crittenden was generally in the Legislature of Kentucky or some State office. He was thus an example of the excellent policy of the slaveholding States before the war, of continuing a man of ability in office all his life, which was a main reason of the advantage the Southern politicians had over the raw and undisciplined levies of the North. He was all the time a lawyer in good practice. He had great power over juries, which, in the half-civilized condition of Kentucky society, were greatly in the power of skilful rhetoricians. The chief forensic triumphs of Mr. Crittenden, as recorded in these volumes, were had in rescuing sundry villanous murderers from the gallows they had most richly merited. The last and most notorious of these cases was that of Matt Ward, who murdered a Yankee schoolmaster. That Mr. Crittenden should have *volunteered* to defend that dastardly assassin, and employed his skill and used the weight of his name to procure an acquittal, was a stain on his personal and professional character, which the labored defence which he thought it necessary to make of his conduct failed to wipe out, and which will attach to his memory as long as it holds a place in men's minds. So will the opinion which he gave in 1850, as Attorney-General, in support of the Constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill be for ever remembered against him. There are certain things which posterity never forgets, and the actors in which it never forgives, and of these that legislative crime is one. All the sophistries that legal casuistry threw around it at the time to disguise its enormity will be swept away by history, and it will be recorded in her blackest characters. Mr. Crittenden had the palliation of his Southern birth and his *status* as a slaveholder to mitigate the severity of the judgment which posterity will pass on the actors in that deed, but they will not be allowed to amount to his acquittal as an accessary before the fact. This is the more to be regretted as his public action in general was very honorable to his political wisdom and independence of character. He resisted the annexation of Texas, resolutely withstood the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, sternly condemned the Lecompton fraud and the Kansas villanies, opposed the measures looking towards the annexation of Cuba, and was a bitter opponent of secessionism. In view of the uncertain sound which many Northern statesmen gave forth at the beginning of that struggle, it is not strange that Mr. Crittenden should have thought that he could calm the rising tempest by the magic of his resolutions, known as the Crittenden Compromise, to which we have already alluded. His failure to satisfy the secessionists showed that the object of those conspirators was not the security of slavery, which that compromise would have established as far as laws could do it, but their own supremacy in the nation.

Mr. Crittenden was naturally the personal and political friend of Mr. Clay, and supported his claims to the Presidency as long as there was any

* "The Life of John J. Crittenden, with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches. Edited by his Daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman." In two vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1871.

hope of his success. Mr. Clay, however, held that as long as there was life there was hope, and clung with desperation to his last chance in 1848, when he had reached the limit of threescore and ten years. Mr. Crittenden seeing the impossibility of his success was one of the earliest promoters of the election of General Taylor. This produced a personal coolness on the part of Mr. Clay towards his old friend, which was only cured when he was on his death-bed. The rivalry between the really great men of the generation for the privilege of the Presidency, the disappointment of their hopes, and their mortification at seeing the quality of man which the people chose to honor in their stead, might furnish a fruitful theme for the moralist or the cynic. Clay, and Calhoun, and Webster, and Scott, all of them thinking their claims good, and one at least with reason, bidden to stand aside for Van Buren, and Harrison, and Polk, and Fillmore, and Pierce! It is a pregnant lesson on the vanity of ambition. Mr. Crittenden himself was named as a possible candidate on one or two occasions, and certainly would have made a much more creditable head to the nation than any of the mediocrities we have named, whose very insignificance and want of weight was the motive power that hoisted them into the White House. Mr. Crittenden was not the intellectual equal of either of his great contemporaries, but he was certainly among the first in the second line. He was not a man of genius—how few have there been!—but of excellent abilities, strong common sense, and sterling worth in private life. His speeches are vigorous and able productions, well adapted to produce the effect he proposed to himself and to secure the respectful attention of his hearers. It is only when he attempts to set off the forcible simplicity of his sentences with the ornaments of poetical or classical illustration that he sometimes comes to grief. As where he gave to Richard (the Third we presume) the one merit of the Thane of Cawdor, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving o't"; and to Addison the line of Pope's Prologue, about "a great man's falling with a fallen state"; and to a "Roman conqueror" the "stern word" "*Væ victis!*" with which Brennus the Gallic chieftain taunted the Romans, when he threw his sword into the scales where the ransom of Rome was weighing. But Mr. Crittenden had no lack of Congressional companions in this particular distress to keep him in countenance.

Mr. Crittenden is shown by the pious pains of his daughter in a most amiable light in his relations with his family and his friends. He had the grief, common in all civil wars, of seeing his sons take opposite sides in the rebellion. His eldest son, disregarding his father's earnest exhortations "to be true to the government which has trusted you, and stand fast to your nation's flag," turned the sword he had received from his country, and which she had taught him to use, against her life. Two of his other sons, however, served through the war in the Union army, and are still officers of rank in it. Mrs. Coleman has done her work so well where she appears in person, that we are the more sorry that we see no more of her own proper hand in it. The defect of the book as a literary work is, that it is less a continuous narrative of a life than a collection of documents relating to one. The book is unmanageably heavy, and would have been better and would have had more readers had it been retrenched by a third. The writer of the life of a public man should act on the presumption that none of the readers know anything on the subject. This assumption may be courteously veiled and the necessary narrative made as concise as possible, but it should govern its composition. It is quite proper that the story should be illustrated, and the character of the subject exemplified by extracts from his speeches and public papers, but they should be brief and consist only of the titbits and plums, for there is nothing that the average reader regards in the light of what novel-reading young ladies call "*skip*" so much as these passages. A thread of narration giving the prominent public events of her father's life, on which his own writings and the letters of his friends should have been strung, would have made her work clearer and more satisfactory to all her readers. For even of those who have lived through all the events she would have had to tell, very many have but a confused recollection, and very few an accurate knowledge, of them; while to the generation that have come to maturity within the last ten or a dozen years they are all one as ancient history. Not unfrequently the reader is tantalized by having his interest excited by the action of Mr. Crittenden in some matter of public or private legislation, and no word added to tell the result. The brief account which Mrs. Coleman gives in the beginning of her work of the manners and customs of Kentucky in the earlier days of her father's life, is so lively and entertaining that we are sure she could have done well and gracefully the work we miss, had she thought it best so to do. The letters to Mr. Crittenden form a very valuable and entertaining part of the contents of the volume. Those of Governor Letcher are rollicking and jolly in a high degree, and of those true letters which the writer never dreamed would be seen by any eyes but his correspondent's. Mr. Clay's are rather of the sort which are written with the sense that posterity is looking over his shoulder as he writes. General Scott's are not all of this kind, but excellent and entertaining, and quite redeem his character as a letter-writer from the ridicule the unlucky epistle over which he spilt his "hasty plate of soup" had attached to it. General Taylor's are manly and sensible, and give one a higher opinion of his capacity as a civilian than it has usually obtained. Much light is thrown by them on the secret history of the time of the Mexican war and the intrigues intended to ruin General Taylor, but which ended in making him President. There is much valuable matter of historical and personal interest contained in these and other letters, which will render the work one of permanent value.

RECENT POETRY.*

III.

EACH season in London there is some book—a novel, or a poem, or what not—which is received with a universal kindness of welcome that must be somewhat trying to authors who have to run the ordinary gauntlet, and which to the outsider is often inexplicable. We recall at this moment three or four of these favorities of fortune. One was "The Coming Race," a public satire on things in general, and on republican forms of government in particular—a good deal of the story of which, by the bye, we take to have been unblushingly "lifted" from Mr. Robert Landor, who twenty-odd years ago published a two-volume work, "The Fountain of Arethusa," of the same general description as "The Coming Race." A very suggestive, full-flavored, and hearty book it is, too, penetrative, humorous, and every way enjoyable. Another of these spoiled children of criticism was George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsey," though it is easy to see in her case how a disinclination to be rude with a writer to whom so much respect was on other grounds due might prevent plain speaking in regard to our philosophic novelist's poetry. Later came "John Jerningham's Journal" by some writer to us unknown, and, to hear the reviewers, one would have supposed it to be anything but the vapid little thing it was—a piece of young missish verse-making relative to some persons and adventures which, without the rhyme, not even a New York *Ledger* audience would have listened to for five minutes. The latest of these lucky performances that we have noticed is the one which heads our list of books, "Olrig Grange." It is a higher class member of the school of "John Jerningham's Journal," though it is not quite so "powerful weak" as that effort; but it will do very well. Its burden is the life, love, and early death of a youth called "Thorold":

> " . . . He was
> A student who had travelled many a field
> Of arduous learning, planted venturous foot
> On giddy ledge of speculative thought,
> And searched for truth o'er mountain, shore and sea,
> In stone, and flower, and every living thing,
> Where he might read the open secret of God
> With his own eyes, and ponder out its meaning"

He is, in short, busy to some extent with the problem of unifying faith and science, and although but a youth,

> "And tall, and slightly stooping, with features high
> And thin and colorless: yet earnest life
> Beamed full of hope and energy and help
> From his great lustrous eyes,"

and he is introduced to us when the poem begins as going forth to a scientific career, in which he is to win distinction. He does not, however; he falls in love with a lady whose mother is evangelical in point of religious professing, but bitterly worldly in point of fact, and who is determined that her daughter shall marry a baronet even if she turns ritualist to effect that object. Her father, a scientific *dilettante*, but not really scientific, is equally decided against Thorold, who had expected him to stand his friend. Without meaning to betray Thorold, Rose has to give him up in favor of the baronet; the hectic shortly comes into Thorold's cheek, and he goes home to Hester to die, which he does after a long monologue, in which he explains his love affairs, and "reconciles faith and science" as follows:

> "My old doubts?—Well, they no more fret,
> Nor chafe and foam o'er sunken rocks.
> I don't know that my Faith is yet
> Quite regular and orthodox;
> I have not keys for all the locks,
> And may not pick them. Truth will bear
> Neither rude handling, nor unfair
> Evasion of its words, and mocks
> Whoever would falsely enter there.
> "But all through life I see a Cross,
> Where sons of God yield up their breath:
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death,
> There is no vision but by Faith,
> Nor glory but by bearing shame,
> Nor justice but by taking blame;
> And that Eternal Passion saith,
> 'Be emptied of glory and right and name.'"

* "Olrig Grange. Edited by Herman Künst, Philol. Professor." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
"A Hidden Life, and Other Poems. By George Macdonald, LL.D." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.
"Poems. By J. G. Brinckle." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1872.
"June on the Mismi. By W. H. Venable." Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1872.

This it will be seen is the fashionable solution of this fashionable problem and will have the approval of all such terrific "doubters" as the ladies who read Mr. Stopford Brooke, and all such tremendous theologians as young curates who are in society. The evangelical mother, we may remark, is hit off as if the author were indeed a young curate of the Establishment with a belief in Convocation and the classics as distinguished from "Prots" and chemistry and low dissenters. This lady thus talks to Rose:

"It's grace you need, Rose, to illume
Your darkened nature. What an age
Since I have seen you in my room!
Though I have nothing to engage
My thoughts, except the sacred page,
And that sweet book which is so clear,
Upon the Beast and his numbered year:—
Yet all the while there 's quite a rage
For some wonderful May-fair novel, I hear.

"And after all I have done for you!—
But daughters are not what they were,
And you are only proving true
What all the Prophets do aver.
O, had you heard our minister
Upon The Signs of the End, and how
The children of the saints shall grow
Still wickeder and wickeder!—
Till all to the Beast and the Woman shall bow."

The work is edited by "I, Herr Professor Künst, Philologus," who has won the love of Hester, and who shows us one and another of the *dramatis personæ* talking, and himself gives us some blank-verse just as each personage is to be introduced. The reader will have noticed the queer little hop-skip at the end of the stanzas. It by-and-by produces as one reads a feeling singularly compounded of weariness, disgust, and ill-natured merriment. A worse device for provoking the fatigue that comes of sameness could hardly have been found.

Mr. George Macdonald's "Hidden Life" is a story which may very well have gratified many a Scottish youth, though opinions might differ as to whether such stories are on the whole profitable. It is of a youth who at early dawn goes out to do his first day's ploughing, he having just been promoted to the post of ploughman. His manly pleasure in his work, his enjoyment of the sights and sounds of nature, are described with a fervor which leaves us in no doubt as to Mr. Macdonald's pleasant recollection of youth amid the heather. As his day's work is done and he is driving home his team a lovely lady, or rather young girl, slips from her horse because of the breakage of her saddle-girth, which the young ploughman mends, and then he reseats her in the saddle.

"Soon his hand and knife
Had set the saddle firmer than before
Upon the gentle horse; and then he turned
To mount the maiden. But bewilderment
A moment lasted; for he knew not how,
With stirrup hand and steady arm, to throne,
Elastic, on her steed, the ascending maid:
A moment only; for while yet she thanked,
Nor yet had time to teach her further will,
About her waist he put his brawny hands,
That all but zoned her round; and like a child
Lifting her high, he set her on her horse;
When like a risen moon she smiled on him,
Nor turned aside, although a radiant blush
Shone in her cheek, and shadowed in her eyes."

This promises a love story; but we are glad to say that Mr. Macdonald holds his hand, and that though what follows is in its upshot "soft" enough, and we fear too much so to suit a palate in its natural, proper condition, it is nevertheless not the old tale, though a common one. The father determines that by saving and sparing he will give his son a liberal education, and the poem goes on to detail, not unsuccessfully, though not with sufficient directness and with blank-verse a little swollen, the course of the boy's education and of the father's affection. The son is destined to die young, however, and his last work before his death is to write a letter to his young lady, in which he tells her how often he had thought of her face and of what value the recollection of her had been to him amid the temptations of youth. The poem closes with her visit to his graveyard.

Other poems in this little volume will please all readers of Scripture. They are hymns and religious poems of various kinds, some being on such subjects as the women of the gospels. They are free and flowing in rhythm, highly religious in sentiment, and not hackneyed in idea.

Mr. Brinklé has made a volume of more than ordinarily clever verses which also are further out of the common track than such volumes of verses are apt to be, though there is a certain amount of remembered eyes, and dreaming after the ball, and of disseverance of lovers. From "A Sunday in Rome" we quote a stanza or two which may show Mr. Brinklé's quality:

"'*Cocchière*, drive me to the Coliseum;
For there I shall escape the pompous *scena*
Of *Miserere*, *Agnus*, and *Te Deum*.—
'Tis vain; for, straying round the vast arena,
"A cowléd train I meet of mendicants,
Who kneel at pictures of the *via crucis*—
Wailing the while most melancholy chants.
Close following in the wake of the recluses,

"Old women fling their arms around the crosses,
And kiss the soil (for martyrs perished there!)
While thoughtful men, who seem to count their losses,
And ragged children, raise their eyes in prayer."

"The Teacher's Dream" seems to us the best of the poems in Mr. W. H. Venable's "June on the Miami," though there is none of them that can be called bad, or in which there is not a greater or less degree of the aroma as distinguished from the substance of poetry. "The Teacher's Dream" ought to be popular in the educational magazines, for it suggests a comforting thought to the conscientious instructor in a despondent mood of no unfrequent occurrence. The schoolmaster is represented as being discouraged because of the little influence he exerts on his boys and girls, and sitting disconsolate in the twilight he unconsciously falls asleep, and dreams of a senate hall, where an orator is speaking, whom, by-and-by, he recognizes as an old pupil, and then of a church:

"The stately senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

"And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
'I whipped that boy to-day.'"

The other poems show a preference for descriptive out-door poetry of a very simple and somewhat vague sort, and show also familiarity with some of the elder as well as some of the later descriptive poetry of our tongue. It is good to be reminded of Grongar Hill instead of Mariana's Moated Grange.

Lamartine, sa vie littéraire et politique. Par Charles De Mazade. (Paris. 1872.)—In the last three months of 1870 M. De Mazade furnished to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* some interesting articles on Lamartine—one of the many instances, of which Paris is justly proud, of a devotion to science and literature persevered in through all the distractions of the siege—a devotion that ought to offset in some degree the disgrace brought upon her by her later excesses. He has now collected these articles, and published them under the above title, with a preface which is a melancholy example of the feeling of intense mortification that now pervades France. It commences with a bitter complaint that there are nowadays no men of genius. Where, he asks, are the successors in England of Byron, Pitt, Canning; in Italy, of Cavour; in Germany, of Schiller, Goethe, Humboldt, Kant, Hegel? Even to the men who have conquered his country he denies genius. They are strong, skilful organizers of military operations, which they conduct as they would commercial operations, and they have certain mental qualities which enabled them to succeed in their long-prepared enterprise; but they are not great, for all their astonishing victories; they want that inexpressible something which marks the hero. Frenchmen, no doubt, find this belief consoling, and there is some truth in it; but if to vindicate the superiority of French genius they were forced to recur to Lamartine, they would be sunk low indeed. However, M. De Mazade finds in France the same lack of the higher faculties; and he draws a melancholy satisfaction from the confession that, as usual, France shows in a more concentrated and striking form the general characteristics of the age. The cause he finds partly in the false democratic spirit of the time, which tends to level the legitimate aristocracy of the mind as it has levelled the aristocracies of blood and caste, partly in an overpowering material development, in which spiritual things are entirely lost sight of; partly in the law of alternation, in accordance with which nature has its periods of rest in the moral world as it has in the physical. Lamartine M. De Mazade ranks with the men of genius of the past generation. He cannot of course be blind to his great shortcomings, his vanity, his weakness, his instability, his extravagance, his sentimentality; but he has a right to assert that his hero's poetry, if not manly, was pure, elevated, wonderfully abundant, and, for a time, wonderfully popular; that his statesmanship, if it was at first carried away by the popular impulse, did the greatest service to France by the skill with which it directed the storm and restrained the excesses of the Red Republicans. In the preface, to show that Lamartine had a certain political clear-sightedness, allied to his poetic faculty of insight, M. De Mazade mentions his pointing out in 1840 the danger of the popular Napoleonic apotheosis, and quotes some very striking passages from speeches delivered in 1841 in opposition to the fortification of Paris, in which he predicted precisely what came to pass, their utter insufficiency against the enemy, and the difficulty and final impossibility of restraining the enemies from within.

In truth, a review of Lamartine's whole life puts him somewhat above the

position he has lately held in popular estimation. The failure of the Republic, the painful degradation of his later days, have given the present generation an unpleasant impression of him, as if he had been a mere demagogue, charlatan, and mendicant. It is true that the poetical aspect of any policy captivated him, and that that policy was apt to seem most poetical which offered him the best opportunity of making a brilliant speech or pursuing an eccentric course. Yet he was not visionary, as we use the term; nor unpractical, nor without any convictions; and one praise he certainly ought to have, he never yielded to the French notion of "glory"; he braved some unpopularity in trying to soften the rancorous recollection of 1815, and, if he were now living, would certainly oppose the systematic cultivation of ill-feeling towards the Germans.

Alexander von Humboldt. Eine wissenschaftliche Biographie im Verein mit R. Avé-Lallemant, J. V. Carus, A. Dove, H. W. Dove, J. W. Ewald, A. H. R. Grisebach, J. Löwenberg, O. Peschel, G. H. Wiedemann, W. Wundt, bearbeitet und herausgegeben von Karl Bruhns, Professor und Director der Sternwarte in Leipzig. (Leipzig: Brockhaus.)—This biography, in all respects worthy of its subject, was projected and announced by Professor Bruhns in 1869, on the hundredth anniversary of Humboldt's birth; but its publication was delayed by the war of 1870-71, and also by the labor of sifting and arranging such a mass of material, distributed among so many hands. The plan of the whole is admirable, and the methodical execution of details enables the reader to consult with facility whatever portions of the life and works of the great naturalist may have for him a special interest. The biography is itself a Cosmos. It is in three volumes—the first two are devoted to the life; the third contains essays, by specialists, upon Humboldt's labors in various departments of science. Volume first treats of the youth and early manhood of Humboldt, and also of his travels in America and in Asia, which are given in the form of a narrative, interspersed with scientific observations and results. The whole of this volume is from the pen of Julius Löwenberg, who for many years has made Humboldt's life a study, and who has had at his disposal a large and rich collection of documents, letters, and other biographical materials. These are classified and arranged in sections, which are carefully indicated in the table of contents; and at the close of each part is a summary or review, by means of which the reader can group all the salient points in memory. Carl Ritter's estimate of Humboldt's travels and other minor papers of value are gathered in an appendix. Volume second continues the biography under two principal sections: the first describes his residence in Paris from 1808 to 1826, his scientific studies and publications there, and his intercourse with Bonpland, Cuvier, Deluc, Laplace, Arago, Biot, Gay-Lussac, Lamarck, Etienne and Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Milne-Edwards, Guizot, and many other eminent men. This part is contributed by Robert Avé-Lallemant. The later life in Berlin, from 1827-59 (with the intervals of the Siberian journey and the second residence in Paris), a life divided between literary work and attendance upon court ceremonies, is pictured by Alfred Dove from intimate personal knowledge and the most authentic sources. This covers a most interesting period of Prussian political history, in which the personal popularity of Humboldt and his practical wisdom were of essential service to two sovereigns. The volume concludes with a bibliographical survey of Humboldt's works, with chronological and classified lists of his minor writings, by Julius Löwenberg. Volume third is composed of eight independent essays upon Humboldt's contributions to various branches of science. 1. Mathematics, Astronomy, and Mathematical Geography, by Karl Bruhns. 2. Terrestrial Magnetism, and certain special physical and chemical researches, by Gustav Wiedemann. 3. Meteorology, by H. W. Dove. 4. Geology, by Julius Ewald. 5. Ethnography, Political Economy, and History, by Oscar Peschel. 6. The Geography of Plants, and Botany, by August Grisebach. 7. Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, by J. Victor Carus. 8. Physiology, by Wilhelm Wundt. Three portraits of Humboldt illustrate the work: the first, at 27, bears a striking resemblance to Mozart; the second, at 45, does not recall any of his familiar pictures, and could hardly suggest him as the prototype of the venerable and noble head, at 81, which adorns the third volume. In the preparation of this work, the editor and his collaborators, the publisher and his workmen, have done all in their power to give it perfection. It will take rank at once not only as the standard biography of Humboldt, but as an authoritative history of the whole development of science in the nineteenth century. Many copies of the original will doubtless find their way to the libraries of American colleges; but it should be made generally accessible through an English translation, by competent hands, and take its place in thousands of private libraries by the side of the "Cosmos."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Rand (S. S., jr.), The Window Gardener	(Shepard & Gill) $1 00
Barrett (B. F.), Letters on the Future Life	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)
Comforted	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Fiske (J.), Taine's English Literature, condensed	(Holt & Williams) 2 50
Gale (E. C.), Hints on Dress	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 0 75
Gardner (F. B.), How to Paint	(S. R. Wells) 1 00
Giles (Rev. C.), Lectures on the Nature of Spirit, 6th ed.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Goodrich (F. B.), Remarkable Voyages	" "
Goodyear (W. H.), Memoranda for Lectures on the History and Development of Art, swd	(New York)
Gregory (Rev. J. M.), Century Book, swd	(Adams, Blackmer & Lyon) 0 30
Habersham (Lieut. A. W.), My Last Cruise	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hagar (D. B.), Manual of Dictation Problems	(Cowperthwait & Co.)
Hawels (Rev. H. R.), Thoughts for the Times: Sermons	(Holt & Williams) 1 50
Hayden (W. B.), Light on the Last Things	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Heard (F. F.), Bacon's Essays: Student's edition	(Lee & Shepard)
Hobbs (I. H.), Suburban and Rural Architecture	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Jones (W.), The Treasures of the Earth	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 2 50
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1872.

The Week.

A DELEGATION of Pennsylvania politicians, numbering about thirty, and headed by Senator Cameron and General Hartranft, went on to Washington the other day in a palace-car, "dispensing an elegant hospitality" (champagne and whiskey-and-water), and marched up to the White House, where they were introduced by Secretary Robeson to General Grant. By the mouth of Mayor Stokely they urged upon the President, as "representatives of the complete Republican organizations of the State of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia, the appointment of George Truman as Postmaster of the latter city." Mr. Truman was a warm friend of the Administration—so the mayor said—had done much to help to re-elect General Grant; a great victory had been obtained, but the organization must be kept up; the Republican party in Philadelphia had not much faith in the civil-service rules; they certainly did not stop to think of them when they were rolling up majorities for Grant and Wilson, and so forth, and so forth. The President is reported as having listened attentively, and then said in reply that he did not see why on this particular occasion he should set aside the rules and regulations of the Civil-Service Commission; the civil-service system was favored by the Republican platform and was supported by the Republican party; he had, therefore, made up his mind to enforce the rules; in the present case two candidates were presented; one of them—Mr. Fairman—had been an employee in the Post-Office for some time, and, as far as he knew, was entirely competent to fill the position of Postmaster; if he was disposed to set aside the civil-service regulations and go outside, he might appoint Mr. Truman; but he could not conscientiously do so. Upon this the delegation withdrew in disgust, and there are intimations that after reaching their hotel some of the less devout among them used profane expressions and said they were sorry they "worked."

According to the explanations given by the Administration journals, this is a *bonâ-fide* case of civil-service reform, and everybody is reminded by it of the rebuff given by General Grant to another set of Philadelphia politicians four years ago, but, for reasons which it is not necessary to mention, the same outburst of popular satisfaction has not ensued, although everybody gives approval. There even are assertions that Mr. Fairman is "a Forney man," and that it is for Forney's sake that General Grant has sent Mr. Cameron to the right-about. But it will not occur to many people that it is necessary to consider this charge seriously. Except General Grant's malignant enemies, everybody who is outside the ranks of the working politicians will pray that the President's hands may be strengthened and that he may keep on as he has begun, and will be glad to credit his action to an honest wish for a reformed civil service, and will pay little heed to the suggestion made in some quarters, that he acted under pressure from Mr. Adolph Borie, Mr. George W. Childs, and Mr. George Stuart. We are happy to add that examinations are now reported as going on at the Custom-house in this city, where applicants for two grades of offices are undergoing examination. There are said to be ninety competitors for the eleven lower offices vacant. Mr. J. P. C. Shanks and his sort to the contrary notwithstanding, we suppose President Grant could do nothing more satisfactory to the people than show them this same spectacle regularly, and perhaps, too, he will find when Congress meets that he has got on his hands a fight big enough and hard enough to satisfy even him. But it is a simple issue, and the people are distinctly not on the side of Shanks.

A letter has appeared in the columns of an evening contemporary of ours which it may be of service to reformers to peruse. "T. W." writes to the editor concerning the men to whose exertions we owe the recent "glorious result" in this city and State, and of all men in the world we find turning up as a public-spirited anti-Greeley man the well-known Mr. Hank Smith, against whom there are we forget exactly how many indictments now pending. Mr. Smith, greatly to his horror, was taken ill as the campaign became warm. His enemies aver that the peculiar complaint which nailed him to a couch of pain was what in Mr. William Tweed's case was known as having "seen a great light" in political affairs. When you see a great light in politics, your sickness and the approach to a better world cause you to get all your anti-nepotists, strikers, shoulder-hitters, reformers, repeaters, rumshop-keepers, thieves, and political followers generally, to renounce the support of the gentleman from whose "headquarters" the great light does not proceed, and to go over, bag and baggage, to the camp of the other man. However that may be (and we do not know that Mr. Smith saw any light; only we know the Grant canvass was conducted with an extraordinary sharpness that would not have disgraced, or would have disgraced, "T. W.'s" best years), whatever may be the truth about the assertions of Mr. Smith's enemies, Mr. Smith was taken sick; he found that he could not give to the Greeley cause that wheel-horse quality of "work" which was confidently expected from him; his physicians forbade it. And as he lay and languished and reflected, a change came over him, and he wrote, says "T. W.," a great many letters—two or three hundred, if we recollect right—which he sent to all his principal political friends, and in which he assured them that could he "go to the front" he should work his utmost to secure the election of General Grant and General Dix, and exhorted them to do the same. The good of our country demanded it, he said. He deserves a great deal of credit, "T. W." says. And so does A. Oakey Hall, he says. Hall did good service in appointing, upon the right kind of representations being made to him, the right kind of men as inspectors. So we may all be pleased, we presume, or more pleased than we otherwise should have been, that Hall has got off clear from *his* indictment. The whole letter is good reading for the Committee of Seventy. "T. W.," we observe, praises Mr. A. B. Cornell also for his services, and Governor Morgan for his, and Mr. Commissioner Davenport for his, and does not, we believe, praise the Honorable Roscoe Conkling for his.

Our attention has been called to an error of statement in our last week's paper. Speaking of the Forty-third Congress, we said incidentally that it would assemble on the 4th of next March. In fact, however, it will not so assemble unless the Forty-second Congress should annul a recent enactment (the act of 1871, repealing the act of 1867), which postpones the meeting of Congress till December. Of this change there is, we are informed, no prospect, and we shall probably adhere to the old plan of bringing Congress together eight months after the beginning of the term—a plan attended by some inconveniences, but, as we suppose most business men will say, productive of little public injury, if not, in fact, a positive benefit. We may add to our remarks on the complexion of this same Forty-third Congress, that in all likelihood Mr. Morton of Indiana will be among its Senators—the Republican Legislative caucus of that State having unanimously put him in nomination, and his success being held to be as certain as anything future can be. This same caucus, by the way, returned its thanks to the Indianapolis *Journal*, which is understood to be Mr. Morton's organ, for its zeal in the right during the late canvass. Upon this the *Journal* thinks that the *Sentinel* (Democratic organ) should also have received the thanks of the Grant men for its services in beating its own candidate, and that thanks are also due "that sloppy little concern, the *News*." But on the whole, the reader will be glad to learn, most of our brethren are pretty civil just now. The *World* wants to get loose, however, and there are lively times in the immediate future.

The Boston papers are somewhat curiously silent in regard to some features of the great fire, but the public begins to understand that the men composing the force of the fire department were excellent, that the *matériel* also was excellent, and that the head of the department and the executive officers of the city government were incapable and unfit for their posts. Of course they were tried by a tremendous test, and one before which most men would have succumbed; but as most men are not paid to be mayors and chief-engineers of the city of Boston, this is no adequate defence. Though for the matter of that, it may well be urged against the city, as it may be urged against most American communities, if not of every one of them, big and little, and about other things than its fire department, that it could spend its money by the hundred thousand upon engines and machinery, but begrudged the comparatively modest sum which would have secured a capable head for the direction of its organization. The chief-engineer's business was to know precisely the character of the buildings in every portion of the city, to make formal and public protest against bad styles of building, to have studied thoroughly and minutely the proper course to be taken in every sort of fire; and the mayor's business was to be cool-headed and peremptory. As it was, both were inefficient. Orders to blow up buildings appear to have been flung about with very great looseness; the engineer injudiciously prevented the use of the sick horses belonging to the Department, as if a hundred horses had not better have been killed than one of the warehouses destroyed; and the mayor appears to have lost his head still more completely. Other cities, while they ponder the questions of getting a full supply of salt water, of having self-propelling fire-engines, of setting on foot a more vigorous supervision of buildings, will do well also to recollect that at the head of their fire brigades they must have as intelligent, educated, and energetic a man as they can get. He needs nearly all the qualities of a well-trained and experienced soldier, and what his political leanings are should have as much to do with his selection and with his retention of his office as his opinions about the dog Anubis or about who killed Tecumseh. But as long as we each year see the Senate, for example, refusing to give to our judges salaries equal to the ordinary gains of an eighth-rate lawyer, and as long as we hear as much noise made about the franking privilege, and "the people's" demand that it shall cease, as we hear about the millions of the railroad rings, we probably shall continue to trust the safety of our cities to cheap men whom we buy extravagantly dear.

One of the immediate effects of the Boston fire has been a sudden exhibition of energy in the fire departments all over the country. The department of this city immediately announced that "civil-service reform" had been adopted, and that politics should not in future be considered as a test of efficiency. Some of our engines at the same time turned out to experiment on the Mansard roofs. The experiment was a complete failure, the water reaching the tops of the high buildings only in the form of spray. The general opinion in the city seems to be that, with a brisk southerly wind, New York would go with a rush. We have not heard as yet, however, of any owner who has taken his Mansard down, or any action of the city authorities looking that way, though there can be no question that a vigorous edileship would be heartily welcomed by the public at large. The owners of the six-story buildings crowned with combustibles would no doubt disapprove of the proper action of the authorities; but as all their neighbors would greatly rejoice in it, those elective officers might, we should say, begin work without fear. For example, some votes would be lost if the roof were ordered off the Grand Central Hotel, a structure to the top of which no engine in the city could send anything like an effective stream of water; but, on the other hand, large numbers of votes would be gained in that immediate vicinity.

Among those losses by the fire that are most to be regretted, if not the one which is the very most to be regretted, is that sustained by Harvard College. The College is poor, and needs assistance at the best of times, but this abatement of its annual revenue by thirty-eight thousand dollars, at a moment when the President and Fellows were considering how they could best cut down this year's expenditures by ten thousand, is particularly severe. Five stores—not nine, as some journals have said—which brought in $38,000 a year in rent, and which it will require about $60,000 apiece to rebuild, were destroyed. These burned stores, with the land on which they stood, were of the assessed value of $562,000, and not more than $100,000 of the insurance will be paid. More than this, the College is called upon for assessments in mutual insurance companies to the amount of $6,300, and will be at once called upon to reinsure in part its buildings, collections, and libraries at an expense of some thousands of dollars. $12,000 for extraordinary expenses will be needed immediately, and some way will have to be contrived to supply the loss of the $38,000 of rental, and for this total sum of $50,000 the college authorities now ask, appealing to "the alumni and other friends of liberal education." Hereafter, the main loss may be made good by further contributions, but the immediate want is to keep the present organization unimpaired for the current year, and retrenchment will have to begin unless the money is in hand by the first days of December. Retrenchment means very bad things. It means, for instance, 20 per cent. taken off the small salaries of all the instructors; it means that even the college yard must be turned over to weeds and stubble; it means that five out of eight of the assistants at the library must go and cataloguing must stop; it means that the chemical apparatus cannot be increased by so much as a new air-pump. Doubtless, the amount will be raised, though not with perfect ease. Already we hear of one gentleman who before now has been a benefactor of Harvard, and who charges himself with the duty of seeing that no young man leaves college in direct consequence of its late calamity; but the men who, apart from the self-denying teachers who have given our foremost university its intellectual rank, have done more than any others to build up the institution, are themselves, to a great extent, crippled by the same event which has partly crippled the college. We should hope that of the aid, foreign and domestic, which has been proffered the city by its friends, some portion, and a large portion, might be given to this particular sufferer. The President and Fellows have a clear right to a good share of it; and they represent about the most impoverished of those who will apply for relief, as well as about the most deserving.

The murder of Anthony F. O'Neil, a detective, by James C. King, on Monday last, was one of the most deliberate assassinations which has ever taken place even in New York. O'Neil had been testifying in a divorce suit pending between King and his wife at the office of Judge Sutherland, referee in the suit. As O'Neil was leaving the office with other witnesses and the parties, the case having just been adjourned for the day, King followed him with a pistol, and fired three shots in rapid succession, mortally wounding his victim, who died almost immediately. King then walked back to the referee, and said, "Here, Judge, I have settled it," handing him at the same time the revolver with which he had just been firing. He made no attempt at resistance, but surrendered himself willingly, and has been, according to all the reports, remarkably cool and composed ever since. There is no particular reason that we can see why he should not be. He killed O'Neil, according to his own story, for undue intimacy with his wife; and the chances of his ever being convicted of murder are very small. He is said to have committed other murders, and if so, he has no doubt studied with care such *causes célèbres* as the Fair and the Stokes trials. The natural result of a study of this class of cases would be to convince any ordinarily sensible criminal that with good legal advice, in any case with a woman in it, he could be reasonably sure either of a verdict of insanity or a disagreement. His self-possession and perfect willingness to be taken perhaps indicate that he took legal advice before getting his pistol.

The London *Spectator* some time since, remarking upon the Pennsylvania judiciary, said in effect that they were as well-known

corruptionists as our New York Cardozos and Barnards. This assertion was at once contradicted by a Mr. Rawle, a resident of Philadelphia, who assured the editor that such an accusation filled Pennsylvanians with wonder; whereupon the *Spectator* says that, in that case, the New York papers from which, as it implies, it got its information, must have been very much mistaken. For one New York paper, we can only say that we have been tolerably attentive readers of our city press for a number of years, and that most certainly we do not remember to have seen even once any charges such as the *Spectator* mentions. That they have not been common or frequent we are perfectly sure. The judiciary of Pennsylvania is known to the people of other States as having long been highly respectable. The public opinion in reference to it is well illustrated by the action of the people, commented on by a correspondent of ours a week or two ago: they have recently committed to the care of the judiciary some of the most important offices formerly elective, and some of the most weighty trusts that could be consigned to any body of men. In Philadelphia the judges appoint the Guardians of the Poor, the Board of Health, the Prison Inspectors, the Board of Education, and the Board of Trusts, which latter is trustee of an immense property. We think the tone of the public press generally, and of our New York press in particular, has fully confirmed the feeling thus manifested in Pennsylvania.

There is a very singular muddle in the political affairs of three or four of the Southern States. Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama are all reminding us in a fresh way of a truth which we have too much forgotten of late years, and that is, that it is not the carpet-bagger of whom we hear so much who is wholly responsible for Southern disorder, but that a great portion of the South, the larger portion of it by far, has always been a frontier country, ill civilized to the point of reckless and habitual disregard of law. In Louisiana, Warmoth, the reformer and Liberal, appears to be fighting the Custom-house Republicans by high-handed abuse of his power as governor, backed by support from creatures of his in the judiciary, who use the authority of their courts in his behalf. Everybody is tied up at present by injunctions, and Kellogg, Casey, and the United States marshal and his deputies are watching Warmoth's proceedings with a very good will to levy open war upon him if a chance is afforded them. In Alabama, the holding-over officers of the Legislature, who are Democratic, are said to be trying to prevent a Legislature from getting itself together, and Republicans and Democrats have each set up a House and Senate. In Arkansas, glaring frauds are attributed to both parties, and both claim the Legislature, while the Republican partisans, as in Louisiana and Alabama, are ready to invoke the military interference of the United States. The temptation to interference will be great; but we must recollect what the South always was in the days when the North had not yet felt compelled to assume the moral responsibilities of its neighbors. They fight now disgracefully, but they always did fight.

The French crisis has come at last. The Assembly having come together at Versailles, and having re-elected M. Grévy President by an overwhelming vote, the message of M. Thiers was received and read. This document refers with pride to the extraordinary success of the last loan; shows a deficit of 132,000,000 francs for the past year; prophesies an equilibrium of expenditure and income for '73 and a surplus for '74; alludes to the "cruel dismemberment of the country"; appeals to Republican extremists and doctrinaires to sacrifice everything for the maintenance of order; deprecates a formal proclamation of the Republic by the Assembly, and counsels Conservative Republicanism. The message was well received by the Left. The Conservatives at once united for an attack on Gambetta and the Government together, the means employed being a motion, introduced by General Changarnier, censuring Gambetta for his late inflammatory speeches in the provinces, and referring at the same time, in strong language, to the "laxity of the Government" in dealing with the Radicals. This motion caused a sensation, and the Right tried to provoke Gambetta into replying; bu Gambetta only shrugged his shoulders. M. Thiers then mounted the tribune, protested against being brought to the bar as a criminal, threw out a hint that if the Assembly did not take care it might be sent about its business, admitted that Gambetta's Grenoble speech was offensive, but denied that he (Thiers) was responsible for it; and finally demanded a vote of confidence, which was given by 267 to 117, half the deputies not voting. A full caucus of the Right followed, which called on the President to refrain from interfering in Parliamentary debates, and to appoint a responsible ministry. As we go to press, there is an unconfirmed rumor of the resignation of Thiers, and the appointment of MacMahon as President *ad interim*, and talk of a triumvirate of generals.

The German Government has issued a decree which puts an end to the practice of transporting emigrants and their baggage at low rates over the railroads of the Empire. The motive of the decree is obvious: emigration, it is feared, may have a serious effect on the prosperity of the Empire by diminishing the arms-bearing population. The main object German emigrants have in view in coming to America is to escape military service, while it is one of the main objects of the German Government to keep its people in a state of constant preparation for war. Of course, any large emigration of young men of the military age would render the relative strength of France and Germany very different from what it now is—the French not being an emigrating people. There seems to be in some quarters a disposition to explain this act of the Government as unfriendly to the United States, but there is no reason for thinking so. It does not really discourage emigration, but it orders the railways to stop encouraging it—a different proceeding, and one which even a "free" government like England or the United States might resort to in similar circumstances without any sacrifice of principle. Whether Germany will go so far as to prevent emigrants from leaving the country, remains to be seen. We certainly entertain the devout hope that enough Germans may remain at home to prevent any more sham Corsicans from setting out on the European war-path, and at the same time that enough of them may come over here to prevent Tammany and its congeners getting their heads above water. Bismarck and his "licentious soldiery" are doing good work for the "good cause" in both hemispheres.

Miss Sophia Jex Blake is still pressing her suit against the Edinburgh University, and may yet succeed in getting a degree, though the chances appear to be against her. We do not know precisely what her line of procedure has been, but we suspect from certain indications that it smacks a little of the famous "short cut" method so dear to our own American women, and which consists of a little of that fraud, precipitancy, and contempt for the laws of both God and man which many poets and philosophers since the dawn of history have mentioned as being peculiarly characteristic of the nature of woman. We note, by the bye, that in our own land this little obliquity, to give it a mild name, has got Miss S. B. Anthony and fifteen other ladies—of whom we have no wish to speak otherwise than with all the respect they deserve—arrested by a deputy marshal for illegal practices in connection with the ballot-box. She and her friends overawed the inspectors and got in their ballots, and now they are in the firm grasp of the law, and may find that their favorite "short cut" leads to imprisonment in dungeons and a pecuniary mulct. Miss Blake's counsel argued, we see, that women had formerly had the right to receive degrees from the Edinburgh University, and her opponent argued that if they had ever had the right, it had expired and disappeared by reason of disuse. Subsequently, we are told, "Lord Neaves and the Lord Justice Clerk both made ostensibly comic references to Pope Joan," and the laughter that ensued can be imagined; a hard-headed Scotch lawyer, with a good mediæval belief in the scarletness of the scarlet woman, engaged in trying the case of a woman who wants to be a practising physician, may be depended on to show a tremulous susceptibility to what is known in the Northern Athens as "wut."

A SECTIONAL REVIEW OF THE LATE CANVASS.

THE genesis of the political movement which suffered so signal and complete a break-down on the fifth of November, we owe notoriously to that portion of the country which it is now the fashion to call the Interior; in other words, the Mississippi Valley, the Great West of former times. More narrowly, we owe it to certain politicians of St. Louis, who, for the sake of an alliance supposed to be valuable, consented that the effort to create a new party in ninety days should be known in history as the Cincinnati movement. Whatever enthusiasm attended it in the beginning was confined to those two cities; elsewhere, at least in the North, its results were awaited with indifference, distrust, apprehension, or simple expectancy. Moreover, as the reasonable hopes of its success depended absolutely on the disposition towards it of the Democratic party, the part taken in it by the Missouri *Republican* was second to no other in importance. In fact, the *Republican* came as near as the country came to the nomination of Adams, to being able to boast to-day that a single newspaper had effected an unprecedented revolution in American politics, compelling one party to abdicate, and another to resign the reins of power, all within twelve months from the time when it first opened its mouth. The able advocate of the adoption of the "passive policy" by the Democracy at large only needed a little more sagacity to have really reached this distinction. Probably it miscalculated Mr. Gratz Brown's chances of nomination, thinking them equal to his ambition; and certainly it was blinded by the false expediency of "anything to beat Grant."

Missouri, which thus fathered the reform movement, also strangled it the day it was born. Mr. Greeley's and Mr. Fenton's retainers would have failed of their purpose in the Convention but for the timely interference of Frank Blair and his kinsman, Gratz Brown. In the latter's withdrawal of his own name from the contest, and his recommendation of Mr. Greeley, there was room for several motives. The personal may have been strongest—the fear that Adams's nomination for President would not ensure his own for Vice-President. But possibly we have a right to detect here one of those sectional jealousies which always appear on similar occasions, and to which may be ascribed that measure of implacable opposition in the body of the Convention just necessary to cheat Mr. Adams of his majority. What is indisputable is that both the attempt and the failure at Cincinnati must be laid at the door of the Missourians; that one of their number, Mr. Schurz, had an opportunity to retrieve the disaster, but missed it; that the Ohio members of the Union and Reform Convention, sitting at the same time, had another opportunity, but they too missed it; and that from that moment the control of the movement was taken out of the hands of its originators, and passed from the Interior to another and fatally incapable section of the country.

The representation of the South in the Convention was an error which had already been expiated when the Democratic party was called upon to pronounce for or against the nomination of Greeley. Had the South revolted, with one mind, against this insult to its common sense, the Cincinnati movement would have fallen perfectly flat, and given place to the usual struggle between Republicans and Democrats, with the party lines strictly drawn as ever. The South did not revolt, however, but fell to eating "boiled crow" with a simulation of appetite which decided the Baltimore Convention to recommend the same diet as wholesome, Democratic, and regular. The leadership of the South was consequently confirmed, and its appearance in that rôle changed the color of the campaign, made "reconciliation," and not reform, the chief object of a change of administration, and thus singularly perverted the nature of the reform movement by substituting a very subordinate part for the whole. The grievance under which the South labored was an incident of bad government, and, great as it was, only an incident. The essence of carpet-baggism pervades the whole system of our civil service, having been first introduced by a Southern President, and never having been denounced by any statesman South of Mason and Dixon's line. To expect the North, aware how it is itself corrupted and plundered by the spoils' doctrine of office-holding, to treat the condition of the South as an isolated phenomenon, and as a wholly unmerited misfortune, was to pay a poor tribute to its discernment. No candidate could have been got better calculated to confound these distinctions than Mr. Greeley, who had in perfection the sentimental infirmity which condones evil-doing as soon as the culprit has begun to suffer the penalty of it; who was engaged in the practice and defence of the spoils system down to the very day of his nomination, and promised in his subsequent speeches to maintain it, and who has nothing which rests more heavily on his conscience than his borrowing the "cant" of the civil-service reformers, when he pledged himself to the principles of the Cincinnati platform.

Beyond all question we have seen the last of the South as a political unit and concerted element in our national issues. It has lost the power to conduct a campaign, has no favors to promise and none to exact. It has "betrayed" its ancient ally, the Democratic party of the North, if not to death, at least to that humiliation of dishonor which is worse than death. From that quarter it will receive no further advances. It is divided against itself, thanks partly to the carpet-bagger and partly to the growth of the political sense. Henceforth, it is safe to predict, the Southern States will take sides in Presidential elections exactly as the Northern and Western take sides, from divers considerations, and not from an exclusive reference to "the South." As a province having peculiar institutions and a peculiar creed, it has ceased to exist. Nor, in face of the wide distribution of Grant's majority, can it be said that any province remains in which sectional should steadily prevail over national considerations. The rod of empire is commonly asserted to have passed to the West; but in the very act the West itself melts away into a broader division, in which the diversity of material interests will probably always hinder a perfect unanimity in politics. Yet if any one could point out the line of cleavage between what is Western and what is Eastern in feeling and purpose and interest, the weight of the East will not easily be slighted whenever it chooses to make itself count in the scale. In the late election, every State east of the Alleghanies, from Maine to Maryland, stood shoulder to shoulder, and cast two-thirds of the majority of electoral votes. The "centre of gravity" of population has not, we believe, yet crossed the great Appalachian chain; and until it does, it will always command sufficient respect to enable it to appoint one of the two highest officers in the Government, as has just happened in the case of Mr. Wilson. Meantime, the great colonies on the Pacific Coast and eastward to the Rocky Mountains furnish a daily increasing counterpoise to the influence of the Interior. In short, all parts of the country seem at last happily adjusted in an equilibrium of the highest promise for our national development.

A NEW EXPERIMENT OF CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE District of Columbia is now practically merged in the City of Washington. According to the form and theory of Congressional legislation, perhaps the reverse of this has been done, and the city been merged in the new "Territory." Taking them both, however, for what they really are—a city and its suburbs—they present probably the most curious problem or experiment of city government that can be found at home or abroad.

When the seat of government was moved from Philadelphia to certain farms and forests on the northerly bank of the Potomac, a mile or two below the village of Georgetown, it was intended that a town should grow up which should not be to America what Paris was to France—the controlling centre of power and influence—but which should form the mere habitation of the Federal Government, and be restricted to that one object, much as Oxford and Cambridge are given up to the universities and kept free from the bustle of traffic and in the quiet of university towns. Situated at the head of river navigation, and of a river which first-class sea-going vessels like the old steamer *Baltic* can ascend, at the foot of a canal running back through a fertile valley into the coal regions, surrounded by a cultivated country, and possessing a water-power said to equal

that of Lowell, with railway communication running north and south and west, it would seem as though the will of the founders had suspended the ordinary laws of growth and progress, and that the town had been preordained, notwithstanding its extraordinary advantages, to remain simply the seat of the General Government, and at this day to be without a single manufacturing establishment or a single wholesale business house.

For the last half-century the external condition of the city has been called disgraceful, it being plunged in mud through one-half of the year and enveloped in dust during the other. But it has not been generally known that Congress, with characteristic niggardliness, has compelled the Government of the United States to enter into a petty partnership with the city corporation, whereby the one paved and lighted the avenues and the other the streets. In this arrangement each of the contracting parties seemed to strive not to do more than the other. If a street needed a sewer, and all of its inhabitants petitioned for it and were willing to be assessed for the "improvement," still it would not be done, because the sewer must run down an avenue, and the General Government would get the advantages of it for nothing. If an avenue became an impassable morass, the General Government would do nothing, because the corporation did not pave its intersecting streets. Thus great marble piles of showy public buildings arose, connected by barbaric thoroughfares which would have provoked the scorn of a European peasant.

A class of economical politicians at the same time were not wanting to object to all expenditures for the seat of government. Chief of these was Mr. Greeley, who, before he thought of making Washington his temporary residence, was very fond of giving its inhabitants what he called sound, practical common-sense advice, to go to work and pave and sewer and improve their city, as the people of other cities did, and pay for it themselves, and not expect anything in the way of help from the Government. The citizens of Washington, however, were a peculiar class. Nominally citizens and residents, they were mere temporary sojourners, with homes in the different States from which they came, to which they expected some day to return. Their business was directly or indirectly with the Government, and more or less subject to its political fluctuations and changes. Few of them were born there; few expected to die there; and those who were wise enough to think they might, generally provided that they should be buried somewhere else, choosing, of course, the place which they called home. They knew that they had little more concern in the improvement of the national capital than the other citizens of the country. To such people Mr. Greeley's "common-sense" advice to put their hands in their pockets and pay for making the seat of government a superb city while the rest of the United States looked on, was, like many other of Mr. Greeley's common-sense utterances, so much practical moonshine. The lesser part of the community who really regarded Washington as their home, also knew how small a part of it belonged to them, and how much must be given up to strangers. Thus, if they sought to build a church, they knew that half of it would be for themselves and the other half for persons who never gave a dollar toward its erection, who would not contribute toward its expenses nor take any part in its parochial work. This extraordinary compound of residence without citizenship or abiding interest in one-half of the inhabitants, with utter political hopelessness in the other half, was singularly illustrated in the public officers of the District. When the question of expensive improvements was under discussion, the people of Washington were told that they were like the citizens of other towns, and must pay the bills. But when any of the local offices was vacant, then they were told that Washington was the seat of Government, and that the politicians all over the country were equally entitled with its residents to share in its official plunder. We all know how sensitive Americans are on the subject of local offices, and how they even forbid themselves by law to elect a local officer from without his district. What now would be thought in New York if a stranger from Arkansas were forced upon us as Recorder, and another from Wisconsin as Surrogate? Yet this is just what has been done with the District, and at this time every judge upon its local bench was when appointed a resident of some State unacquainted with the laws and usages of the District of Columbia. Notwithstanding all of these disadvantages to improvement, the city has grown steadily, and of late years rapidly; and since the war a population has flowed into it more Northern in its training and more stable in its intention. With these changes also has come a stronger desire for the improvement of the city; a belief in its success as a winter watering-place for wealthy and fashionable sojourners; the political "rings" that rule some other American cities; and a new form of municipal government.

This new Territorial Government of the District, as it has been somewhat grandly termed, is, as a government, a most singular mixture of much shadow with the smallest possible amount of substance. It has an executive and a legislature, and the executive is solemnly enjoined to see that the laws be faithfully executed, and is empowered to grant "pardons" for offences against the laws of the Territory; but the Legislature has no power to disturb any act of Congress—that is to say, the existing law—while Congress has power to repeal any act of the Legislature. The laws made by Congress remain in fact the irrepealable law of the District, administered by courts of the United States, and not of the Territory, and all real powers of pardon are as heretofore vested in the President. The *jus imperii* is as much in the Government of the United States as it ever was, and calling the municipal authorities of a third-class town, in population not half so large as Brooklyn, and in territory not larger, if so large, as Manhattan Island, a government, is one of the absurd fancies which prefer names to things. The thing in question here would have been better understood if the Governor had been termed a Mayor; the Legislative Assembly, a Common Council; the laws, ordinances; and the power to grant pardons, a power to remit fines and penalties.

In the voting population of the District, as well as we can now analyze it, the Democratic and colored votes are about equal, with a balance of power of from four to five thousand white Republicans. On this basis is reared a paper constitution, with powers as beautifully balanced and distributed as any theoretic constitution-maker could desire. The Executive, the Upper Branch of the Legislature, and certain Executive boards are appointed by an impartial arbiter, the President, and, for greater safety, are confirmed by the Senate. The Lower Branch of the Legislature is elected by the inhabitants of the District. The Governor, therefore, it will be perceived, cannot appoint his creatures on the Executive boards as, for instance, the Board of Public Works; the Board of Public Works cannot raise money except through the Legislature; the Legislature springs from two distinct sources, the Executive of the nation and the people of the District, and the united action of its two parts is necessary to appropriate money. If the Board of Public Works were chosen by the Legislature, then, being its creature, we might fear collusion between them. Coming into power through the selection of the President, it is too remote from the Legislature, and particularly from the popular branch, to allow the idea of collusion between them. Finally, there are provisions for submitting the question of borrowing money and running in debt to a direct vote of the people. The Board of Public Works, an independent body, is the chief administrative agency for disbursing the public funds; but the Governor holds one negative over it, the Upper Branch of the Legislature another, the Lower Branch a third, and the people themselves, in important cases, a fourth. The city government is therefore unlike any other government in this country, and with as many checks and balances as could well be put upon paper.

Nevertheless this new government of checks and limitations, in the single year of its administration, has thrown upon a community of 130,000 persons, without commerce, manufactures, or accumulated wealth, a debt of something like $13,000,000, with direct assessments payable immediately of from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 more,

The streets from one end of the town to the other have been torn up and regraded and repaved. Some have been so cut down that houses built on the original grade now appear perched twenty feet high in the air. Others have been so filled up that the new pavement is on a level with second-story windows. Property originally valuable has been "improved" and assessed out of existence. Some of the property-holders of the city regard the Board of Works as a second Tweed-Sweeny ring, growing rich by direct collusion with the contractors; a few, of a speculative turn of mind, think the improvements a magnificent public work, causing some temporary inconvenience, but greatly adding to the general value of city property; a third class say that the improvements are not intrinsically bad, but that the general plan was adopted with reckless haste and has been pushed with the utmost extravagance. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, who witnessed the improvements in Paris undertaken by the Emperor and those in Washington by a board of citizens, has contrasted the two in a published letter, and shown that prudence, economy, and a scrupulous regard for public and individual convenience were on the side of the Emperor, and the reverse of these desirable traits on the side of this American city government.

The explanation of this state of affairs is a very simple one. As in New York so in Washington, taxes are imposed without the consent of those who pay them. The farce was, indeed, played there of submitting the question of a $4,000,000 loan to "the people"; but of course all of "the people" who were to pocket the money after it was borrowed voted in favor of the loan, and all of "the people" who are to pay the debt after it is incurred voted against it; and as those who hoped to be recipients largely outnumbered those who feared to be obligors, the loan was triumphantly carried, and the properties of those who voted against it were pretty effectually mortgaged. It seems a difficult lesson for Americans to learn that the free cities of mediæval times are no longer needed, and that city corporations of the present day are simply corporate bodies for the management of certain public property, and should be controlled by the responsible and not by the irresponsible part of the community. When to this lesson is added a due appreciation of the fact that we cannot expect any high standard of virtue in public offices until society exact it, and that the blessings of free government do not spring from written recipes but from an actual performance of the duties of citizenship, we may hope for better things. In the meantime, we may profitably watch how far the feelings and convenience and interests of a city community may be outraged under the official eye of the President, and within the legislative hearing of Congress.

THE PLATE-ARMOR AND BIG-GUN FARCE IN EUROPE.

THE contest which has been going on in Europe during the last ten years between the constructors of armor-plated ships and manufacturers of rifled cannon is, we are glad to say, reaching the extreme of absurdity. It is a contest of which the well-known New Zealand tourist will doubtless read, when he goes home to his hotel in the evening after sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, with both surprise and amusement. The French led the way in building cuirassed frigates; our war demonstrated the impossibility of meeting armor-plated ships with wooden ones; the British then went into the business, and a considerable portion of the best brains of England, France, Prussia, and Russia has ever since been engaged just in trying how heavily ships might be plated without destroying their buoyancy and manageability, and in inventing guns that would smash the plating. They first produced in England a nine-inch, twelve-ton, two hundred and fifty pounder; then a ten-inch, eighteen-ton, four hundred pounder; then an eleven-inch five hundred and thirty pounder; and at last a twelve-inch seven hundred pounder. But Russia, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and even Spain have provided themselves, or are providing themselves, with guns of precisely the same length and calibre and capacity. This may seem at first sight rather extraordinary, because one would naturally imagine that, as the object of all this gunnery is to enable each nation to smash the ships of its neighbors, they would conceal from each other the character and powers of their newest inventions. But the wonder ceases when we learn that these preparations for instant destruction are not only not carried on in secret, but each power furnishes the others on demand, in the most courteous manner, with full particulars of its latest death-dealing contrivances—drawings, specifications, and all. America, we are happy to say, is declared to have no gun at all worth consideration, and is treated as unworthy of notice. Long may she be counted out of this remarkable game.

Now for the result of this prodigious expenditure of money and science. The innocent spectator, who sees that all the maritime powers are about equally well provided with guns, will probably conclude that at any rate there is some difference between them in the matter of armor-plating; that some have stronger ships than others, or ships which the ordinary Christian guns are unable to pierce, and that they try to conceal from each other the nature and resisting power of their plating. Wrong again; they are as frank and open about it as possible. It would seem as if England could not bear to have better plates than Prussia, or Prussia than Russia. As soon as one discovers any new plan of stopping shot, it generously communicates it to all the others. The consequence is that there prevails the most beautiful equality in the matter of plating as well as in the matter of guns. It appears that the little nine-inch gun, the smallest and feeblest of all the guns, can send a shot right through the armor of every ship in the world, at 1,000 yards, except the Russian *Peter the Great* and *Hercules*, the Austrian *Custozza*, and the American *Kalamazoo*. The French fleet could all be disposed of even by the eight-inch gun, while even the Russian *Hercules* would stand no chance against the ten-inch. The British *thought* they had got something impregnable and unsurpassable in the *Devastation*, their latest plated monstrosity, but the Russians outdid it with their *Peter the Great;* and it now appears that the big twelve-inch seven hundred pounder can go through either of them like pasteboard, and it is said that if anything stronger than *Peter the Great* is produced, there is a fifty-ton twelve hundred pounder in preparation which will give that its quietus also. Having reached this puzzling pass, the inventors have naturally begun to pause and reflect. It is quite plain that a gun can be produced that will pierce any armor that can be made to float, and statesmen are naturally asking themselves, what is the use in going any further? Are we not rapidly approaching, if we have not already reached, the position with regard to ships in which the troops of the seventeenth century found themselves with regard to cuirasses and helmets? In other words, is the armor worth carrying? Will it not make shot more destructive, and will not the crew of an unplated ship be better off if we allow the great shot to pass right through them, and leave them to rely on speed, activity, and buoyancy to get out of the way, and deliver their own fire effectively?

These questions have recently assumed additional importance in England from the fact, that while it is acknowledged on all hands that to be perfectly secure the English fleet must be superior to the combined fleets of any other two powers, it is alleged by Mr. Reed, the late Naval Constructor, that both Prussia and Russia have ships superior to anything in the British navy; and yet, when they read of eleven and ten-inch Prussian guns going through twelve-inch solid plates, backed by a foot and a half of timber, and an "iron skin" five-eighths of an inch thick, as they have done recently, men ask themselves, what use is there in playing this game of guns against armor any longer? So what is to be done? The whole Christian nation—Evangelicals, Broad Churchmen, High Churchmen, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists, with a powerful reserve of Humanitarians—are racking their brains for some new mode of tearing the bowels out of Russians and Prussians, beating their skulls into small pieces, and stripping the flesh off their bones.

Nevertheless, if you were to go to London, St. Petersburg, or Berlin at this moment, assemble all the leading men of the country, and ask them whether they bore any ill-will to

the people of other countries, they would answer no. If you asked them whether it was not the true policy of all nations to live in peace with each other; whether their interests were not really the same; whether the true road to national happiness was not through trade, commerce, and manufactures, they would answer with emphasis that nothing was more certain. If you asked them to explain, then, why England needed guns to punch Russian armor, or Russian guns to punch English armor, they would say that it was in order to be ready for a quarrel; but if you asked them what the quarrel was to be about, not one could give you the least information. In short, you would find that their theories were those of the leading sages and economists of modern times, while their practice is that of Fiji Islanders, and their opinions of each other hardly a whit higher than the Iroquois used to entertain of the Illinois. For instance, at this moment the English are refusing to surrender Gibraltar to the Spaniards, who are the rightful owners, lest the French should wrest it from the Spaniards, and shut up the Mediterranean against the commerce of its enemies. In like manner, they are discontented with the rational and peaceful settlement of the San Juan difficulty, because they fear the Americans will use the island as a basis for "military operations" against Vancouver's Island, or, in other words, a point from which to start on expeditions for plunder and slaughter. The Prussians are lining the Rhine with tremendous fortifications, in order to prevent the French from carrying fire and sword into German farms and villages; and about three millions of men in the flower of their age are at this moment being elaborately trained, on the European continent, in the art of stealing up to other men without being seen, and dashing their brains out, or sticking long spikes into their bellies, and this at enormous expense and to the complete abandonment of all other business.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1872.

WE are—for there is no use in disguising the fact—in a very bad temper at the present moment. The award of the German Emperor in the matter of the San Juan boundary has been anything but soothing to our feelings. We had managed to swallow the decision of the Geneva arbitrators, and even to indulge in a little eloquence on the great moral example set to all nations, though a litigant who has to pay damages is never very much pleased, I imagine, even if he has to pay less than his adversary expected. Whilst we were trying to put as good a face on the matter as possible, the German decision suddenly threw us off our balance. It was not that Englishmen in general knew very much about the merits or had any distinct ideas of the geography of Vancouver's Island, or the strategical importance of the islands whose possession was in dispute. It is my private belief that if it could have been proposed to settle the matter by tossing a sovereign, nine men out of ten would have been ready to accept the offer, and to take either result with equally placid indifference. But now that we have received a kind of judicial rebuff, and are told simply and unequivocally that we are altogether in the wrong, the matter is changed. The difference between two channels, neither of which can be said to have previously imprinted themselves upon our consciousness, suddenly becomes a matter of vital interest to the empire. We have, it appears, been giving away a key which will, on the next war, enable the American burglar to break through and steal in the most disastrous fashion. In short, the British lion within us is aroused and growls very fiercely. We are angry with the American ministers who overreached us, with our own ministers who allowed us to be overreached, and with the German Emperor who, doubtless for some diabolical ends, gave his decision against us. Perhaps it is a little undignified to find fault with an arbitration simply because the result goes against you; and ministers might fairly urge that the objections which are now filling our newspapers should have been made before. This, however, is one of the advantages of newspaper writing. A journalist is not bound to possess the gift of prophecy, but may surely rebuke other people for not possessing it. Therefore, he may applaud ministers for consenting to an arbitration when the result is not foreseen, and abuse them for having consented to it when the result turns out to be unfavorable. Somebody, at any rate, must be made to expiate our losses. And so Government is accused full loudly of having shown disgraceful pusillanimity, and, in fact, conformed to the evangelical precept of turning the second cheek to the adversary instead of carrying out the current British version, and hitting him again. Especially, it is said, the interests of Canada have been disgracefully sacrificed. We gave up their claims arising from the Fenian raids, and we have now spoilt Canada's frontier on the Pacific. The *Times*, whose natural disposition to echo the popular voice is somewhat restrained by its allegiance to the Government, has ventured upon an apology which has not made matters pleasanter. Substantially, it has repeated a good deal of what was said by Mr. Goldwin Smith some years ago: the colonies are, or ought to be, old enough to take care of themselves, and they may set up for themselves as soon as they like. Such advice—whether sensible or not—does not have a very magnanimous sound, and is at any rate far from seasonable. In our sulky humor, we feel that we are open to ridicule for a cowardly retreat executed under a sham pretence of philanthropy. Everybody, it is said, laughs at us and sees through us, and we ought to be supremely discontented with the politicians who have brought us into such a scrape. And now to propose calmly to shuffle out of the difficulty by throwing the whole burden upon Canada is said to be utterly disgraceful. We may have been humiliated by the foolish weakness of our rulers, but the spirit of the nation is not so dead that it would tamely consent to the dismemberment of the empire.

All this and much more which is easily enough conceivable has been said with various degrees of force. What foundation in fact there may be for such complaints is a matter upon which I need not attempt to decide. Neither is it very easy to answer explicitly the question how much of this sentiment is mere party spirit, and how much of it is due to more deeply-rooted discontent. The cry about the British Empire has undoubtedly been very popular of late, and has been swelled by various causes. In the first place, there is the natural feeling that we have become a mere cipher in European politics, and that if we are equally ciphers in the New World it will very soon be worth nobody's while to attend to us. There is much to be said on both sides; but whether our policy of non-interference be right or wrong, it is undoubtedly trying to the national vanity. Then we must allow for what is called the Conservative reaction, so often announced and so long coming, but which seems to be now something of a reality, though greatly exaggerated by party writers. But in addition to this, many who profess and call themselves Radicals have taken up the same cry. The author of "Ginx's Baby," and others who sympathize with him, have succeeded in persuading many of the laboring classes that there is a boundless supply of fertile land in the colonies which would absorb the whole of our surplus population. If those territories were properly administered in the interests of England, every workingman in difficulties would have the power of falling back upon a comfortable homestead, to which he would be transported at the public expense. If this view were systematically carried out, it might possibly happen that our present colonists would find their interests clash with those of the sovereign people at home as decidedly as the interests of certain of their predecessors clashed with those of George III. Meanwhile these various tendencies coincide to make such advice as that given by the *Times* decidedly unpalatable. Of course, the patriotic clamor is of very little importance as regards our probable policy—at any rate for the immediate future. The vision of a vast English federation spreading over the whole globe, and welded together into a homogeneous mass, is not destined to speedy realization, and the attempt to give practical effect to it would bring out a conflict of interests and opinions much more likely to produce a disruption than a closer combination. Some ardent prophets, I know, foresee the day when not only the territories which acknowledge the sway of her most gracious majesty, but also the Republicans of the United States, will be gathered together in one fold. Personally, I do not expect to see that measure carried out. The practical conclusion which I would draw refers to much simpler considerations; and indeed it amounts to little more than recording the fact that there is a storm of angry feeling gathering itself which may possibly lead to some discharges in the course of next session. Our feelings about the Washington Treaty have varied greatly at different times, and it has been alternately a source of strength and weakness to the government. Just now, it is, perhaps, loading them with more odium than ever; and few of the numerous members of Parliament who are enlightening their constituents just now in different parts of the country have referred to the subject without some expression of annoyance, though, of course, the ministerial orators have tried to insinuate some little congratulatory remarks by way of set-off.

One other topic which is just now exciting some attention may have its significance. The recent Church Congress was in one sense a great success. It was attended by a very large number of the clergy, and they made a great many animated speeches. But the impression made upon the minds of most spectators may be inferred from the advice which some of the bishops have recently taken occasion to administer. Their lordships, and the late Speaker of the House of Commons has just followed their example, appear to have

thought it specially necessary to exhort us to harmony and mutual toleration. Bishop Ellicott—who is a shrewd and a very orthodox person—says that of the three great parties in the church, the Broad Church have no importance, as they are rapidly becoming Socinians; but he begs the High and the Low Church men to fall upon each other's necks and be reconciled. I have called the bishop shrewd, and I could perhaps justify the epithet; but certainly he can hardly expect his advice to be taken. The fact of his giving it proves that the difficulty cannot be overlooked, even by the serene occupants of the bench, but it will not tend really to soften matters. The simple fact is, that High and Low Churchmen hate each other more every day, and the best specimens of insolent abuse in contemporary literature (always excepting those flowers of rhetoric which are bestowed upon English statesmen by Irish demagogues) are to be found in the organs of the rival parties. A High-Church paper at which I lately glanced incidentally mentioned its opponents as "a putrescent rabble," and perhaps the High-Church language is rather most decorous of the two. The unfortunate bishops, who have to give satisfaction to clergy of all shades, are naturally alarmed at the prospect before them. The Church Congress seems to have generated so much warmth on all sides as to force the subject upon official attention. The proper remark which is made by persons of an optimist tendency is that their bitterness is really a subject for congratulation, inasmuch as it is the product of a lively interest in church questions. That there is in fact a lively interest in them is undeniable, nor can any one tell to what developments it may lead within a short time. We may, too, if we please, contrast the enthusiasm which now exists upon such subjects with the spiritual deadness which, it is the fashion to say, characterized the beginning of the century. And yet there is one fact which has also to be taken into account; namely, that there is now a very large and very rapidly growing party which looks upon the whole dispute and all the disputants with a mixture of contempt, amusement, and pity. The Athanasian Creed, as the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledges, must really have something done to it one way or the other; and the spectacle of the fierce passions excited in the clerical bosom by discussions over language which, to the lay mind, seems for the most part to be simply antiquated scholastic gibberish, is not perhaps altogether edifying. Certainly the clergy are more quarrelsome than they used to be; and, to do them bare justice, they are more energetic in the practical discharge of their duty. The two changes may be connected, but that does not necessarily make the quarrelling harmless. Some explosion will happen one of these days, which even pacific bishops will not be able to calm down.

A EUROPEAN SUMMER.—VI.

FROM CHAMBERY TO MILAN.

YOUR truly sentimental tourist can never *bouder* long, and it was at Chambéry—but four hours from Geneva—that I accepted the situation, and decided that there might be mysterious delights in entering Italy whizzing through an eight-mile tunnel, like some highly-improved projectile of the period. I found my reward in the Savoyard landscape, which greets you betimes with something of a Southern smile. If it is not as Italian as Italy, it is, at least, more Italian than Switzerland—more Italian, too, I should think, than can seem natural and proper to the swarming red-legged soldiery who so ostentatiously assign it to the dominion of M. Thiers. The light and coloring had, to my eyes, not a little of that mollified depth which they had last observed in Italy. It was simply, perhaps, that the weather was hot and that the mountains were drowsing in that iridescent haze which I have seen nearer home than at Chambéry. But the vegetation, assuredly, had an all but Transalpine twist and curl, and the classic wayside tangle of corn and vines left nothing to be desired in the line of careless grace. Chambéry as a town, however, affords little premonition of Italy. There is shabbiness and shabbiness, the discriminating tourist will tell you; and that of the ancient capital of Savoy lacks color. I found a better pastime, however, than strolling through the dark, dull streets in quest of "effects" that were not forthcoming. The first urchin you meet will tell you the way to Les Charmettes and the Maison Jean-Jacques. A very pleasant way it becomes as soon as it leaves the town—a winding, climbing by-road, bordered with such a tall and sturdy hedge as to give it the air of an English lane—if you can fancy an English lane introducing you to the haunts of a Madame de Warens! The house which formerly sheltered this lady's singular *ménage* stands on a hillside above the road, which a rapid path connects with the little grass-grown terrace before it. It is a small, shabby, homely dwelling, with a certain reputable solidity, however, and more of internal spaciousness than of outside promise. The place is shown by an elderly Frenchwoman, who points out the very few surviving objects which you may touch, with the reflection—complacent in whatsoever degree suits you—that Rousseau's hand has often lain there. It was presumably a meagrely-appointed house, and I wondered that on these scanty features so much expression should linger. But the edifice has an ancient ponderosity of structure, and the dust of the eighteenth century seems to lie on its worm-eaten floors, to cling to the faded old *papiers à ramages* on the walls, and to lodge in the crevices of the brown wooden ceilings. Madame de Warens's bed remains, with Rousseau's own narrow couch, his little warped and cracked yellow spinet, and a battered, turnip-shaped silver timepiece, engraved with its master's name—its primitive tick as extinct as his heart-beats. It cost me, I confess, a somewhat pitying acceleration of my own to see this intimately personal relic of the *genius loci*—for it had dwelt in his waistcoat pocket, than which there is hardly a material point in space nearer to a man's consciousness—tossed so irreverently upon the table on which you deposited your fee, beside the dog's-eared visitors' record—the *livre de cuisine* recently denounced by Madame Sand. In fact, the place generally, in so far as some faint ghostly presence of its famous inmates seems to linger there, is by no means exhilarating. Coppet and Ferney tell, if not of pure happiness, at least of prosperity and honor, wealth and success. But Les Charmettes is haunted by ghosts unclean and forlorn. The place tells of poverty, trouble, and impurity. A good deal of clever modern talent in France has been employed in touching up the episode of which it was the scene, and tricking it out in idyllic love-knots. But as I stand on the charming terrace I have mentioned—a little jewel of a terrace, with grassy flags and a mossy parapet, and an admirable view of great swelling violet hills—stand there reminded how much sweeter Nature is than man, the story looked rather wan and unlovely beneath these literary decorations, and I could muster no keener relish for it than is implied in perfect pity. Hero and heroine were first-rate subjects for psychology, but hardly for poetry. But, not to moralize too sternly for a tourist between trains, I should add that, as an illustration to be inserted mentally in the text of the "Confessions," a glimpse of Les Charmettes is pleasant enough. It completes the rare charm of good autobiography to behold with one's eyes the faded and battered *mise en scène* of the story; and Rousseau's narrative is so incomparably vivid and forcible, that the sordid little house at Chambéry seems of a hardly deeper shade of reality than the images you contemplate in his pages.

If I spent an hour at Les Charmettes, fumbling thus helplessly with the past, I frankly recognized on the morrow that the Mont Cenis Tunnel savors strongly of the future. As I passed along the St. Gothard, a couple of months since, I perceived, halfway up the Swiss ascent, a group of navvies at work in a gorge beneath the road. They had laid bare a broad surface of granite, and had punched in the centre of it a round, black cavity of about the dimensions, as it seemed to me, of a soup-plate. This was the embryonic form of the dark mid-channel of the St. Gothard Railway, which is to attain its perfect development some eight years hence. The Mont Cenis, therefore, may be held to have set a fashion which will be followed till the highest Himalaya is but the ornamental apex or snow-capped gable-tip of some resounding fuliginous corridor. The tunnel differs but in length from other tunnels; you spend half an hour in it. But you come whizzing out of it into Transalpine Italy, and, as you look back, may fancy it shrugging its mighty shoulders over the track—a spasmodic protest of immobility against speed. The tunnel is certainly not a poetic object, but there is no perfection without its beauty; and as you measure the long rugged outline of the pyramid of which it forms the base, you must admit that it is the perfection of a short cut. Twenty-four hours from Paris to Turin is speed for the times—speed which may content us, at any rate, until expansive Berlin has succeeded in placing itself at thirty-six from Milan. I entered Turin of a lovely August afternoon, and found a city of arcades, of pink and yellow stucco, of innumerable cafés, blue-legged officers, and ladies draped in the Spanish veil. An old friend of Italy, coming back to her, finds an easy waking for sleeping memories. Every object is a reminder. Half an hour after my arrival, as I stood at my window, looking out on the great square, it seemed to me that the scene within and without was a rough *résumé* of every pleasure and every impression I had formerly gathered from Italy: the balcony and the venetian-blind, the cool floor of speckled concrete, the lavish delusions of frescoed wall and ceiling, the broad divan framed for the noonday siesta, the massive mediæval Castello in mid-square, with its shabby rear and its pompous Palladian front, the brick *campaniles* beyond, the milder, yellower light, the brighter colors and softer sounds. Later, beneath the arcades, I found many an old acquaintance, beautiful officers, resplendent, slow-strolling, contemplative of female beauty; civil and peaceful dandies, hardly less gorgeous, with that religious faith in their moustaches and shirt-fronts which distinguishes the *belle jeunesse* of Italy; ladies most artfully veiled in lace mantillas, but with too little art—or too much nature, at least—in the region of the *corsage;* well-conditioned young *abbati*, with neatly-drawn stockings. These, indeed, are not objects of first-rate interest, and with such Turin is

rather meagrely furnished. It has no architecture, no churches, no monuments, nor especially picturesque street-scenery. It has, indeed, the great votive temple of the Superga, which stands on a high hilltop above the city, gazing across at Monte Rosa, and lifting its own fine dome against the sky with no contemptible art. But when you have seen the Superga from the quay beside the Po, as shrivelled and yellow in August as some classic Spanish stream, and said to yourself that in architecture position is half the battle, you have nothing left to visit but the Museum of pictures. The Turin Gallery, which is large and well arranged, is the fortunate owner of three or four masterpieces; a couple of magnificent Van Dycks and a couple of Paul Veroneses; the latter a Queen of Sheba and a Feast at the House of Levi—the usual splendid combination of brocades, grandees, and marble colonnades dividing skies *de turquoise malade*, as Théophile Gautier says. The Veroneses are fine, but with Venice in prospect the traveller feels at liberty to keep his best attention in reserve. If, however, he has the proper relish for Van Dyck, let him linger long and fondly here; for that admiration will never be more potently stirred than by the delicious picture of the three little royal highnesses, daughters of Charles I. All the purity of childhood is here, and all its soft solidity of structure, rounded tenderly beneath the spangled satin, and contrasted charmingly with its pompous rigidity. The little princesses, clad respectively in crimson, white, and blue, stand up in their ruffs and fardingales in dimpled serenity, squaring their infantine stomachers at the spectator with an innocence, a dignity, a delightful grotesqueness, which make the picture as real as it is elegant. You might kiss their hands, but you certainly would think twice before pinching their cheeks—provocative as they are of this tribute of admiration—and would altogether lack presumption to lift them off the ground—the royal dais on which they stand so sturdily planted *par droit de naissance*. There is something inimitable in the paternal gallantry with which the painter has touched off these imposing little ladies. They were babies, yet they were princesses, and he has contrived, we may fancy, to work into his picture an intimation that they were creatures whom, in their teens, the lucklessly smitten—even as he was prematurely—must vainly sigh for. Although the work is a masterpiece of execution, its merits under this head may be emulated—at a distance. The lovely modulations of color in the three contrasted and harmonized little satin petticoats—the solidity of the little heads, in spite of all their prettiness—the happy, unexaggerated squareness and maturity of *pose*—are, severally, points to study, to imitate, and to reproduce with profit. But the *taste* of the picture is its great secret as well as its great merit—a taste which seems one of the lost instincts of mankind. Go and enjoy this supreme expression of Van Dyck's fine sense, and admit that never was a politer work.

Milan is an older, richer, more historic city than Turin; but its general aspect is no more distinctly Italian. The long Austrian occupation, perhaps, did something to Germanize its physiognomy; though, indeed, this is an indifferent explanation when one remembers how well, picturesquely, Italy held its own in Venetia. Far be it from me, moreover, to accuse Milan of a want of picturesqueness. I mean simply that at certain points it seems rather like the last of the Northern capitals than the first of the Southern. The cathedral is before all things picturesque; it is not interesting, it is not logical, it is not even, to some minds, commandingly beautiful; but it is grandly curious, superbly rich. I hope, for my own part, that I shall never grow too fastidious to enjoy it. If it had no other beauty it would have that of impressive, immeasurable achievement. As I strolled beside its vast indented base one evening, and felt it above me, massing its grey mysteries in the starlight, while the restless human tide on which I floated rose no higher than the first great block of street-soiled marble, I was tempted to believe that beauty in great architecture is almost a secondary merit, and that the main point is mass—such mass as may make it a supreme embodiment of sustained effort. Viewed in this way, a great building is the greatest conceivable work of art. More than any other it represents difficulties annulled, resources combined, labor, courage, and patience. And there are people who tell us that art has nothing to do with morality. Little enough, doubtless, when it is concerned, ever so little, in painting the roof of Milan Cathedral within to represent carved stone-work. Of this famous roof every one has heard—how good it is, how bad, how perfect a delusion, how transparent an artifice. It is the first thing your *valet de place* shows you on entering the church. The discriminating tourist may accept it philosophically, I think; for the interior, though admirably effective, has no very recondite beauties. It is splendidly vast and dim; the altar-lamps twinkle afar through the incense-thickened air like fog-lights at sea, and the great columns rise straight to the roof, which hardly curves to meet them, with the girth and altitude of oaks of a thousand years; but there is little refinement of design—few of those felicities of proportion which the eye caresses, when it finds them, very much as the memory retains and repeats some happy line of poetry or some delightful musical phrase. But picturesque, I repeat, is the whole vast scene, and nothing more so than a certain exhibition which I privately enjoyed of the relics of St. Charles Borromeo. This holy man lies at his eternal rest in a small but gorgeous sepulchral chapel, beneath the pavement of the church, before the high altar; and, for the modest sum of five francs, you may have his shrivelled mortality unveiled, and gaze at it in all the dreadful double scepticism of a Protestant and a tourist. The Catholic Church, I believe, has some doctrine that its ends justify at need any means whatsoever; *a fortiori*, therefore, nothing it does can be ridiculous. The performance in question, of which the good San Carlo *fit les frais*, as the French say, was impressive, certainly, but as great grotesqueness is impressive. The little sacristan, having secured his audience, whipped on a white tunic over his frock, lighted a couple of extra candles, and proceeded to remove from above the altar, by means of a crank, a sort of sliding shutter, just as you may see a shop-boy do of a morning at his master's window. In this case, too, a large sheet of plate-glass was uncovered, and, to form an idea of the *étalage*, you must imagine that a jeweller, for reasons of his own, has struck an unnatural partnership with an undertaker. The black, mummified corpse of the saint is stretched out in a glass coffin, clad in his mouldering canonicals, mitred, crosiered, and gloved, and glittering with votive jewels. It is an extraordinary mixture of death and life; the desiccated clay, the ashen rags, the hideous little black mask and skull, and the living, glowing, twinkling splendor of diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires. The collection is really fine, and various great historic names are attached to the different offerings. Whatever may be the better opinion as to whether the Church is in a decline, I cannot help thinking that she will make a tolerable figure in the world so long as she retains this great capital of *bric à brac* scintillating throughout Christendom at effectively scattered points. You see, I am forced to agree after all, in spite of the sliding shutter and the profane exhibitory arts of the sacristan, that the majesty of the Church saved the situation, or made it, at least, sublimely ridiculous. Yet it was from a natural desire to breathe a sweeter air that I immediately afterwards undertook the interminable climb to the roof of the cathedral. This is a great spectacle, and one of the best known; for every square inch of wall on the winding stairways is bescribbled with a traveller's name. There is a great glare from the far-stretching slopes of marble, a confusion (like the masts of a navy or the spears of an army) of image-capped pinnacles, biting the impalpable blue, and, better than either, a delicious view of level Lombardy, sleeping in its rich transalpine light, and looking, with its white-walled dwellings, and the spires on its horizon, like a vast green sea spotted with ships. After two months of Switzerland, the Lombard plain is a delicious rest to the eye, and the yellow, liquid, free-flowing light (as if in favored Italy the vessels of heaven were more widely opened) had for mine a charm which made me think of a great opaque mountain as a blasphemous invasion of the atmospheric spaces.

I have mentioned the cathedral first, but the prime treasure of Milan at the present hour is the beautiful, tragical Leonardo. The cathedral is good for another thousand years, but I doubt that our children will find in the most majestic and most luckless of frescoes much more than the shadow of a shadow. Its frame for many years now has been that, as one may say, of an illustrious invalid whom people visit to see how he lasts, with death-bed speeches. The picture needs not another scar or stain, now, to be the saddest work of art in the world, and battered, defaced, ruined as it is, it remains one of the greatest. It is really not amiss to compare its decay to the slow extinction of a human organism. The creation of the picture was a breath from the infinite, and the painter's conception not immeasurably less complex than that involved, say, in his own personality. There has been much talk lately about the irony of fate, but I doubt that fate was ever more ironical than when she led this most deeply calculating of artists to spend fifteen long years in building his goodly house upon the sand. And yet, after all, can I fancy this apparent irony but a deeper wisdom, for if the picture enjoyed the immortal health and bloom of a first-rate Titian we should have lost one of the most pertinent lessons in the history of art. We know it as hearsay, but here is the plain proof, that there is no limit to the amount of substance an artist may put into his work. Every painter ought once in his life to stand before the *Cenacolo* and decipher its moral. Pour everything you mentally possess into your picture, lest perchance your "prepared surface" should play you a trick! Raphael was a happier genius; you cannot look at his lovely Marriage of the Virgin at the Brera, beautiful as some first deep smile of conscious inspiration, without feeling that he foresaw no complaint against fate, and that he looked at the world with the vision of a graceful optimist. But I have left no space to speak of the Brera, nor of that paradise of bookworms with an eye for the picturesque—if such creatures exist—the Ambrosian Library; nor of that solid old basilica of St. Ambrose, with its spacious atrium and its crudely solemn mosaics, in which

it is surely your own fault if you don't forget Dr. Strauss and M. Renan, and worship as simply as a Christian of the ninth century.

It is part of the sordid prose of the Mont-Cenis road that, unlike those fine old unimproved passes, the Simplon, the Splügen, and—yet awhile longer—the St. Gothard, it denies you a glimpse of that paradise adorned by the three lakes as that of uncommented Scripture by the rivers of Eden. I made, however, from Milan an excursion to the Lake of Como which, though brief, lasted long enough to make me feel as if I, too, were a hero of romance, with leisure for a *grande passion*, and not a hurrying tourist with a "Bradshaw" in his pocket. The Lake of Como has figured largely in fiction of the sentimental sort. It is commonly the spot to which ardent young gentlemen are wont to invite the wives of other gentlemen to fly with them, and ignore the cold obstruction of public opinion. But here is a chance for the stern moralist to rejoice; the Lake of Como, too, has been improved, and can boast of a public opinion. I should pay a poor compliment, at least, to the swarming inmates of the hotels which now alternate gracefully by the waterside, with villas old and new, to think that it could not. But if it is lost to old-fashioned romance, the unsophisticated American tourist may still find delicious entertainment there. The pretty hotel at Cadenabbia offers him at least the romance of what we call at home summer board. It is all so unreal, so fictitious, so elegant and idle, so framed to undermine a rigid sense of the chief end of man not being to float for ever in an ornamental boat, beneath an awning tasselled like a circus-horse, impelled by an affable Giovanni or Antonio from one stately stretch of lake-laved villa steps to another, that departure seems as harsh and unnatural as the dream-dispelling note of some punctual voice at your bedside on a dusky winter morning. Yet I wondered, for my own part, where I had seen it all before—the pink-walled villas gleaming through their shrubberies of orange and oleander, the mountains shimmering in the hazy light like so many breasts of doves, the constant presence of the melodious Italian voice. Where, indeed, but at the Opera, when the manager has been more than usually regardless of expense? Here, in the foreground, was the palace of the nefarious barytone, with its banqueting hall opening as freely on the stage as a railway buffet on the platform; beyond, the delightful back scene, with its operatic gamut of coloring; in the middle, the scarlet-sashed *barcaiuoli*, grouped like a chorus, hat in hand, awaiting the conductor's signal. It was better even than being in a novel—this being in a *libretto*.

Correspondence.

THE OIL PRODUCERS' ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In an article in the *Nation*, of November 7, in commenting upon the plan of organization recently adopted by the Pennsylvania oil producers, you say:

"The plan is to establish a stock company, including producers, refiners, and also railroad lines, under the laws of Pennsylvania, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, subscriptions to be payable not in money but in oil, at five dollars a barrel, the company to be a vast oil bank, distributing or retaining the production of oil at its pleasure."

And again:

"This is the second monopoly of the kind that has been projected within a year or two, the 'South Improvement Company' having failed through the premature assumption of the office of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics by some unauthorized outsider, the public taking alarm at the statistics and information which he disseminated."

Will you allow me to correct one or two errors into which you seem to have inadvertently fallen?

First: the stock company, which has already received over a million of dollars subscription to its capital stock, is composed of *producers*, and of such persons only as the council may see proper to issue certificates of stock to, and not of "producers, refiners, and railroad lines."

Second: the scheme of the "South Improvement Company," an organization of outside capitalists only, who professed to enrich themselves by "bearing" the crude market and "bulling" the refined, thus bleeding both producer and customer, is very different from the plan of the "Producers' Agency," which seeks only to control the property of its own members, for the advantage of the producer, refiner, and consumer. It is no monopoly in any just sense, for it simply recognizes the right upon which all laws of property are based, of ownership and control of that which the vendor has himself manufactured or produced. That the refiners, who were largely interested in the "South Improvement" scheme, do not regard this as a monopoly is evinced from the fact that the "Standard Oil Company" of Cleveland, the largest refining establishment in the world, has instructed its agents to buy oil only of the "agency," authorizing them to pay $4 75 per barrel, the present "agency" price. The refiners can make a handsome profit with oil at $5; and they profess themselves willing to assist the producers in maintaining a fair and fixed price for crude.

Third: the "South Improvement Company" came to grief through the action of the Legislature, which was forced to revoke the charter it had conferred, and also by the action of Congress, to which body a delegation of the leading citizens of the oil region was sent, representing in both cases that this was a most unjust monopoly, which would sacrifice for the benefit of the refiners alone the whole producing interest of the country, and also lay a heavy burden upon consumers.

Geo. O. Morgan.

Titusville, Pa., November 9, 1872.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to correct a slight but to us important error in the letter of your correspondent, "Paterfamilias," published in the issue of the *Nation* of Nov. 14, 1872.

The Warren Cooker is manufactured by the *Newport* (not the "New York") Lead Works.

Thanking your correspondent (who is unknown to me) for his letter, and you for publishing it, I am, yours faithfully,

Samuel R. Honey, Gen. Agent.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 16, 1872.

Notes.

Mr. Christern reminds us, apropos of our remarks last week on Rabelais, of Garnier Frères' edition of the "Œuvres de Rabelais," revised and annotated by M. Louis Moland, who also furnishes a life of the author, and illustrated by Gustave Doré. The samples of the latter's designs which accompany the publishers' prospectus are so disagreeably characteristic of Doré, that we feel inclined to doubt the value of his contribution to a work otherwise most beautifully executed. It is in two volumes quarto, and costs one hundred, sixty, or forty dollars, according to the paper on which it is printed.——D. Appleton & Co. will publish the second volume of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology"; "Hand-book of Social Economy," by Edmond About; "Food and Diet," by Dr. Edward Smith; and "Bressant," a novel, by Julian Hawthorne.——Holt & Williams announce "Outlines of German Literature," by Joseph Gostick and Robert Harrison.——"The Life of Principal Forbes," by Principal Shairp, Sir William Thomson, and Adams Reilly, is announced by Hurd & Houghton.——Lee & Shepard will publish translations of the encyclopædic "Life of Alexander von Humboldt" which we noticed last week, and of the "Memoirs of Baron Stockmar."——We have received from the publisher, Mr. T. Ellwood Zell, of Philadelphia, a "Sketch Map of the Nile Sources and Lake Region of Central Africa," showing Dr. Livingstone's recent discoveries and his and Stanley's routes. We presume it is copied after Mr. Keith Johnston's map of the same nature, which we see announced in England. The route next proposed to himself by Dr. Livingstone is indicated as far as the extreme point reached in his previous journeyings northward—namely, the unvisited lake into which Webb's Lualaba broadens after it has received the waters of Lake Lincoln. The fountains of Herodotus are placed just west of Lake Bangweolo. The map-maker carefully leaves it an open question whether the explorer will find himself at last on the Congo or on the Nile; but cuts him off from Lake Albert Nyanza by a mountain barrier.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published a new edition of Hardwick's excellent "History of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages," edited by Professor Stubbs. The name of the editor is a guaranty of the accuracy and excellence of the edition; but the maps, by Mr. Keith Johnston, are singularly inadequate. In the first place, they are indistinct, and ruinous to the eyes; but they are not even correct. In No. 2, "Asia at the middle of the Xth Century," the Mohammedan Empire is made to extend from the Danube and the Crimea to beyond the mouth of the Ganges, an extent which it did not reach till centuries after. In No. 3, "Europe at the middle of the XIth Century," the Mohammedans have lost ground, only holding Greece and to the Danube a little above its mouth, an empire, we need not say, as mythical as the last. The worst feature of the maps is the anachronisms. We have Switzerland upon a map of the XIth Century; and such combinations of names on the map of the IXth century as Rotomagus and Burdigala by the side of Coblenz and Strasbourg. But there are also stranger omissions:

Milan, Cologne, Frankfurt, Worms, Saxony as a duchy, and Lotharingia are omitted; and Venice and Florence on the map where one would not look for them. Again, the maps undertake to indicate Bishops' Sees by a special mark; but Mentz, Trèves, Rheims, Salzburg, and Münster are not thus marked, while Lüttich, Metz, Worms, Spire, and Cologne are not given at all. The map of the British Isles is a serviceable one, but the others we should hardly think would be of any use to any one who wants an historical map at all.

—"The Pulse of Health" is the title of an interesting little periodical publication, which calls itself "an exponent of cumulative exercise and general hygiene," and is published by the Health Lift Company of this city, and edited by Frank W. Reilly, M.D. The publishers, with a most commendable and at the same time remarkable honesty, announce that as they are manufacturers of one of the numerous machines in the market for use in this exercise, and so "open to the charge of ulterior motives," they wish to "emphasize the distinction between the system of exercise and any or all machines." "They believe that they have the best and cheapest machine, and that by liberal and judicious advertising," etc., etc., etc. With similar frankness we may say that we know little about the merits of the various machines now in the market, but we do think that this new kind of exercise deserves all the attention on the part of the public which is asked for it. The advantage over other forms of exercise which it is said to possess, is that while they fatigue and exhaust, this invigorates and refreshes. In walking, riding, running, or in exercises with rings, bars, dumb-bells, or clubs, a few muscles are used over and over and over again in overcoming a constant or uniform weight or resistance, and, moreover, the absolute contraction of muscular tissue is the same, whether the time be long or short. In cumulative exercise, on the contrary, additional muscles are brought into use successively, by a successive increase of the amount of weight or resistance, the result being a "perfect and complete exercise of the entire muscular system." In all the machines of which we have seen any notice, the method employed is that of lifting. The effects of cumulative exercise, indicated by the sphygmograph—pulse-tracer—are a "reduction of the rate of the pulse, and a corresponding increase in force, volume, and regularity"; while the ordinary forms of exercise make the pulse frequent and irregular—the frequent motions of a few muscles "creating a demand for fresh blood *from* the heart, whilst their contraction is not sufficient to send *venous* blood *to* the heart in sufficient quantities to supply the demand, and, consequently, the heart beats oftener, throbs violently, and sometimes irregularly"; a statement which every one of moderate strength, accustomed to gymnasiums, will probably corroborate. Another good effect is the muscular absorption of oxygen caused by cumulative exercise—much greater in amount than that absorbed in ordinary exertions of the muscles. This oxygenation explains the "sense of invigoration, freshness, and buoyancy of body and mind" which follows the use of health-lifts. Perhaps no one can speak with authority on the matter, until the new kind of exercise has been in use a sufficiently long time among a sufficiently large number of people to afford means of general comparison. The Germans are a stalwart people, yet they are a nation of gymnasts; the English are strong also, and they are a nation which exercises itself in out-door sports.

—One thing is evident, that as life becomes more and more artificial, exercise must be more and more scientifically studied. For those who till the ground, or engage in other occupations which require an open-air life, artificial systems of exercise are unnecessary; but for the vast and constantly increasing numbers of those who lead sedentary lives in towns and cities, exercises of all kinds will probably have to be discovered, adapted both to professional and to individual peculiarities. If many of our lawyers, merchants, editors, publishers, and clergymen had time enough for such athletic sports as most Englishmen of the well-to-do classes have, they could probably get through the year better than they now do. But they have not time. We at this moment hardly recall a single acquaintance, out of college and professional schools, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five, and engaged in the pursuits of active life, who habitually either rides a horse, rows a boat, plays ball, boxes, or fences. The men engaged in business, trade, art, manufactures, or professional life are too closely confined during the day, and too tired when the day is over, to think of manly sports—or indeed anything but rest. The exercises of such men cannot be those which are adapted to classes happily possessed of leisure. The study of gymnastic exercise is for this reason more important for Americans than for almost any other people. The sacred flame which the great principle of "cumulation" has kindled in the breast of the editor of the "Pulse of Health" seems to be oxygenated, to put it scientifically, by the true spirit of reform.

—By the death last week (Thursday, Nov. 14) of Professor James Hadley of Yale College, American scholarship has sustained a most deplorable loss. Those who knew him well did not hesitate to rank him as the first of American philologists—first, for the comprehensive variety of his acquisitions, for the minute accuracy of his learning, and his ready and complete command of all its resources, for his philosophical spirit, critical acumen, and sound judgment, and for his power of easy and lucid expression. Greek was his specialty, but it was far from being the only branch in which he was profoundly versed. He was a general student of language; he had mastered comparative philology, tested its methods and garnered its results; besides the classical and the usual modern languages, he had acquired the Gothic, Welsh, Armenian, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Hebrew; he was as familiar with the history and etymology of English as of Greek. Indeed, in other departments of knowledge he had shown equal ability; his lectures on the Roman law had been given with great acceptance at Harvard as well as Yale, and at the latter college were a part of the regular law course; and in earlier life he had indulged for a time a predilection for mathematics, and given promise of great eminence as a mathematician. He had been at his post in Yale twenty-seven years, commencing as tutor in 1845. Recently he had been giving himself more and more to the higher instruction of graduate students in the school of philology, of which he was a principal support, and his activity as teacher would probably have been hereafter mainly exerted there. To the school and the college his death is a very severe blow. Probably Yale has never felt a severer; for its great men have generally been taken away in the fulness of years, while he was but fifty-one, and in the very prime of his strength and usefulness. During his long term of service he had found his satisfaction, more than some do, in the results of his teaching, limiting his ambition chiefly to that which, joined with an innate modesty, an invincible disinclination to attract attention to himself, has caused him to leave for the world a less full exhibition of his powers than were to be wished. His Greek grammar, founded in part on that of Georg Curtius, yet virtually an independent work, is the most elaborate of his productions; nothing better and abler of its class exists in any language. His "Brief History of the English Language," forming a part of the introduction to Webster's Dictionary (editions of 1865 and later), has been successfully used as a manual of English study in Yale and Harvard, as well as elsewhere. He has long been an active member of the Oriental Society, and secretary of its classical section, and has presented at its meetings many valuable papers, which are in part published in its Journal, in part in other periodicals. For two years he has been President of the Society, and his fatal illness began the day but one after he had conducted its autumn meeting in New Haven. From the foundation of the Philological Association he has had a leading voice in its councils and proceedings, and held this year the office of vice-president; all its volumes of transactions have important articles from his pen; the most elaborate, "On English Vowel Quantity," appeared this summer. Others of his essays are to be found in the *New Englander*, the *North American Review*, the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy, and in our own columns, where, far less often than we wished but not infrequently, he gave our readers the benefit of his great knowledge, his good sense, and his discriminative taste. It is to be hoped that his essays will be collected and published; and probably his lectures on the civil law, already referred to, would prove a useful text-book for our law schools in a branch of study which is generally acknowledged to receive less attention than it deserves from English and American students. Professor Hadley commanded as much respect and admiration as a man as was paid him in his capacity of scholar; in every relation of life he was irreproachable. His personal friends will indeed mourn his loss, for he was no less deservedly loved than respected.

—In "Paradise Lost" (i. 567–571), Satan reviewing his legions,

> —"through the armed files
> Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon *traverse*
> The whole battalion views, their order due,
> Their visages and stature as of gods;
> Their number last he sums."

The earlier editions have a comma after "views." Newton, Bentley, Todd, and nearly all modern editors of Milton put a semicolon there. Thus pointed, "traverse" is manifestly an *adverb*, and "battalion" is the object of "views." But when Johnson was compiling his dictionary, he used an edition of the "Paradise Lost" in which, by carelessness of a printer, the comma after "views" was omitted. Misled thereby, he regarded "traverse the whole battalion" as an adverbial phrase, and made "traverse" a preposition. His first folio gives:

"TRAVERSE, *adverb* (*à travers*, French), crosswise, athwart."
"TRAVERSE, *prep.*, through crosswise."

For the latter definition he cites as his only authority the mispointed lines of

Milton. This blunder reappears in subsequent editions of his dictionary, and has hitherto escaped detection by any of his editors. Todd, who in his edition of Milton inserts the comma after "views," omits it in his edition of Johnson: and almost every English lexicographer has conceded to "traverse" the place which Johnson gave it among prepositions. Ash cites "Milton" and copies Johnson's definition, but makes a blunder of his own by inserting a comma between the two words, "through, crosswise." Sheridan emphasizes this mistake by making the comma a *semicolon*. Walker and Webster's quarto of 1828 have "through crosswise," and the latter borrowed from Johnson the misquotation from Milton; but the "University edition" of Webster, 1847, adopted Sheridan's semicolon ("through; crosswise") for the definition. And so on. In 1855, an American contributor to *Notes and Queries* (vol. xi. p. 24) called attention to this curious sequence of errors—the accidental omission of one comma having given a new preposition to the language, and the improper insertion of another having led half a dozen lexicographers into the absurdity of defining a supposed *preposition* by an *adverb*, "crosswise." Worcester, in 1859, and the revisers of Webster, in 1864, excluded the Johnsonian "traverse, *prep.*" from the vocabulary, and the former gave the lines from Milton, correctly pointed, under "traverse," adverb. But Dr. Latham's new dictionary founded on Johnson's retains Johnson's error, and the old misquotation reappears under

"TRAVERSE, *prep.*, through crosswise."

—Mr. John Camden Hotten sends us a note in which he asks us to give as full an abstract of his reply to "Mark Twain's" recent attack upon him as we gave of "Mark Twain's" letter making the attack. We will do as well as we can, though we do not think we fully understand the reply in question. Mr. Hotten begins by saying to the editor of the *Spectator* that in June last the said editor allowed him to say in substance this: a so-called "revised edition" of Mark Twain's sketches was not truly a revised edition nor an "author's edition," but was merely a slightly altered reproduction of an edition which Mr. Hotten had himself scraped together from American journals. Secondly, says Mr. Hotten, "Mark Twain" charges that five papers added to his admitted work are of Mr. Hotten's composition and not at all of his. To this Mr. Hotten answers that he certainly did not compose them; that three of them appeared in Mark Twain's own paper, the Buffalo *Express*, and the others were very generally circulated under his name, without a single denial appearing. Thirdly, "Mark Twain" says he is not "Carl Byng" and by implication that he did not write "Carl Byng's" productions; and to this Mr. Hotten says that in that case "'Mark Twain's' brother journalists in New York State must be laboring under an extraordinary delusion," for they always treat "Carl" as "Mark," and "Mark" has never once corrected them. Mr. Hotten remarks, by the way, that it is always in the Buffalo *Express*, again, that "Carl Byng's" efforts appear. The argument appears to be that "Mark" denies the Byngisms now because he desires to keep on saying that he did not write the above mentioned five sketches, but that really he is the veritable "Carl," and never denied it till just now. This argument Mr. Hotten proceeds to strengthen by narrating an incident tending to show that "Mark" has a diseased and morbid fondness for *noms de plume*. The other day he was in Mr. Hotten's shop "with one of the greatest humorists of Fleet Street," and Mr. Hotten welcomed him as "Mr. Clemens, the famous Mark Twain," upon which he observed Mr. Clemens "looked glumpy," and by-and-by "one of the greatest humorists in Fleet Street" took Mr. Hotten aside and said that Mr. Twain preferred to be called "Mr. Bryce." Thus instructed, Mr. Hotten thereafter addressed him as "Mr. Bryce," to the evident great satisfaction, not to say delight, of Mr. Clemens. We confess had we been in Mr. Hotten's place we should have suspected that Mr. Mark Twain and his Fleet-Street friend were making game of us. The story reminds us of Mr. Artemus Ward's experience with Mr. Daniel Setchell. Those two gentlemen were driving together in Maine, and the custom was for one to bind the other with cords, then going up to some farm-house door profess to be the keeper of a dangerous lunatic, who could only be quieted by profuse libations of milk, or cider, or what not. Being ministered unto by the farmer's wife or daughter the pair drove away, and then the cord being transferred from the lunatic to the keeper they were ready for the next farm-house. "Mr. Bryce's" anxiety about his name we take to have been something similar to the mental alienation of Mr. Ward and Mr. Setchell. Finally, Mr. Hotten having made his assertions as regards Mr. Clemens's fondness for pseudonyms; as to "Carl Byng's" being one of these; and as to Mr. Clemens's consequent responsibility for the five disputed sketches, adds that he has thrice written to Mr. Clemens and got no answer, and that he is always willing to pay any American "who may write or edit" for him, but that if it is left to him "to gather up manuscript trifles cast off and forgotten," and afterwards find a market for them, he is "not prepared to pay anything," especially as he runs the risk of another publisher's putting out an edition at one-sixth of the price of his own. Perhaps Mr. Hotten ought to have reflected that some writers resent as an injury the gathering up of unconsidered trifles which they choose to disown and forget; and that being angered thereby they decline to answer his letters, and think it fair to attack him in ways not sanctioned by the usual laws of war. We do not know, but we suggest this as a solution of Mr. Clemens's indignation.

—As we are considering Mr. Hotten's case, and now that we have complied with his request for a full hearing, we will go on to tell him that we learn, from an advertisement of his printed in the *Spectator* of October 12, that "the New York *Nation* is struck with Dod Grile's wit and delightful badinage, every line in the most forcible English"; as to which we would say that we have not been struck by Dod Grile; that his wit, and his delightful badinage, and his forcible English are all entirely unknown to us; that we never heard of him or them till we saw Mr. Hotten's advertisement, and that we should like to know why we are quoted as having been struck with the powers of Mr. Grile. Furthermore, we may say while we are on the topic that we are now informed by a person who knew Mr. Hotten in his childhood, and whose parents were friends of Mr. Hotten's parents, that he is not of American birth as we stated the other day, but of English. And finally, Mr. Hotten himself tells us that he has made a certain covenant and agreement with that serpent, that hardy blasphemer, that foe of all the gentler feelings adorning our nature, that prodigious and frontless contemner of virtue and morality, the San Francisco *News Letter's* "Town Crier." In consideration of a sum of money to him in hand paid, this enemy of man and worse enemy of woman has bound and obligated himself to gather together his compositions into a book—a sort of cynic's *vade mecum*, a *Delectatio Demonorum* and "Fiends' Delight," which Mr. Hotten will publish. Should he do so, the reading public will see a specimen of "American humor" as unlike that of any of the other American humorists as the play of young human merry-andrews is unlike that of a young and energetic demon whose horns are well budded.

—Nearly two years have passed since M. Jules Simon, as Minister of Public Instruction of the short-lived Government of National Defence, made a spasmodic attempt to improve education in France by means of a circular addressed to the heads of academies, and by other measures of a more popular nature. He has again, with M. Thiers to back him, but on his own responsibility, and, it is said, somewhat illegally, made a vigorous start towards educational reform, having special reference to those prison-houses called *lycées*, of which there are sixty-three (including Algiers), and to the communal colleges, which number two hundred and twenty-five. To the already overcrowded course of studies in the former, M. Simon adds general gymnastics, fencing, and horsemanship, putting these exercises in the front rank, with an evident eye to the importance attached to them in Germany, where, however, they make rather more of a figure in the programmes than in actual observance. Along with this, he bestows more freedom on the professors in the choice of text-books and modes of teaching, and endeavors to make their relations with their pupils much more intimate than they are now. Of the graduate he exacts one thing—that he shall be proficient in at least one living language, preferably English or German. For the present, reforms in primary and university education and normal training, as well as in the pay of teachers, are postponed; but they can hardly come too soon.

SKINNER'S AMERICAN POLITICS.*

AT the present juncture in our politics, when party ties are being rapidly effaced, and new issues are forming and fast superseding the old, nothing could be more timely than a comprehensive survey of the situation, and a full discussion as well of the past issues as of those that are now coming into prominence. It is a task of great difficulty and delicacy, and whatever his success in performing it, Mr. Skinner deserves commendation for the courage and industry with which he has set about it. We cannot but think, however, that he began the work on too extended a scale, and was obliged to curtail his plan somewhat towards the end; or it may be that he was anxious to have the book out before the election, and for this reason hurried it at the last. Whatever the cause, the last chapters are as a whole far less satisfactory than the early ones, and this not by reason of the views supported, or the arguments advanced, but because the treatment is comparatively slight and hasty. In the closing chapters, too, we find a departure from the calm and impartial tone of the earlier portions of the book, and a bitterness of language in speaking of the present Administration, which we

* "The Issues of American Politics. A discussion of the principal questions incident to the Governmental Polity of the United States. By Orrin Skinner (of the New York Bar.)" Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 12mo, pp. 581.

can only characterize as partisan. It was at once unbecoming and inconsistent with the character and purposes of the treatise to introduce in this way expressions which bear only upon this present election of 1872.

Apart from this, the book deserves high praise. The first feature which strikes the reader is the clearness and felicity of the definitions and statements; Mr. Skinner has a genuine power of statement. For example, in the discussion upon the suffrage, p. 521: "There is not an instance of private policy, from walking the tow-path of a canal to the superintendence of the delicate machinery of finance or the practice of the liberal professions, in which a certain degree of *acquired fitness* is not demanded of the one who essays the performance of these simple and intricate trusts." It is all the more strange, therefore, in a writer who can express himself so clearly and well, that we meet with such incomprehensible sentences as the following, p. 552: "There are certain questions of governmental polity which, from their peculiar nature, will never receive the seal of even temporary settlement until the highest order of civilization shall have laid its hand upon every member of the human brotherhood that shall be allowed a voice in the direction of human affairs"; or the entire paragraph, p. 222, which introduces the discussion of the Fourteenth Amendment. There is also an extreme fondness for rare and technical terms—such as joinder, sequential, facture, suppletory; and not infrequently words are used in a way quite incorrect—as a clan (of two persons); an ingot of gold-bearing quartz; trite, apparently for terse (p. 571); will for shall (p. 537); suffragan for pertaining to the suffrage. Protection and free trade are spoken of as institutions; and a boy is wonderfully called "the insignia of uncompromising noise." Another affectation of style is the fondness for variety of expression, even where sameness would be more appropriate. Thus, the introductory remarks to the entire treatise and the four several books are headed respectively "Introductory," "Explanatory," "Inductive," "Preliminary," and "Preparatory."

In spite of these curious tricks of expression, the work is, in the main, written in a clear and forcible style, and contains a series of able discussions. The First Book treats of financial questions—the National currency, the National Bank system, and the public debt—and is introduced by a chapter upon money and currency, one of the best in the volume, but of a scope more suitable to a work on political economy than a treatise like this. We can hardly think that this Book would have been so extensive if the author had laid out his work with sufficient care. The Second Book treats of questions of polity, such as Reconstruction and Civil Service; the third, of Tariffs and Taxation; the fourth takes up subjects of a more general nature—Suffrage, Personal Representation, and Centralization. We have already remarked that these last discussions are unsatisfactory, with the exception of that upon suffrage, which is admirable; although even this might advantageously be a little expanded. The treatment of personal representation is very inadequate; that of centralization hardly better. And it should be remarked that several very important topics are omitted entirely—foreign relations, public lands, the Indian policy, internal improvements, the fisheries, and national education among others.

The Second Book will attract the most attention, although it treats mostly of past issues—perhaps for this reason, because they are the ones upon which the community is best informed. The chapter upon civil-service reform—the one of most immediate practical importance—contains an excellent criticism of the present method of administration, exposing its iniquities and absurdities with great force. When it comes to proposing a remedy, however, we cannot think that Mr. Skinner's plan would accomplish the desired end. It is too complicated, depends too much upon legislation, and much of it legislation which is in the direction of present abuses. The one essential thing in civil-service reform is to reinstate the old popular sentiment in regard to the matter. Before Jackson's Administration there was no need of laws upon this subject, because public opinion was sound; and in a matter like this, which cannot be absolutely controlled by statute, the only adequate guaranty for honest and efficient administration is public opinion. At present public opinion is debauched by the long practice of every party; hardly any persons now in active life can remember the time when public business was conducted on the safe and honest principles of private business, and it is simply because the majority of people cannot conceive of things different from what they are used to, that it has been so hard to start a reform. All that legislation can do is to give a respite from the present misgovernment long enough to let a new generation grow up without knowledge of the old bad way. Meantime the discussion that has been going on ever since Mr. Jenckes first brought the question prominently forward, has been very effective in educating the popular mind. It is safe to say that a reform is now demanded by the entire body of thinking men, with the exception of professional politicians; while five years ago the abuses were only a matter of private lamentation among a few.

Now we have no more faith in competitive examinations as a panacea for the evil, than Mr. Skinner has; all they can do is to ensure the possession of certain necessary qualifications, although not of the essential ones. But they do at all events help to accomplish two things: first, to excite thought upon the matter, and interest the community in reform; secondly, to remove the subject from the realm of politics, even if inadequately and but for a time. Mr. Skinner's plan proposes a machinery which shall control the matter permanently; perhaps it would, as he asserts, result in an efficient and honest civil service; but it would be at the risk of certain decided disadvantages, and, more than that, it aims to accomplish by machinery what can only be accomplished by political morality. He is entirely right in his view that any method, to be successful, must act above all by "removing the cause which generates the motive, by changing the springs of action which control the management of the service" (p. 362). And if we thought that the only way thus to remove the cause was the one he proposes, we should at once assent to it, little as we like some features of it. But on its own merits, we are entirely opposed to his first proposition to prohibit the re-election of a President. Our system is wasteful enough as it is, in relegating to private life for the rest of his days every person who has risen to the post which requires the widest experience and the greatest knowledge of public affairs; we should be sorry indeed, if we ever have another Washington or Lincoln in the Presidential chair, not to be suffered to retain him there. Neither do we believe that it would accomplish the desired end. It is not the power of the executive under which the country is now suffering, but of the *party;* it is because he has suffered himself to be a tool in the hands of party managers that General Grant has been condemned; not because he had undue ambition on his own behalf. And if he were ineligible for re-election, do we not suppose that Messrs. Conkling, Morton, Chandler, and Cameron would have just as efficiently manipulated the nomination of his successor as they have his own? The same reasoning will apply to making heads of departments, etc., ineligible for office for the next Administration.

Other features of the plan are equally objectionable—removal of members of the service by the next Administration, apportionment of certain offices among the States, and election of certain others by the people of several localities; *appointment* by governors, mayors, and selectmen might not be so objectionable. Certain other features are excellent—the prohibition of members of the civil service from taking an active part in State politics, the forbidding of political assessments, and the increase of salaries, etc.; as to the recommendations of members of Congress, that would take care of itself, if the matter were properly regulated otherwise.

We had marked several other points for consideration, but our limits will not allow it. We will say that the chapter upon Protection and Free Trade contains as good a statement of the argument for protection as we have ever seen. We cannot say as much for the author's historical illustrations, especially where, on p. 511, he says that "civilization, for the purposes of government, passes through four *principal* reformatory stages—democratic, monarchical, aristocratic, and republican or representative," giving as illustrations of the first three respectively "the deplorable condition of ancient Athens, the miseries of Rome under Cæsar or France under Charlemagne, and the hardships of the English people under William of Normandy and his nobles." It would be hardly possible to find worse illustrations. Ancient Athens certainly did suffer from some of the evils of democracy, but on the other hand enjoyed a constitution in which democracy was tempered and checked by some of the most remarkable and sagacious provisions in constitutional history. Rome under Cæsar—or rather in his time—was badly enough off, it is true; but its evils were the fruits not of monarchy but of lawless democracy. As for Charlemagne, his firm, wise reign is the one bright spot in many generations of misgovernment and anarchy; while if there ever was a king who kept the reins of government tightly in his own hand, it was William the Conqueror.

The general tone of Mr. Skinner's political philosophy is that of a liberal conservatism, with an occasional incongruous dash of radical democracy, as in the propositions above cited with regard to the re-eligibility of the President and Cabinet officers, and the election and distribution of members of the civil service; the doctrine (p. 367) that "rotation in office is one of the fundamental elements of republican government"; and the irreverent mention of Sir William Blackstone and Sir William Hamilton without the sign of their baronetcy.

Mr. Skinner's faults as a writer appear to be mainly due to his leaving the simple and straightforward style of expression which is natural to him, and straining after some compact and allusive form of words which shall contain a great deal of meaning, even if the meaning has to be searched for; as where, under the head of the circulating medium, he speaks (p. 110) of initiate and consummate convertibility—the latter very essential, the former not at all so. He forgets that the first requisite of

style is perspicuity, and that profundity should be in the thought rather than in its expression. In spite of these defects, he has, by this volume, earned for himself an honorable position among American political writers. If he will rid himself of these faults of style, and cultivate those powers which he possesses in so striking a degree, we may look for valuable works from his pen. Should this present pass to a second edition, we hope he will correct a material error copied from the *Nation*, though duly rectified by us. The expenses for one year of the Louisiana Legislature were $900,000 only, and not $9,000,000.

JOHNSON'S ORIENTAL RELIGIONS.*

IT was not without a shade of misgiving that we opened a volume so bulky as this, treating of the Hindu religion. Considering how much is still obscure in the history of that religion, considering of how much loose disquisition, and daring reconstruction, and empty declamation it has been made the subject, one cannot help being suspicious in advance of the soundness and moderation of an author who can spread himself over eight hundred pages upon it. Unless, indeed, he were an original scholar, bringing new materials to light, or applying to those already gathered a closer criticism and a more acute penetration; for there is no end to the work still requiring to be done in that way. Mr. Johnson lays no claim to being such a scholar; he has access to the sources only at second-hand; he writes as a general student of religion and of religions, to whom a part of the field so rich in attractions as the Indian could not but be a theme of absorbing interest. He has made it, as he assures us, for more than twenty years his study; his notes and references abundantly show that he has resorted to the best sources, old and new, down to the newest; and he has produced a picture of the religious development of India which is faithful in its main outlines, lively and engaging in its style, and inspired throughout with a keen and even enthusiastic appreciation of the beauties of its subject. His spirit is that of an advanced liberal; he has no blinding prejudices in favor of the faith which is popular here, and holds no theory of inspiration which should prevent his classifying together all the records of religious thought and teaching, as containing truth from God, mixed with error and weakness for which man is responsible. This is well for the fairness and impartiality of his work; it would be hard to do Hinduism real justice, if approaching it in the spirit too often shown toward a heathen faith by an aggressively Christian enquirer. But impartiality may be so upright as to lean backward; and of this failing many will not hold our author guiltless. To expect of the remote past and of the Orient the wisdom of modern Christianity and the coherence of modern thought, would be palpably unjust; but it is a different thing to observe and point out where the former fail in moderation, in concinnity, in sound sense, in that solidity which, when soaring aloft, never loses connection with the earth.

We had thought the time gone by, thirty years ago, when any one could write, for example, of the Bhagavad-Gita in the strain of almost unmixed exaltation in which Mr. Johnson describes it. Its lofty doctrines are weighed down with infinite pettinesses, its religion with superstition, its profound reasonings with paradoxes and transparent sophistries; it lacks altogether that quality of practicality, of adaptation to the realities of human nature and circumstance, without which no religious doctrine can claim our high admiration. So also with the Hindu philosophies; as themes for careful historical study, which shall work out their underlying principles, and see what of wholesome sense and sound thought they cover and disguise, they are full of interest; we are ready to wonder at them as examples of acute and hair-splitting subtlety; but we would fain see a man of European culture in the nineteenth century hold himself a little more independent of them and above them than does our author. One who has studied the earliest phase of Hindu religion, as it was before the Aryan hue had faded away from it, with its human and hearty worship of the powers of nature, its enjoyment of life and of the good things of life, its simple belief in immortality and happiness beyond the grave—such a one can hardly help lamenting and regarding as an unfortunate distortion its later development: the artificial isolation of an iron-bound caste system; the supremacy of a hierarchy; the dominion of a ceremonial that had become empty of intelligence and faith; the unquestioning acceptance of the weary round of births, in all orders of animate existence; the consequent disgust at life, and longing for that which, if not extinction, differed from it only by a metaphysical definition; the credited means of salvation in the cognition of the absolute, and in the complete crushing out of the desires and affections that make up the best parts of man's nature. The supreme effort of Hinduism is to enable a man, as it were, to jump off his own shadow; to strive constantly after happiness by annihilating the craving for happiness. Its model saints are men who curb their passions, deny themselves, and meditate on the ineffable during thousands of years, with the purpose steadily in view of rising at last above humanity, and wielding a power superior even to that of the gods; and the same career is open also to demoniac natures for the basest ends. Perhaps our hard-headed and materialistic age needs a liberal dose of the dreamy introversion of the Hindu to keep it from growing too earthly; but the administration requires to be very cunningly made of a remedy so little to the taste of the patient.

We have sufficiently indicated the principal and pervading fault which we are inclined to discover in Mr. Johnson's volume. Less of approving enthusiasm, more of coolness of judgment, of sceptical and even destructive criticism, would appear to us desirable in one who undertakes his task. The very first chapter, on "the primitive Aryas," strikes the key-note of the whole work, and of our imperfect sympathy with it; the picture is overdrawn and overcolored; it is rather poetic than soberly truthful. Those remarkable "Aryas," we are told, recognized soul "as not merely vital breath, but thinking being." They had "made a distinction between concrete existence and abstract being"—a distinction too fine-drawn for most even of their cultured descendants to appreciate. They "venerated a mountain plant, and used its sap as a symbol of life renewed through sacrifice"—rather an embellished account of what was probably the mere deification of an intoxicating juice. Their "primitive monotheism, more or less vaguely defined," is, in our view, much too vaguely defined to allow of even its dimmest outlines being discovered. Through all the chapter, and elsewhere, Mr. Johnson reposes undue confidence in Pictet, the wildest and most unsafe of guides in this direction. He even reports approvingly the lively Frenchman's curious opinion that if the Hindus did not, like some of their neighbors, invent an alphabet, it was only because they had risen, by the wonderful development of the powers of the memory, superior to the need of such an external aid. No one in our author's position is to be fairly blamed for sometimes placing his reliance on the wrong authority; but we might almost have expected that he would perceive Renan's attribution of Prakrit speech as a special consequence of the peculiarities of the female organization in India, to be an almost laughable blunder; and that he would refrain from making it still more ridiculous by suggesting that the gradual supplanting of the Sanskrit by this woman's-Prakrit illustrates the "conspicuous stamp of female influence in the historical development of Indian speech," the prosaic fact being that the women in the Sanskrit dramas talk Prakrit (along with the lower male characters) simply because it is the uncultivated vernacular, and they are uneducated and unlearned. It is, on the other hand, from a Hindu etymologist that Mr. Johnson takes the absurd explanation of *putra*, 'son,' as meaning properly 'a deliverer from the hell called *pût*.' And we hope he has some one upon whom to put off the responsibility of his interpreting the famous and important word *nirvâna* to signify not 'extinction,' but 'no more waving as from presence of wind, no more restlessness and change.'

We have, as was natural, dwelt rather upon those aspects of Mr. Johnson's volume with which our own views are at variance than upon its obvious and indisputable merits, which are many, and which, in conclusion, we desire heartily to acknowledge. It is creditable to his industry, learning, catholicity of spirit, and kindly enthusiasm; and it will be found good food by many minds; more palatable and nourishing, doubtless, than if it proceeded from a cooler and more cautious spirit.

* "Oriental Religions, and their Relation to Universal Religion. By Samuel Johnson. India." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. vi., 802.

A NEW LATIN DICTIONARY.*

THE publication of a lexicon is so formidable an undertaking that our lexicography is always more or less behind the times. This has been particularly so in Latin. The remarkable excellences of Dr. Andrews's work have satisfied students for many years, and have made them forget the date of its publication. But since the appearance of "Freund's Lexicon," of which Dr. Andrews's is a translation (1834–45), an almost entire revolution has taken place in many branches of lexicography from the study of comparative grammar, to say nothing of better textual criticism, improved orthography, and new interpretation. Of these thirty years of an activity in this direction only comparable with that at the first great revival of letters, the American student can find in his books of reference not the slightest

* "A Latin-English Dictionary. By the Rev. John T. White, D.D., Oxon., and the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A." Fourth edition. Boston: Ginn Bros. 1872.
"A Latin-English Dictionary. Abridged from the larger work of White and Riddle. By John T. White, etc." Third edition. Boston: Ginn Bros. 1872.
"A Latin-English Dictionary, for the use of Junior Students. Abridged from the larger work of White and Riddle. By John T. White, etc" Fifth edition. Boston: Ginn Bros. 1872.

trace. Dr. Andrews's work ought long ago to have been revised and kept up with the times, just as the English editions of Liddell and Scott have been. But as this has not been done, we ought to be indebted to a publisher whose enterprise has brought within reach a series of dictionaries like those of White and Riddle, published by arrangement with Longmans & Co. by Ginn Bros., Boston.

The series embraces three books; a complete lexicon in two volumes (2,128 pp.), a college dictionary in one volume (1,048 pp.), and a junior student's dictionary in sq. 12mo (600 pp.) All of these profess to give the latest settled results of comparative philology, as well as suggestions on points which are still undetermined. And, in general, the etymologies are trustworthy, so far as we have been able to examine. For instance, even in the smallest work, the two verbs identical in form, but different in origin and meaning, DO *to give*, and -DO *to place*, found in *condo*, etc., are recognized. So, also, a student can discover under *credo* why it has in the perfect a reduplication in the middle. Under *nascor* and *gigno* the real relation of those words with each other and with γίγνομαι is clearly indicated. So under *suavis*, instead of "probably sibilated from ἁδύς, ἡδύς," we find "for *suadvis*; akin to Sanskrit, *svâd-u* from the Sanskrit root SVAD *gustare delibare*; also akin to Gr. ἡδύς ἁδύς." *Suadeo* is referred to the same root. On the other side, the French and Italian phonetic equivalents are given under each word, instead of at the end of the book, so that a boy finds *conquérir* under *conquiro*, *abeille* under *apicula*, and the like, and so has constantly before him the historical side of the study of language. Of course this in one sense is no positive merit in a book; we ought to have had the same thing twenty years ago; but it is a thing absolutely essential, and is not to be found in other books of reference.

This part of the work is not so good as it ought to be. There are many omissions and some errors, but not, we think, enough to impair the usefulness of the books. For instance, under the letter *s* that letter is said to be "*prefixed* to some Greek words which have the smooth breathing," an error more suitable for the time of Varro than for A.D. 1872. In orthography there is still much to be desired. *Quum* still stands as the normal form of that particle, *coniveo*, *conitor* retain the double *n*, and *conicio* has a *j* more than the Romans could afford it in their version. In the stock of words and their meanings, the very great excellence of Andrews's work, upon which, with Freund's revision, the books are founded, makes the possible improvement less conspicuous. Still it would seem that the whole has been carefully worked over. There are a few words which are rare, or found only in inscriptions, many new proper names, and a large body of words and meanings belonging to ecclesiastical or law Latin. It is the last class that most swells the bulk of the larger edition. Though it appeals to a smaller number of scholars, yet to these it is of great value.

The arrangement of meanings in a kind of *catalogue raisonnée*, which forms so valuable a feature of the original work, is carried out still further, and in many cases recast and improved. The student will recognize many new meanings which he has had to look for in other sources than his dictionary. The reader of Livy can now have authority for "*Saltus*, a mountain pass," as he has been obliged to translate it for many years. Some particles are greatly improved, especially *iam*. On the whole, the additions are considerable in amount and valuable in kind. The difference between the editions is produced by the omission of late words and meanings, and in the smallest size, by the omission of citations, though the authorities are retained. On the whole, though the series might be improved, yet, as there is nothing so good elsewhere, we should say no student could afford to be without the work in one of its forms.

Wonders of the Moon.—Translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin by Miss M. G. Mead. Edited, with additions, by Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, New York. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.)—Our literature has long wanted a convenient little hand-book concerning the moon. Our greater luminary has had a library of popular works, but there has been no convenient source of general information concerning the earth's satellite open to the general reader. This want is well met by the translation of M. Guillemin's little treatise; it is only surprising that it has not been given to us before, for it is a very model of its kind. Perfectly clear and simple, without any trace of the catchpenny nonsense or cheap philosophizing of some more renowned of his fellow-workers in the field of popular science, M. Guillemin's style has the imprint of a scientific spirit. His book is quite trustworthy and well calculated to give the general reader a good idea of the structure and general relations of the moon. The translation is reasonably well made. The task of the editor has not been great, the additions amounting to a page or two of text, giving only a part, a rather small part, of the work of astronomers and physicists on the moon which has been done since the publication of Guillemin's book. A number of the excellent figures in the original work have been omitted in the reprint; those which remain have suffered dreadfully in the reproduction. The new diagrams are in some cases additions, though rather coarse and inaccurate.

We must protest against the change of title. M. Guillemin has a clear right to the name of his book; it pleased him to call it simply "The Moon." In taking against his express request the child of his pen, the American publishers have made the matter worse by a lame attempt at rechristening.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1872.

The Week.

THERE has been great excitement among the brokers over the "corner" in "Northwestern Common" and the simultaneous arrest of Jay Gould for fraud by the Erie Railway, the corporation suing him for the enormous sum of $9,726,541 26. The history of the case, in brief, is this: When Fisk and Gould got the Erie road into their hands, four years ago, Gould formed a partnership with three men, one of whom was Henry N. Smith, under the firm name of Smith, Gould, Martin & Co. The ostensible object of the partnership was banking and brokerage, but the main if not the only real design of the partners was to steal money from the Erie Railway. This they did in the simplest way, Fisk and Gould acting as the railway and issuing stock; the firm taking it and converting it into cash, and then dividing the proceeds; the transaction being wound up by fraudulent entries in the company's books. In short, Gould and his firm stole about $10,000,000 from the road in an incredibly short space of time, and, together with Fisk, reduced the Erie treasury to such a condition that when the new board came in under the influence of the "Erie Reform" movement, the road was in a state of hopeless bankruptcy. Proceedings were immediately begun by the new President, Mr. Watson, an experienced railroad man, and the reform board of directors, to recover the stolen money, the company giving out that they were acting in good faith, others asserting that part of the arrangement by which they had obtained possession of the road from Gould was that the latter should be let off scot-free. The truth of the matter now turns out to be that Gould gave up the road to the reformers, as they supposed, unconditionally, but in reality he got, as *quid pro quo*, a release from the road of all claims against him from the beginning of the world down to the 31st of October, 1871. Of this release Mr. Watson and the counsel of the road had no knowledge at the time, and now disregard as worthless in law on account of fraud. Its existence may perhaps be explained by the fact that General Sickles acted as intermediary in the matter, and we hinted at it pretty broadly at the time.

Smith and Gould, as the way is among thieves, by-and-by fell out. Gould determined to ruin Smith, and Smith to ruin Gould. Both of them thought they saw in the stock of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad a good field of operations. The road, the stock of which is commonly known as "Northwestern," runs from Chicago to Omaha, and, with its connections, has about 1,600 miles of track. The common stock pays no dividends, and its ordinary market value is from 70 to 80. The number of shares in existence is not accurately known, but is supposed to be about 150,000. The importance of the road arises from the fact that it forms part of one of the highways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, being a link in a line of communication which takes in the Central and Union Pacific, the Lake Shore, and the New York Central. These roads, with the exception of the Central Pacific, the "Vanderbilt party" controls, and it was of course for their interest to obtain possession of the Northwestern line. For this purpose they determined to "corner" the stock, or, in other words, get possession of the road without paying for it; and to assist them in their undertaking, they formed an alliance with Gould, Gould's old pal, Smith, forming an alliance at the same time with Daniel Drew, to gamble on the other side for the simpler object of money and ruining their foes.

A "corner," we must explain, for the benefit of our less sinful readers, is an operation of this kind: A and his friends buy all the stock of a road, and having by this means forced the price to a high point, go on buying, or rather making contracts to buy, more and more stock at the market rates, which gradually rise until they reach some extravagant figure, and then A and his friends, buyers, and B and his friends, sellers, draw off. Those who have contracted to deliver cannot do it, because they are "short" of the stock, having contracted to deliver twice as much perhaps as there is in existence. If they could deliver, the other side could not pay. The A party therefore says to the B party: "You see you are in a corner; you cannot deliver this stock; we cannot pay for it if you could; pay us so much for each share you have agreed to let us have, and we will cancel the contracts." The contracts are then settled at some rate agreed upon, the A party remains in control of the stock, which it has paid for with the proceeds of the cancellation of the contracts. This is a successful corner. The corner "breaks" and is unsuccessful when the cornering party has not money or pluck enough to go on to the end, but begins to settle or sell stock. Then the price falls, the "short" party are able to fulfil their contracts, and the cornerers are themselves cornered.

The corner has produced a wonderful amount of interviewing and of card-publishing, and some of the concomitants have been very amusing. One interviewer admits that, being "a discreet person," he took himself away with some speed from the office of Mr. Watson, the President of Erie, Mr. Watson having given him the mild intimation that if he, the reporter, had his suspicions that his, Mr. Watson's, lawyers, Messrs. S. L. M. Barlow, La Roque & Co., were engaged in an underhand game of deception, he, the reporter, doubtless knew where the office of those gentlemen was, and could go there and make his enquiries. Thereupon followed the withdrawal above-mentioned. Mr. Jay Gould's case is particularly good. A gentleman of the press going to him and announcing that there was to be an interview, was at once put in the position of the interviewed and asked by the simple-minded Gould what the papers were saying. In his relations with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, also, Mr. Gould is amusing. Mr. Vanderbilt having been charged with being one of the confederacy which was "cornering" in company with Mr. Gould, comes out in a card, in which he asseverates that he has not been engaged in any such business, that he has never but once had anything to do with Mr. Gould, and never will have again, "except to defend myself," as he puts it, his instincts as to the nature of Mr. Jay Gould's habits—whether they are graminivorous, for instance, or, on the other hand, predatory and carnivorous—being apparently quite vivid. He adds that since his one transaction with the gentleman in question, "I have always advised all my friends to have nothing to do with him in any business transaction. I came to this conclusion after taking particular notice of his countenance." Mr. Vanderbilt goes on to declare that his name is not used in speculative Wall Street operations by any authority of his, and that he is injured and disgusted by the constant association of his name and Gould's, and that he is so far from a speculator that he does not see Wall Street three times in a twelvemonth. All things considered, this has been a great year. Let any man go over the number of men and things that have gone unto their own place since last November; and observe how virtue now exalts her horn, and say that a national thanksgiving is out of place.

The correspondents have got hold of General Starring's report in the case of Mr. George H. Butler, and a nice report it is. It appears that Butler went out to Alexandria, not, as some charitable people have supposed, because he was fond of drunkenness, loose women, laziness, and change of scene, but for these only incidentally; primarily he was what the gentlemen of his intimacy call being "on the make." He intended to get all the money he could. To this end he no sooner got to Egypt than he dismissed every agent or servant of the consulate, and let it be

understood that the highest bidder—Christian, Turk, Jew, or pagan—could have a place if he had the money. The privilege of being an American or European deputy consul or consular agent in Eastern countries is very highly valued, especially by men who have means and prefer to keep them. Ex-territoriality is an incident of consulship, and the house of a consular agent, while he holds his commission, is a strip of American soil upon which no bastinado can enter—at least if intended for the consular agent. Many elderly gentlemen, then, resorted to Mr. Butler and were accommodated with commissions, for which they paid sums of various sizes; and not only was Mammon unduly worshipped by Mr. Butler, but, as was inevitable, he went on to hate godliness, and made public remarks about our missionaries in Egypt which procured for him the just indignation of those gentlemen, who were in addition not only scandalized as Christians by his conduct, but greatly mortified as American citizens, and who were obliged to protest strongly. For reply, Mr. Butler expressed his desire to have their heads shaven, and them so despatched out of the Orient to America again.

To the first charge Butler in a note replies that he never has done nor would do such things; but General Starring says yes he did, and produces the evidence of the go-betweens who carried the napoleons from the piazza where the consular agents in expectancy used to be waiting to the room where the consul-general used to receive the rouleaux. One of these go-betweens, by the way, had to pay to prevent his being supplanted by the other. As to the well-known dancing-women story, Mr. Butler says that if he is to be condemned, so must the ex-Empress of the French, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. George Wilkes, and many missionaries who have witnessed the time-honored dancing of the Almehs. But General Starring says that the dancing of these women is not "*necessarily* immoral"—the italics being the General's, and perhaps signifying that if it was Mr. George Butler and his party who composed the audience, nothing was done that very closely resembled the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. Moreover, he has a word to say about the purchase by Mr. Butler of some half-grown slave girls from the up-country. Altogether, we are glad that we are to have an attempt at a civil-service reform, and shall try as hard as we can to believe that the system which gives us the Butlers and Strologos and Thomas Murphys is now at an end.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley arrived in this city last week, and on Friday night was received at the Lotos Club by Mr. A. Oakey Hall and others, and distinguished himself by what the *Tribune* of Saturday called "sufficiently pungent and thoroughly frank and natural talk about the English geographers and their treatment of him," and by "the frank and cordial irreverence" ("to the last degree amusing") with which he treated "the Royal Geographers." That is to say, he indulged for the third or fourth time since he was honored by the Royal Geographical Society with its medal for 1873 (anticipated) in uncalled-for and unjustifiable abuse of that body, for imaginary injuries which, were they real, have been fully atoned for—confessedly so by his acceptance of the honor conferred. This continued exhibition of ill-breeding lends fresh interest to the enquiry whether Mr. Stanley is a native American. In England, he seems to have made the impression that he was a Missourian, but in his confidences to American representatives abroad in past years he has, as at Constantinople, represented himself as the son of a New York merchant; or in Crete, as the son of a clergyman on Long Island. Meantime, none of his relatives in this country have ever appeared to claim him, nor have any of his instructors, playmates, or neighbors; while the allegation that he is a Welshman has received confirmation from several quarters. We hope it will not be considered insulting, now that he is on his adopted heath, to ask Mr. Stanley to gratify the reasonable curiosity of his countrymen. If he will take our advice, his response will not be excessively "frank and natural." We think, too, that so far from its being true, as he insinuated at the Lotos Club, that the attentions he received in England were less than they would have been had he not been an American, the reverse is the case; and that he made it exceedingly difficult for the prevailing desire to be polite towards this country to manifest itself in the face of his peculiar behavior.

Mr. Froude has been undergoing in Boston a somewhat ludicrous experience of the difficulties of the mission which he has imposed on himself, of bringing Americans to a right understanding of the nature and causes of Irish discontent. The Irish servants of the gentleman at whose house he was staying refused to remain if Mr. Froude remained, and the host was still further threatened with a combination of the "intelligence offices" against him which would leave him permanently destitute of "help." Under these untoward circumstances, the unhappy Saxon had to beat a retreat and leave the servant-girls mistresses of the situation. The more Mr. Froude lectures, too, the more excited does the Irish population become. He is, we believe, surprised and disappointed at the small amount of support he receives from the native American press and society, and must be naturally chagrined to find how much he has done to feed the flames of Irish Anglophobia, and what a large part he has played in giving Father Burke his crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and in obtaining for that eloquent and poetic gentleman the honor, in the eyes of his countrymen, of being a real historian engaged in exposing a pretender. All this is melancholy. But if Mr. Froude, before announcing his subject, had taken the precaution to make even a very cursory examination of the state of American opinion about Ireland, and of the conditions of social life in the United States, we are sure he would have chosen a different one. We have only to repeat our opinion, that the longer he persists in treating it, the more he will do to defeat his own object, and to give Fenianism and other Irish follies a much needed stimulus.

The most interesting of the October elections was that in Illinois, where, for the first time in that State and in this country, the cumulative system of voting was applied to the election of members of the Legislature. We have already had occasion to remark on the two defects of this system of minority representation—its uncertainty, and the waste of votes which it involves; to which, in the case in hand, we may add another—the small chance given to the lesser minorities, in consequence of each district returning only three representatives. The result shows, however, that there being two only or at most three parties in the field, the fewness of the candidates to be chosen makes the waste practically nothing, and the injustice to feeble minorities also of small account. That is to say, the wants for which the cumulative vote provides, or seeks to provide, are not yet felt, and meanwhile it is of undoubted value as a means of preparing the people for something better. It preserves party organization intact, and has left the dominant party in Illinois with a good working majority. The fact that in every district one Republican and one Democrat were returned, so that the contest was only over the third representative, and that he was in many cases elected on account of his personal merits, is the most gratifying feature of this election. We believe, too, that the lower half of the State sent Republican delegates, and the upper half sent Democratic delegates, for the first time, thus completely destroying the sectional complexion of the two parties.

Whether Bostonians have done well or ill in refusing so largely as they have the aid that was tendered them by other cities, they appear at this writing to think of taking action as regards receiving help from the Legislature and Congress, which we predict but few will a twelvemonth hence consider open to question. They seem in fact to be rather sorry that in the first confusion the extra session of the Legislature was thought of at all. One plan proposed since

the fire was that the city government should ask to be empowered to issue fire bonds in assistance of such owners as had lost buildings and wished to build again at once. Another was, that when Congress met, legislation should be asked for similar to that applied to the relief of Chicago last year, when Congress admitted duty-free all articles except lumber used in the construction of houses. Now both these plans appear to be looked on with growing disfavor. Mayor Medill has been written to for his opinion and experience, and has replied in a letter, in which he says that the issue of fire bonds would, in his judgment, be very detrimental, and the admission of materials duty free would be but little help. Chicago, he says, found the latter measure of almost no advantage. It will be remembered that the lumber interest was too strong in Congress last autumn to include foreign lumber among the articles admitted, and Michigan and Wisconsin succeeded in shutting out from Chicago the Canadian lumber which would have cheapened their own; except in the case of some comparatively unimportant articles, such as plate-glass, Chicago rebuilt herself with almost no assistance from the custom-houses. Boston would not fare better this autumn at Washington than Chicago fared last autumn; and moreover, Boston, building, as she intends, of brick, stone, and iron, has less use for wood than the western city has had. As for the fire bonds, Mayor Medill declares that nothing would have been able to prevent great frauds had the State attempted the policy of lending its credit. Fraudulently asked for in many instances, fraudulently lent in many, and the loan imperfectly secured in very many, loss and disaster would have ensued.

For the rest, the Legislature proceeds but slowly, no Massachusetts Legislature having, to our knowledge, proceeded rapidly of late years. The business, so far, relates mainly to insurance and the destruction of the Old South Church. Feeling is strong on both sides of both these questions. An amusing incident of the latter is the reply to Mr. R. H. Dana of an aged deacon, who was asked how it happened that Trinity Church could be filled each Sunday, and Park Street Church also, if it were true the Old South could not; the Old South was in much the same locality as the other two. To this the deacon made answer that, as he understood it, the Park Street Church has a sensational preacher, and the parson at Trinity is not a married man—which elucidation "created laughter."

It appears as if Gov. Henry C. Warmoth had about reached the end of his tether. Some merchants of Galveston, as the story now goes, recently applied to the Treasury Department for a refunding, in pursuance of a recent act of Congress, of a tax levied upon them in 1867 by Warmoth when he was a special cotton agent. Reference to the books is alleged to have shown that Warmoth, *more suo*, paid over only "a small moiety" of the tax collected. For this, instructions are said to be now out for his prosecution in the United States Court, and heaven may actually have it in mind to vouchsafe us the spectacle of this once eminent Republican statesman and more recent Liberal Reformer and Reconciliationist in striped clothes. We confess that it sometimes strikes us as a curious phenomenon of these cases of exposure that the innate badness of a man's general character is discovered coincidently with the commission of some act of party wickedness. Warmoth, for example, has just been making things extremely hot for Messrs. Kellogg and Casey. Being an audacious fellow, and having in former years been clothed by Republicans with a nearly unlimited power to cheat at the polls, he has all but succeeded in setting aside the Custom-house victory—or alleged victory, and probably real victory—and securing for himself the United States Senatorship. As we have often said, however, in the course of the last six months, the stablest thing in the whirl of Louisiana politics has apparently been the New Orleans Custom-house; and perhaps it has been, on the whole, the best and most decent thing. At any rate, the Custom-house wing of the party, led by Casey and Kellogg and their friends, has now brought before a United States court affidavits which are reported as proving that 6,000 votes of Grant Republicans were rejected in certain precincts by Warmoth's inspectors, and it is professed that 8,000 were driven away in other precincts. Grant, then, will get the electoral vote of Louisiana, and perhaps the Treasury Department will follow up Warmoth. We see, by the bye, that Paymaster Hodge, whose pardon has been severely animadverted upon, was let out, it is now asserted, in order that he might testify against the brokers who invested the funds for him. The release is a certain good to Hodge; the benefit to the Treasury is contingent upon a result that seems rather remote. It may come, however.

M. Thiers has not resigned, but there is no knowing how long this statement will hold true. The opposition to him has gone on strengthening and developing during the week; the superiority of the Assembly to the President, as of creator over creature, has been plainly intimated; the Right is firm in demanding a responsible ministry without Presidential interference on the floor of the house; and the "tension" is felt to be very near its height. If M. Thiers appears to have cried wolf once too often, on the other hand the indifference of the Opposition to his threat of resignation may not impossibly have braced him up to the resolve to stick to his post, and find or fight a *modus vivendi*. The situation is justly deemed grave, but the real gravity of it is that nothing has occurred to show that the peace of the country is not still dependent on the temper, wisdom, and very existence of the vain old man whom it is now sought to displace.

The Prussian Government is reported to have resolved on altering the complexion of the Upper House by the addition of new peers favorable to the Districts Administration Bill. Of this right it freely availed itself in 1854, at the height of the reaction against the Revolution, as a conservative measure. That it now finds the chamber which, in all Continental countries, is the express safeguard of monarchy and the counterpoise of popular suffrage, an obstacle to the free development of the country—and an obstacle so grave that it must be in effect abolished—is one of the most striking incidents of the day. It is even more striking than the similar tendency in England; and it proves that the fears of those who looked for a restriction of liberty in Germany as one of the consequences of the military conquest of France were unfounded, if not unreasonable. Equally unfounded, it appears, were the expectations that the overthrow of Napoleon would at once restore all their liberties to his subjects.

Bismarck and his canting Emperor not long ago gave the world new evidence of their hypocrisy by issuing an edict forbidding the continuance of public gambling in Germany. At Baden-Baden, roulette and rouge-et-noir have come to an end; and in a short time public play throughout the Empire will be done with. The gamblers themselves, except the low sharpers, have had no so very great reason to regret it. Of late years they have not found the tables much to their taste. Play has sadly degenerated, the class of people who frequent the tables not being any longer exclusively rich marquises and marchionesses, princes and princesses, kings and queens, and well-bred rooks, punters, and sharps. Valets, chambermaids, and, alas! even cooks have learnt to stake their wages upon the red or the black, and the honor of the tables, once unsullied even by suspicion, is no longer pure. There is disorder and confusion when large amounts of money change hands. Sometimes players have to get very near the tables to see that their money is not misappropriated. A general row was expected when the tables at Baden were closed, and scenes have frequently occurred there not unlike, in a smaller way, those which happen in Wall and Broad Streets on Black Fridays or when Gould and Drew begin to gamble. According to an English correspondent, the crowd in the Baden rooms on the closing night was very "mixed," and the groom of the chambers nearly broke down in speaking to him of the good old times and the changes.

WHAT NEXT?

THERE will be, of course, during the next three months, a good deal of speculation as to what it is proper to demand of Congress and of the Administration, and as to what Congress and the Administration will do. We presume nobody supposes seriously that the late election was simply a sweeping expression of confidence in the Administration, and a sweeping repudiation of the outcry about reform which led to the Cincinnati Convention. What the election has repudiated is, according to our understanding of it, not the discontent which produced the Convention—for that a very large proportion of the public shared—but the remedy which the Convention provided. We suppose very few indeed now venture to deny that had Mr. Adams, or some others whom we might name, been nominated, the result would have been very different. Victory might, indeed, not have been achieved by the Liberals, but their defeat would have left the Republican managers nothing to boast of and very little they would care to talk about. Or even, if after Greeley's nomination had been made, Mr. Schurz had had the presence of mind to leave the mob to bawl over their folly, and had gone into an adjoining building and promptly rejected the nomination, and made another, and arrayed the Germans in support of it, the Baltimore farce would never have taken place, and both he and Mr. Greeley would be happier and stronger men than they are to-day, and General Grant would feel vastly less secure. In short, what has brought ruin on the Liberal Cause is neither more nor less than the Liberal Cure. The mode of conducting the campaign which the Greeleyites adopted, and the numerous defects of their candidate, and the bad character of much of his following, towards the close revived a good deal of enthusiasm for General Grant in places in which it had long died out; but this will, under the most favorable circumstances, not long survive the election. We venture to predict that by the 1st of March next men will be saying once more about national needs and governmental duties what they were saying on the 1st of March last. In other words, "the Greeley movement" out of the way, reformers must go to work again on the old line and with the old aims.

But we believe that they will go to work with better prospects, and for two reasons: one is, that, as we tried to show three weeks ago, the President will probably be far more disposed to give ear to their plaints, and far less disposed to confide in their enemies, than he was during at least the last two years of his present term. Even if he be no better than he was, he is certainly somewhat wiser; and that he is a man to profit by experience his most embittered opponents do not deny. The one great danger which the country now feels as regards him is that he may for a time take his re-election for a general condonation of his shortcomings, and thus be slower in getting rid of some of the worst of his counsellors than his own fame may require; but that he *will* get rid of them eventually, and soon enough for all practical purposes, we shall continue to hope. If he persists in carrying out the measure of civil-service reform on which he has apparently entered, for instance, there will soon be no place left for the Murphys and Caseys; and with no renomination to provide for, the Mortons and Camerons must decline in influence. They will not be useful men for any object he is now likely to have in view.

The other reason is one which it is difficult to state without seeming to bear hard on Mr. Greeley, after he has frankly confessed his defeat and formally and finally retired from the field. It is that he represented an element in society and in public opinion which, as long as it was really powerful and influential, made the kind of reform which the country now needs—that is, administrative reform—practically unattainable. He won his weight in politics, and built up his paper, in some of the coarsest, rudest work in which a politician could engage, viz., the extirpation from a civilized community of a grossly barbarous and inhuman custom, but one or two degrees above cannibalism in its theory, and not many degrees above it in some of its manifestations. It was work that required earnestness, and persistence, and vehemence, and courage; and though Mr. Greeley was not among the first to begin it, after he began it he did it well. It would be ungracious, and just now very tedious and unnecessary, to enumerate the various qualities of mind and character which that work developed in him. They have been described at considerable length in various newspapers and speeches during the last six months. That he has been among the civilizing influences there is no doubt. He diffused juster conceptions of social relations, greater faith in discussion, greater respect for opinion, and a higher appreciation of elementary education, through many half-barbarous regions. But he has, on the other hand, been the determined foe of nearly everything in education, manners, and policy which is now most needed to make this Government a really effective instrument of national happiness. He has represented more prominently than any other man in the country the theory to which we owe nearly all that is wrong in our politics: the deterioration in the bench and the bar, the decline in the character of public men, and the abuses of the civil service; the contempt for training and experience, and the low appreciation of mind as an instrument of progress; the dislike of discipline, and the readiness to rely on good luck, rather than on vigilance and efficiency, as a safeguard against trouble.

It would be unfair and untrue to say that Mr. Greeley has not declaimed vigorously against all concrete abuses of politics and society, but his declamation has done little good, because he has all the while been fostering the spirit which has bred them. He had become before his recent nomination the prophet of a large body, consisting, as we recently pointed out, of elderly men with bees in their bonnets, underdone young men, and of persons of all ages, sizes, and sexes who do not allow their mental processes to be controlled either by the teachings of experience or the rules of reasoning, and who, in all their efforts to do good, are haunted by the notion that there is in morals and in politics something in the nature of a philosopher's stone, or panacea, which a hodman is just as likely to discover as a philosopher, and which, once discovered, would put an end to human ills, and relieve us of the necessity of learning, of accumulating, of comparing and inferring. Almost every one of them has a nostrum of his own; with some it is unbolted flour, with others easy divorce, with others carelessness about their clothes, with others vegetable diet, with others the destruction of colleges, with others an increase in the number of newspapers and lectures, with others a more equal distribution of money, and with others a better time for the lazy and the idle and improvident. All are armed with phrases of greater or less mystery. Some want a "larger life," others a "deeper insight," others a "broader view." We do not say that all these people wished to see Greeley President, but Greeley's spirit was in them. He was to them the harbinger of a state of things in which men would know things without learning them, talk without being questioned or contradicted, and in which states would be ruled by the soft impulses of loving hearts. The war and its results—we need not point out why—enormously stimulated their activity. After the overthrow of slavery, all things seemed to them possible—no dream incapable of realization; and they began to think that the government of the country was almost within their reach, and that the "New Society" could now be founded on American soil, and the long-deferred triumph of the Babes and Sucklings over the Wise Men be at last achieved. Greeley's nomination at Cincinnati was the result of this delusion; it was precipitated by what proved to be a grand mistake—the notion that the farmers and laboring men thought that the great requisite of a statesman was to have worked with his hands, and to be indifferent about bathing and clean linen.

We do not think we exaggerate when we say that the bursting of this bubble marks the beginning of a new era in American politics. It opens up a field to reformers such as they have not had since the belief grew up that, if you sufficiently widened the seat of the sovereignty, the machinery of government would be sure to run well. It offers us a fair prospect of seeing institutions based on the facts of human nature, instead of on dreams and visions. We shall

not be told so frequently as we have been told, when the facts are against a theory, that facts are impious, cynical, and degrading, and ought to be disregarded; that God Almighty has communicated to some popular editor, or lecturer, or preacher the secret of human society; that history, and statistics, and political economy are vanities; and that the affairs of a great community can be properly administered when one of the principal functions of their government is to furnish, like a horse-race, stakes and excitement to a herd of gamblers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE State of Pennsylvania is now adding one to the long list of "Constitutional Conventions." The power of these conventions goes to the very root of our civil rights, and with any other people their sittings would be regarded as a serious and eventful time. With us they come and go, awakening rarely more than torpid interest, causing little discussion, producing less of intelligent research or profound reasoning. Occasionally, as in the New York Convention of 1846, or the Illinois Convention of 1870, a party or a "movement" has some decisive change in view, and proceeds to effect it with something like faith and energy; but, ordinarily, the public mind has come to regard their work as mere experiments. When a State like New York deliberately provides that the foundation of its laws shall be upheaved every twenty years, it is evident that its constitution is deemed merely an experiment, and that there is no great confidence felt as to its success; and when we call to mind the number of the States which compose the Union, and the number of conventions which some of these States have held in the course of the last eighty years, it is plain enough that, with anything like intelligent statesmanship, these experiments should have given us by this time something like perfection in government. That they have not; that the people of to-day are no better satisfied with their methods of government than were the people who framed constitutions at the beginning of this century; and that no man feels as safe in his person, or as secure in his property, as did the majority of Americans at that time, are assertions which few of our readers will quarrel with. Those who believe that mankind has grown better, the means of happiness greater, and that the intelligence and liberality of the public mind have greatly advanced, still confess that in the administration of our State governments we have gained nothing, and that the American portion of mankind was as well governed then, and with quite as scrupulous a regard for all that appertained to their civil and personal rights, as to-day. Undoubtedly, in certain general principles these constitutions have kept pace with the advancing ideas of our civilization, one abolishing slavery, another imprisonment for debt. But in the forms of government, the methods of administration, the practical results which affect the well-being of society, does any one contend that they are more successful than those which they supplanted?

If we turn to these constitutions, past and present, we find one principle, so to speak, running through all their various forms and changes—the constant curtailment of legislative power. Whatever changes may be made in the executive or the judiciary or the forms of government, it is almost always evident that the chief work, and indeed the chief object, of every new convention is to place some fresh restriction upon the representative bodies of the people. It would seem that the representatives of the people, elected annually or biennially or, at most, quadrennially, of all others would have been the last to be restricted. The right of the people to make laws through their lawfully-chosen representatives has been deemed the very essence of constitutional liberty, and yet here we have the people constantly abridging and restricting the power and discretion of their own immediate agents.

It is also astonishing how much of the work of these conventions has been mere legislation—work which in other countries would have been done by the law-making power, without a thought of its involving a change of the organic law, but which our legislatures, through inability or inefficiency or timidity, have left undone. Indeed, it seems as though there had been an unconscious policy in the American mind to elect ordinarily as legislators men incompetent, incapable, untrustworthy, and once in twenty or thirty years to call out those of real character and power to undo much that the others have done, and to effect those things that the others were too weak or ignorant or venal to effect. New York, for instance, needed law reform, and much less of it than England did when Brougham began his crusade. But the State exterminated its courts of equity, and tore up its whole judicial system from the lowest court of record to the highest appellate tribunal by a single act, recklessly instituting an experiment which on the one hand was practically beyond its power of recall, and on the other affected every acre of land and every dollar of property and the rights and liberties of every member of the community. Such gigantic legislation, effected during the brief period of a convention, is not philosophical advancement in the science of government, nor does it receive any sanction from either the experience or common sense of mankind. Our legislatures form, indeed, the weak point of our American system. The fact is seen by many, and must be acknowledged by all. If our law-making power is a failure, where is the failure to end? To make laws and impose taxes through their representatives was the one thing for which our fathers with solemn deliberation entered into the war of the Revolution. Does it not seem as though we have been deliberately trading away that great advantage, as it was supposed to be? Why is it that the American legislation has retrograded, when the legislation of all other constitutional governments has improved?

Turning to the conditions which have been imposed upon American legislation, one that must immediately strike an enquirer is the extraordinary number of legislators. We have, including Congress, the Territories, and the District of Columbia, forty-eight legislatures in the United States. Allowing to these an average of one hundred and twenty-five for both branches, *we have six thousand legislators* as the law-making power of the American people.

Whether such a legislative system can be of high character is the problem. Undoubtedly we have among our millions six thousand men of requisite integrity and capability. But the political duality of the country requires that the number be doubled; to give and maintain high character in our legislatures we need twelve thousand unexceptionable candidates. Even this number might be procured at the outset, and, relatively, in the early days of the country it was forthcoming; but the effect of such a number must be sooner or later to make the positions in popular estimation "cheap."

It should therefore have been the policy of the American people to uphold the dignity of the legislative position by all the means within their power. Unfortunately, the reverse has been the policy, if it can be called a policy. The number, by the multiplication of "towns" and the growth of population, has sometimes been allowed to increase; the tenure of the office has often been shortened; and the "district" system has been introduced. To Pennsylvania these remarks are not altogether applicable; the Senators hold for three years, and the House of Representatives is limited to one hundred members. As to legislative districts, the system in Pennsylvania is singularly mixed, Philadelphia being cut up into eighteen single districts; one of the large counties, Lancaster, sending four members, and in other cases several counties being put together to form a district, which is then represented by two, three, and, in one case, four members. It is to be hoped, therefore, that if the Convention propose changes in the legislative system, they will be changes in the right direction, tending toward the increased dignity of the individual legislator, and that the "single district system," whose pernicious effects were instantly observable in New York and Massachusetts, will receive no favor.

But the cry will doubtless go up from Pennsylvania that holding on to the existing system and trying by some slight means to raise the dignity of the individual legislator, is insufficient; and this is true. The legislatures of Pennsylvania have never stood high in public estimation. They have been commonly associated

with divorces and repudiation, and supposed to be peculiarly under the control of great corporations. They are not well thought of by their own constituents, if we may believe a small part of what is said of them; and the problem the public mind has set itself to work out is not, How shall we make the legislature better? but, How far can we do without the legislature?

The effort to do without legislation has succeeded in no State where it has been attempted. Some of its incidental reforms have been well enough, as the substitution of general laws in the place of special acts and charters; but for the reason that they have been steps toward the simplification of the machinery of government. It is well to reduce the power of legislatures to the simple task of making laws, but there the reduction, of necessity, must cease. We must have laws in the future, and the great object of laws is the repression of evils. How can society expect peace, security, or prosperity if that power is to be deliberately left in unworthy hands?

In Pennsylvania there now seems to be an effort to take from the legislature its power, and of course its discretion, in regard to the local affairs of cities. It is said that the worthless set known as professional politicians now compose the delegation which annually goes up from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and that there they control the city's interests to their personal profit and advantage. It is argued that local interests should be managed by local authorities, and it is inferred that if this power of evil could be wrested from the legislature, it would probably expire. But if these same politicians can control the caucuses that annually send them to Harrisburg, will they not be able to control other caucuses which will send them to the local board or council that succeeds to the powers of the legislature? In New York, the respectable part of the community have more than once appealed to the legislature for its intervention, and looked to it as the only means of protection against their own municipal authorities. Turn this matter round as we may, it comes back to the necessity of upright, intelligent, responsible law-makers. If we cannot sooner or later secure them—if our American society has not enough of virtue, integrity, and intelligence to choose such, it being already invested with the power, then our American system of government must fail.

To accomplish that result is the end which every conscientious member of the convention should keep in view. There are certain means toward it of which it is hardly necessary to remind our readers, so often have they been discussed in our pages. There is the wearisome frequency of the annual election, keeping up steady employment for bands of trained politicians, and wearing out the patience of that part of the community which has work of its own to attend to. And we may note here that the biennial system is highly spoken of by sound observers where it has been tried. Then there is the fearful multiplicity of elective offices. And it must be remembered that the great host of office-seekers in this country is largely caused by the fact that our short tenures keep these offices substantially always vacant. Not till the tenure of all offices except the chief executive and legislative is during good behavior, will this evil be removed. It is idle to hold before men the chance of filling an office, and then expect them not to seek it. And it makes little difference whether the offices are filled by election or appointment, so long as they are always open, inviting applicants. We may next note the reform of city, county, or village corporations, by treating them as corporations having the care and management of certain property held for the common good, and treating those who contribute to it, *i.e.*, the taxpayers, as the stockholders. Lastly, there is minority representation, and such a system as will enable men to concentrate their votes upon the most deserving candidates.

The executive branch of the government, we think, will receive little attention except in the matter of making one officer elective by the people. As to the judiciary, it is elective, but the term of the judges of the Supreme Court is for fifteen years, and they command the respect of the people. The judicial system of Pennsylvania is remarkably simple, and, when compared with that of New York, it must cause surprise that so few judges and courts can dispose of the litigation of so large a manufacturing and mining community. The most practicable reform likely to be accomplished is to lengthen the term of office of all the judges, and especially those of the inferior courts. We trust it will be borne in mind that any judicial system which will bring the most eminent lawyers to the bench cannot be very far from a good one.

THE FATE OF AN HISTORIC EDIFICE.

"But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"—*Othello*, IV. 1.

OUR country is not rich in historic buildings around which cluster our few traditions. Of those we have, the work of preserving an unequal proportion rests with the inhabitants of a single city, and that city, it is almost unnecessary to add, is Boston. Almost the first enquiry made, when the news of the great fire spread over the country, concerned the fate of these famous edifices, and the expression of relief and gratitude became universal when it was known that all of them were spared. The fire stopped at the threshold of the Old South Church. The explosions of gunpowder had destroyed its windows, but walls and belfry and spire stood intact. Scarcely, however, have the press of other cities found time to congratulate their elder sister that her great loss included nothing beyond the power of money to replace, when it is formally announced that those most immediately concerned by no means regard this as matter for felicitation. The single fault they have to find with the fire is, that having gone so far, it did not go one step further, and include their most venerated church in the long list of its victims. Having failed to do so, they now propose to complete its unfinished work, and level one more historic monument to the ground.

That such an act of sacrilege and breach of trust to the whole American people should be thought of, much less actually perpetrated, reflects no credit on the Bostonians of to-day. The Old South is unquestionably the oldest and most venerated church in their city; if not, indeed, in all America. Few strangers from the newer portions of the country visit the old town without pausing amid the throng of Washington Street to read the inscription on the unpretending belfry—so plain, so solid, so typical of the generation which erected it—which tells in fewest words the history of the church. That history has been part of the history not of Massachusetts and Boston alone, but of the common country.

Built in the year 1729, during the administration of Gov. Burnet, son of the famous bishop and historian of William and Mary's reign, it was within the walls of this church, not less than within those of the Old State House or of Faneuil Hall, that the early spirit of independence found eloquent expression. It was through the pulpit window of this very building, then thronged with British uniforms, that Dr. Joseph Warren made his entrance by a ladder on March 5, 1775, to deliver his oration on the Boston Massacre. Tradition says that while he spoke, an officer, sitting on the pulpit steps before him, significantly amused himself by playing with two musket-balls, tossing them carelessly from hand to hand. The next year saw the sacred building turned into a stable and a riding-school for the British cavalry. More recently, it has been in this church that for many years the legislature and executive of Massachusetts have listened to those election sermons with which, from time immemorial, the government of that State has begun its annual labors.

The best poetry and fiction of America have also freely contributed to the interest which clusters about the building. It was "the knell of midnight from the steeple of the Old South" which Hawthorne tells us mingled with the "dismal strains" of music and the roar of rebel artillery, to the accompaniment of which the weird procession vanished from before the Province House, on the night of "Howe's Masquerade." It was this same bell which was ominously tolling a death as Lady Eleanore Rochcliffe descended at the gate of Gov. Shute's mansion; while it was in a chased silver goblet belonging to "the communion-plate of the Old South Church" that her crazed lover offered the sacramental wine to the wearer of the fatal mantle. Indeed, Bow-bells are not more associated with London, or more familiar to London ears, than the bell of the Old South has been to many generations of Bostonians. It rang out glad peals from its present belfry at the coronation of kings, while Boston was yet the capital of a province; and it rang yet gladder peals for peace in 1783, and again in 1815, and once again in 1865. It tolled sadly for the victims of the Boston Massacre, and for George Washington, and for Abraham Lincoln. For more years than we can now name, "the clock of the Old South has thrown its voice of ages on the breeze, knelling the hourly knell of the Past, crying out far and wide through the multitudinous city, and filling its ears with its reverberating depth of tone."

Under these circumstances we are almost inclined to coincide with its

pew-holders, and to express a sincere regret that the fire did not save the ancient edifice from desecration at their hands. Had it gone down on the night of November 9, it would at least have met an end not unbefitting its great history. As it is, it seems doomed to drag out its final years as a post-office, rented to the United States at the rate of $23,000 a year, or any part thereof, exclusive of taxes. The British officers had better taste. The riding-school was at least more dramatic.

Considering the history of the building, the fire, and all the circumstances of the case, there is, indeed, to persons at a distance, a bathos about the whole thing which is not ludicrous simply because it is sad. Outside of a small Boston circle, it seems scarcely possible that any body of average men and women could take so narrow a view of a matter of such general concernment. Here are some twoscore persons who, by mere accident, find themselves the trustees of an edifice of first-class historical interest. Instead of jealously guarding and preserving it, they are wholly unable to see anything but the inconvenience to themselves and their families of attending religious services in it once a week. With the utmost complacency, and with a tone which shows how wholly they fail to appreciate the attitude they occupy before the wondering gaze of their countrymen, they announce that they have "no veneration for walls, but they do revere Christ, their Lord"; and then they vary this delectable statement by the introduction of some business principles into religion, announcing that "no veneration is due to bricks and mortar, but that the great principle involved is the best care of the society's funds." "Bricks and mortar"! "Society funds"! Undoubtedly the pew-holders of the Old South Church of Boston are most respectable persons, but to dwellers at a distance they do seem a little singular. They evidently belong to that class of New Englanders whom Hawthorne knew so well, and towards whom he felt such an instinctive antipathy—"excellent, but exceedingly matter-of-fact sort of men, sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that come under their consideration. With hearts about as tender as other people's, they have heads as hard and impenetrable, and, therefore, perhaps as empty, as one of those iron pots which it may be a part of their business to sell."

One can imagine a committee of these worthy persons visiting Europe, with a view, perhaps, to picking up some hints on church architecture wherewith to grace the edifice which is to replace the Old South. With what indignant, outspoken contempt they would regard an effete race which allowed such piles of "brick and mortar" as St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey to occupy two of the best business sites in London—sites, too, either of which would command a rental much exceeding $23,000, and taxes, per annum. Their location also is wholly undesirable for places of worship; they are miles away from Tyburnia, or May Fair, or the West End; indeed, in the eyes of our committee their longer preservation would seem such an unjustifiable use of "the funds of the society" that they could not but shake the dust of London from their feet and go over to Paris. There the towers of St. Jaques and Notre Dame would renew their disgust; yet even the Commune spared to France its old religious sanctuaries; moved thereto, perhaps, by what one of the committee characterized at home as "a mere reminiscence." Doubtless, however, Rome would occasion our friends the severest shock of all. We can easily imagine these worthy, matter-of-fact gentlemen standing in the Coliseum and measuring with their eyes that useless quarry of building materials. They would see in it a vast space, adapted only for games of the circus or the conflicts of gladiators, but now preserved as a church. It is wholly unfit for purposes of worship; it is far removed from the residence quarters of the city; while, so far as circuses are concerned, it is never utilized for entertainments of that nature; and, as to gladiatorial conflicts, they are "a mere reminiscence" and wholly repugnant to the spirit of modern improvement. Yet to the great detriment "of the funds of the society," no doubt, this useless pile of "brick and mortar" is preserved, and even venerated. Truly, the peoples of Europe are indeed benighted, but *nous avons changé tout cela.*

It is absurd to be angry with men like those into whose hands the Old South has unfortunately passed. They act according to their lights, and it was long ago conceded that against stupidity the gods themselves contend in vain. The power is in this case theirs, and doubtless they will exercise it. They will, out of the market value of the Old South, construct a more comfortable and showy edifice in the fashionable quarter of Boston, and there, doubtless, they will hereafter worship after the fashion of their creed, hugging themselves in the fond belief that in trampling on "a sentiment" they have advanced the cause of religion. With them it would be useless to reason. An evil chance placed in their hands one of the very few buildings of which America can boast as enjoying almost a world-wide fame, and they conscientiously destroyed it. Of one thing they may rest assured—the next generation of Bostonians will not forget them, for their work can never be undone.

This proceeding, however, is not likely to stop with the Old South. Undoubtedly the convenient principle that mere "sentiments" of "veneration" must not be allowed to protect piles of "brick and mortar" will find other subjects of application. In Boston, as we have said, it so happens that an unusual proportion of our more famous edifices are found. Three of these we have already alluded to—the Old South, the Old State-House, so famous in early Revolutionary history, and, lastly, Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty." Of these the Old South is doomed, and the Old State-House has long been threatened. The one represents too much money in the shape of a corner lot peculiarly available for business purposes, the other stands in the way of certain public improvements. Temple Bar has, it is true, stood in their way somewhat longer, but, fortunately for "sentiment," Temple Bar is not in Boston. Both of the other quaint memorials of bygone times and famous deeds of famous men will soon be gone beyond recovery; how long will Faneuil Hall outlast them? It unfortunately occupies a space which might be far better utilized as a public square—a most needed convenience in that part of Boston, for the Hall is now very much in the way of market wagons, the number of which is said to be constantly increasing; it is, besides, even more inconveniently placed than the Old South for those purposes of public meeting for which it was constructed. The argument is very strong, and will doubtless commend itself to the pew-holders of the Old South. Having finally disposed of one pile of "brick and mortar" around which, in all minds but their own, an unusual degree of "veneration" and "sentiment" had unfortunately gathered, they can next turn their destroying energies to another, though hardly more famous structure.

MADAME RECAMIER.

PARIS, November 8, 1872.

A NIECE of Madame Récamier, the widow of M. Charles Lenormant, of the French Institute, published in 1859 two volumes, under the title of "Memoirs and Correspondence, from the Papers of Madame Récamier." She has just added a volume to these valuable memoirs, under the name of "Madame Récamier—The Friends of her Youth." No person has played so interesting a part in French society as this lady, whose name is intimately connected with the history of the French Revolution, of the Empire, and of the Restoration. When she was getting very old, though she preserved her beauty nearly till the end, she once said to a friend who complimented her on the preservation of her charms: "Alas! you cannot deceive me. The little chimney-sweeps don't turn their heads any more in the streets." It is not so with her memory. Even now, amidst the excitement of politics, in the confusion of so many momentous events, the name of Madame Récamier still attracts the attention of the public. She is, so to speak, a representative person, and she represents a thing which is by degrees becoming a thing of the past—the refined sociability for which France was once so famous.

From the days of her youth to the days of 1848, Madame Récamier was the queen of what the French call a *salon.* She was the first after the stormy days of the Revolution to open an elegant asylum to all those who had escaped its fury, as well as to some of the most distinguished personages whom the Revolution had brought to light. The *parvenus*, the sons of '89, the generals who had won great victories for France, the representatives of the new principles of equality, mixed in her house with the members of the old aristocracy whom the fury of the Terrorists had spared or forgotten, who came back from the emigration, or who had concealed themselves in the ranks of the army. Madame Récamier could probably not have played under the ancien régime the rôle which she assumed; she had no title, no rank; her husband was a rich banker, and the financiers were not much thought of before the Revolution. The noblemen, as we see in the comedies and memoirs of the time, were quite willing to associate with them, to receive their sumptuous hospitality; but their wives did not see the wives of the *fermiers généraux.* Madame Récamier was not, as Madame de Sévigné, Madame Dudeffant, and so many others, a person of brilliant wit; her letters are somewhat dull; they are characterized by prudence and discretion more than by any positive qualities; but she was imbued with good sense and caution, and she seems to have understood at once, more by instinct than by any chain of reasoning, the very peculiar characters of French society as it emerged from the storms of the Revolution. She perceived very well that the power of an aristocracy, long after it has been politically destroyed, continues to exist as a power of imagination. She not only felt a natural sympathy for the victims of the Revolution; she knew that, socially speaking, the members of the ancient aristocracy were still, or would soon be-

come again, a great power in France. It would be a vulgar accusation to accuse her of any servility towards birth or rank; she simply recognized the influence resulting from centuries of the highest culture then known in Europe and recognized by all foreign nations. But with all her advantages, her fortune, her extraordinary and almost divine beauty (the two pictures by David, one of which is at the Louvre, give me more the impression of a Greek goddess than of an ordinary woman), she would probably never have become the intimate friend of such men as Mathieu de Montmorency, of the Duc de Laval, and others, if the French Revolution had not loosened all the old social ties. Madame Récamier felt herself that she owed something to the Revolution; she did not compose her *salon* exclusively of members of the old aristocracy; she was careful to mix them with the Bonapartes, the Bernadottes, the new generals and marshals, the statesmen of the new times. Her house was a sort of neutral ground where all parties could meet; it required no small dexterity to avoid all collisions, to harmonize so many elements; but Madame Récamier was eminently fit for such a work. She had no strong political passions, she was not a politician herself; and, when all rules had become uncertain, she only strictly adhered to the rules of friendship and of courtesy; in times when all loyalty was extinct, she was a loyal friend. Her fidelity to her allies was a sort of religion. When force rules the world, man is thrown back, as it were, on the most simple and natural elements of society. There was, no doubt, some coquetry (I use the word in the French sense) in the conduct of Madame Récamier towards her friends. She took pride in preserving in her court, as devoted, humble, constant friends, all those who, one after another, attracted by her charms, had first been ardent and suppliant lovers. She was herself a vestal at a time when the uncertainty of life, the dangers of the future, the traditions of the court of Louis XV. and of the end of the eighteenth century, which had survived even the horrors of the Terror, allowed much liberty and even license. She inspired love and enjoyed her power, but she never felt love herself; at least, she never succumbed to it.

The history of her marriage is well known. The passion of love which was stifled in her, under circumstances which need not be dwelt upon, was transformed in her into a sort of passionate friendship. She inspired the most constant and the warmest attachments, and all her life was spent in efforts to satisfy her friends, whether young or old, illustrious or obscure. For it must be said that if she required from her followers a certain sort of moral refinement, of mental culture, she was really indifferent to power, fortune, even glory. She treated poor Ballanche, young Ampère, young Loménie, with just as much consideration as Chateaubriand or Prince Augustus of Prussia, who offered her his hand. She had at an early age seen all the vanity of human affairs; she had learned to hate and fear the modern Cæsar when he was at the height of his glory; she had seen the sons of the oldest families exiled or destitute; she had patronized queens and kings. Madame Bernadotte, a very humble woman and very timid, was glad to have a place in her salon when her husband was already a king. Madame Récamier had known familiarly Murat and Queen Hortense; and she had learned to appreciate men not by the rule of success but by the delicate rules of morality. The manners of French society were in her time very different from what they have become since. Money was not the standard either of the old noblesse or of the parvenus of the Empire. Many ancient families had been completely ruined; young generals who were poor to-day might return to-morrow enriched by an Imperial dotation. Society was, in many respects, less vulgar. Very few people would consent to live now in the rooms which Madame Récamier occupied in the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Gentlemen had not yet made themselves the slaves of valets. They could arrive on foot, with umbrellas, in cabs; they entered, without being announced, rooms which were lighted only with a lamp. There were no refreshments but a few g'asses of syrup. The men left without noise or any formal adieu, taking what is still called in England "French leave." The ladies were generally in the simplest toilettes. Madame Récamier during all her life never wore anything but white muslin gowns. There was no coarse screaming at the doors and in the ante-chambers, "The Duchess of X's carriage stops the way," and so on. Even in the old Faubourg St. Germain, the end of an evening in one of the hotels of the nobility resembles now somewhat the sortie from the opera. There are very few *salons* now left—places where a lady receives sometimes once a week, sometimes even every night, all those among her friends who choose to come in for an hour, to bring the news of the day, to discuss the last book, the last piece, the last speech.

Such a constant and easy intercourse used in old days to become with years real friendship. It is very curious in Madame Récamier's letters, and in those of her friends, to notice that the *habitués* of her *salon* called themselves by their Christian names. She was for all of them Juliette, the incomparable Juliette; Mathieu de Montmorency was Mathieu, and so on. You would no longer find now so much liberty, so much intimacy. A *salon* in those days was in fact a small club of gentlemen and ladies; a club where all the members knew each other so well that they never attempted to play any part, any rôle, to deceive each other. They paid their contribution in conversation, in wit, in friendly offices. Most gentlemen belonged to several *salons*, as they do now to various clubs; but there was, of course, one where they felt most at home. It has been said of the *salon* what is said now of the club, that it destroys the spirit which builds up the family home. Madame de Chateaubriand very seldom went to Madame Récamier's, while the Marquis was to be found every night by the side of the adored Juliette. Our modern routs and balls, expensive, gorgeous, and, in a certain sense, vulgar as they are, have at least, it is said, this advantage, that they do not so much separate husbands and wives. I have met for years, in some old-fashioned houses, gentlemen whose wives I have never seen; many a man even now goes every night from place to place paying his court to the Duchess —— and the Countess ——, while his wife leads the life of a Roman matron. Do not infer from this contrast that these husbands are bad husbands; their wives are often perfectly contented with their lot. The world can do nothing for them, while it can promote the fortunes of their husbands, whether they are engaged in literary or in political work. It is a very common thing in France to see such men as Taine and About without their wives, though they are very good husbands. Renan, who is a reformer, would not, on the contrary, go often where he would be asked alone. It is much to the credit of M. Thiers that he always carries in his orbit not only Madame Thiers, but her unmarried sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, who has always lived with him.

It is very difficult, I suppose, in all countries to perceive exactly the shades of social life. In France, it is perhaps more difficult than anywhere else, on account of the changes made by so many revolutions. Madame Récamier represents a society which is now nearly extinct. I have known intimately some of her friends, and they certainly were not only remarkable by the refinement of their manners and by their high culture, but by a certain sort of moral elevation, which I am afraid is becoming more rare. We cannot help smiling at some expressions of sentimentality which we find in the letters of Madame Récamier's friends; this perpetual looking in each other's hearts is somewhat tedious and ridiculous, as well as these effusions which offend our modern shyness; but one may well envy the nobility of thought which is felt in the pages of the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," in the last works of Ampère, in the correspondence of Madame de Staël, in all the pages which were written for the eyes of the "incomparable Juliette." One may envy also the delightful simplicity, the easy intercourse, the frugal elegance, and, if I may say so, the *ideal* worldliness of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Whatever may have been the defects of this extraordinary circle, those who were received in it only paid their tribute to beauty and to genius; they had some of the qualities if they had some of the affectations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; they represented the better part of the French nation—the least frivolous, though they were not austere, the most independent of the rulers of the day, of the tyranny of wealth, of political dictatorship; they formed a sort of social oasis, peaceful, serene, enchanted by the presence of one who was the most wonderful type of beauty and of purity, placed above all parties, above all classes, in the realm of mind.

Correspondence.

MR. CAMERON AND THE PHILADELPHIA POSTMASTERSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Washington despatches and of om of the stronger Administration papers, together with the editorial comments thereon, in speaking of the visit of Pennsylvania politicians to the capital to "see" the President about the postmastership of this city, either knowingly or not mislead the public in conveying the impression that Gen. Grant appointed Mr. Fairman *against* the wish and advice of Senator Cameron. I happen to know that quite the contrary is the case. Mr. F., and no one else, was from the very first Mr. Cameron's choice.

F. was some years ago selected by Postmaster Bingham for secretary of his private office on account of his quickness of penmanship and general "smartness." He has proved so valuable in a number of ways to the postmaster and to his brother James, who is cashier of the office, that, when Gen. Bingham, last October, was elected to a lucrative municipal office, F., by his advice and strong assistance, and backed by Cameron, at once became the most prominent candidate for the postmastership.

In what connection Gen. Bingham and his brother James stand to Senator Cameron you can easily ascertain from any one at all familiar with Philadelphia and Pennsylvania politics.

Mr. Fairman's character may be as good as it should be. I for one have

no reason to say that it is not; and it may no doubt be said that it was eminently fit and proper that one of the subordinates of the office should be promoted to its head. What I wish to protest against is the assertion that the appointment of Mr. Fairman furnishes any proof that President Grant has sent the Camerons to the right-about. Very respectfully yours,

ALTKLUG.

PHILADELPHIA, November 22, 1872.

THE SUPPORTERS OF WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished the perusal of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, on which have been based the prosecutions now pending for the dissemination of obscene literature. As this is the first time that I have had an opportunity of weighing for myself the utterances of these missionaries of Cotytto, you can understand what a revelation this apotheosis of nastiness has been to me.

The surprise has been heightened by observing the class of advertising patrons who are not ashamed to support the *Weekly* by contributing to it their advertisements. Ought Messrs. J. J. Cisco & Son, Henry Clews & Co., Fisk & Hatch, A. Belmont & Co., Clark, Dodge & Co., Geo. Opdyke & Co., and others of the same high standing, to be allowed to escape their share of responsibility for the maintenance of such a moral lazar-house?

Very respectfully, etc., L.

PHILADELPHIA, November 18, 1872.

[There undoubtedly was a very culpable and reprehensible easiness on the part of many men and women who should have been above it in tolerating these creatures; but apparently "L." is not fully informed as to all the circumstances of the case. Woodhull & Claflin began by publishing a newspaper in which they did indeed promulgate doctrines which, as everybody should have seen, embodied a theory upon which, however it may be with saints and angels, ordinary men and women cannot act without unduly encouraging the brute-beast part of their natures, and which will be openly acted upon when society goes to pieces, and not before. But they published this sheet of theirs ostensibly to "discuss social problems"; to make philosophical remarks about "the reform"; to establish a "pantarchy;" to bring into use Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Alwato" or universal language; and as liberty of discussion is dear to the American people, this dirty crime against liberty was carelessly allowed to be committed in liberty's name. Respectable men who did not well know what this precious pair were doing, who were wheedled or bored into subscribing and advertising, had a notion that the paper was wild-headed and unpractical, but that it was only doing some of the regular "long-haired" sort of nonsense, and so permitted it to go on publishing their advertisements—very wrongly permitted it, we think, but not exactly as "L." supposes. Again, the *Weekly*, as a philosophic and pantarchical journal, with its "social discussions" and Stephen Pearl Andrewsisms, was dead, we may say, from the beginning; it never paid for itself, and by-and-by Woodhull, Claflin, and Blood had to discontinue its publication. The edition of which "L." has seen a copy was *sui generis*. Being in pressing need of some social reform, as they say, they resuscitated their paper after it had been some months dead, and published one number which was of an open and shameless rascality never before ventured upon by them. The advertisements which it contained were probably there either in consequence of unfulfilled contracts, or were downright "padding," wholly unauthorized by the advertisers.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston, announce a new edition of Murphy's "Critical Commentary on Genesis"; a "Hand-book of Hardy Trees, Shrubs, and Herbaceous Plants," by W. B. Helmsley; and "Our Common Insects," by Dr. A. S Packard, jr.——Specimen order-books of Mansell & Co.'s photographs of objects in the British Museum, to which we alluded a few weeks ago (*Nation*, No. 378), may now be seen at E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.'s establishment, No. 591 Broadway, or catalogues will be sent on application, stating price per set and singly, mounted or unmounted. Classic, Egyptian, Assyrian, and prehistoric art and industry are here vividly depicted, from the best remains. The prices are moderate, and within the means of all who purchase pictures for instruction or household adornment.

—It has been suggested to us that we misapprehended the meaning of the New York correspondent of the *Messager de Paris* in regard to the choice of Presidents by "the Senate and House of Representatives in convention"; and that he referred to the Congressional caucuses which, prior to 1825, regularly *nominated* the candidates afterwards voted upon by the people. Referring again to his language, we judge that this was probably his meaning, though he speaks of such nominations as having been the *right* of Congress, and would, we think, leave the impression on the minds of his French readers that that body elected as well as nominated the President. He is certainly entitled to the benefit of the doubt. We must add that we overlooked Jefferson's election, for his first term, by the House of Representatives, in circumstances somewhat different from those of John Quincy Adams's.

—"Sketch of Anti-Slavery Opinions before the Year 1800" is the title of a learned and interesting essay by Mr. William F. Poole, of the Cincinnati Public Library, published in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of November 18. Its merits are such as to make it highly desirable that it should be printed in book form for permanent preservation. The sketch opens with a curious description of Washington's library, now in the possession of the Boston Athenæum (of which Mr. Poole was formerly librarian), and in particular of a rare pamphlet comprised in it, being, to give the title in full, "An Oration upon the Moral and Political Evil of Slavery, delivered at a public meeting of the Maryland Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery and the Relief of Free Negroes and Others unlawfully held in Bondage. Baltimore, July 4, 1791. By George Buchanan, M.D., member of the American Philosophical Society. Baltimore: Printed by Philip Edwards, 1793" (20 pp. 8vo). Copious extracts from this very plain-spoken discourse are followed by an enquiry into who the orator was, and who were some of the obscurer negroes alluded to by him as having shown remarkable mental ability. This leads naturally to Jefferson's opinion of the capacity of the colored race as expressed in his "Notes on Virginia," which, Mr. Poole thinks, would have been materially modified (perhaps we should say strengthened) had Jefferson been aware of the geniuses instanced by Dr. Buchanan. In 1785, writing to Dr. Richard Price, of London, he used this remarkable language:

"Southward of the Chesapeake your book will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment on the subject of slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake the bulk of the people will approve its theory. Northward of the Chesapeake you may find, here and there, an opponent to your doctrine, as you find, here and there, a robber and murderer. Emancipation is put in such a train that in a few years there will be no slaves northward of Maryland. In Maryland, I do not see such a disposition to begin the redress of this enormity as in Virginia. These [the inhabitants of Virginia] have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mothers' milk, and it is to these I look with anxiety to turn the fate of this question."

—Mr. Poole goes on to note the progress in anti-slavery sentiment from the date of this letter to the delivery of Dr. Buchanan's oration; and, using, we presume, as his main authority Mr. Edward Needles's "Historical Memoir of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery" (Philadelphia, 1848), describes the formation of similar organizations in New York (1785), Rhode Island (1789, incorporated 1790), Maryland (1789), Connecticut (1790), Virginia (1791), New Jersey and Delaware (1792), and quotes from the memorials which they from time to time addressed to Congress. We may remark here that in explaining why Massachusetts, in which slavery had already ceased rather than been abolished, had no abolition society like Rhode Island and Connecticut, he omits to mention the fact that among the incorporators of the "Providence Society" 68 were persons belonging in Massachusetts (in Rhode Island 117, in Connecticut 3, in Vermont 1), making it really a New England Anti-Slavery and Freedman's Aid Society. Mr. Poole next argues, from the insistance of South Carolina and Georgia on the insertion of the pro-slavery compromises in the Constitution, that "the popular idea that the political anti-slavery agitation was forced upon the South by the North, and especially by Massachusetts, is not a correct one," and shows that the South again took the lead "in the second period of excited controversy, from 1821 to 1830." He states, on the authority of Benjamin Lundy, that "in 1827 there were 130 abolition societies in the United States," of which 106 were in the slaveholding States (many the result of the personal labors of Lundy himself) and only four in New England and New York. It may be questioned how widespread an anti-slavery sentiment is implied in the number and respectability of the anti-slavery societies formed prior to 1800. At the very time when Jefferson was writing so hopefully of Virginia's impulse towards emancipation, John Wesley's humane Bishop Coke was preaching in that State:

"When this obnoxious subject [slavery] was omitted, he was caressed

and received with all the veneration and respect which a delegate from heaven could claim; but on other occasions, when this fatal chord was touched, it instantly vibrated discord through the congregation, and applause gave place to execrations. In some places the members of the society were disgusted, and many withdrew. While he was preaching in a barn in Virginia, on Sunday, the subject was introduced; much provocation was felt by some of the congregation, who withdrew and prepared to offer him personal violence, stimulated by a fashionable lady, who offered the mob fifty pounds in case they would seize the preacher and give him one hundred lashes. On leaving the house, he was instantly surrounded by a ferocious party, who were proceeding to put their threats into execution, but he was rescued by a magistrate and escaped in safety" (Needles, p. 19).

It would also be pertinent to enquire how far the Southern anti-slavery societies of that early period were in the hands of Quakers. Mr. Poole mentions the "Pennsylvania Society" as the first formed *outside* of that denomination; but Needles expressly says (p. 16): "The members of this little association were mostly or perhaps all of them members of the religious Society of Friends." The only names given by Mr. Poole in connection with the Maryland Society would justify a similar inference as to its membership.

—Such a conflagration as that which so lately destroyed a whole quarter of Boston is sure to touch every inhabitant of a great city directly or indirectly. All must wince, for the withers of none are unwrung. One man has lost a store and the goods which it contained; another, till now a millionaire, finds himself *reduced to affluence*, and feels as if he were beggared; another, though his property has escaped, suffers in sympathy with his friends, whose losses he feels as his own. Some there are who have lost works of art, more or less valuable in themselves, but, when least so, often most so to the owner, as connected with tender memories of which they are the visible signs. In one case which we have more especially in mind, a loss of this kind, resulting from the Boston fire, has fallen heavily on us all, as it involves the crippling of a project very dear to the originator, which, had it been carried out, would have been a source of great pleasure and interest to the public. We allude to the destruction of the collection of armor made by the late Col. T. B. Lawrence, and bequeathed to the Boston Athenæum. It was to have been eventually arranged in the new building of the Museum of Fine Arts, where a room was to have been fitted up and decorated to receive it by Mrs. Lawrence as a memorial to her husband. When the majolica, carved furniture, and Oriental armor given by Mrs. Lawrence for this purpose were removed to the Athenæum last spring from the now destroyed store in Milk Street, there was a question whether the mediæval armor should not also be taken. Unfortunately, though as it seemed at the time wisely, it was decided in the negative, and this both for want of room at the Athenæum and because there was at the moment no competent person on hand to clean and mount the suits. Bound together in an upright position, at the end of a long dimly lighted hall in the upper story of a granite building, these cast-off shells of the brave old knights were, therefore, left to meet their doom on the 9th of November. Helmet and shield and breastplate availed naught against the devouring flames, which speedily reduced the building and its contents to a blackened and mouldering heap. The Lawrence room was to have been decorated in harmony with its contents. A suit of armor complete for man and horse would have been mounted like those in the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris, or those in the splendid armory at Turin, and placed in a conspicuous position. The other suits would have been ranged at intervals along the walls, with trophies hanging above them; and the mediæval cabinets, majolica, carved chests, and panels would have been so disposed as to vary and enrich the general effect. It is to be hoped that, though it is no longer possible to carry out this scheme as originally intended, it will not be altogether abandoned. Every day we hear of other artistic losses of a painful character. One gentleman has lost his library with 10,000 engravings, mostly proof impressions, choicely bound, together with some interesting paintings and old furniture. Another has lost a number of family portraits by Copley. Another, a portfolio of original drawings by Copley, with pictures and carved furniture, the accumulation of years. Several eminent Boston artists, such as Hunt, Wild, Young, and Bellows, have lost all their pictures and sketches, and must begin life over again with such courage as they can muster. In short, artistic Boston as well as business Boston is under a heavy cloud, and, although every one bears his troubles in a manly spirit, all hearts are heavy.

—Linguist, or at least speaker of many tongues and dialects, economist, poet, politician, logician, political philosopher or philosophizing politician, editor, traveller, hymn-writer, commissioner for the negotiation of commercial treaties, philanthropist, benefactor of the Manxmen and Maltese, who both gave him services of plate as well as official thanks, an expert in currency, ambassador, Governor of Hong-Kong, minister plenipotentiary of the Hawaiian crown to all the countries of Europe, ambassador to Siam, translator of Bohemian literature, of Russian, of Magyar, of Spanish, of Portuguese, of Polish, of Servian, of Batavian; author of treatises on decimal coinage, on the people of Siam, on the statistics of Tuscany, on good manners for children and youth, on the commercial relations between Great Britain and France—the late Sir John Bowring, just dead at the age of eighty, was assuredly a very remarkable man, a man to be wondered at. He was born near Exeter on the 17th of October, 1792, and was of an ancient family. That he was of any university we are not informed; but whether he was or not, his multifarious acquisitions of all sorts and descriptions and his indefatigable application and activity would speedily have covered out of sight any results which so acquisitive a brain might have secured from an academic education. It happened to him, also, to fall early under the complete influence of Jeremy Bentham (of whose works he was afterwards the editor), and at whose feet he sat beside Mr. John Stuart Mill, and our own half-forgotten countryman, John Neal of Portland, who, by the bye, we suspect of entertaining exceedingly hearty and downright hatred and contempt for much that was in the character of both these gentlemen. "Cunning, timid, politic, without originality, wholly destitute of imagination," are some of the terms which our valorous and enthusiastic countryman has applied to Mr. Mill, and, if we recollect, Bowring fares very much in the same way. He has, however, been a useful as well as a busy man in his day, though probably his best chance of being remembered is that afforded him by some of the hymns of his writing or translating, which are sung "in all the churches," and which, doubtless, will echo in many a church next Sunday from Texas to Labrador. For example, the hymn beginning—

> "Watchman, tell us of the night,
> What its signs of promise are"—

will probably be sung by many a country choir who will know nothing of the Benthamite decimal currency writer, and ambassador to Siam, and benefactor of the Manx.

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S CONVERSATIONS.*

I.

ON the 30th November, 1851, Mr. Senior wrote to De Tocqueville as follows:

"We are all looking anxiously across the Channel. Your conversations have so much prepared me for the events which have passed since May, that I seem to be looking at a play which I have read in manuscript. You did not, however, reveal the *dénouement*, but your fears as to the result of an alliance between the President and the mob have often occurred to me."

Two days after this letter was written the *coup d'état* provided the *dénouement* of the drama, and justified De Tocqueville's predictions. On the 24th of February, 1848, De Tocqueville addressed the Chamber of Deputies:

"It is supposed," said he, "that there is no danger because there is no collision. It is said that as there is no actual disturbance of the surface of society, revolution is far off. Gentlemen, allow me to tell you that I believe you deceive yourselves. Without doubt, disorder does not break out in overt acts, but it has sunk deeply into the minds of the people. Look at what is passing in the breasts of the working-classes, as yet, I own, tranquil. It is true that they are not now inflamed by purely political passions in the same degree as formerly; but do you not observe that their passions from political have become social? Do you not see gradually pervading them opinions and ideas whose object is not merely to overthrow a law, a ministry, or even a dynasty, but society itself? . . . Do you not believe that when such opinions take root, till they have become general, when they penetrate deeply into the masses, they must lead sooner or later—I know not when, I know not how, but that sooner or later they must lead to the most formidable revolution? Such is my deep conviction. I believe that at the present moment we are slumbering on a volcano. Of this I am thoroughly convinced."

The speaker's audience thought him an alarmist, but before thirty days had passed the volcano burst forth, the Chamber of Deputies was destroyed, society was thrown into the throes of a revolution, and De Tocqueville was felt by friends and foes alike to be a political prophet. His conversations even more than his books show that he possessed a kind of prophetical foresight. They suggest two enquiries. What, in the first place, was the origin and nature of this foresight? what, in the second, were the limits by which it was bounded? Both questions have an individual and a general interest, for the answer to them throws light both on the character of the greatest historical writer whom this century has produced, and on the problem how far analysis of the past will enable men to predict the future.

The source of De Tocqueville's foresight is the same as the origin of his greatness as a theorist. In both cases, his strength lies in an unrivalled capacity for critical analysis. This becomes apparent the moment you attempt to discover the distinguishing trait of his historical works. He is not exactly

* "Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with W. Nassau Senior." London: H. S. King & Co.

a great historian, for he certainly neither possessed nor supposed himself to possess the gift of painting past scenes which distinguishes such writers as Macaulay. He is not, again, one of those men who, like Sir Cornewall Lewis, exhibit a peculiar talent for weighing historical evidence, nor can it be said that De Tocqueville's knowledge, even of the portions of history which he specially studied, was anything in itself extraordinary. His acquaintance with general history does not appear to have been very large. He was well read in the histories of France and England, and towards the end of his life was accumulating stores of information about the state of French society before the Revolution. Yet it may be suspected that even on his special topics he might to the last, as far as mere knowledge of facts went, have been surpassed by German professors whose names will never be known beyond the circle of their own universities. But if De Tocqueville was in some points of view not a great historian, he was a great critic of history, and he himself exactly understood his own powers. He did not propose to himself to narrate the transactions of the past, but to explain them. All events in human history at once presented to his mind problems to be solved. To suggest solutions for these problems was the labor of his life; to have been able to point out solutions in accordance both with the facts of the case and the well-known principles of human nature, is his peculiar glory as an historical speculator.

Nothing shows more clearly his view of history and the contrast which it presents with that taken by writers whose excellence lies in narrative, than an enquiry which he asks Mr. Senior to put to Macaulay:

"In France," he writes, "and over the whole Continent the feudal system produced a caste, in England an aristocracy. How is it that the word *gentleman*, which in our language denotes a mere superiority of blood, with you is now used to express a certain social position and amount of education independent of birth, so that in two countries the same word, though the sound remains the same, has entirely changed its meaning. When did this revolution take place, how, and through what transitions? . . . If I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay, I should venture to ask him these questions. In the excellent history which he is now publishing, he alludes to the fact, but does not explain it—but he does not try to explain it; yet there is none more pregnant or containing within it so good an explanation of the difference between the history of England and of the other feudal nations in Europe."

Whether the enquiry was ever put to Macaulay does not appear; if it was, the answer to it must, it may safely be conjectured, have been unsatisfactory. For the question marks out the exact difference between the French and English writer. Macaulay's whole object was to narrate the history of England; the aim of De Tocqueville was not to narrate events but to explain them. Where the one writer saw a mere fact, the other perceived a problem. The one is an historian, the other a critic. Now De Tocqueville applies exactly the same powers of mind to the solution of all questions affecting the conduct of mankind, and criticises the state of society under Louis Philippe, or the condition of affairs at the time of the Crimean War, in exactly the same spirit of analysis as that in which he surveys the downfall of the ancien régime or the spread of democratic feeling in the United States or in modern Europe. To say the truth, it seems in some respects to make little difference what were the objects of his criticism. He writes of the ancien régime like an observant contemporary of the courts of Louis XV. and of his successor. He speaks of the fall of Louis Philippe and of the errors of Louis Napoleon with the calmness of a man writing fifty years hence the history of the Revolution of 1848. In each case he applies certain principles to the solution of the difficulties presented by certain events submitted to him for explanation. Thus the prediction of Louis Philippe's downfall is in no sense a mere happy conjecture. Its sudden fulfilment impressed it on the public imagination; but its merit does not really depend on its immediate fulfilment. Its peculiarity lies in its being a prophecy grounded on a consideration of causes which sooner or later were certain to produce the effect foretold. It would scarcely have lost anything of its real interest even if Louis Philippe had, as he probably might have done, suppressed the movement of February 24, 1848, by a free use of grapeshot, and preserved his throne till his death. Indeed, De Tocqueville's language with regard to the Orleans dynasty affords some of the most notable instances of his calm critical sagacity. With the fall of that dynasty vanished, in his judgment, the last chance for the establishment of constitutional government in France. Its overthrow led indirectly to De Tocqueville's banishment from political life; but neither regret for a form of government which he valued perhaps even above its merits, nor bitterness engendered by the *coup d'état*, concealed from him that Louis Philippe's government, if in one sense it fell by accident, was yet foredoomed to ruin by its inherent defects.

"The great and real cause of the revolution (1848) was the detestable spirit which animated the Government during this long reign. A spirit of trickery, of baseness, and of bribery which has enervated and degraded the middle classes, destroyed their public spirit, and filled them with a selfishness so blind as to induce them to separate their interests entirely from the lower classes whence they sprung. . . . This is the root of the matter; all the rest were accidents, strange and violent in themselves, I confess, but still insufficient to produce an effect."

Exactly the same calmness marks his judgment of Louis Napoleon. At first, indeed, he, like almost all men of the time, slightly underrated the President's capacity, and during the years which immediately succeeded the *coup d'état* overestimated the chances of his fall. But the later years of the Emperor's reign have shown that the contempt felt for his intellect in 1850 was certainly not more exaggerated than the admiration entertained in England at least for his supposed genius in 1860; and if De Tocqueville found it difficult to convince himself that his fellow-countrymen would endure a tyranny for more than two or three years, he yielded to the evidence of facts when they showed him that his contemporaries did not share his own love of freedom. In 1858, he seems to have acquiesced in the opinion that Louis Napoleon was a man whose great moral merits were "kindness and sympathy," who was a "faithful and attached friend," who wished "to serve all who came near him"; whilst his greatest moral fault was his ignorance of the difference between right and wrong. But De Tocqueville added to this judgment a remark, the acuteness of which no one will now doubt. "Your informant has not, perhaps, dwelt enough on his indolence; probably as he grows older the effects of his early habits tell on him; it increases; I am told it is difficult to make him attend to business."

In 1857, Mr. Senior enquired whether Louis Napoleon was likely to hold power until his death, and he succeeded by his son. "I expect both events," answered De Tocqueville. "It is impossible to deny that Louis Napoleon has shown great dexterity and tact. His system of government is detestable if we suppose the welfare of France to be his object, but skilful if its aim be merely the preservation of his own power." Here, it may be said, De Tocqueville's foresight failed him; we hardly think so. Any one who recalls the events which preceded Sedan will see that the Emperor's power was rooted more firmly than was believed either by his foes or by himself, and that a slight amount of good luck or of prudence on his part might have enabled him to fulfil De Tocqueville's prediction to the letter. Yet, if the latter expected Louis Napoleon to remain in power, he certainly exhibited a marvellous insight into the causes by which, if he fell, his fall would be produced. Again and again, in the course of these conversations, it is pointed out that the Emperor could neither prosper without war nor bring a great war to a successful termination.

"I sympathize," says De Tocqueville, "with Thiers's fears as to the result of the war. I do not believe that Napoleon himself, with all his diligence and with all his intelligence, would have thought it possible to conduct a great war to which his minister of war was opposed. A man who has no heart in his business will neglect it, or do it imperfectly. His first step would have been to dismiss ——. The real prime minister is without doubt Louis Napoleon himself; but he is not a man of business, he does not understand details. He may order certain things to be done, but he will not be able to ascertain whether the proper means have been taken. He does not know, indeed, what these means are. He does not trust those who do. A war which would have tasked all the powers of Napoleon and of Napoleon's ministers and generals, is to be carried on without any master mind to direct it, or any good instruments to execute it. I fear some great disaster."

These words were spoken in 1854, and might seem disproved by two successful wars conducted by Louis Napoleon within the ten years which succeeded their utterance. But every one now perceives that De Tocqueville's prediction was profoundly true. His words, though referring to the Crimean expedition, read now like the reflections of a philosophic observer uttered a few days before the disaster of Sedan. Few persons can read them without acknowledging the speaker's foresight and recognizing its source. His predictions are the predictions of a critic whose firm hold of definite principles enables him to analyze both characters and events. Yet the most profound admirer of De Tocqueville's genius can hardly fail to perceive that his foresight was subject to certain limitations. As a statesman, his career was marked throughout by failure. He played a part, though happily but a subordinate part, in the commission of the greatest error ever committed by French diplomacy, for he sanctioned, if he did not exactly approve, the expedition to Rome; and, what is more wonderful, never appears to have seen the extent of this criminal mistake. That in some respects his insight failed is clear. The cause and extent of its failure is a subject well deserving separate consideration.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

"SEEING that the little garrison was stunned by the heavy fire of the dismounted Indians, and rightly judging that now, if ever, was the proper time to charge them, Roman Nose and his band of mounted warriors, with a wild, ringing war-whoop, echoed by the women and children on the hills, started

forward. On they came, presenting even to the brave men awaiting the charge a most superb sight. Brandishing their guns, echoing back the cries of encouragement of their women and children on the surrounding hills, and confident of victory, they rode bravely and recklessly to the assault. Soon they were within the range of the rifles of their friends, and of course the dismounted Indians had to slacken their fire for fear of hitting their own warriors. This was the opportunity for the scouts, and they were not slow to seize it. 'Now,' shouted Forsyth. 'Now,' echoed Beecher, McCall, and Grover; and the scouts, springing to their knees, and casting their eyes coolly along the barrels of their rifles, opened on the advancing savages as deadly a fire as the same number of men ever yet sent forth from an equal number of rifles. Unchecked, undaunted, on dashed the warriors; steadily rang the clear, sharp reports of the rifles of the frontiersmen. Roman Nose, the chief, is seen to fall dead from his horse, then Medicine Man is killed, and for an instant the column of braves, now within ten feet of the scouts, hesitates—falters. A ringing cheer from the scouts, who perceive the effect of their well-directed fire, and the Indians begin to break and scatter in every direction, unwilling to rush to a hand-to-hand struggle with the men who, although outnumbered, yet know how to make such effective use of their rifles. A few more shots from the frontiersmen, and the Indians are forced back beyond range, and their first attack ends in defeat. Forsyth turns to Grover anxiously, and enquires: 'Can they do better than that, Grover?' 'I have been on the Plains, General, since a boy, and never saw such a charge as that before. I think they have done their level best,' was the reply. 'All right,' responds 'Sandy'; 'then we are good for them.'"

This is from an account by General Custer, writing in the *Galaxy*, of a fight which took place in September, four years ago, between eight hundred Indians and a party of fifty frontiersmen, under command of General George A. Forsyth. The whites were in a measure protected by the bodies of some of their dead horses, and also, as the fight went on, by earthworks which they managed to throw up with their case-knives and pocket-knives, after the fashion learned by our soldiers in the late war. Thus entrenched, they held the Indians at bay for seven days, some of these occupied by hard battling, until they were relieved by a detachment of regular troops sent to their aid from a distance of a hundred miles. The loss of the white men was six killed, eight disabled for life, and twelve others wounded—more than one-half the total force engaged figuring in the list of casualties. This, however, was not wonderful when we consider that the Indians were seventeen to one; that unscrupulous wretches of white men had kept these barbarians supplied with the best firearms and ammunition; and that the white man fighting Indians knows that there is absolutely no hope for him but in his own death or theirs. The story of this particular struggle General Custer tells effectively throughout, and his article will interest all his readers. We hope he may find it convenient, before his series of articles is done, to pay his respects to the Indian Ring crew. A plain tale of their infamies would be good reading for philanthropists. We suppose that the history of recent mankind nowhere shows a parallel in base swindling, in bloody outrage, to the annals of this Ring; and it is they who throw upon the soldier most of his labor and most of his odium.

Another good article in the December *Galaxy* is Mr. Gideon Welles's. The Ex-Secretary gives us a piece of history, and shows how the design to emancipate the negro made its progress in Mr. Lincoln's mind. For a long time he clung to the hope that the Border States would voluntarily set their slaves free, accepting a money compensation for them, and thus dispense him from taking up the controverted and contested plan of Federal action, "warranted alone by military necessity." The precise date when he abandoned this hope has been much discussed, says Mr. Welles, by Mr. Lincoln's historians; but in his judgment—and he had excellent means of knowing—the fact is that "no specific day or influence can be named." His last ineffectual appeal to the Border-State Congressmen he made in an interview which took place on the 12th of July, 1862, just after he had returned from McClellan's headquarters at Harrison's Landing. Those gentlemen could not be made to see their true position, and Mr. Lincoln, abandoning further care for the compromises of the Constitution, determined on fighting the devil with fire. "For more than a year after his inauguration," says Mr. Welles, "he resisted the appeals and the threats of his ultra supporters, who urged him to use the war necessity and strike the fetters from the slave. . . . But gradually the conviction dawned upon him that the cause which led to the rebellion must be removed before harmony could prevail." Many and diverse influences may, Mr. Welles thinks, have tended to confirm the President in his purpose, but the origin of his purpose was simply that under the pressure of military disaster he came to think that "to confer freedom on the four millions who were in bondage would be the most fatal blow he could strike against the rebellion." He was all ready to issue his preliminary proclamation in the first week of August, and called a Cabinet meeting, at which the rough draft of it was submitted to the Secretaries. Secretary Seward made the objection that if issued then it would be regarded as a shriek for the Administration rather than for freedom. Mr. Welles does not make it perfectly clear whether Mr. Seward meant that the October elections would be unfavorably affected by the proclamation, or whether his notion was that military operations under Halleck and Pope, from whom much was just then expected, might make emancipation needless, but he rather indicates that the latter was Mr. Seward's basis of objection. At all events, the President forthwith put the documents into a portfolio.

"Among others who were impatient under what they considered the inexcusable neglect and inaction of the President was Horace Greeley, the editor of one of the widest circulated and most influential journals in the country. Uninformed, like others, of the purposes and contemplated movements of the Government, but filled with patriotic fervor, such as a year previous had led him, and men like him, possessed of more zeal than military knowledge, to insist that the army should, while not duly prepared, move on to Richmond, he now, on the 19th of August, addressed a letter, earnest but dictatorial in tone, to the President, admonishing him of public sentiment and of his duty. This letter was not sent through the mail as a friendly epistle, with the friendly suggestions and advice of a friend, but for some reason, good or bad, was published in the New York *Tribune*."

Everybody will recollect the President's reply to this letter, and it is well to recollect also—what he could not say—that at the time of writing it he had already prepared the proclamation desired and demanded. The next Cabinet meeting in relation to the subject was held on the 20th of September, and on that occasion every one of the Secretaries, except Mr. Montgomery Blair, was in favor of promulgating the provisional decree. Mr. Blair, although he approved of the principle of the measure, thought the time inopportune, as he feared its effect on the Border States, and he placed his objections on file. It is here related that at this memorable meeting, Mr. Lincoln told his advisers that he had taken counsel of Providence in reference to the business in hand, and had made a vow to regard a favorable event of the impending battle of Antietam, as we make out, as the Divine approval of the new policy. Mr. Bates was urgent for the deportation of the freedmen, and Mr. Welles glances at "a speculating operation" in the shape of a scheme for colonizing our negroes in Central America, and he appears to have been instrumental in killing it. On the 30th and 31st of December, the proclamation was finally revised, Mr. Seward making two or three mere verbal changes, and Mr. Chase suggesting "the felicitous closing paragraph" which asserts the sincerity of the Executive and invokes the considerate judgment of mankind. On the 1st of January, 1863, as all the world now knows, the paper was signed and published.

Mr. De Forrest's story called "The Wetherel Affair" opens takingly, and promises to be one of the cleverest things which this writer has done. It will be a hardened novel-reader who shall not find this story bright and fresh. Good, too, is Mr. John Durand's "French Scenes, Customs, and Characters," and readable is Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Gossip" about Lord Westbury, Sir Alexander Cockburn, and other "Great English Lawyers," though perhaps he might have well bethought himself that to readers of the *Galaxy* the anecdotes and stories about these men of whom he writes would all be new, however stale in London club-rooms.

Mr. Durand points out how much easier, more reasonable, and more civilized is daily life in Paris than in our American cities, and he explains by a number of particular instances "that wonderful adjustment of rights and duties which makes the French social scheme a marvel to all who will take the trouble to analyze it. Compare, for example, with the common incidents of Mr. Morton's "best civil service in the world" this incident: Mr. Durand one day received a letter regularly prepaid at home, but on which the French post-office demanded sixty-four sous as a double rate on a double letter, the American postage going for nothing. Inexperienced in such matters, he took the letter to the nearest post-office bureau and asked to have the excessive charge accounted for. The clerk examined the letter, weighed it, and found it just on the balance of a double letter, and therefore subject to the amount charged. "You are aware, monsieur," said he, "that when a letter is insufficiently paid in America, the stamp used goes for nothing here, and that the postage is double rates according to law. This letter is exactly on the balance, and probably made a double one by the weight of the stamps put upon it. You had better send it to the *Directeur des Postes*, who will settle the matter." Thanking the clerk for his polite explanation, Mr. Durand wrote a note to the official named, and in a few days received a note containing an elaborate explanation of the facts and concluding as follows: "All I can do under the circumstances is to request the Post-Office Department of the United States to authorize me to reimburse you the value of the stamp uselessly employed by your correspondent in the postage of the said letter. I will communicate to you the result of the proceeding. Accept, monsieur, the assurance of my distinguished consideration, etc., etc." Mr. Durand paid no further attention to the matter except to be amused for a moment at the idea of two governments corresponding about fifteen cents; but at the end of a month he is still further amused by finding that the *Directeur des Postes* has "the honor to transmit a warrant for the reimbursement of seventy-five centimes, the value of postage stamps," etc., etc. Mr. Durand rightly enough regards this, trivial as it was, as a significant

sign of the high civility of the French capital; and perhaps might be justified in regarding his feeling of amusement at it as significant of the lack of such perfection of civilization in our American cities. When we get so that we care for the seventy-five centime sums; when we get to be so numerous as to be obliged to take thought to secure all possible advantages, we shall neither suffer our Tweeds nor our Fairs nor many another person and thing whom in our strength and wealth we heedlessly suffer now. The gods sell their gifts, and we do have to pay a price for living in a country where everybody is allowed to do that which is good in his own eyes, because everybody has so much room to wax fat and kick that no one cares to look sharply after those friction-saving arts and devices which elsewhere are a necessity. The thing has its good as well as its bad side, and perhaps we are all too much inclined to fasten our attention upon the bad; or at least always upon one to the exclusion of the other.

Some thoughtful verses by Miss A. M. Wellington are not a little unlike the usual magazine poetry. The subject we may speak of as being better than the treatment—the merely mechanical treatment, that is to say. Great poets have made blank verse with the fault of having an insignificant and weak word at the end of the verse to receive the stress of the voice and so produce an effect unpleasant in all ways, notably one great poet has done so, and perhaps on this account, obvious as the error is, it may be worth while to say a word on the point to a writer who shows the capabilities of this one.

"Saved from the Mormons," we regret to say, we have not faith to receive as gospel truth.

First and last, we have read, we suppose, some hundreds of descriptions of Rocky Mountain scenery, but we have not read any so provocative of a desire to wander in that region as an illustrated article in the new *Harper's*. Not that it is a specially well prepared article either; or rather, not that it is very highly finished, but the writer makes you feel the scenery and breathe the air of the region described.

Other illustrated articles are about Malta; the Library of Congress; the latest edition of Marco Polo; some chapters of Miss Thackeray's "Old Kensington"; the first part of an endeavor at reconstructing the daily life of the ancient Romans; and three chapters of Wilkie Collins's new novel, "The New Magdalen." Mr. Charles Reade's story, "A Simpleton," we do not find very striking, and have ceased reading it till we shall get it all together; but his publishers promise a new one, which will turn upon the decision of an Irish *cause célèbre* of the last century, and which bids fair to be a fine novel, not of his very best sort, but of a very good sort nevertheless.

A love story, which we confess is not of herculean strength, is prettily told by Francis M. Peard, who exhibits a refinement unusual among the writers in *Harper's* of this kind of stories, which are a regular manufacture. Very many of its products have appeared to be the work of the farmer's daughter who might better have been down in the kitchen or out walking than up in the north chamber cultivating literature. Some, indeed, have been worse than this, and such as to make these seem very well worth the space they have filled; but Miss Peard's, or Mrs. Peard's, is a great deal preferable to either.

The "Easy Chair" talks of the recent festival at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn; of the English lecturers; of the late Julian Fane, a gracious youth, of whom, however, we hear most from a friend or two whose judgment would be likely to be kind rather than clear; and, finally, of a children's party, at which the children were bedizened with disgraceful and cruel extravagance. The latter evil we suppose to be a real evil, and a very unfortunate one; but we take it to be somewhat exaggerated in common speech. It is as natural for a mother, be she ever so sensible and reasonable, to take delight in the beautiful apparelling of her children as for the child itself to dress her doll in gorgeous array; and once in so often the mother will overdo it. Too often even once may be; but not all the boys and girls who are allowed to be seen at these rather senseless and pernicious "children's hops" are going to be brainless fops and flirts. The mud pie will never fail from among men.

"The Fight of a Man with a Railroad," which opens the December *Atlantic*, relates a long legal battle fought by Mr. John A. Coleman of Providence against the New York and New Haven Railroad Company in the Massachusetts courts. It is sure of sympathetic perusal, for that railroad corporations are tyrannical the general public fully believes, as juries are very apt to show whenever an individual brings suit. Mr. Coleman's case was this: Three years ago, when going from New York to Providence, he had in his possession, left over from a previous journey, a ticket-coupon good for a passage from New Haven to New York. This, as he believed, ought to be good for a passage from New York to New Haven. The conductor of the train was of a contradictory belief, and Mr. Coleman, after a pretty determined resistance, was removed from the train at Stamford, and that with such violence that he was very seriously injured. For these injuries he brought his suit, and the jury awarded him damages. The railroad company fought him tooth and nail, in the spirit indicated by this remark of one of its officials, with which Mr. Coleman prefaces his article: "The road has no personal animosity against you, Mr. Coleman; but you represent the public; and the road is determined to make it so terrible for the public to fight it, right or wrong, that they will stop it. We are not going to be attacked in this way." But after four years of litigation and five trials Mr. Coleman comes out victorious with the verdict of the first jury confirmed. That Mr. Coleman's view of the law as regards his particular case (outside the brutality of the assault made upon him) is a sound one, we should not like to say. Circumstances may easily be conceived of under which it might be very unfair and inexpedient that a ticket good on a certain day for passage over a certain distance from west to east, should at any and all times thereafter be equally good for the same distance from east to west. But there can be no doubt that our railroad corporations and their employees are often the hard masters of the public, instead of the courteous servants that they ought to be. Mr. Coleman's article will do good in keeping at the right heat a public feeling which is becoming very healthily warm.

Nothing else in this number of the *Atlantic* calls for much remark except the painful realism of the sketch called "Shaker John" and the scientific editor's remarks on the Schoeppe trial. These are of interest to those wise heads who, after a conflict between an ignoramus and a man of science who knows his business, may always be depended on to enquire, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" and to doubt the existence of experts and the value of their testimony. With the art critic we see that we have on our hands a most deadly and ferocious quarrel, to which we shall shortly attend, to the great discomfiture and shame, as we trust, of the opposing critic. Meantime we will call his attention to the fact, already stated by us, that the criticisms upon Mr. Ward's work, made in a journal called the *Fine Arts*, were not made by the *Nation's* critic. The two criticisms are in no possible way or manner connected with each other, and wilfully connecting them—in spite of information received that to do so was to make an error—has only the result of causing a certain portion of the *Atlantic* critic's latest article to fall useless to the ground.

"A Comedy of Terrors" comes to a too late end with this twelfth part, in which, by the way, the author has the coolness to speak of "an amazing coincidence," as if the story had not been from the beginning a mass of bald impossibilities. They have been unrelieved, too, by anything of thought, or wit, or fun, or good feeling, or character drawing, or anything else that could redeem its nonsense or save its reader from a certain shame that such things could be either written or read.

"The Poet at the Breakfast Table" also is ended in this number. Mr. Parton has his say about Alexander Hamilton, who, as he knows, was made wholly in vain, and whom he cordially detests; Mr. De Forrest makes a coarse but not wholly ineffective caricature of a Connecticut lobbyist; there is a denunciatory article on our methods of ornamentation in house building and furnishing, and the usual amount of book-noticing.

We commend to the readers of *Lippincott's* Dr. Weir Mitchell's essay, entitled "Nurse and Patient"—a discussion of a most important relation, which we commend particularly to the attention of women, unmarried or widowed. The well-illustrated paper of Peruvian travel, "Searching for the Quinine Plant," is also worth attention. "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" are brought to a close in Edinburgh, and Miss Bell, we take pleasure in announcing, becomes the beauteous bride of the highly glorified and anti-Gallican young Uhlan—a Prussian such as is only born, we suspect and fear, in lands foreign to Prussia, and since novelists and other people took sides for and against the French in the late Franco-Germanic war.

Scribner's is very full of matter of the usual kind, and some of a kind a little unusual for *Scribner's*, but not necessarily the worse on that account. Of this latter sort is Mr. M. D. Conway's "Demons of the Shadow," which deals with the genesis of the Devil and all his hosts. A Mr. J. Hotchkiss writes about the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and takes us interestingly through a large and interesting part of Virginia. It may literally take some of us through or to Virginia, for we should think articles of this sort might do much to encourage immigration along the line of the described railroad.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, whose business it appears to have become to put into verse whatever is momentarily attracting the attention of the public, has been utilizing the Irish question, and in a poem called "Murtough"—which treats of the hanging of a "Boy"—he surpasses even himself in false pathos and commonplace thought. As for the verse and diction, most Englishmen and Scotchmen who have undertaken the imitation of Irish dialects—most of them, by the bye, being ignorant that there are more dialects than one—have succeeded in making themselves a spectacle to gods and men; but

Mr. Buchanan, when he comes, slaughters and exterminates patience once for all and dashes forbearance into flinders.

Appletons' *Popular Science Monthly* is, as usual, principally made up of extracts from foreign journals. The quality of the articles not credited to such sources does not encourage the hope that the requisite quantity and quality of matter could be obtained in any other way. But we should suppose that by a careful and sufficiently free expenditure of money the department of original matter might be secured from our own scientific men to make this department of it equal to the eclectic portion, which is well managed and readable. We know the difficulty of inducing hard-worked American scholars to write, but it can be done. It is a curious fact that any one desiring popularized accounts of the works of our scientific men, or the proceedings of our scientific societies, will have to seek for them in European publications. We have had little or nothing to correspond to the journals of popular science which are so numerous in England, France, and Germany, and we must now warn any one who takes the *Popular Science Monthly* with the idea of finding accounts of the progress of science in America and of the researches of American men of science to compare in point of fulness and ability with those in *Nature*, that he will be disappointed.

The Human Race. By Louis Figuier. Illustrated with 243 engravings on wood and 8 chromolithographs. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 548.)—The title-page of this work does not credit the prolific M. Louis Figuier with his antecedent labors. It may be well to call the roll of his book achievements before we examine specially "The Human Race," the last in time, and it is to be hoped in fact, of this remarkable series. In any enterprising book-store may be seen the following array of octavo volumes, each illustrated with from two hundred to five hundred engravings, and labelled with the now formidable name of Louis Figuier, namely: "The World Before the Deluge," "The Ocean World," "The Insect World," "The Vegetable World," "Earth and Sea," "Reptiles and Birds," "The Mammalia," "Primitive Man," and "The Human Race"—nine huge volumes. "The To-morrow of Death" not having attained to the stature of an octavo does not appear among them, but it will be produced, on call, as a genuine production of the same inexhaustible and irrepressible "Louis Figuier."

Who is this scientific Hercules? we ask in some amazement—the inventor of this new machine for turning off science by the yard-stick? Is he a myth, or some veritable Frenchman; or, which seems more probable than either, the shadow of an organized junta of book-makers, with fair libraries to draw upon, and satisfactory connections with great publishing houses in Paris, London, and New York to push the results of the manufacture?

We make haste to say that we do not believe in M. Figuier nor in his methods of treating the serious and hard-won facts of science. We even doubt the existence of this pretended author, the reputed father of these sensational works. Science cannot be furnished, cord measure, by a single brain, nor even compilations of universal science; whence our conjecture of a conspiracy of book-makers and book-publishers to seize and settle the sum and substance of human knowledge, and to stamp it, in the name of M. Figuier, upon the French, English, and American minds. It must have required such a combination of writers and publishers first to make and then to float the series, which has resulted in bringing upon us this Figuierian deluge. Pursuing this lead a step further: if sensational novels are discredited, what shall be said of sensational treatises upon scientific subjects? Does it indicate a leprosy among the publishers—a rottenness in the quest of gain? These productions cannot be classed among works of science. Whilst they are compilations from works of acknowledged reputation, they are interlarded with observations unwarranted by the facts, and with speculations embodying the most glaring absurdities. As a whole, they are desecrations of science. Knowledge, unfortunately, must follow the law of merchandise in reaching mankind; but the publisher who endorses and vends a spurious article, knowing it to be such, under a genuine brand, is chargeable with—a want of proper respect for the public.

The work on "The Human Race" requires but a brief notice. It cannot be excepted from the foregoing remarks. In a scientific sense, it is of no value; and besides this, it is an extremely superficial presentation of a great subject. As an attempt at pictorial ethnology, the engravings are too coarse and characterless to fix particular types of men. Even as a "Tour du Monde" it furnishes but a limited amount of not well selected general information. In the first and second chapters the scientific expositions are given. M. Figuier believes in the permanence of species (p. 15) and in the special creation of man (p. 8); and thus, by two triumphant acts of faith, he frees his subject at once from all troublesome complications. By a simple declaration he settles peremptorily the question of questions in modern science. Neither the great doctrine of evolution, nor the more special and definite Darwinian theory, has ruffled the meditations or disturbed the placid wisdom of our science-monger. He proceeds to found his classification of mankind upon the color of the skin, a basis long since abandoned as untenable, and only suggested in the earliest stages of the science of anthropology. "Around the table-lands of Asia," he remarks, "are found the three organic and fundamental types of man, that is to say, the white, the yellow, and the black" (p. 9). To these he adds the brown and the red. But he does not hesitate to violate his fundamental canon of classification whenever it becomes more convenient to place a white stock in a yellow family, or a brown in a red. In forming his family groups linguistic disconnection presents no obstacle. A philologist will be edified to discover the Finns and the Magyars in his Slavonian family (p. 113), and perhaps be startled by the information that the Jews, that remarkable historical race, have "an affinity with the Semitic family" (p. 184).

But we will not pursue further the ungracious task of finding fault with a writer who, by attempting too much, has come short in so many particulars. It is but just to say that M. Figuier writes in a genial spirit, and that his volumes are not without valuable suggestions of his own. We will venture the further remark, that if these works were emasculated of the worst elements of Figuierism by some competent editor, and a plain and simple theory or exposition of the facts were substituted, so that they might be republished, under proper titles, as contributions of scientific information compiled from the works of eminent authors, they would serve a highly useful purpose in spreading abroad, in a popular form, a large amount of valuable knowledge.

Finally, we wish to except from these remarks, in a limited sense, the work on "Primitive Man," which we consider, in the main, an excellent treatise. The facts embodied have but an indirect relation to primitive man—therefore the title is a misnomer—but the work contains the most comprehensive presentation yet made in a single volume of the investigations in Belgium, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and Denmark of the bone-caves and other repositories of human and animal remains belonging to the prehistorical period. The facts collected cover the period of barbarism, and extend back some distance into the period of savagery; but not far enough to win a glimpse of primitive man. The Neanderthal skull approaches the nearest to that yet very distant man; but M. Figuier, with the strange fatality which beclouds his genius, failed to recognize its primitive characteristics. His ideal of primitive man is evidently a Greek of the magnificent cranial development of Euripides; or, at the very least, a Greek of the Homeric period. He is plainly irreclaimable.

The Romance of American History. Early Annals. By M. Schele De Vere. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872. 12mo, pp. 254.)—Prof. De Vere has made a very agreeable little book, consisting of seven independent chapters of just the character of magazine articles. Here are collected, under their several heads, most of the romantic incidents of our early history, arranged and told with a good deal of literary skill. There are some evidences, especially in the early chapters, of "reading up" for the purpose of writing; these chapters contain a good deal of fragmentary and ill-digested matter, which a person more at home in the subject would have known better how to dispose of. The later chapters are, from a literary point of view, almost without exception good, easy, and pleasant reading. We will particularly commend the account of Lord Fairfax, of King Carter, and of the colonization of New Sweden. History, however, is not the right field for our author; his mind is too inaccurate, and he has too little notion of what is meant by historical evidence. Or, if he undertakes to write historical narratives, which he certainly does very well, he should enter into partnership with some more accurate student who should be responsible for his facts. Jamestown is called, p. 193, "the second town ever built on this continent"—Santa Fé (1582) being forgotten. Cavendish is spoken of, p. 148, as "the first bold mariner that ever sailed around the globe." Marietta is said, p. 130, to have been named, in 1788, "in honor of poor Marie Antoinette, whose fate just then excited universal sympathy in all feeling hearts"—the French Revolution began the next year. The author of "The Wonder Working Providence" is called, p. 28, "Rev. Mr. Johnson," instead of Capt. Edward Johnson. There is curious confusion, p. 51, between the Lenni-Lenape, the Illinois, and the Miamis, where we read of the Illinois: "The tribe was known as Miamis to the French, and as Delawares to the English; but among themselves they permitted no other designation but *Lenoré-Lenapé*"—in the later chapters the name is spelt correctly.

The fondness of the author for sounding phrases, while it mars his style, is the source of some inaccuracies. Thus, p. 41, Marquette, at the mouth of the Mesconsin (Wisconsin) River found "a chain of lofty mountains"—which we are to suppose have since been swallowed up by an earthquake or washed into the Gulf of Mexico by the turbulent Mississippi. Maple

sugar, the French colonists found, p. 122, could only be made "in mid-winter." Captain John Smith, according to the original account, was surrounded by "more than two hundred" Indians, when about to be executed; on p. 79 of this book he was "well guarded by a thousand watchful eyes." Here are five hundred already, but on the next page the number is doubled, for "a low, subdued cry of amazement escapes from a thousand wrought-up hearts." This is "fine writing," and it well illustrates Mr. De Vere's faults both as a writer and a historian.

The entire chapter entitled "Our First Romance," from which the above is taken, is characterized by this same inflated style, as if the author felt that he had a bad case and were doing his best to dress it up. We are hardly willing, however, to attribute his vamping of the exploded story of Pocahontas to an intentional disregard of truth, but rather to a defective appreciation of the weight of evidence. His tone of mind is essentially romantic in dealing with historical questions. He enjoys such stories as this, and cares more to believe that they are true than to examine their truth in the light of evidence. Probably, too, his mind lacks the power of weighing impartially against each other the negative testimony of 1608 and the positive testimony of 1624, and seeing that the former outweighs the latter. No doubt, as an adopted citizen of Virginia, he would like to prove the story true; but it would unquestionably be the same with the fable of William Tell. Just so, he gives the Indians the credit of the mounds, which were certainly built by an earlier race.

There are many misprints, especially in the first part of the book, where, for instance, *Rivière* is always spelt *Riviere*. On p. 55, *y* should undoubtedly be *r*; p. 155, 1697 should be 1673; p. 136, Tabontes should be Taborites; p. 125, we cannot conceive what should stand instead of 1674.

Fine Arts.

THE "VENUS" OF MELOS.

As the one recognizable and indisputable good the world has derived from the bombardment of Paris, we may reckon the discovery of the distortion practised on the so-called Venus of Melos by the impertinent self-sufficiency of the former curators of the Louvre when this peerless statue was set up under Gallic protection. It is well known that the torso was in two pieces originally, or separated for portability in the hiding of it, and when the Frenchman set it up he could not resist the temptation to better the Greek, and so inserted a thin wedge between the two parts, giving the figure an exaggerated leaning over towards its right and forwards, which perhaps expressed better what he thought it was meant to express. When the statue was removed for hiding from the Prussians, it was separated again, and on reuniting it the wedge was left out, restoring the figure to its original pose. This is slightly more thrown back and more upright in the lateral sense, a modification which gives new force to the hypothesis originally, if I mistake not, advanced by Millingen, that she held a shield (tablet?) on which there might be an inscription.

What has kept the statue in the class of Venuses so long? I can only conceive the reason to be that most students of the antique have always regarded the Venus as the supreme type of beauty to the Greek mind, and that as the Melos statue was the highest example of beauty known, it must be a Venus. But it is opposed not only to the analogies of Greek art but to the temper of the Greek, to whom Venus was beauty without the higher intellectual attributes he gave to Minerva, Juno, and even Diana, which, differing in their qualities, are always consistent in their form. No Juno can ever be mistaken for a Minerva, or Minerva for a Diana, and if we confuse the type of the Venus, it is mainly because we do not perceive that there is another type still which is not Minerva as commonly received, and still less like all the palpable Venuses—types purely of sexual perfection and attractiveness, viz.: the Victory, or properly speaking, the Minerva-Victory, "Athene-Nike," to whom the beautiful little Ionic temple on the Acropolis of Athens was dedicated, and in the centre of which was erected a statue of the wingless Victory—Minerva-Victory being wingless that she might never quit Athens. If any one will take the trouble to compare the Melos statue with the fragments of Victories from this temple (of which I have given the example most like this statue in my Album of the Acropolis), he will see that not only is the general type the same, but the artistic feeling is the same—the epoch of art and the evident use. But these reliefs are all winged, and formed part of a balustrade round the entrance to the temple in the centre of which stood the Wingless.

My impression has always been, since seeing these fragments at Athens, that the Melos statue was a Victory, and, I believe, the identical statue which once stood in this temple. She is engaged in writing the names of those who fell in the struggle with the Persians, a struggle whose incidents are recorded in the frieze of the temple, while the Victories of the balustrade are sacrificing, offering oblations, etc., and one, the world-known draped figure, is taking off her sandals after her flight thither.

It happened in one of my cruises in the Levant that I put into the harbor of Melos for a stormy spell, and waited there several days. I made then the acquaintance of the son of the man who discovered the statue, and he went with me to show me the spot where it was found, not buried in a field and turned up by a plow, but walled in a niche, with arms and all its parts, carefully concealed by some devout lover of it. The finder at once sent word to the French Minister at Constantinople, who after some delay sent a frigate to secure it. Arriving at Melos, the Frenchman found that the commander of a Turkish ship which had come to the island had taken arbitrary possession of it, and it was by an equally arbitrary application of *force majeure* that the Frenchman took it under his protection; but in the struggle the arms, which were detached when found, were left in the hold of the Turk or thrown overboard, and never to be found again.

The niche in which it was found was close to the theatre of Melos, a never-finished work of the Roman Empire. If my conjecture as to the identity of the statue be true, it might have been carried from Athens to Melos while the original sanctuary was in danger from invasion, and hidden, as the magnificent bronze Hercules of the Vatican was, either before the theatre was built or (which seems to me more probable) when the attack of the barbarians which arrested the construction of the temple was impending, it having been carried away from Athens to decorate an imperial seat or public work.

There are no indications of a temple having ever stood near the spot, and a work of so great beauty and of an epoch so far anterior to the theatre could never have been in a place of no local importance or religious interest. Its style, its close sympathy with the Victories, and its having no connection with any tradition or local worship of Melos, are all circumstances which confirm my conjecture. Melos was a favorite "watering-place" under the Empire, and Athens not far away. It must, as it seems to me, have been carried there for safety and buried by the Athenians, or taken by the Romans as an ornament for their theatre, and like the Hercules (also in the vicinity of the theatre) buried some time when invasion was menaced, exactly as, following its imperial destiny, it was buried at its new seat when the Prussians came to menace its possession; for neither Turk nor Roman community could ever have been in the slightest ignorance of the true value and incomparable beauty of the work. Whoever had it must have dreaded its loss, and hid it as the Parisians did.

My Melosian friend was, when I was there, French Consul, as his father had been before him, and I presume he is still there in the same capacity, as all civilized nations except our own regard their representatives as the better for having been in one place long enough to know their business, and I suppose any one may now go to Melos and see the place where the statue was found as I saw it.

W. J. Stillman.

THE PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

There are some singular qualities about the exhibition at the Academy. An enormous rout of pictures, approaching four hundred in number, conquering our respect by sheer force of mass, yet not insignificant in detail or mean in quality, collected on speculation at a time when such commodities have made a sudden and marked leap in value, argues, we suppose, a "feeling of confidence" in the art commerce of this country. The collection is to be sold at vendue, and the admission-fee is only a protection against thronging the gallery, being not more than half of what the pictures, as an exhibition, would easily bear. Mr. Derby, who represents the enterprise, has collected in a spirit very different from that of his last exclusive and very choice importation. There are this year no Venuses by Cabanel, nor any *hors d'œuvre* by Breton, Rousseau, Troyon, or Leys. Instead, there are repeated daintinesses by De Jonghe, and Dillens, and Perrault, and Bakalowics, all aimed with fatal knowingness straight at the parlor of Carlyle's gig-man. It is evident that multitudes of this impressionable type of being are to be brought in, fired with the mutual flame, and sent away with costume studies that they do not understand, and portraits of lorettes that their wives will consider "improper." The titles, whether those produced from the inner consciousness of Mr. Derby, or those painted in fat black London letters on the frames, and attributable to Mr. Everard (part owner of the collection), are meant to sink into the heart of the English or American burgher, and differ from the reserve and good taste of French nomenclature; a gay head by Merle is labelled "Smiling at Me," and the Spanish study by Portaels thrills the marrow of Philistia with the horrid caption, "I will be Revenged." These literary improvements are of slight moment, but it is not agreeable to find that

the makers of boudoir pictures are changing their style, with an obvious eye to the American and English demand, and turning out work that is all-over Birmingham. A costume-picture may be a very good work of art, meeting most of the requirements, and conquering most of the difficulties, of serious painting. But we observe, with a displeased and almost a compassionate regret, that clever men like De Jonghe and Bakalowics are stultifying themselves with work that is simply bad, painting draperies of tin and dismembered lay-figures in sad quantity. A short engagement with some practical, cross, exacting editor of a French *Journal des Modes* would do a world of good to these spoilt and heedless costumers. The paucity or indolence of their invention, too, and their tendency to lean on the shoulders of more thoughtful artists, is a discouraging trait; for instance, since the "Salome" of Regnault, which was a study of yellows with a background of golden drapery, every one seems to be painting yellow backgrounds. At Knoedler's, we notice a lady with a page kissing her hand, the figures in the style of Willems, the distance of the most crude and aggressive ochre; in the present collection, De Jonghe's lady in black velvet, with child and paroquet, is modelled upon flat-yellow damask; and even Bertrand, coming forward with his spiritual and diaphanous Marguerites and Ophelias, relieves the beauteous lunacy of Denmark against a panel of yellow somewhat in the tone of a washerwoman's petticoat. All these crudities and plagiarisms indicate a want of that deep-seated respect for the intellects of their patrons which it is desirable to keep alive in the bosoms of the versatile and volatile painters of France.

The curiosities and salient points of the Derby-Everard collection are soon got over. Perhaps one of the most agreeable surprises to many connoisseurs is the brace of pictures by Richard Burnier, of Düsseldorf, who exhibits cattle, and coast and field scenery, of very high quality, with a secret of light hardly caught by any artist since the death of Troyon. This landscapist, though new to many visitors, is not quite unknown in this country, Mr. Claghorn having long possessed one of his coast scenes of great merit. The figures in M. Burnier's scenes are large and broad, their surfaces sharing in the general motive of light and shade, not too much studied out in detail, and admirably massed; his soft play of light, without trick or forcing, is wonderful. Alma Tadema, more of an antiquarian than an artist, exhibits one small composition which certainly strikes the eye as if a window had been opened into antiquity. It is the fag end of an ancient banquet, with fruits and objects of virtu on the table, and an old man musing on his couch like Socrates at the end of Plato's *Banquet*. A younger guest lies on his cushions in a still more sybaritic manner, and a music-girl plays on her flutes for the edification of the two. The picture is not remarkable artistically, but as a bit of reconstructive scholarship it may be better than several cabinets in the Naples Museum, and it is quite credible how England, having now got her South Kensington collections together, should send for such an antiquary as Tadema to live with her and be her archæological love. The example of Meissonier is very satisfactory and impeccable, exciting that dry admiration quite unmixed with enthusiasm which is the author's proper meed, and indeed not quite approachable by any Fortuny, or Detaille, or Zamacois in its own narrow line; those who have tired of Meissonier and clamor for "feeling" may renew their vows before this work of a man who struck out a new style, and was great in his own manner, before they and their tastes and their new favorites were formed. Willems shows a specimen of really tender painting, in soft, rich drapery, and tender flesh; it is not a new work, and that is its advantage, for he will probably never again paint with the same conscience, and silvery, sculptural sentiment. Tony Robert Fleury, a rare visitor to these shores, shows a bust-picture of a girl not very remarkable, and recalling but little of the energy and national sentiment of his fine scene from the Polish insurrection. Charles Louis Müller, so well known by his great theatrical "Last Roll-call in the Reign of Terror," contributes a couple of life-sized Oriental subjects, and a girl-group in rather Bacchanalian postures, showing creditably his studious and well-preserved and formal excellence. Merle and Bouguereau crowd each other with almost a catalogue of specimens. By Merle there is the first study of his "Maniac," a black, unrelieved, decidedly unpleasant study of misery; Bouguereau's little Italian, receiving a lesson on the pipe from his brother pifferaro, is dainty and careful, and a breath out of his happiest spring-time. Among the conspicuous pictures is an imposing work by Mouchot, "The Sortie of the Grand Council," painted somewhat in the manner of Hamman, and exhibiting a scene of gracious pomp in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace and along the stately descent of the Staircase of the Giants. Gallait, whom a decade ago we used to swear by, is probably less popular than he was, but the baby in his Rubensish domestic group is at least brilliant, flesh-like, *ondoyant*, and pictorial. Of genre pictures there is a scene with a *Coquette Bretonne* that would hardly be taken for an American work, so impressed is it with the most solid lessons of European study; although the artist's hand seems a little heavy for his subject, and demands to be seen, we think, in graver and larger work, yet the picture we speak of is admirable for sheer massive strength. It is by Mr. Robert Wylie, of America and Paris, recipient of a medal at the last salon, and certainly deserving that rare honor. We must not omit to state that the enormous pastels by Maréchal, "Galileo," and "Columbus," are again displayed by Mr. Derby, this time in a small inside room of the Academy, among pictorial atrocities that would argue by their presence some very unconventional views on the business of picture-hanging. These crayons are strange and impressive. The subjects seem to contradict the very genius of pastel, and are—especially that of the Columbus, floating in chains on the ocean he was the first to chain—noble in the extreme. The postures are horizontal, and, with their affectation of what is tortuous and involved, seem to challenge some comparison with Michael Angelo. There is none of the simplicity of severe art, but there is, especially in the "Galileo," an elevation and originality of rare order.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1872.

The Week.

THE Forty-second Congress began its final session on Monday with some half a dozen rather striking incidents, and amid a general expectancy on the part of the public as to the action of the Administration leaders. To believe the more violent of those newspapers which may be called the representatives of the machinery of the Republican political organization, the guillotine is nicely oiled, and the stern-eyed executioner is ready to chop off the heads of Trumbull, Schurz, and Sumner, lay the wire cat on the bare back of Banks, and do very peremptory and terrifying disciplinary work generally. The Senate is said to be particularly determined to purge itself, and so it may be, although the House shows itself inclined to practise the American good-nature rather than be bloody-minded. The Senate is full of ambitious and powerful leaders, each with an eye to his own political future, and less imbued with the spirit of the rank and file, to whom the Representatives are much closer. Banks's resignation, therefore, and the House's refusal to accept it, may or may not indicate what is to become of the Liberal Senators—so far, that is to say, as the Mortons, Edmundses, and Conklings, and their following, can settle the status of the old-time leaders.

Mr. Sumner's usual contribution to the beginning of a session is some two or three or more bills and resolutions, proposed as soon after the chaplain has finished his prayer as is possible; and he was ready on Monday with his Civil Rights Bill, which wasted so much time last session, and also with a resolution which probably took everybody by surprise. In pursuance of the spirit of his justly-renowned "party of hate" letter (which so sagaciously brought out in full force the strong Unionist feeling of the war), Mr. Sumner proposed that all names of battles "fought with fellow-citizens" should be stricken from the regimental colors of the regular army. Who can doubt that such proposals tend to put off the day of real unity of feeling? The South fought—and fought well—for ideas which, it has been decided, must be abandoned as wrong. What are we to say to public men who, for any reason whatever, fan the smouldering embers of strife? Mr. Blaine's call for an investigation was another marked incident, and so was Mr. Dawes's resolution in regard to the death of Mr. Greeley.

The President's Message tells of the result of the Geneva Arbitration and of the San Juan Arbitration, and thanks the British Government for removing its troops from the islands in dispute, and giving them up to the United States, even before the official announcement of the verdict had reached this country; recommends legislation for carrying out the provisions of the Treaty of Washington regarding the Canadian fisheries, and for finally determining the boundary line between the territory of the two powers on this continent, and rejoices in the fact that at last there remains "not the shadow of a cloud upon their relations"; recommends an appropriation and the loan of two ships in aid of a proper exhibition of American products at the Vienna Exposition; mourns over the outrages and disturbances on the Mexican frontier, and recommends the appointment of a commission to investigate them; laments the continuance of the rebellion in Cuba, ascribes it largely to the existence of slavery, and recommends legislation to prohibit American citizens from holding slave property in that island; rejoices in the restoration of peace between Spain and the Allied Republics of South America, and over the general prevalence of tranquillity on that continent, but gives Venezuela a broad hint that it had better pay what it owes under the award of the Convention of 1866; speaks in a complimentary manner of the Japanese, and recommends the maintenance of "four American youths" in our legation in that country, to learn the ways and language of the people; recommends an appropriation for the relief of distressed American seamen and citizens abroad; sums up the reports of the various departments; urges the passage of the Education Bill of last session; speaks favorably of the centennial celebration; declares that he will continue to apply the new civil-service rules during his term of office, and calls on Congress to make this reform binding on his successors by appropriate legislation. The message is, on the whole, a plain, sensible, and narrative document, which raises no exciting issues.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the revenue for the fiscal year ending June, 1874, at $320,300,000, and the expenses during the same period at $286,600,000, leaving a surplus of $33,700,000. The reduction in taxation since the close of the war he sets down at $300,250,171. The next topic which occupies his attention is the condition of the American carrying-trade, which he declares is very bad, and he pronounces the action of Congress last session, in allowing a drawback on materials used in shipbuilding, to be entirely inadequate to its revival. He thinks there is little chance now of our recovering the Atlantic trade, but alleges that there is an immense field in the Pacific which can be worked with Government aid, which ought to be afforded without delay. If American steamers were run even at a loss on that ocean, he thinks it would give "a wonderful impetus to the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the country." He regrets the condition of our foreign trade. He finds that last year, as for many a year past, the imports have exceeded the exports, and the difference he calls an "adverse balance," but says it has been met "probably by freight on merchandise carried in American vessels, profits on exports made on account of American merchants and shippers, the sale of bonds abroad, and investments in the United States by the inhabitants of other countries." We think this conjecture probably correct, and would suggest to Mr. Boutwell the strong probability that these American merchants, shippers, sellers of bonds, and foreign investors, understood their business as well as anybody in Washington, and would not have done what they did unless money was to be made by it, and that all weeping over the "adverse balance" is therefore time wasted. The late Mr. Greeley wailed over "this adverse balance" annually for twenty years, and prophesied ruin as the result of it, but somehow the country kept prospering all the same.

With regard to the future, Mr. Boutwell recommends persistence in the policy of protection for native industry, on the ground that "for the purposes of government, political economy must be national, not cosmopolitan," whatever that may mean. He recommends that the circulation of the national banks should be fixed and limited, and that power to change the volume of the circulation within limits fixed by law should be left with the Treasury, both for its own protection, now that its currency receipts are becoming low, and for the supply of facilities for "moving the crops" every fall—all issues made for this latter purpose, however, to be withdrawn as soon as the object is attained. Mr. Boutwell opposes firmly all permanent increase of the paper currency, but he also opposes all contraction of it, and relies on the increase in its value, or on the demand for it caused by the increase in trade and population, especially at the South and on the Pacific coast, to bring it up to the level of coin, and make a return to specie payments possible—a view which, we think, finds more acceptance with the public than any other.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports a gradual decrease of revenue, from $185,000,000 in 1870 to $131,000,000 in

1872. This decrease is owing to the remission of taxes by Congress. The general receipts for the last fiscal year exceeded the estimates by $6,770,946 78. "It is impossible to state with certainty, at this early day, how much the receipts for the current fiscal year will be affected by the modified provisions of the law. From the best information now attainable, it is estimated that they will not fall far short, under the present law, of $110,000,000."

The Postmaster-General finds that the expenses of his Department do not decrease. The excess of expenditures over receipts for the past fiscal year were between four and five millions. The estimated deficiency for next year is over six millions. Owing to ten snow blockades last year, the number of days on which no New York mails were received at San Francisco was in December 19, in January 24, in February 25, in March 10, the case being very much the same the other way. Excepting the period of the snow blockades, however, there was little variation from "the degree of regularity noted in previous reports." The total number of letters exchanged with foreign countries during the year was over 24,000,000, an increase of 4,000,000 over the number reported for 1871. Of this number about half were sent to and half from the United States. $48,000,000 passed through the money-order offices during the year. The franking privilege the Postmaster now, as always, thinks ought to be abolished; he thinks it safe to say that the quantity of free matter during the late Presidential canvass so largely increased that, if there had been no franking privileges, the entire deficiency of the year would have been covered. The most interesting portion of the report is that relating to the telegraph system, which the Postmaster desires to see in the hands of the Government. He thinks the cost of the construction of an entirely new system of wires would be about $12,000,000, and that they could be worked to the pecuniary advantage of the Government. Among the objections to the present régime he mentions the undoubted fact that the Press Association and the telegraph companies by their private agreements create a monopoly of news, to the great injury of the public, and also that the "free pass" system—very much like the franking privilege—increases the general expense. "About seven per cent. of the entire telegraphing of the country is done without apparent remuneration."

The Secretary of the Interior reports that Indian affairs have on the whole a favorable look. The President's policy has worked well. Many if not most of the causes which have given rise to Indian hostilities in the past have ceased to exist, the Indians are becoming convinced of the entire good faith of the Government, and with the disappearance of game are becoming also convinced of the necessity of civilization. Twenty tribes in the Southern Superintendency during the past four years increased their valuation from $751,183 in 1868 to $1,870,285 in 1872. The Secretary reports an excess of receipts over expenditures in the Patent Office; thinks the Office ought to be separated from the Interior Department; advises an authorized edition of a statistical atlas of the United States, based on the results of the ninth census, for general distribution among libraries, societies, colleges, and academies, for the promotion of "that higher kind of political education which has heretofore been so greatly neglected in this country, but towards which the attention of the general public, as well as of instructors and students, is now being turned with the most lively interest, etc.," and suggests the value of a quintennial census. The reports of the Pension Bureau and of the Bureau of Statistics are not important. The regular annual outlay for pensions is estimated at $30,000,000 for some time to come. Mr. Young, the chief of the Statistical Bureau, has "visited Europe," but he does not seem to have acquired much information of value while abroad.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy is mainly a statement of the defects of that branch of the service. The "notorious unreadiness to meet any sudden hostile emergency," the necessity of building ships, the need of a careful study of the torpedo system of harbor defence, are some of the topics on which the report dwells. The Army Report is even more empty. Discipline and study at West Point are said to be in a satisfactory condition, but a large percentage of the candidates for admission to the Academy fail in their preliminary examination. The explanation of this is, that they are recommended for examination by members of Congress. The Department accounts show a reduction of about half a million in expenses. We refer elsewhere to the Signal Office Report.

Preparations seem to be making in Congress, as well as elsewhere, for an "era of good feeling." The tendency in this direction showed itself at the opening of the House by the refusal to excuse Mr. Banks from serving as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations—a position for which he urged his unfitness, owing to his want of political sympathy with the Administration. He is to remain, however, and the country will, therefore, have the benefit, until March 4, of his profound knowledge of foreign countries, his intimate acquaintance with international law, his lofty superiority to demagogical wiles and ways. After that he will pass into a private station. In the Senate, the majority is said to be by no means so magnanimous, and there is, according to the organ of the Administration, to be punishment in that body for "political apostasy." Mr. Trumbull, by far the ablest lawyer in the Senate, is to be displaced from the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, and Mr. Edmunds, who is also able, is to take his place. Speaker Blaine has demanded an investigation into the "Crédit Mobilier slander," which is right. But no legislation of any moment is talked of, and in this Congress there will probably be none. A desperate effort will, however, doubtless be made to turn public attention away from the sins and abuses of Congress itself, such as the corruption of the civil service, and the franking privilege, and its private-bill legislation, which are the crying evils of the day, and from which the people should by no means suffer their eyes to be diverted by buncombe.

If the prophet Ezekiel were now alive he would have had no difficulty in prophesying weeks ahead exactly such a paragraph as we found on Monday morning in the Washington correspondence of one of the morning papers. We could have prophesied it ourselves, in fact. "Some Western members who have arrived," says the letter-writer, "express dissatisfaction with the civil-service outlook. They insist that it is impossible to maintain party organization if such a system is to be inaugurated. They go so far as to say that the late campaign in their part of the country, and especially in Illinois, was to a large extent on the basis of opposition to the civil-service reform technicalities, which were alone supported by the Liberals, and they claim that the verdict of the ballot is against the system. Some are so radical in their opposition as to declare that they will use their best endeavors to prevent the operation of these rules in future appointments which require the confirmation of the Senate. It is not unlikely that legislation more specifically defining and limiting the civil-service regulations will be attempted early." There is precious little doubt that the general belief of the wheel-horse is accurately expressed in this delightful paragraph; and there need be little that the prediction with which it closes will be fulfilled. We cannot be made to believe that the Republican party managers, when they constructed their platform with a reform "plank" in it, cared two straws for real reform, or meant more than a juggle; nor can we be made to believe, by all the speeches made in the campaign or at any other time, that the average Congressman means to do anything more than cheat the public when he pretends an interest in getting Mr. Chester A. Arthur, for instance, out of our Custom-house, in favor of Mr. Clinch. Mr. Arthur "worked" as far as his brains and means extended, and the majority of the New York delegation wishes to keep him there, or else it wishes to scalp him, decapitate him, and put some other gentleman, who also "worked," in his place. Of Mr. Clinch there is no heed, we may

be perfectly sure. But a good deal has been gained nevertheless. The managers *were* compelled to begin juggling; the party press *is* committed; the public is reasonably well awake to the need of the measure and is becoming more so; and the politicians, after they have derided its impracticability for a few years more, will as usual prostrate themselves and proceed to obedience.

The most striking event of the week has been the death of Mr. Horace Greeley, who, both as editor of the *Tribune* and more recently as a candidate for the Presidency, has occupied for many years so large a share of the public attention. The close of his career has been so pathetic in many of its incidents as to excite deep and general sympathy, and to incline the hearts even of his opponents to peace and forgiveness, and it will therefore probably contribute powerfully to the production of a year of political calm. The leading events of his life are well known to all our readers, and our own judgment on his place in American politics and journalism has been too frequently expressed of late to make any recurrence to the subject necessary. In reading the glowing eulogies passed on his life and works, however, by some of our contemporaries, one can hardly help asking why these encomiums which are now poured out so freely should have been reserved for "the dull, cold ear of death"—why some of this ardent appreciation of Mr. Greeley's talents, and character, and services, if not proffered to him directly in his lifetime, should not have been allowed at least to make denunciation of him decent and restrained? The mysteries of "journalism" are numerous and deep, but we think the most puzzling is that which makes journalists wail or chant praises, like "keeners" at an Irish funeral, over the coffin of a dead brother, whom, in the days of his strength and activity, they never wearied of describing as a knave, a liar, and a cheat. Self-respect, at least, seems to require either that journalistic controversies, *inter vivos*, should be conducted with greater decency and toleration, or journalistic lamentations after death be made more sober.

We beg now to suggest, with great meekness, to the "cads," "liars," "slanderers," "thieves," "lunatics," "rowdies," "idiots," and "crétins," who, according to their own account, conduct the metropolitan press, whether, its three founders being dead, it would not be well for the new generation to take this occasion of putting off the old Adam, and to try hereafter to refrain from mutual abuse, to confine themselves to the discussion of public questions and the supply of news, and to exclude rigidly from their columns such barbarous outbreaks of commercial rivalry and hatred as that in which the New York *Times* pointed out with ill-concealed glee, the day after Mr. Greeley's death, the damaging effect his loss would have on the *Tribune* property. The Christian public which reads such things as this, and as the *Tribune's* warnings to Gen. Dix that he was too old to work and that the grave was yawning for him, begins to look on editors as savages, whom civilized men have to endure, but who are as treacherous and unscrupulous and unsavory as Roman Nose or Hole-in-the-Day.

We observe some indications that there may be a revival of the Santo Domingo business this winter, although the President's message says nothing about it, and although, as we believe, he has in good faith abandoned it. The Baltimore *American*, a highly Administrationist journal, has recently been defending the annexation scheme at considerable length, if not with much of strength. It says that perhaps the reason why the Boston papers oppose the annexation is because Boston merchants sell goods to the islanders at extravagant prices. One "solid man," it says, who has or had a store in a San Domingo town, it once knew to buy a lot of molasses from a Dominican, who had carried it many miles, and who got for it the absurdly small sum of four or five cents a gallon. The transaction did not end here, for when the San Dominican wanted his money, he was politely informed that he must take his pay in soap; that it was a transaction in the nature of barter. He declined, but the Boston man or his agent, whichever it was, was firm, and the San Domingo man had to pick up the soap and trudge home again with a heavy heart over the many miles of his "happy morning track," as Mr. Birdofredum Sawin says. This man and his relatives and friends and countrymen are all orderly citizens, the *American* says, pious, clean, courteous, and, we believe, industrious, good-natured, free, and independent. The molasses-and-soap affair, however, shows, we fear, that a people which carries kegs of molasses for twenty miles, and trades it off for an inadequate supply of undesired or detested soap, is not fit for admission into this American Union; it has not roads enough, industries enough, education enough, or intelligence and enterprise enough. One argument there is why we should annex this mass of ignorance to our Republic, of which intelligence in the voter is the sole hope of salvation and continuance, and that is, that military men, figuring out the problem of a foreign war, see in San Domingo a most desirable place of strength and coaling station. It is their business to consider the problem. But the country looks at the island from another point of view, feels itself strong, and certainly wants neither provinces to be ruled by proconsuls, nor States inhabited by illiterate semi-barbarians. There is "money in it," however, beyond a doubt, and we shall probably hear more of the plan.

The new commercial treaty between France and England has at last been concluded and published, but all the trouble does not as yet seem to be over. The preamble acknowledges that the instrument has been rendered necessary by the financial difficulties of France, which all acknowledge to be a fair ground for readjustment of duties. The free-traders of the Manchester school are, however, disgusted by the increase of duties on English goods, which the English negotiators maintain is only from 2 to 5 per cent., but some of the manufacturers hold that the Treaty may be so interpreted as to make the increase as high as 100 per cent. in some cases. England gets the differential duty taken off her shipping, obtains the right of putting an export duty on coal, and of putting the light wines of France on the same footing with the heavy wines of Spain, Portugal, and Italy. But she submits to the duty on raw materials, and the compensatory duty on foreign manufactures, although it is all but certain that Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and Italy, with which France has also commercial treaties, will not submit to it, and England will thus be placed under a differential burden until 1876, the date at which these treaties expire.

The text of M. Thiers's Message to the Assembly has reached this country, but, unlike President Grant's, it was a speech delivered by M. Thiers himself, and, instead of being listened to in respectful silence, it was interrupted by the wildest plaudits, objections, and protestations. He began by describing the financial situation, gave some account of the commercial treaty with England, and then took up the political situation, and produced tremendous uproar. He declared himself unequivocally in favor of a republic. "The Republic," he said, "exists; it is the legal government of the country. To wish for anything else would be to wish for a great revolution, the most formidable one of all." But it ought to be a Conservative Republic, or it cannot exist. "France cannot live in continuous alarms." The Republic, too, "inspired not only France but the whole world with confidence; and if France is peaceful under a Republic, she will alienate no one; while, if she is agitated under a tottering monarchy, she will see a void created around her." The Radicals were highly gratified with the message, but the Conservatives received the general conclusions at the close of it in gloomy silence, and appointed a committee to prepare a reply to it. They are very much opposed to M. Thiers's desire for immediate action, hoping that as long as the *ad interim* government lasts something may turn up that will lead to the establishment of a monarchy. Hence the recent and partially successful attempts to reduce M. Thiers to subjection, or rather to get rid of his domination over the Assembly.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE new "crisis" through which France is passing is one which has for some time back been regarded as inevitable by most competent observers. Why it was inevitable may be readily understood by anybody who will give himself the trouble to read the series of letters published by M. Laboulaye during the last half-year in the *Journal des Débats*, and now reissued by him in a collected form.* M. Laboulaye is a gentleman whose judgment some persons may not consider sound, and with whose opinions as to the kind of government France requires many persons may not agree, but it is quite certain he thoroughly understands the condition of the French mind, and knows exactly what stage the French people have reached in their political education. The object which M. Laboulaye has in view is very much the same as that which the authors of the *Federalist* had in view in writing their series of papers. France has just passed through a political revolution and a bloody war, and is living under an *ad interim* government, and has before her the task of framing a permanent one. This task, too, in her case, as in that of the United States under the Confederation, is rendered the more difficult by great diversity of sentiment not only as to the form of the government to be framed, but as to the nature of the dangers to be guarded against. If we keep all this in remembrance, and keep the *Federalist* open beside us, we shall find M. Laboulaye's letters in the highest degree interesting and instructive, and yet full of discouragement as to the future of France. The authors of the *Federalist*, great as were the obstacles which they found in their path, were addressing a people who had for six hundred years seen a fundamental written law in actual working, as a positive restraint on the powers of government; who had had long practice in the transaction of business through the action of deliberative assemblies; who were as familiar with the doctrine of governmental responsibility to the people, and with the limitations on the functions of legislative bodies, as with their A B C; to whom the *habeas corpus* was as commonplace a right as the right of locomotion; and to whom the presence of large standing armies in time of peace would have been nearly as strange, outlandish, and offensive as combats of gladiators in the arena; and who could hardly conceive of a public officer exempt from responsibility before the courts in a *bonâ-fide* suit brought by a private citizen. They, therefore, in all their recommendations and objections, constantly made deductions from certain great principles which they did not need to explain or defend, and, in fact, had simply to occupy themselves throughout with proving that certain administrative machinery of their own contrivance would produce certain great results, about the importance and necessity of which all were agreed.

Turning to M. Laboulaye, we find he can take nothing for granted, and nothing for understood. His pamphlet is a rudimentary exposition, which one would hardly use in an American high-school. He has to show that a written constitution is a good thing; that it is not, however, a machine for making men wise and virtuous, as the men of 1793 thought, but a machine by which a free people impose limits on the powers of their rulers, and regulate their responsibility and the relations of the different branches of the administration to each other; that before making your constitution, you must determine the form of your government; that a political party in a free state is "a group of citizens, friendly to the laws, who contend for influence and power within the limits of the constitution"; and not, as in France, a "band of ruined, restless, discontented men," seeking the destruction of "everything that exists in order to establish the government of their choice on the ruins of the one they have overthrown"; that the will of the people is the source of all law, and that only those who have been chosen by the people for that purpose have a right to make or amend constitutions; that a legislative assembly is not and ought not to act as a constitutional convention, and that a constitutional convention has no right to put a constitution in force without submitting it to a popular vote, and so on. In short, if one should take one of the intelligent Japanese now in this country, and ascertain and put down what one would have to tell him, in order to explain to him the nature and working of the American Government, he would find that he had composed a little treatise closely resembling that by which the French publicist seeks to prepare the French public for the work of providing a permanent political organization—and this after ten revolutions within a single century, and actual experience within the memory of men now living of three republics, two empires, and one limited monarchy.

Bearing all this in mind, let us look at the crisis now pending at Versailles. To understand it, one has to go back a little. The close of the war found the Government of France in the sole possession of a young lawyer, possessing not a particle of political experience of any kind, and only known to the people as a person who had committed a series of absurdities as a self-constituted director of military operations. His theory and that of his adherents was, that a republic was the natural and divinely ordained government of the French people, and that, therefore, anybody who could establish it by any means within his reach, forcible or other, was bound to do so, no matter what the wishes of the people might be; or, in other words, the theory, *mutatis mutandis*, of the Legitimists. As this doctrine did not meet with general acceptance, and the Assembly which was elected at the cessation of hostilities was overwhelmingly conservative, an agreement was entered into with the Radicals, known as the "Pact of Bordeaux," that the settlement of the form of government should be postponed till after the country had been released from the clutches and presence of the invaders. On this understanding the Assembly elected M. Thiers chief executive officer, and gave him the title of President of the French Republic—meaning by Republic simply absence of a king. Of course, while the payment of the indemnity was a source of anxiety, the taxation formed the main subject of interest, and the Assembly devoted itself to this almost exclusively, but under M. Thiers's active superintendence, to whom it yielded on nearly every point on which he made a stand. In the meantime, the Monarchists steadily lost ground. The Comte de Chambord issued several preposterous manifestoes, which disgusted the country and disheartened the Legitimists; the Orleans Princes refused to push their fortunes by any active exertions, and played the rôle of modest, unpretending, and patriotic country gentlemen; and Gambetta and the Radicals became studiously silent and moderate, and gave M. Thiers a pretty steady support. This reassured the peasantry, and gradually reconciled them to the Republic. They saw order restored in its name, the greater part of the indemnity paid off, and the army reorganized. This was as much as could be expected from any government; and when M. Thiers declared himself for a republic, as that form "which divided France the least," the battle seemed half won.

When things had reached this pass, the Radicals thought the time for action had come; that they were now sure of their game; that there was no use in delaying any longer the formal establishment of the Republic; and that for this purpose the Assembly, which was in the main hostile to them, should be dissolved, and a Constituent Assembly chosen, to frame a Republican constitution, or else that the Republic should be proclaimed without more ado by M. Thiers, and the army used to chastise anybody who objected, including the Assembly, whom Gambetta has pronounced "a herd of wild beasts." To prepare for this, M. Gambetta took the stump in the provinces, and delivered several violently incendiary harangues, which threw the Conservatives into a fever of alarm, which turned into irritation when it was found that M. Thiers listened to the denunciations with great calm, and into positive hostility to him when it came out soon after that he was in favor of the definitive establishment of the Republic at once, with himself as President for a term of four years. Curiously enough, too, the Radicals about the same time suddenly came to the conclusion that they had followed

* "Lettres Politiques: Esquisse d'une Constitution républicaine; suivie d'un Projet de Constitution. Par Edouard Laboulaye." F. W. Christern, New York.

M. Thiers too far, and that they were being led into a trap, and that any republic he might set up would be too conservative. So they raised the cry that nothing definitive should be accepted from the present Chamber, that there must be an appeal to the country. He had thus the combined opposition of the two sides of the Chamber to contend with, though each opposed him for a different reason, and the uncertainty of both as to what his real policy will be has finally led to the adverse vote of last week and the resignation of the ministers. In the meantime, M. Thiers has refrained from using his old threat of resignation and has induced the ministers to withdraw theirs, and has plunged into the game of intrigue now being played at Versailles, and of which no man knows or pretends to know the issue. The most salient fact of the situation is the increasing boldness of the Monarchists and Conservatives, under the influence, it is said, of the certainty that the Germans will not permit the establishment of any form of government that is too democratic. This, as we state it, may be a trifling matter, and yet a moment's reflection shows it to be one of the signs of the demoralization for which no speedy cure has yet been found. When parties grow courageous in reliance on the bayonets of a foreign invader, the country is very sick—sick nigh unto death.

"PRIVATE-BILL LEGISLATION."

A PHILADELPHIAN correspondent requests that we will bring to the attention of constitution-makers in Pennsylvania, and of reformers in and around Congress, what is known as the English system of Private-Bill Legislation. Here is a reform, as our correspondent urges, which does not need a Constitutional amendment, though it may be made a requirement by the Constitution, but can be put in operation by Congress as completely as by Parliament. "Considering," says our correspondent, "that Parliament is so largely controlled by an aristocracy of landed proprietors, and that Congress is endowed with no inconsiderable number of 'watch-dogs,' how comes it that England has a system contrived to do, and which in effect does, most exact justice in matters requiring special legislation, while the overtaxed American people find their public property given away for railway depots, and their money disbursed in liquidation of Chorpenning claims, with no better excuse offered than that their legislators and 'watch-dogs' did not in fact know what they were about?"

There is, however, in the system to which our correspondent alludes something beyond a mere system; and instead of its being a clever invention to curb an assemblage of unprincipled men, it is the outcropping of a principle which exacts integrity and justice in matters of legislation, and subordinates the legislature to the general welfare of society. As we have before pointed out, the legislative system in other countries has been improving during the last thirty years, while our own has been growing weaker and worse. And not only this, but during the same period, while Congress has been exceeding steadily its constitutional limits, interfering with the judiciary, controlling the executive, usurping the distribution of public offices, there has been going on a remarkable self-renunciation of powers and privileges on the part of members of Parliament, and this without constitutional conventions to insist upon it, nor any better reason given than that the welfare of the country they legislate for seemed to demand it.

In the first place, the members of Parliament voluntarily gave up as a sacrifice toward cheap postage for the masses the franking privilege, which our members of Congress have, against the reiterated wish of the public, and to the manifest injury of the postal service, retained as one of their personal perquisites. The reform was less needed there than here, for the frauds and opportunities to defraud were not nearly so many as with us. The surrender, too, was a much greater sacrifice for British legislators to make. They receive no pay and have no *Congressional Globe* to publish all their remarks at the public expense, and furnish to them printed copies of speeches they have never made, for distribution among their constituents; neither have they executive patronage at their disposal; nor can they take post-offices and custom-houses to buy votes with; nor levy contributions on poor clerks towards paying election expenses.

In the next place, the members gave up the privilege of bribing and being bribed by places in the public service. The evil was never so great in England as in America, for rotation in office had not been invented, and there was not the same hungry horde of expectants waiting to be fed. Turning a maimed soldier out of a post-office to make way for a member's political retainer, as Mr. Dawes did at Westfield, would probably have been deemed so cruel and mean a piece of interference as to ruin a member with any ordinarily decent constituency. But Parliament gave up whatever power or influence it had over places and established the competitive system, not a perfect system nor perhaps the best in the world, but incomparably better than a system which enables the President to buy the member and the member to buy the constituent. The transfer of this power has been so complete that Mr. Mundella was able to tell his American auditors at Cooper Institute that he, a member of Parliament, agreeing with the administration, had not power enough to procure the appointment of a tide-waiter, and his attempt to do so would be thought an unwarrantable interference.

The last illustration of this principle of voluntary relinquishment of power by Parliament is probably the most remarkable that can be found in legislative history. It is the surrender by the House of Commons of the privilege of being the judge of the election of its own members; the transfer of that power to the judiciary, and the voluntary determination of the House to become in that particular the mere ministerial officer of the court which might be invested with jurisdiction of a contested case. This act of Parliament did not receive the attention it deserved until the extraordinary decision of Mr. Justice Keogh last June. The decision (we believe the first under the act) was fiercely attacked by some of the Irish members, who demanded an opportunity to review and if possible reverse the judgment. Speaking for the Government, Mr. Gladstone replied: "It appears to us, in examining this section of the act, that it is our duty neither to deny nor to delay justice. My right honorable friend behind me has pointed out that *we have parted with our powers* as an independent portion of the legislature in this matter. We are called upon to perform ministerial duties, *and must perform them* with the same exactitude, and I may say *with the same submission and obedience* to the law, as the humblest agent of the law." This bringing down the power of Parliament as regards one of its highest privileges to submission to the decree of a single judge, and of an exceedingly eccentric and, in language, intemperate judge besides, and likening the House of Commons to the humblest ministerial agent of the law, is certainly going a great way, and in some places might be set down as so much political claptrap. But Mr. Disraeli immediately rose and added, that the proposition of the Irish member "was in fact a proposition that there shall be an appeal to this House from the decision of the court"; in reply to which Mr. Disraeli begged "to remind the House that the question whether there should be an appeal or not was brought before the notice of Parliament, and that it was definitely settled that appeals should not be made." The act being thus construed by the two opposing chiefs, it may be taken as settled that Parliament has parted with the right to judge of the election of members of the House of Commons, and transferred that part of its authority to the department of Government best fitted to conduct litigation and dispense justice. Contested cases in Congress are becoming a serious item of public expense, involving always the payment of both contestants, of their counsel and witnesses, and resulting generally in a decision based on party predilection. Yet inasmuch as the Constitution makes each House the judge of the election of its own members, the power is undoubtedly one that cannot be transferred to the courts without a change in the Constitution.

It is not possible in this article to review the entire system of modern English legislation, nor even to advert to the various

methods that have been devised to legislate wisely and justly, with regard to matters of detail, and with regard to general and comprehensive systems. The ordinary reader of a newspaper must know that Parliament does all the legislative work for England, Scotland, and Ireland, which in this country is distributed between Congress and forty-seven State and Territorial Legislatures; that it is less in arrears with its work than Congress; and that its enquiries constantly relate to matters of the smallest detail. Yet its general statutes are drawn with considerable particularity and care, and its private acts are so preceded by a thorough examination of the facts that they are accepted by the public at large as the well-considered award of an impartial, if not infallible, umpire. This last branch, known as "private-bill legislation," we will sketch briefly as an illustration of what has been done elsewhere, and may be accomplished here.

The first step to be taken toward procuring the passage of a private act by Parliament is for the party to draft his own bill. It must be preceded by a preamble which shall fully and correctly sketch its object and extent. The preamble must be published in certain newspapers, and the bill must be filed a specified time before the beginning of the session. The only provision we have to contrast with this is that clause in some State constitutions which requires private and local acts to be confined to one object, to be stated in the title. But as such a bill may be introduced at any stage of a session, and passed in a few days, our constitutional safeguard amounts to very poor notice for persons adversely interested.

The next noticeable thing is the "court of *locus standi*." Instead of giving one large committee a monopoly of all railroad jobs, and allowing it to be made up of members particularly interested in them, there may be fifty railway committees sitting at the same time (at the last session there were more than thirty), and the most scrupulous care is taken that each shall be absolutely impartial. To that end the "court of *locus standi*"—a sworn committee, we believe, of each House—takes all the railway bills that have been filed and groups them, placing ordinarily four or five bills in a group. It next makes up committees, ordinarily of five members, and assigns a group of bills to each. But no member who is interested favorably or unfavorably in any bill, *or whose constituents are interested*, is competent to serve on the committee. Should he conceal his interest, it would be deemed dishonorable conduct; besides which, any person interested may challenge his right to sit either for his own interest or his constituents, and his impartiality will be determined as we pass upon that of a juror. When at last the committee is made up, it virtually gives to the parties a trial. All its proceedings, down to the absence of members, and their votes upon every question, with all the evidence it receives, is immediately printed and reported to Parliament. If the committee comes to a favorable conclusion, it reports a bill which cannot exceed in its scope the petitioners' preamble. A certain interval must then elapse before the bill can be acted upon, and it will be taken up only in its regular order. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the unanimous report of a committee will be accepted as final by all the parties interested. It is such bills which are passed by the Speaker and one or two members in advance of the ordinary business of the House, at the rate of sixty a minute, to the great astonishment of travellers, who are often shocked at such reckless legislation. But if a bill be opposed, a member demanding a vote, the Speaker assigns a day, and the bill is put down upon the "paper" of that day as a part of the regular business of the House. The "paper" is a printed memorandum of all the business which will or can come before the House on that day. It is sent to members at their residence in the morning, on the one hand informing them of what may require their attendance, and on the other cutting away the old excuse of surprise. Thus it will be seen that it is absolutely impossible for a powerful lobby to "rush" a bill through Parliament; and as powerful lobbies cannot live on impossibilities, they do not in fact exist.

Objections to the system find their way into the English newspapers, and there is an occasional call for reform. But the objections go to the cost of the proceedings—the production of evidence, the employment of counsel, and the means which make the system safe and certain; and the grumblers have never counted the cost of employing an Albany lobby-agent, or suffered the wrong of presenting a just claim which Congress will not examine, or examining will not act upon.

THE DEATH OF MR. HORACE GREELEY.

THERE has been something almost tragic about the close of Mr. Greeley's career. After a life of on the whole remarkable success and prosperity, he has fallen under the weight of accumulated misfortunes. Nobody who heard him last April, at the meeting in the Cooper Institute, declare that "he accepted the Cincinnati Convention and its consequences," but must be struck by the illustration of what is called "the irony of fate" which nearly everything that has since occurred affords. His nomination, from whatever point of view we look at it, was undoubtedly a high honor. The manner in which it was received down to the Baltimore Convention was very flattering. Whether it was a proper thing to "beat Grant" or not, that so large and so shrewd a body of his countrymen should have thought Mr. Greeley the man to do it was a great compliment. It found him, too, in possession of all the influence which the successful pursuit of his own calling could give a man—the most powerful editor in the Union, surrounded by friends and admirers, feared or courted by nearly everybody in public life, and in the full enjoyment of widespread popular confidence in his integrity. In six short months he was well-nigh undone. He had endured a humiliating defeat, which seemed to him to indicate the loss of what was his dearest possession, the affection of the American people; he had lost the weight in public affairs which he had built up by thirty years of labor; he saw his property and, as he thought, that of his friends diminished by the attempt to give him a prize which he had in his own estimation fairly earned, and, though last not least, he found his home invaded by death, and one of the strongest of the ties which bind a man to this earth broken. It would not be wonderful if, under these circumstances, the coldest and toughest of men should lie down and die. But Mr. Greeley was neither cold nor tough. He was keenly sensitive both to praise and blame. The applause of even paltry men gladdened him, and their censure stung him. Moreover, he had that intense longing for reputation as a man of action by which men of the closet are so often torn. In spite of all that his writing brought him in reputation, he writhed under the popular belief that he could do nothing but write, and he spent the flower of his years trying to convince the public that it was mistaken about him. It was to this we owed whatever was ostentatious in his devotion to farming and in his interest in the manufacturing industry of the country. It was to this, too, that we owed his keen and lifelong desire for office, and, in part at least, his activity in getting offices for other people. Office-seekers have become in the United States so ridiculous and so contemptible a class, that a man can hardly seek a place in the public service without incurring a certain amount of odium; and perhaps nothing did more damage to Mr. Greeley's reputation than his anxiety to be put in places of trust or dignity. And yet it is doubtful if many men seek office with more respectable motives than his. For pecuniary emolument he cared nothing; but he did pine all his life long for some conspicuous recognition of his capacity for the conduct of affairs, and he never got it. The men who have nominations to bestow either never had confidence enough in his judgment or ability to offer him anything which he would have thought worthy of his expectations when there was the least chance of their choice receiving a popular ratification, or they disliked him, as politicians are apt to dislike an editor in the political arena, as a man who, in having a newspaper at his back, is sure not to play their game fairly. The consequence was that he was constantly irritated by finding how purely professional his influence was, or, in other words, what a mortifying disproportion existed between his editorial and his personal power. The first revelation the public had of the bitterness of his disappointment on this score was caused by the publication of the famous Seward letter, and the surprise it caused was perhaps the highest compliment Mr. Greeley ever received. It showed with what success he had prevented his private griefs from affecting his public action, and people are always ready to forgive ambition as an "infirmity of noble minds," even when they do not feel disposed to reward it.

Unfortunately for Mr. Greeley, however, he never could persuade himself that the public was of the same mind as the politicians regarding his personal capacity. He persisted to the last in believing himself the victim of their envy, hatred, and malice, and in looking with unabated hope to some opportunity of obtaining a verdict on his merits as a man of action in which

his widespread popularity and his long and laborious teachings would fairly tell. The result of the Cincinnati Convention which his friends and emissaries from this city went out to prepare, but which perhaps neither he nor they in the beginning ventured to hope for, seemed to promise him at last the crown and consummation of a life's longings, and he received it with almost childlike joy. The election was therefore a crushing blow. It was not, perhaps, the failure to get the Presidency that was hardest to bear—for this might have been accompanied by such a declaration of his fitness for the Presidency as would have sweetened the remainder of his years—it was the contemptuous greatness of his opponent's majority which was killing. It dissipated the illusion of half a lifetime on the one point on which illusions are dearest—a man's exact place in the estimation of his countrymen. Very few—even of those whose fame rests on the most solid foundation of achievement—ever ask to have this ascertained by a positive test without dread or misgiving, or face the test without a strain which the nerves of old men are often ill fitted to bear. That Mr. Greeley's nerves were unequal to the shock of failure we now know. But it needed no intimate acquaintance with him to see that the card in which he announced, two days after the election, that he would thereafter be a simple editor, would seek office no more, and would confine himself to the production of a candid and judicial-minded paper, must have been written in bitterness of spirit for which this world had no balm.

In addition to the deceptions caused by his editorial influence, Mr. Greeley had others to contend with, more subtle, but not less potent. The position of the editor of a leading daily paper is one which in our time it is hardly possible for the calmest and most candid man to fill without having his judgment of himself perverted by flattery. Our age is intensely commercial; it is not the dry-goods man or the grain merchant only who has goods for sale, but the poet, the orator, the scholar, the philosopher, and the politician. We are all, in a measure, seeking a market for our wares. What we desire, therefore, above all things, is a good advertising medium, or, in other words, a good means of making known to all the world where our store is and what we have to sell. This means the editor of a daily paper can furnish to anybody he pleases. He is consequently the object of unceasing adulation from a crowd of those who shrink from fighting the slow and doubtful battle of life in the open field, and crave the kindly shelter of editorial plaudits, "puffs," and "mentions"; and he finds this adulation offered freely, and by all classes and conditions, without the least reference to his character or talents or antecedents. What wonder if it turns the heads of unworthy men, and begets in them some of the vices of despots—their unscrupulousness, their cruelty, and their impudence; what wonder, too, if it should have thrown off his balance a man like Mr. Greeley, whose head was not strong, whose education was imperfect, and whose self-confidence had been fortified by a brave and successful struggle with adversity.

Of his many private virtues, of his kind-heartedness, his generosity, his sympathy with all forms of suffering and anxiety, we do not need to speak. He has left behind a host of friends who will do full justice to this portion of the subject. His career, too, has little in it to point any moral that is not already trite and familiar. The only lesson we can gather from it with any clearness is the uncertainty of this world, and all that it contains, and the folly of seeking the Presidency. Nobody can hope to follow in his footsteps. He began life as a kind of editor of which he was one of the last specimens, and which will shortly be totally extinct—the editor who fought as the man-at-arms of the party. This kind of work Mr. Greeley did with extraordinary earnestness and vehemence and success—so much success that a modern newspaper finally grew up around him, in spite of him, almost to his surprise, and often to his embarrassment. The changed conditions of journalism, the substitution of the critical for the party view of things, he never wholly accepted, and his frequent personal appearance in his columns, under the signature of "H. G.," hurling defiances at his enemies or exposing their baseness, showed how stifling he found the changed atmosphere. He was fast falling behind his age when he died. New men, and new issues, and new processes, which he either did not understand at all or only understood imperfectly, crowded upon him; and if the dazzling prize of the Presidency had not been held before his eyes, we should probably have witnessed his gradual but certain retirement into well-won repose. Those who opposed him most earnestly must now regret sincerely that in his last hours he should have known the bitterness of believing, what was really not true, that the labors of his life, which were largely devoted to good causes, had not met with the appreciation they merited at the hands of his countrymen. It is for his own sake, as well as that of the public, greatly to be regretted that he should not have lived until the smoke of the late conflict had cleared away.

ENGLAND.—PUBLIC-SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

London, Nov. 15, 1872.

A CONTROVERSY is now raging in the newspapers which might be found amusing and instructive by any students of our educational system. It was opened by a letter complaining of a case of cruelty at Winchester. There is, it appears, a pleasant practice known in the peculiar dialect of the schools as "tunding." The "præfects," who correspond to what are elsewhere called præpostors, have, it appears, the right to inflict upon younger boys such an amount of thrashing as seems good in their eyes with an instrument known as a "groundash." The slang which grows up at each public school is cherished with warm affection by all who have had the happiness to receive an education within its walls, but it sometimes makes the dispute rather unintelligible to outsiders. Not having had the chance of benefiting by William of Wykeham's foundation, I confess that I do not attach such precise ideas to "tunding" and "groundashes" as might be desirable. I presume, however, that in a free translation one might say that the big boys at Winchester are allowed to beat the little boys with thick sticks. It was stated by the gentleman who opened the dispute that the victim in this case had been so severely punished as to be seriously hurt; and he inferred not unnaturally that the discipline of the school sanctioned what would elsewhere be called tyranny. Little does any one know of the spirit generated at an English public school who fancies that such a charge could be made with impunity. Indignation—not against the tyranny, but against the complainant—thrilled the bosoms of every Winchester boy from one end of the kingdom to the other. Their indignation took the form of a voluminous correspondence in the newspapers. Old men who remember Winchester at the end of the last century, lads who have just become freshmen at the universities, clergymen far away in retired parishes, busy lawyers immersed in business—all found time to protest indignantly against the theory that anything like human infirmity was to be found in one of our oldest, best, and most efficient of schools. Even the pupils of other analogous institutions raised a cry of horror at statements which may seem by remote implication to blame the system of Eton, Harrow, or Rugby. An "Old Public School Disciplinarian," for example, writes to this morning's *Times* in laudation of the great moral effects of the system. A "tunding," he declares, was "severe, but not cruel"; it was administered "with a due sense of responsibility"; it punished some crimes which would otherwise have escaped, and afforded a mild chastisement for others which would have been too severely punished by the higher officials; like mercy, it blessed both the giver and the receiver; it "created good feeling" between juniors and seniors; the older boys regarded themselves as the protectors of the younger; the younger "looked up to the older with feelings of respect and veneration"; the senior who used his authority strictly was more popular than the soft-hearted one who spared the rod; the writer has himself received fifteen cuts from a stick, which, physically, caused him to prefer standing to sitting for two days, but morally "did him all the good in the world." Leave the boys to administer justice amongst themselves, he exclaims in a glowing peroration, "and, instead of becoming weak milksops, they will be fitting themselves to be Englishmen like their ancestors, confident in themselves and others."

Great are the virtues of a "groundash"! Probably readers unfamiliar with our public schools will regard this as a nonsensical exaggeration of the doctrines of muscular Christianity. And, certainly, I can say from my own recollections that "respect and veneration" are not precisely the feelings which were inspired in all bosoms by the awful authority of the big boys at a public school. Apart from such damaging defences, the common-sense of the matter seems to be simple, and several of the defenders of the system express themselves in more reasonable language. I need not prove to you that English public schools formerly gave license to gross brutality. Your readers know what Cowper had to say on the subject, and a very accurate picture of the more modern system is given in the beginning of *Vanity Fair*. Thirty years ago, as I have too good reason to know, a sensitive and delicate boy, even at one of our best schools, had to suffer cruelly from the rough discipline, which was often brutal, though seldom intentionally cruel. Put several hundred lads of from nine to nineteen together, and allow the big ones to thrash the little ones, and let the supervision of the masters be palpably inadequate, and it is easy to guess at the results. Only that dogged loyalty to their schools which is a characteristic product of the system—and proves, by the way, that it has some good points—could lead any one to overlook the facts. No Eton boy, however, dares to say that he disliked Eton; such an admission is felt to be a kind of imputation on his character; and the bitterest political toryism is faint as compared with the dogged conservatism which blinds the man to every fault in the favorite place of his childhood. The victim of the present injustice writes himself to

the *Times* to say that he was not much hurt; that he could play football two days after his punishment; and that the punishment, though excessive, was not inflicted out of wanton brutality, but in consequence of a genuine mistake of the præfect's. If a lad likes to be thrashed, it is hard to oppose his tastes; and yet, as I have said, the brutality of old days was undoubtedly great, and I do not believe that it has yet disappeared as completely as might be wished. Everybody knows Dr. Arnold's solution of the difficulty, as described in the graphic pages of "Tom Brown." The essence of his plan was to allow the boys to exercise their old rule, but to endeavor to impress them with a sense of responsibility in its exercise. I confess that I have found it rather hard to sympathize with the more idolatrous worshippers of Dr. Arnold; perhaps because corrupt human nature is apt to revolt against the most excellent persons when they are too fond of flourishing their high moral tone in your face. Dr. Arnold, however, did something to improve the public-school spirit, and since his day the old brutality has progressively diminished. I believe that even the sacred old custom of fighting has been allowed to fall into desuetude by the rising generation; and our descendants will be in imminent danger of becoming "milksops" if that fate is in store for every one who has not had practical instruction in the noble art of self-defence. So long, however, as English public schools are managed on the present system, or on anything like it, some modification of Dr. Arnold's system must be admitted. So much liberty is allowed to the boys that the only alternative to legalizing the authority of the sixth form is to allow brute force to have its own way. It is inevitable, in short, that the præpostors or præfects should have considerable power; whilst a good school system would take all possible precautions against its possible abuse. It is very questionable, for example, whether the præpostors should be allowed to administer corporal punishment without the authority of a master, or to inflict it in any but moderate doses. A powerful lad with a tough ash stick in his hand does not always calculate to a nicety the power of endurance of a delicate child; and the strong *esprit de corps* of the school makes any appeal to the higher powers unpopular and perhaps impracticable. With proper precautions, any gross tyranny may be suppressed, and I fully believe that it is, in fact, very rare at the great schools; but constant attention is required to see that boys of eighteen and nineteen have a sufficient sense of their responsibility, and the radical extirpation of bullying is by no means an easy task. There are, moreover, other very serious evils which occasionally show themselves at these great schools, with their lax discipline, to which I cannot do more than allude. The preservation of a good moral tone depends very greatly upon the character of the masters, where so much more dependence is placed upon moral influence than upon direct supervision.

With all its faults, I believe the English public-school system to be more healthy than the excessive *espionage* encouraged in France. In truth, its most prominent defect is of a different kind. One is more apt to complain of the happiness than of the misery of the boys. At Eton, for example, there are about 800 lads of different ages, the great majority of whom enjoy themselves exceedingly, and are very fine healthy animals. The masters are altogether too few in number to be able to look after them in detail; and the consequence is that the boys make their own public opinion very much for themselves. It need not be said that the current of public opinion under such circumstances runs very strongly in favor of rowing and cricket as compared with classical study. Some of the masters do their best to encourage a tendency already too strong. In my time, a master scarcely condescended to take any interest in our sports. At the present day, some of the masters rival professional trainers, and make it their highest aim—an aim in which, to do them justice, they have met with great success—to send a good boat to Henley regatta and a good "eleven" to Lord's cricket-ground. The effect of open competition for all kinds of scholarships and public offices has been curious and not precisely what its advocates expected. It has certainly not stimulated the intellectual activity in the school at large. The foundation at Eton supports about seventy boys; there is a severe competition amongst children of thirteen or fourteen to gain admission, and afterwards to gain the prizes which are thrown open to them at the universities. These seventy boys constitute a kind of intellectual *élite*, who have distinguished themselves highly at Cambridge and elsewhere. But they do not set the tone of the school. The "Oppidans," as the other boys are called, consider themselves to have a certain social superiority, though this feeling is weaker than of old, and more decidedly revenge themselves for their intellectual inferiority by prizing mere athletic excellence at an absurd rate. The general tendency of the school is more strongly than ever in favor of every kind of sport; rowing, cricketing, and running are regarded with warmer enthusiasm than the old fetish of Latin-verse writing. Many, perhaps most, of the masters see the evil and struggle against it; others, as I have said, give way to the current; but in one way or other, it can hardly be doubted that muscular Christianity, or Christian muscularity, or, more accurately, muscularity pure and simple, is rampant in our great schools, though I am happy to say that it is comparatively discredited elsewhere. Doubtless there will come a reaction in time, but the great liberty allowed to the boys makes any change difficult. One symptom of this state of things is curious. Boys who wish to enter the public offices, or the army, or the Indian civil service, might be expected by outsiders to seek for a good preparatory training at our best schools. To some extent they do so, but very few of them receive their whole training there. A new profession has sprung up, known by the significant name of cramming. I happen, for example, to know a boy who was in a good position at one of our best public schools who wishes to obtain an Indian appointment. He does not think for a moment of entering for the prize on the strength of his school-teaching, though he is a very promising scholar. He comes up to London and puts himself for a year under a "crammer." In that time, he has a course of moral and mental philosophy, modern languages, mathematics, and other subjects drilled into him, by the most approved methods, as a necessary supplement to what he has learnt at school. The crammers are often good teachers, and possibly my young friend may acquire some useful knowledge in his year of training. But this system of drafting off the most industrious lad to be filled with such knowledge as may pay in an examination, instead of being systematically educated with a view to his intellectual and moral development, is of doubtful benefit to him, except in so far as it will get him a good salary, and is certainly a very unsatisfactory element in our general system. Most lads are strongly tempted to pass their school-life in comparative idleness, and make up for it by being crammed, like a Strassburg goose, during a brief period of training for an examination. The influence on the schools is certainly unhealthy, and gives an additional impulse to the excessive devotion to athletic amusements. We have still much to learn; though it may be hoped that the evils which I have noticed are gradually receiving attention.

Correspondence.

THE WRECK OF THE *METIS* ON RHODE ISLAND SHORE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your aid is asked in reviving a very sad story to remedy what to all who have heard of it sounds like a cruel injustice.

On the 30th August last, the *Metis*, with 180 souls, more or less, on board, was wrecked off Watch Hill. There has been a public enquiry, a public verdict of culpability, and the disaster seems at an end. Do the survivors and the friends of those who perished so lamentably in the rage of waves, as well as the public at large, agree to this conclusion? Be that as it may, you, sir, as a leader of public opinion, public honor, and public intelligence, are solicited to disseminate this plain narrative by a mere bystander. John Harvey, fisherman, of Watch Hill, and Courtland Gavitt, of Westerly, started on that 30th August, after hard labors on the shore in rescuing the drowning people, at about half-past eight in the morning, with five comrades, in a "seine fishing-boat," to pick up the unfortunate strugglers in the sea who were despairing of reaching the land. It was blowing hard; the sea was terrific; no such "sand waves" were ever remembered.

The boat was comparatively a poor frail craft for their labors, but these seven men saved fifteen lives, and brought six bodies out of the fury of the sea. Three were found on a skylight, and "the Judge's son," a boy supposed to be dead, was laid across the thwarts of the boat and rubbed back to life. The boat escaped the peril of being stove in against the revenue cutter *Moccasin*, which received those saved and those drowned.

These men, Harvey and Gavitt, and their mates, returned to Watch Hill after spending eleven hours in their terrible task. Some had not tasted food or refreshment for twenty-four hours; some had stripped themselves to their shirts and pantaloons to clothe the wretched whom they had rescued from death. Has there been any public or private acknowledgment, thanks, recompense, reward, or testimonial? Harvey, as captain of the boat, and Gavitt, as his second, acted entirely of their own free will; no one suggested their daring deed to them.

Congratulation and commendation, loud and long prolonged enough, came to the landlords of the Watch Hill hotels. They had friends on the "Providence newspapers" to sing their praises. Charity of the kind they gave is frequently, and was in this case, an admirable advertisement. But these working fishermen, competing in their miserable crowded boat with the life-boat in its noble labors, who has thought to pay the slightest notice to them?

Not even one of the survivors picked up by the seine-boat has cared to

learn who saved him or her. A large reward was offered for the portmanteau of the jeweller who was drowned on board the *Metis*, but was a dime paid for *his body* by his partners, his relatives, or his friends? Sir, is not this shocking? Is it not inhuman? Is it not a disgrace to the Steamboat Company, to the local authorities, to the general public, as well as the ungrateful, heedless creatures whom Harvey and Gavitt and their companions saved out of an awful shipwreck and sudden death? I am sure you will agree with me that this is not a case where "courage should be its own reward."

Yours respectfully, VIATOR.

Notes.

A SECOND volume of Mr. Horace Howard Furness's New Variorum Shakespeare—Macbeth—will shortly be issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co.——The library of the University of Wisconsin at Madison has just received about four hundred volumes from Norway, the result of a concert given for the purpose last May by Ole Bull. It already had upwards of two hundred Norwegian books, and the collection is now a fine one, probably unique in this country.——A National Prison Reform Congress will be held in Baltimore on the evening of Tuesday, January 21, 1873, with Hon. Horatio Seymour in the chair.——A Musical Festival will be held in Cincinnati in the first week of May, 1873, and societies wishing to take part in it should correspond with Dr. C. C. Miller, the official agent.——Some too little scrupulous publishers, it would appear, have been endeavoring to forestall the market for Mr. Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone" by issuing books descriptive of his expedition, but full of geographical blunders and typographical errors, and not at all resembling the work above-named, of which Scribner, Armstrong & Co. are the sole publishers.——A novel by Dr. Mayo, author of "Kaloolah," will be published immediately by G. P. Putnam & Sons. Its title is "Never Again." It is a tale "of American society," and is said to have been twenty years in preparation.

—The MS. records of the colony of Connecticut, from page 66 to page 514, transcribed and edited, in accordance with a resolution of the General Assembly, by Charles J. Hoadly, librarian of the State Library, have just been published (Hartford: Case, Lockwood & Brainard). They compose the sixth volume of the printed series (pp. 602), and embrace the period between May, 1717, and the close of the October session of the General Assembly in 1725. The volume also contains the record of the acts of the Governor and Council from May, 1717, to April, 1726, as comprised within pages 96 to 259 inclusive of a book containing those records from 1712–13 to 1727–28. Mr. Hoadly is well known as a painstaking, accurate, acute, and learned antiquarian, and, in transcribing and editing the early records of his native State, he is performing a labor appreciated by all whose studies render it necessary for them to examine into the transactions to which these records relate. The work has not been undertaken a day too soon. The records are upon paper, which is slowly crumbling away; the ink is fading, and the chirography is often illegible to any but an expert. The expenditure of time and eyesight required to bring these old manuscripts safely and correctly into plain print is fearful, and nothing but the enthusiasm of an antiquary and the delight of conquering difficulties would give one courage for the undertaking. This volume covers a period of no great general interest, but includes a large portion of the magistracy of that magnificent old aristocrat, the Honorable and Reverend Gurdon Saltonstall, who might almost be said to have been "prophet, priest, and king" in this sturdy little commonwealth, and who certainly "ruled the people prudently with all his power." Connecticut is perhaps the oldest of existing democracies, having elected her own governors and rulers for almost two hundred and fifty years; but many of the traditions and habits of aristocracy passed down along with democratic principles for many generations, and it was not until within the memory of men now living that a respect for dignitaries and their positions reached its present low ebb. Among matters of interest in this volume, we note considerable legislation on the location of Yale College, a prize contended for by several ambitious towns; much reporting of committees, also, of vain attempts to settle the boundary line with New York—a matter, we think, not yet fully completed; grand lists of taxable property in the several towns; legal-tender acts; pirates, copper mines, etc. But mostly it is a record of the ordering of affairs of a thrifty little community during a season of peaceful, healthy growth.

—The rank linguistic growth—the *lingo franco*, it might be called—of Wall and Broad Streets and the London Stock Exchange, has not as yet attracted that attention among philologists which its importance and necessary daily reproduction in the financial columns of the newspapers seem to warrant. In the same way that the traders of the Middle Ages, who met to exchange their wares in the Levantine ports, found it necessary to invent a barbarous dialect of their own, which was neither the language of Christian nor Moslem, neither French, nor Greek, nor Italian, nor Arabic—so the stock operators of our day have invented a lingo of their own which, though not a compound or mixed dialect, and though it is indeed in origin and pronunciation English, is even more purely technical and professional than the *lingua franca*. It is a real stock-gambler's *argot*, or thieves' language, not unlike in its general terse, coarse effect the dialect with which we all became familiar in reading the fascinating descriptions of the adventures of Oliver Twist in London. "Bulls," "bears," "lame ducks," "puts" and "calls," "margin up," to "cover," to "carry" stock; to "be long of" it and "short of" it, and "cornering" it and "breaking the corner"—do not these racy, vigorous, autochthonous terms carry us back to the days in which we were the confidants of Bill Sykes and Fagin, and Mr. Charley Bates, and the Artful Dodger?—when we first learnt what "dowsing" meant when applied to "glim," that a "pal" meant fellow-thief, that among the dangers of life was that of being "lagged for a lifer," that a "kid" meant a child, and that to talk "flash" was to talk in very much the same sort of way that the gentlemen talk who are familiarly known on the Street as the "grizzly bear" and the "American reindeer," "uncle," "count," and so on? So any one who has been in the interior of a stock-exchange, even in quiet times, cannot have failed to be struck with a further resemblance between the behavior of the members, in their moments of excitement or fun, and the behavior of the inmates of Fagin's household when the day's work was over, and the benevolent old gentleman used to walk negligently up and down the den with his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, followed by his faithful pupils. When we see One-eyed Bill or The Pet coming skylarking into the exchange, and being immediately upset and carried about the room in triumph by his pals, while others practise their voices in anticipation of the formal business of the day in derisive shouts and bids, we cannot but expect to find the whole end with the appearance of some uncle or other among the Boys, giving them a little friendly instruction, it may be in breaking a corner, or managing an arrest, or in performing any other professional feat in which he is an adept. Perhaps the veterans of the Street do in sequestered spots give schooling to the younger bears and reindeer. The general resemblance is borne out in other particulars. Every one recollects the extreme difficulty of access to Fagin's place of business in London; but our readers may not be aware that there are, in the money centres of New York retreats, quite as strange and difficult of approach. The other day a reporter went to visit Mr. H. N. Smith, or, as he calls him in his report of the interview, the Grizzly Bear, and was intelligent enough to give a diagram of the labyrinth into which he was admitted. He enters on Broadway, where there are no less than three doors of exit or entrance; he passes by an interior door into the banking office, through an interior door into another room, and another, and two or three others, until he finds himself in the Grizzly's private room, at the rear of the building, where Mr. Smith is nowhere to be seen. He mentions his name and business, is kept waiting some minutes, when a messenger appears, saying that Mr. Smith will see him. He follows the messenger through a new door, a blind passage, another door, and at last finds himself in the real private retreat of the Grizzly Bear, at the very front of the building, by the side of the entrance where he began his search. Such is the reporter's tale, and it will not sound strange to any one who has read the accounts of the Erie stronghold in the Grand Opera-house, with its private stairways, its secret doors, and its passwords, under the régime of Fisk and Gould.

—Some time ago a book was published called, if we remember right, "Men and Mysteries of Wall Street," the author of which undertook to give, among other things, a glossary of this lingo. Stock-gambling has not been a distinctly recognized career for as long a period as thieving; so, naturally, the terms of art are fewer. Besides this, the words, having come into use recently, are not generally used as yet in remote senses. There are no such bewildering terms as "kinchin lay," "ben cove," or "fly," or "pad the hoof," "stowing the lush," "shoving the queer," and "fogling a wipe." We gave a description of the term "corner" in the last number of the *Nation*, and it is not difficult to perceive that the word conveys merely a highly picturesque and speaking description of the attitude of those who are "short" of stock to those who are "long" of it. Being "short" of stock means obviously having less stock than you ought for some reason to have; so, the sale of a "put" is the sale of the right to "put" (deliver) stock, while a "call" means the opposite—the right to demand the delivery of stock. The explanation of such terms as "bulls" and "bears" is not so simple. Whether to "bear" stock (to speculate for the depression of the price) meant originally to *bear down on* the stock, or something of that sort, or whether it came from a supposed resemblance between the disposi-

tion of the bear who roams Wall Street and the animal of the same name, it would be difficult to find out. Whether a "bull" (a person who speculates for a rise of prices) receives the name on account of a resemblance between his habits and those of the animal, or whether he is so called on a rough principle of classification—for the sake of distinction only—we cannot pretend to say. But the lingo is worth studying, as all dialects and argots are. Like the Chinook or Pennsylvania Dutch, the scientific examination of it may serve to throw some light on other fields of linguistic or philological study.

—Those who were interested in the Tichborne case, and those who are interested in trial by jury generally, will find in a letter of Mr. James C. Carter's to the *Tribune* of Saturday last some information on a subject about which the public at large seem to be extremely ignorant. In the Jumel case —a suit involving property in this city to the extent of several millions— the parties are to have a "special" jury; and to counteract misapprehensions which have arisen from an article in the *Tribune*, Mr. Carter explains what a "special" jury is. According to the New York practice, the court may in its discretion, on application of either party, order the selection by one of its officers of forty-eight men best qualified in his judgment to try the case impartially. From these forty-eight, each party strikes out twelve, and from the remaining twenty-four twelve are chosen by ballot to try the case. In the English practice, a special jury is a matter of strict right; the court cannot refuse to grant it. Special juries, when they are selected by a good court, are always good. Mr. Carter mentions one case in which, after nine trials before an ordinary jury, a special jury was empanelled, and at once agreed upon a verdict. In another suit (an election case) that "terrible arithmetician," Mr. S. J. Tilden, obtained a special jury, and gained a verdict by the mere production of some well-arranged figures. The Jumel case is to be tried in the United States Circuit Court, but the State practice governs.

—Of all the Department reports, that of the Signal Office is the only one which possesses much interest. It differs from most of the others in being the evident result of devoted study and thought. With regard to the verification of "probabilities" there is some valuable information :

"A comparison of the tri-daily forecasts, or 'probabilities' as they have been styled, with the meteoric condition afterward reported and so far as known, has given an average of sixty-nine per cent. as verified up to Nov. 1, 1871. Since that date to the present time (October 1, 1872), the average of verifications has been seventy-six and eight-tenths per cent. If regard be had to those predictions verified within a few hours after the time for which they were made, this percentage is considerably increased. In view of the deficiency of telegraphic facilities during the year, and the great irregularities of the working, it was not anticipated that these predictions, based as they are upon the tri-daily telegraphic reports, would increase in accuracy. Whatever success has been attained must be considered an indication of what success might be with well organized and full telegraphic facilities."

During the year three hundred and fifty-four cautionary signal orders have been issued, and the percentage of cautionary signals verified by the occurrence of storms "is estimated to have been about seventy per cent."

"The practical results of this branch of the service, with all its errors and imperfections, can be summed, it is believed, in the statement, that since the inauguration of its duties no great and continuous storm has traversed the territory of the United States, or raged along the length of its lakes, its gulf or sea-coast shores, as in their course such storms have sometimes done, without fair and general premonition given at the great majority of the points endangered to any who cared to seek or heed them."

For the purpose of being able to increase at will the number of reporting stations, in dangerous seasons of the year, the organization of "a mobilized corps of observers"—a force of picked men, carefully equipped with portable apparatus—has been commenced. With this force it will be possible "to occupy the stations as stations of report" with very great rapidity. "The period of danger for which they may be occupied being passed, they will be abandoned and the force left free to be transferred for the protection of other sections whose seasons of danger will be then approaching." The Chief Signal Officer hopes that the co-operation with Canada may be made more close than it now is, and indeed that the signal-services of all governments may in time work together for the public good. He recommends that the service should be given an independent organization, and not remain a mere branch of the War Department, with officers and men subject to be recalled to regimental duty at any moment.

—The unfortunate result of their last conflict with Germany has led the French people, as every one knows, to look sharply into their systems of training in order to discover wherein these require to be amended. Among the many books produced on the subject, not one, perhaps, is more worthy of attention than that of M. Bréal, "Quelques Mots sur l'Instruction Publique en France," which had reached a second edition early in this year. Bréal is Professor of Comparative Philology in the Collége de France, and one of the best, if not the best, of the younger generation of French scholars. Of unimpeachable patriotism, an ardent lover of France, he yet has that breadth and impartiality of view which comes from birth in the border-land between France and Germany, and from an education in great part German. In this little volume (of four hundred 18mo pages) he shows the same clear and penetrating intellect, sound sense, and judicial calmness of spirit which have distinguished his labors in more limited fields of enquiry. He treats his subject under three heads: the school, the lyceum (or college), and the faculties (or university), describing the methods of each stage of education, pointing out their defects, and suggesting the needed reforms. He thus furnishes, along with his criticisms of it, an excellent view of what the French system really is, and, though the weak points in our own system are not in general those which he finds occasion to reprehend, much of what he says has its bearing also upon points mooted among us, and therefore a practical value for American educators. The tone of the work is irreproachable. There is no flattery of French prejudices; there is no appeal to the love of glory, or to any other foible of the national character; there is no jealous depreciation of the country's foes. The investigation is carried on in the spirit of the true scholar and patriot, who simply seeks to discover and acquire for his own people whatever in the institutions of their neighbors is better than their own. The author tells us, in fact, that he had been long gathering the materials for such a treatise, and that the war has only hastened its appearance.

DE TOCQUEVILLE'S CONVERSATIONS.*

II.

"I HAVE," says De Tocqueville, "seen reason to change some of my views on social facts, as well as some reasons founded on imperfect observations. But the *fond* of my opinions can never undergo a change. Certain irrevocable maxims and propositions must constitute the basis of thinking minds." De Tocqueville, in other words, was above all things a critic, and a critic whose strength lay in applying certain maxims to the subject of his criticism. His critical power sometimes gave him something like a faculty of divination. Was he, however, really a prophet in the sense of thoroughly understanding the movement of the age? It must be admitted that in some respects his want of insight is quite as remarkable as his foresight in other directions. He said, for instance, that Kossuth was the "most mischievous man" in Europe. "Kossuth's influence was purely mischievous; but for him Austria might now (1852) be a constitutional empire with Hungary for its most powerful member." Now, we are no outrageous admirers of the Hungarian Dictator, but it is impossible not to perceive that De Tocqueville utterly failed to see the true position of the Hungarians and their leader. Hungary was struggling for national existence, and De Tocqueville thought her wishes could be fully satisfied by forming part of a constitutional empire. He in fact seems in this and another instance utterly blind to the influence exerted by the so-called "principle of nationality." This is at least a partial explanation of one of the most painful parts of his career as a statesman. As already pointed out, he assented to, though he did not originate, the most disgraceful crime ever perpetrated by French diplomacy—the invasion and destruction of the Roman Republic. On this subject he conversed with great freedom, and no doubt with perfect candor, and his whole conversation shows that he did not in the least recognize the real character of the contest at Rome. He talks of the city as a "municipality which twenty thousand foreign refugees had kept down by the terror of imprisonment, executions, and assassinations." He describes the triumvirs as at the "head of a horde of foreign ruffians driven into Rome by the disgust and indignation of all other countries." A man who could see in Italians defending their capital a horde of foreigners, might not unnaturally consider Garibaldi and his followers as mere ruffians; but such a man can neither have foreseen nor understood the indefinable sentiment of nationality which has moulded the whole recent history of Italy and of Germany. De Tocqueville had, we grant, no wish to do injustice to the Romans, and tried, though in vain, to procure them a constitution; but the curious point is that the greatest historical theorist of the age should have seen in the Italian movement a mere contest for constitutional rights.

No doubt in the matter of Rome De Tocqueville was biassed by his strong Catholic feeling. That the feeling existed and greatly influenced him is apparent even in the conversations with Mr. Senior, who was of all men the last to whom any one would have confided any religious or other exalted sentiment; but it is also clear that De Tocqueville failed to appreciate the religious no less than the patriotic movements of the time. He seems to

* "Correspondence and Conversations of Alexis de Tocqueville with W. Nassau Senior." London : H. S. King & Co.

have known little and understood less of Protestantism. He appears neither to enter into the zeal for religious truth which excites theological controversy, nor into the religious enthusiasm which from time to time rouses the mass of the people. Mr. Senior undoubtedly was not a person to whom any one would willingly talk much of religion. A gentleman who calmly writes with the supercilious superiority of a Whig, a political economist, and a Master in Chancery—"I have long been anxious to get somebody to do what I have not time to do, to look impartially into the evidences of Christianity and report the result"—occupied too exalted an intellectual position to be made the confidant of spiritual emotions; but still, when every allowance is made for the dulness and obtuseness of his auditor, it must be admitted that De Tocqueville's remarks on religion are generally of a superficial character, and even when at their best refer only to the external or political side of religious questions. His personal feelings seem to have been those of an ardent Catholic, and his philosophical theories the views of a statesman who looked upon religion merely as an influence to be made use of in politics. We can hardly, therefore, be surprised that De Tocqueville showed little appreciation of the theological controversies which have marked the last thirty years.

Next, perhaps, to the sentiment of nationality and to religious or anti-religious speculations, nothing has influenced recent history more strongly than what for want of a better term may be called "social movements." Now, here again De Tocqueville's insight to a great extent failed him. He shows, as in the prediction of the Revolution of 1848, a perception of the important fact that popular enthusiasm was turning from political to social questions, but his interest in such questions must, to judge from his conversations, have been very limited when compared with his interest in the niceties of constitutional government. He saw how the world was going, but he himself gave his mind to political and not to social speculations. Indeed, he must have known little of political economy, for he took Mr. Senior for an economical prophet, and exhibits a blind confidence in the good effects to be produced by introducing the poor-law into France. A theorist who understood neither the patriotic, the religious, nor the social movements of the day can, however great his genius—and De Tocqueville's genius is certainly indisputable—hardly be considered as thoroughly understanding his age, or as exhibiting statesmanlike foresight; but when it is admitted that De Tocqueville in some respects showed his singular blindness to the course which the world was likely to pursue, the very curious question arises, What was the cause of this blindness in a man who criticised past events with the utmost acuteness, and on some points showed a wonderful insight into the future?

We incline to think that De Tocqueville's weak as well as his strong points were all connected with the same turn of mind. He was great as a critic, but he was a critic, and nothing more. Thus, give him past events to criticise, and he could unravel their connection by the application of a few simple principles with almost unrivalled sagacity; and, similarly, when present facts were brought under his notice, when, for example, he was called upon to judge of the course of action pursued by the President and the Assembly, he showed exactly the same sagacity in analyzing the situation. But a mere power of analysis, however great, does not supply knowledge of facts or suggest new principles—the object of a critic being mainly to judge of the bearing of certain facts when tested by what De Tocqueville terms "irrevocable maxims." Criticism, in short, though it may contribute to foresight, is of itself something quite different from foresight, and theorists are constantly deluded by the idea that the power of analyzing the past is closely connected with that of foreseeing the future; whereas, such foresight, which is sometimes found in men of limited critical capacity, often depends upon the power of entering into the emotions and feelings of the time. Mazzini, for example, could never have come near De Tocqueville as a critic of history, but Mazzini's fervent belief in the principle of nationality gave him on some points a comprehension of his age which is not possessed by the author of the "Ancien Régime." The truth is that perhaps what in part made De Tocqueville so pre-eminent as a critic, and what also blinded him to some of the movements of the time, was his marked want of sympathy with the tendencies of the age in which he lived. His feelings were those of an aristocrat, whilst his cool judgment and his clear perception of certain principles led him to consider the progress of what he terms democracy inevitable.

He shows again and again in these "Conversations" great personal liking for the Legitimists, though he exhibits no sympathy with their prejudices, and was perfectly aware that they had no policy on which any man of judgment could rely. The liking sprang partly from family associations, but partly also from the idea that the Legitimists kept alive some strength of personal character in the midst of a society from which individuality was gradually passing away. On the same ground he certainly admired the English aristocracy, though an extremely sagacious critic of the weak points in English institutions, which, at any rate in 1854, he suspected to be destined to sudden ruin. The problem of his life was how to conciliate individual freedom and independence with the inevitable progress of democratic notions. The means by which he hoped to achieve the reconciliation was undoubtedly constitutional government—hence his almost pedantic interest in the minutiæ of constitutional theories, and hence too his despair when free government seemed, towards the end of his life, either to have failed or to be on the point of failure throughout Europe. This despair led him to turn with regret to an age in which there was less freedom and much less equality, but in which, he held, there existed more individual greatness than at present.

"I have a friend," he says, "a Benedictine, who is now ninety-seven; he was therefore about thirteen when Louis XVI. began to reign. He is a man of talent and knowledge; has always lived in the world; has attended to all that he has seen and heard; and is still unimpaired in mind. . . . He admits the material superiority of our own age, but he believes that intellectually and morally we are far inferior to our grandfathers, *and I agree with him.* These seventy years of revolution have destroyed our hopefulness, our courage, our self-reliance, our public spirit, and, as respects by far the majority of the higher classes, our passions, except the vulgarest and most selfish ones, vanity and covetousness. Even ambition seems extinct. The men who seek power seek it not for itself, not as the means of doing good to their country, but as a means of getting money and flatterers."

These expressions were used in 1858, when the power of the Empire was at its height, and the rule of the new Cæsar, like that of the old Cæsars, had produced a class of high-minded men who could see and analyze the corruption around them, but had too little hope to see anything in the future but darkness. Of such men De Tocqueville was in France the most illustrious example. Both his talent and his position made him a successful though desponding critic, but this hopelessness contributed to make him merely a critic rather than a prophet.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

IF "Camping Out" is not in the main a true story, it is exceedingly well invented. It tells of the adventures of four youngsters—two of them from Boston, and Harvard "sub-freshmen"—in the Maine wilderness, Mt. Katahdin being their objective point. Here they camp for many days, exploring minutely the sides of the mountain in search of the "lost lode" of lead which tradition asserted an Indian hunter had once discovered, and used for the making of bullets. Their pains are rewarded by finding a deposit of plumbago, and on their return to civilization they sell their claim for fifteen thousand dollars. This enables them to carry out their pet scheme of buying a yacht, the medium of fresh adventures, to be related in succeeding volumes of this "Our Young Yachters' Series." There is nothing overdrawn in the narrative, at least on the side of the comforts of camping out. Fire and wild beasts interrupt most of the nights of the party, and their meagre fare runs so low as to inspire fears of starvation, happily not prolonged. All dangers are safely passed, and the only tragedy is the death of a hairless Chinese dog, Ding-bat, in an encounter with a wolf. The narrator is evidently unpractised in writing, as his use of italics shows, and a certain fondness for slang; but he has the art in him, and has made one of the best boys' books we have read in a long time. The conversations are very natural, and adult readers will also enjoy the store of Down-East Americanisms which give piquancy to the style. Its topographical fidelity and consistent regard for the points of the compass and for actual distances will be still further merits in the eyes of parents, not to speak of the book-learning, scientific and otherwise, that appears in the camp-fire talks. The following extract is a fair specimen of the author's skill, though the reader will perceive that "Kit" is not apt in transcribing the particular Scotch dialect he has fallen in with. In a deserted cabin the boys had killed a wild-cat overnight, and their meeting with the owner the next day called out an apology for having made free with his provisions:

"Oh! sich things is all weel anough," began the unknown in a strange, creaky, husky voice (as if his whole vocal machinery was rusty from long disuse, and needed oiling).—"sich things is all weel anough, an' to be expected in a coontry like this. An' I wouldn't a' cared, an' ye mout ha' took

* "Camping Out; as recorded by 'Kit.' Edited by C. A. Stephens." Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"The Boy's Book about Indians. Being what I saw and heard for three years on the Plains. By Rev. Edmund B. Tuttle, Post-Chaplain, U. S. A." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays. The Experiences of a Little Girl. By Mrs. Oliphant." With illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

"The Life and Times of Conrad the Squirrel. A Story for Children, by the Author of 'Effie's Friends.' 'The Story of Wandering Willie.'" London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

everything 'ere, an' welcome, ef — only — ye — hadn't a — keelled — Beelly," with a gesture so solemn that we were appalled.

"Killed Billy!" exclaimed Raed in horror.

"Ef — only — ye — hadn't a — keelled — Beelly," repeated the singular being, pointing reproachfully to the carcass of the wild-cat, hanging from the hook.

"Is that Billy?" inquired Wade, while we all strove hard to keep down a grin at this unexpected upshot of our cat-hunt.

"That 'ar," continued the old man, very sorrowfully too,—"that 'ar *war* —Beelly — wunst!"

"By Jude!" exclaimed Wash, turning round to me to keep his countenance shaded, "if we haven't been and gone and killed the old man's cat!"

Raed, meanwhile, was trying to explain it, assuring him that it was a mistake, — one we all deeply regretted. The old man heard him in grieved silence.

"I thought like anough that mout 'a' ben the way on't," he replied, after Raed had said everything of a pacifying nature he could think of.

"I thought like anough that mout 'a' ben the way on't," he repeated several times. "'Twas nartral anough, him bein' a *bob-cat*, so. But, oh!" (in a deep bass whine like a camel's) "to come 'ome 'ere — arter bein' gone amost a fotnit — an' see Beelly hung up thar" (pointing to the hook) — "dade — dade — dade — da-a-de!"

Every one of these words, *dead*, sounded like a sob.

"Him as I left 'ere a-purrin' in the sun, an' a-rubbin' agin my laigs," the old man went on, "weeth a nice leettle nest up in the loft, an' plenty o' bones to suck teel I gut back — to find him — dade!"

The old man was tenderly lifting the carcass from the hook. We could do nothing, save look on in chagrin and wondering pity. The animal's legs had already stiffened, and the eyes were glazed and hideous; but he gathered it up as if it had been a sick child, and, sitting down in the door-way, rested the big cat-head on his rough sleeve.

"It's three year ago, goin' on," he continued, stroking back the stiff, wiry whiskers beneath the creature's nostrils, "sence I fust picked him up out in the woods. Nothin' but a keetten then; 'adn't gut his eyes open; gut lost away from the old 'un, I s'pose. I picked 'im up, and fetched 'im in 'ere. Dreffal hungry the leettle feller was. I fed 'im on bits o' meat; an' then he toddled along,—you've minded 'ow leettle keettens'll walk,—he toddled along, and poked his leettle wet nose inter my 'and, jess as 'ow he wanted to nuss. I s'pose he did.

"That kinder made me take to 'im. An' he's lived 'ere weeth me ever sence;" still stroking the rumpled fur.

"I make no doubt he spit an' snarled at *you*, bein' strangers so; an' I make no doubt he took at yer dog: an' that's about the quarest-looking dog I ever set my eye on; looks as 'ow he'd ben skulped all over. But ef it 'ad been me as come iustead of you, then you'd oughter seen 'im tare round an' purred an' rubbed agin' my laigs, an' 'opped up onter my shoulders, an' sharpened his nails in my trousis-knees. He'd 'a' been so teekled, he'd 'a' fairly screeched for j'y at the sight o' me,—lookin' as I do."

To get any idea of the miserable pathos of the scene, the reader would need to have seen the unkempt old man sitting there, sprawlingly as he did, stroking that carcass, with tears standing in his hard old eyes, and now and then trickling down his leathery and not over-clean face.

"For the last two seasons," said the old man, "he's allus ben weeth me when I'd go ter look ter my traps; followed me closer'n a dog 'ud 'a' done. Hardly ever strayed off inter the woods. Soon's ever he'd happen to luse sight on me fer a minit, he'd begin ter *mawl*,—'Per-mowh, per-mowh!' An' all I'd hev ter do was ter say 'Pure Ruin,' like this,—'P-ew-er R-ew-in,' an' in a jiffy I'd hear 'im a-comin', his soft feet goin' *pat, pat, pat*, on the dead leaves.

"He'd ketch fatties too (hares), an' squirrels; an' wunst he fetched in a 'saple.' A *saple*, mind ye, 's no slimpsy critter ter ketch. An' nights he'd stretch 'imself out jess like a man on the hay, side o' me; an' I do s'pose that his purrin', when he was goin' ter sleep, was about the sweetest mewsic I'll ever hear. Meny an' meny's the night he's purred me ter sleep. An' now — poor leettle Beelly (fondling the body), you naver'll purr no more,— you naver'll — purr — no — m-o-r-e!"

What a post-chaplain or anybody else sees and hears on the Plains is not all of a nature to repeat to boys, and we have serious doubts of the Rev. Mr. Tuttle's capacity to write anything which we could advise boys to read, or their elders to let them read. The hotch-potch which he has labelled "The Boy's Book about Indians" is in no sense a boy's book; it treats of murderers and horse-thieves as well as of Indians, is full of scenes of violence and slaughter, is wretchedly written and disorderly in the last degree, and, while it undoubtedly contains a great many true descriptions, it is calculated only to convince youthful readers that the Indians have thoroughly deserved their fate, whereas the author professes to aim at exciting sympathy on their behalf. To paint the Indians as they are, in Mr. Tuttle's manner, is as delusive as it would be to let a child form his ideas exclusively from Mr. Catlin's histories, which at least have the merit of being most attractively written, and of doing justice to the original Indian nature. Mr. Catlin, by the way, in his nice sympathy for childhood, would hardly have placed in the hands of boys his "O-kee-pa"; but Mr. Tuttle describes graphically enough the horrors of the Sioux sun-dance, which is in all respects analogous to the Mandan o-kee-pa. His first tale "of the Plains" is about despoiling the grave of an old Onondaga chief in Central New-York. Some passages from it will show the tone which pervades this disagreeable scrap-book:

"My father had a cousin who was also a doctor and surgeon, a man of stalwart frame, raised in Vermont, named Cogswell. He was proud of his skill in surgery, and devoted to the science. He had learned of the death of the Onondaga chief, and conceived the idea of getting the body out of the grave for the purpose of dissecting the old fellow—that is, of cutting him up and preserving his bones to hang up on the walls of his office; of course there was only one way of doing it, and that was by stealing the body under cover of night. . . . It was soon noised about town what they had done, and there lived a man there who threatened to go and inform the tribe of the despoiling of the chief's grave, unless he was paid thirty dollars to keep silence. The doctor, being a bold, courageous man, refused to comply with a request he had no right to make, because it was an attempt to 'levy blackmail,' as it is called."

The man accordingly informs the tribe, who plot the destruction of Auburn, but are diverted by the surgeon, who places the dead body of a negro convict in the empty grave, with what Mr. Tuttle calls "the shrewd cunning of the fox," also simple "shrewdness," "outwitting," and "humbugging," he not having "been bred among the hills of old Vermont for nothing," any more than the unscrupulous Mr. James Fisk, jr., and both of them being excellent models for boys to pattern after.

Mr. Tuttle's learning and rhetoric at once are illustrated in the second sentence of his book, on the origin of the Indians:

"The most plausible theory seems to be that they are one of the lost tribes of Israel; that they crossed a narrow frith from the confines of Asia; and that their traditions, it is said, go far to prove it."

Beside this we will place what seems to us the best description. It is at the end of a passage which, with characteristic derangement, is placed under the head of "Indians making signals":

"If an Indian is benighted on the Plains, he can make himself quite comfortable where a white man would perish in winter with cold. He will gather some buffalo-chips, and strike a fire with a flint, sitting close to it, and throwing his blanket around him in shape of a tent, and let the smoke go out of a hole at the top. *He thus looks at night like a stump on fire.*"

Whoever has read Mrs. Oliphant's pretty little novel of "Katie Stewart" will be likely to open "Agnes Hopetoun" with pleasant anticipations. As far as the entertainment afforded by her story goes, the simplicity in telling it, the agreeable Scotch flavor of it, and the good and honest spirit pervading it, it will be found a fair successor for a "juvenile" to "Katie Stewart." The "experiences" of Agnes and her sister Lucy are such as might fall to the lot of any two very Episcopalian little girls, brought up in a remote country town by a widowed mother in slender circumstances. The hopes excited by the turning up of a rich but unstable uncle are very nicely managed so as to teach a good lesson, and yet not to disappoint too much in the end. The most interesting experience in the book to our mind is the spending of the five pounds given to Agnes by Uncle James, under his express orders "to buy nothing useful." Besides sympathizing with what took place on that white day, the little reader—especially if she be chronically short of pocket-money—will have the enjoyment of the suggestiveness of such a piece of luck, and the consequent delightful necessity of preparing a programme at once to meet the possible contingency of such a thing happening to herself. The religious side of the story will add very much to its acceptability in certain quarters—its sound morality should commend it anywhere —but there are many people who cannot but find passages in it offensive both to their taste and judgment:

"'Oh! that heaven which one can never see! where Jesus is, just as he is in the Bible—as he used to be in Jerusalem. Do you think you could have the heart to be wicked and disobedient and angry if you could but look through that sky and see how he lives, and walks, and speaks, and blesses little children every day?'

"When Agnes heard what Lucy said, her little heart was touched," etc.

The children's happiest time of the week was on Sunday evening, after having been to both morning and afternoon services. They had a kind of Bible-lesson, and read "verses about one of the parables—a different one every week till they had got through them all, when they just began again, but never were tired." "Then mamma was always so gentle on Sunday, and passed over things *which she used to be angry about* on other days." What a text for the anti-Sabbatarian! Also, "if mamma had been displeased with any of them through the week, she was always sure to think of it, and say something, and make an end of it on that Sunday." Most mortal children we have met with would hardly have found this last practice conducive to their perfect enjoyment of a social family gathering. The book is summed up in this final paragraph:

"As for Agnes, there is no fear now that she will think her languages are the one thing that she can be good for. Often she does translate into Italian and German for some good ladies in London, who try to improve the poor little Italian image-boys and German organ-grinders. . . . But Agnes is not in any doubt now about the one thing needful, and understands (as I hope you girls who read her story will all understand) how this one thing is not

to do anything but to make sure of Jesus, and know him as Mary did; and so, as mamma told her, to get a heart into her life."

We should be sorry to be supposed to be finding fault with the spirit of this conclusion.

No variety of story for children seems to retain its popularity more—if one may judge of popularity by the continued appearance of fresh books of the kind—than that in which animals are the characters, and are made to act and speak like human beings. There is something plausible in the notion that animals have feelings and ideas in common with us, and that they have some kind of a language in which to communicate them to each other. The sense of realism is pleased with that view, while the desire for mystery and extravagant fancy which all children possess more or less, is gratified by carrying this notion to the farthest extent. An animal story may be almost as fascinating as a fairy story, with the advantage of not seeming so far off and impossible. The consequence is, that a tale of this kind would have to be of the poorest imaginable quality not to meet with favor among its little readers. "Conrad the Squirrel" is not of this category certainly, for it contains enough ingenious situations and exciting incidents; and besides, all the fights are described with the usual English delight in bloody and violent details. But we must beg to point out, as we have often had to do before, the extraordinary imitation of the full-blown sentimental novel which children's books of many kinds seem more and more striving to become, and to ask what kind of theories the writers of them pretend to hold as to the educational influence of fictitious literature on juvenile minds? In "Conrad" there is a double love-story, an account of a devoted sister, and nearly all the incidents of the narrative have already furnished forth many a fifth-rate English novel. Olaf, a Norwegian squirrel, gets away from his master, and is taken into the family of Conrad's father. Olaf is a "widower," and gives a most "hifalutin" description of his adventures to his hosts. At the conclusion: "Olaf paused, and then, turning to Judy, he added gently, 'Why should I have told my story since it makes thee sad?' Judy started from her attitude of intense listening, looked down, and murmured presently 'that she was not sad, only she was sorry——' Then she played with her tail, and did not finish her sentence." Conrad goes off on his own travels, and Ermine, his favorite sister, takes his absence greatly to heart. She grows very interesting and delicate and pines away; and her vivacious manners give place to a meek and lovely patience; she weeps in secret, but troubles no one, and becomes angelic after a fashion. Conrad returns, and Ermine dies with the shock of meeting him. The sentimental closing scene is too long to be inserted here; it is enough to say that Ermine is the counterpart of a character most common in novels, which dies young and does the "harrowing up," and leaves emotional and religious young girls in a state of exaltation of feeling in which they think they would like to have a grief and die young too. Finally Conrad meets the orphan Cora. "When she saw him, Cora said: 'Oh, Conrad!' and Conrad said, 'Oh, Cora!' and both of them were very glad. . . . Cora looked up into his face—'Oh, Conrad, I am so sorry for you; I wish I could comfort you.' 'You can comfort me, Cora'; and as he came a step nearer," etc., etc. The author doesn't say that he stooped and kissed her, but of course after all the rest such a catastrophe was unavoidable.

California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. By Charles Nordhoff. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.)—The basis of this entertaining book is a series of letters written to sundry journals of this city, with the epistolary dates now removed; to some extent, also, revised, but not so much so as to prevent repetitions for which, after all, the reader will confess himself thankful. Mr. Nordhoff is an excellent *raconteur*, with a simple and vigorous style, and something of the positiveness of a man who half expects his audience to put their tongues in their cheeks at what he is telling them. We believe, however, that the Easterner has now pretty much made up his mind to doubt no report, be it never so marvellous, of the prodigies of the Pacific Coast. Indeed, it is rather a welcome change from the stereotyped brag of the Westerner, who has so long accustomed us to look upon ourselves with compassion, to be told, as we are on p. 18, that food is cheaper and cooking better in California than in New York, the roads better, the people you meet more civil; and that "when you have spent half a dozen weeks in the State, you will perhaps return with a notion that New York is the true frontier land, and that you have nowhere in the United States seen so complete a civilization—in all material points, at least—as you found in California." When we have read further on, we learn that Mr. Nordhoff had in mind such facts as these (p. 146):

"San Bernardino has a Methodist, Presbyterian, and a Mormon, as well as a Catholic church. It has also, what you would hardly find in a town of its size and character outside of California, a large, well-built, and well-kept school-house. The school-houses in this State are a constant surprise to an Eastern traveller. You find them everywhere; and if you are interested in education, you will easily discover that the people take great interest and pride in their public schools. The school building at San Bernardino would be creditable to an Eastern town of 10,000 inhabitants."

Mr. Nordhoff's hearty note of admiration for California appears all the more genuine from the fact that he is what might be called an old *Achtundvierziger*—that is to say, he was in California in 1847, perhaps in '48 also, and is naturally amazed at the contrast which twenty-five years have produced in the face of the country. Ten of those years—the last—show a progress marked as well as anything by these statements concerning the building of the Central Pacific Railroad:

"Not a foot of iron was laid on the road on all the eight hundred miles to Ogden, not a spile was driven, not a dirt-car moved, nor a powder-blast set off, that was not first brought round Cape Horn" (p. 48).

To-day the company "manufactures within the State every article and material used in building or running its roads" (p. 58).

We cannot touch upon a tithe of the topics which justify the title of Mr. Nordhoff's book. If he had any purpose more than another in writing it, we should say it was to recommend the climate to invalids, and next to preach the superiority of agriculture to mining as a means of comfortable living and even of affluence; and incidentally to praise the foot-hills for certain supposed advantages, and to stimulate the planting of nut, orange, and olive orchards, and the manufacture of raisins. Here, of course, the marvellous element comes in again:

"The eucalyptus, a fine Australian evergreen shade-tree, has made twenty feet in a year, and I have seen one, eight years from a small cutting, which was seventy-five feet high and two feet in diameter at the base; the apricot becomes almost a forest-tree in size; and in the southern parts of the State it is the custom to make fences of sticks of willow, sycamore, or cottonwood, cut to the length of eight feet, and stuck into the ground in December. These strike root at once, and grow so rapidly that in the second year the farmer cuts his firewood from these living fences."

He writes "under the shade of an acacia-tree which is six inches in diameter at the base, and comes from a seed planted three years ago, and never watered"; and he sees half an acre of mangel-wurzels "as big round as a nail-keg, and mostly two feet and a half long," not to speak of "oat straw which, hung up and dry, measured eight and a half feet, was as big round at the base as my middle finger, and which yielded, on one piece of fourteen acres, the enormous crop of one hundred and two and a half bushels per acre."

It is hard to say whether the colonist or the invalid will be most served by Mr. Nordhoff's descriptions of this Pacific paradise. The tourist is not neglected, either; and in those portions which most smack of the guide-book, containing routes and estimates of expenses, we have such practical directions as:

"At some part of the journey you will have to rise very early; but this is only on one morning; and as it is impossible for most people to eat breakfast at four or half-past four, though it is served, take a cup of coffee, and have a hearty lunch put up for you, which will be welcome to you about nine o'clock" (p. 71).

"About Murphy's, near the Big Trees, children will offer you tarantulas' nests as curiosities. You should not pay more than half a dollar for one of these singular bits of clay" (p. 72).

Mr. Nordhoff advises the traveller to provide himself with Hutchings's "Guide to the Yo-Semite Valley," of which the revised edition of 1872 is before us (New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.) It is profusely illustrated (as is Mr. Nordhoff's "California"), and we have found amusingly agreeable the compiler's familiar talk with the reader, after the manner of the conductor of the panorama in days now past:

"As you will perceive, the summit of the mountain [Monte Diablo] is reached without the necessity of dismounting; and as there are wild oats all around, and the stores of sundries provided have not been lost or left behind, suppose we rest and refresh ourselves, and allow our animals to do the same."

First Principles of Geology: Presenting the Science in its Physical and Moral Aspect, and exhibiting its application to the Arts of Mining, Agriculture, Architecture, and Engineering. With a geological map of the United States. By Wm. J. Barbee, A.M., M.D. Second edition, enlarged and revised. 12mo, pp. 523. (Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.)—It is something to say of a book, yet we say it advisedly of this, that it is about the worst bearing a geological title that has ever passed an American press. What, it impels us to ask, is the motive that incites so many half-educated men to undertake the making of text-books concerning these most difficult of natural sciences? Requiring as it does skill in half a dozen diverse branches of science, failure is assured to any but those of the most extended and ac-

curate knowledge. The most lamentable part of the business is that most of these rehashed text-books have for their purpose a reconcilement of religion and science. It is a matter of first importance to the world that some common ground should be found for the teachers of science and of moral faith, but this is made more and more difficult by every such worthless work. There is danger that the breach may be made impassable if its repair be left to those ignorant at once of science and of religion. We can heartily recommend all school committees and teachers to keep geology out of their schools rather than admit it in this form. It would be a profitless task to try to enumerate the blunders of detail and the faults of method of this book. Something can be said for the mechanical part of it—we mean the printer's; the press-work is good for its class, and the paper well suited for its use; and, looking once again at it, we feel that it may be commended to those who seek choice specimens of bathos, and anti-climax, and delightful bits of conceit. It abounds in anecdotes, tending in the main to show the extraordinary acumen and geological skill of the author; some of these are amusing enough in their way, but the book is not worth the words it would require to produce them.

The World of Anecdote: An accumulation of facts, incidents, and illustrations, historical and biographical, from books and times recent and remote. By Edwin Paxton Hood. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 8vo.)—The title-page of this book gives such a thorough description of its contents that it is hardly necessary to add anything by way of explanation. There is a long introduction, in which Mr. Hood shows that anecdotes are a very valuable source of knowledge, and that De Quincey was wrong in saying that all anecdotes were lies, and declares that in his opinion it would be much more nearly right to say that all anecdotes are true. He may be right, but he does not strike us as a particularly fit compiler of a book of this sort, which is nothing at all if the selections are not made with great judgment. For example, of what value to any one, either as an anecdote, fact, incident, or illustration, is the "beautiful saying of a dying man" (quoted on page 14) who, according to the New York *Observer*, told his wife not to visit his grave in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night, because these are no times to visit the grave of a Christian, but to go in the morning in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing? It was very good advice, but that it should be selected for its typical death-bed beauty does not seem to show the exercise of any great judgment on the part of Mr. Hood. We may say the same thing of the anecdote of Isaac T. Hopper on the 16th page and the "practical power of faith" (p. 34). The manner of narration, too, is rather inflated throughout, when Mr. Hood appears as narrator; and, on the whole, we may say that the compilation is chiefly remarkable for the haste with which it appears to have been got together.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Blythe (J. A. St. J.), A Lonely Life	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) $1 75
Buckalew (Hon. C. R.), Proportional Representation	(John Campbell & Son)
Buckle (Prof. J. S.), Four Phases of Morals	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)
Collins (Rev. W. L.), Aristophanes	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 00
Craven (Mme. S.), Fleurange	(Cath. Pub. Society) 1 50
Froude (J. A.), The English in Ireland in the XVIIIth Century. Vol. 1.	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 2 50
Gattina (F. P. de la), Rome and the Papacy	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)
Hübner (Baron), Life and Times of Sixtus V.	(Cath. Pub. Society) 1 00
Harman (Rev. H. M.), Journey to Egypt and the Holy Land	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hood (E. P.), World of Moral and Religious Anecdote	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hales (J. W.), Longer English Poems	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Hopkins (C. T.), Manual of American Ideas	(San Francisco)
Laboulaye (E.), Esquisse d'une Constitution Républicaine, swd.	(F. W. Christern)
Lee (Minna M.), Heart of Myrrha Lake	(Cath. Pub. Society) 1 00
Lanfrey (P.), History of Napoleon I., Vol. 2	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Palgrave (W. G.), Essays on Eastern Questions	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Popular Science Monthly, Vol. 1	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Ranck (G. W.), History of Lexington, Kentucky	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 4 00
Songs of Nature, from many sources, illustrated	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)
Sketch Map of the Nile Sources	(T. Ellwood Zell) 0 25
Stretton (H.), The Doctor's Dilemma, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 75
Stieler (A.), Hand Atlas, Parts IX. and X., swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Targenef (I. S.), Liza: a Russian Novel	(Holt & Williams) 1 25
Vingt Mois de Présidence, swd	(F. W. Christern)
The Workshop, No. 10, swd	(E. Steiger) 0 40
Urbino (Mme. L. B.), Art Recreations	(Shepard & Gill) 3 00

REDUCTION IN THE COST OF LIFE INSURANCE.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK,
144 and 146 Broadway,
NEW YORK, November 30, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From the facts set forth by the Actuary in the following letter, which have been carefully considered by the Trustees in committee and by the Board collectively, they have decided that the rates of premium for assurance in this Company shall be reduced in conformity with the recommendations of this letter as soon as the necessary preparations are made for the purpose.

As many of the readers of your paper are interested in the subject of life assurance, the letter will, if published, not only apprise them of the fact of reduction, but also explain the reasons which have led to the adoption of this important measure. Respectfully yours,

F. S. WINSTON, President.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1872.

F. S. WINSTON, ESQ., President, etc., etc.:

DEAR SIR: The Mutual Life Insurance Company has now been in operation well-nigh the period allotted to a human generation, and the exhibit of its affairs just published demonstrates, in my opinion, its ability, and urges upon itthe duty, to revise its rates and widen the range of its usefulness by diminishing the price of its assurance.

The true mission of life assurance is to give to persons of slender means, and especially the laboring classes, the opportunity to provide a support for those whom sudden death may reduce to helpless dependence. The special objects of its care are indigent widows and orphans. The prices for their protection are often paid from hardly-earned and scanty means, and should be the lowest consistent with entire safety. I would respectfully ask your early and serious attention to the subject; and that you may have the matter fully before you, I submit herewith a new scale of reduced rates, and certain suggestions with regard to the future practice of the company should they meet your approval and become the basis of our future business.

The old net prices, based on 4 per cent. for money and the mortuary rates of the American table, are retained; and the alterations arise from a change in the percentage addition for ordinary expenses, which is reduced from 40 to 10.

The yearly dividends under the new system will, of course, be greatly reduced, and I earnestly recommend—

1. That the reversionary credits for these dividends be given, as heretofore, but that no use be made of them till in every instance their present cash value, on the policy anniversary, shall amount to more than one annual premium, when the excess above one premium may be available to pay, at the expressed wish of the owner, the premium then due.

2. That those credits be held to be assessible to meet any deficit that may arise from any circumstances whatever.

3. That in case of death, the whole of the reversionary credit be paid to the heirs, as at present.

4. That existing policy-holders may have the option either to leave their policies undisturbed and pay their old rates, receiving, of course, their proportional dividends and reversionary credits, or to take out new policies, with their existing credits added, and pay the new rates corresponding to their then present age, provided they subject themselves to a new medical examination and are pronounced assurable.

The company will, by this most desirable plan, have within its control a large fund to which it may resort in time of trouble, should trouble come to it, while it will avoid the objectionable measure of keeping on hand a large undivided surplus, in which those who die cannot fail to have an interest, whose precise value it would be difficult to ascertain.

I would merely add that the company has pioneered its way to a condition of unrivalled prosperity and success. It has had large experience, and the community may properly expect it to use this experience to advance the interests of life assurance, so as to bring within the range of its business the poorer classes. To compel these to advance money beyond the true price of assurance, only to be returned at the end of twelve months, is a hardship to which, I think, they ought not to be subjected.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. H. C. BARTLETT, Actuary.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1872.

The Week.

THE Greeley and Brown electoral colleges cast their votes for a rather surprising variety of candidates, the opportunity for conference having been denied them, as Mr. Greeley died just a week before their meeting, and was carried to his grave in Greenwood on the very day they met. Mr. Hendricks, Mr. Gratz Brown, Mr. David Davis, Mr. Charles Jenkins of Georgia, were among the persons who received votes (or a vote, as was Mr. Davis's case) for the Presidency; and Mr. Gratz Brown, Mr. A. H. Colquitt, Mr. N. P. Banks, Mr. Geo. W. Julian, Mr. W. O. Groesbeck, and General J. M. Palmer, got votes, or a vote, for the Vice-Presidency. There were but sixty-six votes, all told, cast in these colleges, the Greeley and Brown ticket having carried but six States. Governor Brown's own State gave him eight votes out of fifteen for the Presidency, and six out of fifteen for the Vice-Presidency, the six who voted for keeping him in his own secondary place on the ticket probably being the six who gave their votes to Mr. Hendricks. This gentleman is the evident favorite of the party just at present. The curious upshot of the election has, of course, set everybody to pondering on the constitution and uses and possible dangers of the electoral colleges, and there is a universal feeling that they must be done away with. They form the one portion of our system of checks and balances which has made the most conspicuous and utter failure. The electors have been made into a purely ministerial body; and while, if they all met together in one college, they would still never dare to be independent, as it was originally meant that they should be, meeting in thirty-seven separate colleges there is great danger of corruption. Suppose the Cameron and Morton party had wanted four votes of an election, and Mr. Greeley had, nevertheless, died of excitement, where should we have been then? It is highly probable that a certain number of electors might have been corrupted, especially considering that the nominating conventions at Cincinnati and Baltimore were as careless as usual concerning the character of the Vice-Presidential candidate, who could not well have held his electors together. Luckily, we live under a constitution a chief merit of which is that it contains a provision for its own amendment.

The most important political news outside of Washington comes from the South, but it comes in such a shape that exactly what to make of it all is not very clear. In Louisiana, the case appears to be about as follows: The Republicans have there had in force as to registration and the other machinery of the ballot a very stringent law, designed to secure their own political ascendancy, and this had to be worked by the executive officers of the State. Such inventions proverbially return to plague the inventors, and when the Republicans split, Warmoth, who took one side, while the Federal officials took the other, was very nearly able with color of law to put himself in control of the Legislature, by cheating of an audacious character, and get himself sent to Washington as senator. Packard, the Marshal, and Casey, the Collector, were determined that he should not; and no sooner had he issued his proclamation declaring the Greeley electors elected and Kellogg defeated for the governorship, than the power of the United States District Court and of the "Enforcement Act" was invoked. As we understand it, the court ruled that it had jurisdiction over the returning board as regards the State election as well as regards that for the Presidential electors. Concerning the latter there is, we believe, no doubt; but there has been fear that the popular doubt concerning the jurisdiction in the former case might lead to a riot, which it is alleged Warmoth did everything in his power to incite, but without success. At this writing he appears to be overthrown and in the clutch of his enemies, for the Lieutenant-Governor, having informed the Kellogg Legislature that Warmoth on Sunday night last came to him at midnight and offered him fifty thousand dollars and unlimited appointments in return for his assistance, the Legislature at once impeached Warmoth, the Senate has been convened for his trial, and flight or conviction seems likely to close his wonderful career. The Democracy, who may be pardoned for not knowing exactly what to do, are playing into the hands of the Radical Republicans by supporting Warmoth, because he represents "State Rights." They ask for a Military Governor rather than Kellogg. The whole affair is frightful, or would be if the future of republican institutions lay wholly in Louisiana.

In Alabama things are worse rather than better. There the Republican candidate for governor, Mr. Lewis, was undoubtedly elected, and has taken his seat. It is probable, though it is not certain, that a Republican majority was elected to the General Assembly; but it is certain that a Democratic majority held the regular certificates of election, though it is alleged that in the case of the members from two counties these certificates represented not votes, but frauds perpetrated by Democratic election officers, who threw out negro votes. To complicate matters still further, the Democrats got possession of the State House, which is, of course, the usual place of convening the Assembly, and according to the forms of law they were organized into a Senate and House by the officers who held over from the preceding Assembly, and who were Democrats. Being so organized, the Democratic outgoing governor recognized them as the Assembly. Certainly it would seem at this distance as if the incoming governor exceeded his power when, going behind the certificates and the forms of law, he made enquiry into the alleged frauds, and asserted men not to be members whose cases were surely subjects for the courts to examine. He did so, however, and it is probable that Mr. Spencer will get his senatorship, which is probably at the bottom of all this wrangle. It is probable, too, we are bound to say, that the Democrats did do some cheating in the election. Arkansas also is in difficulties as well as Alabama; but her case is not so well developed. The "Liberals," so far as we make out, asserted, on the strength of votes polled at other than the legally designated polling-places, that they had carried the State for Greeley and Brown; but the regular Republican electors formed the college and cast the vote for Grant and Wilson; and beyond peradventure, it is this vote which will be counted by the President of the Senate next March.

In South Carolina the Legislature, to call it a Legislature, has been voting for a senator to take the place of Senator Sawyer. Elliott, a colored man, and a representative elect, was a candidate; so was Scott, and so was a man called Patterson. Patterson bought the necessary number of votes, though whether Scott or Elliot sold out the most of them, or was the most sold out, is not stated. Patterson has been arrested for bribery, rescued, rearrested and put in jail, got out on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and at this writing is ready for Washington. He would be a good man for chairman of one of the committees, and we recommend him to Messrs. Edmunds, Conkling, and Morton. Cameron already knows him.

The affidavits taken in Gould's case have thrown some additional light on the great Erie "Reform Movement" of a year ago, though for the public at large the obscurity is still so dense that a good many more rays could be endured. The true history of the movement was this. The English stockholders (owning the larger part of the stock—between forty and fifty millions), having become

alarmed at the robberies of Fisk and Gould, appointed a committee in London to protect their interest, and to regain, if possible, possession of the road. This committee, afterwards uniting with American shareholders owning about twenty millions of the stock, secured the repeal of the "Classification Act," through which Fisk and Gould kept themselves in power, and the passage of a new act making a fair election of a new board of directors possible. Meantime, however, a new interest had arisen which complicated all the proceedings. One of the members of the London Committee, a man named Bischoffsheim (Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt), owned some of the stock of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, a line connecting with Erie, and running into the "heart of the Great West." The road was and is a worthless concern, with a debt which has run up from forty to over a hundred millions, and an income of perhaps two. Bischoffsheim and his friends saw that the Erie was still a valuable property, and that their own was not. They therefore formed a plan to get control of both roads, and then fasten the Atlantic and Great Western on Erie, and let it eat up the profits of that unfortunate line. Controlling, as they soon did, the Atlantic and Great Western, the next step to be taken was to get hold of Erie. As soon as their design became manifest, Bischoffsheim was forced to resign—or at any rate did resign—from the English Committee, and he and his friends began to act for themselves. Sickles was now called in, and sent to this country as the agent of the Bischoffsheim and Great Western party.

When Sickles arrived, Gould was still in possession, and it was obvious that if the Sickles-Bischoffsheim party waited till the legislature repealed the Classification Act, and permitted a fair election, they would only have such opportunity to get hold of the direction as their Erie stock entitled them to. They therefore determined to steal the road; and for this purpose the great "Reform Movement" was organized; a melodramatic attack and a melodramatic defence of the road were got up. Sickles, appearing as the leader of the bold band of public-spirited men, determined to drive the thieves out; an enormous amount of journalistic sympathy was excited; and while the public were clapping their hands with delight, Sickles and Gould retired into a private room, to come to terms. Gould knew that he had only a short-lived lease of power, and that he owed the road some ten millions of dollars, stolen by himself and Fisk; but he still had the means of letting into the direction of the road any one he pleased, by resignations, under a legislative power. The terms, therefore, agreed upon were, that Gould should receive a release from Erie of all claims from the beginning of the world, and should, as an equivalent, let in nine directors (a majority) in the interest of Atlantic and Great Western. Accordingly, Gould and his friends resigned one by one, the Atlantic and Great Western men coming in to fill the vacancies. The fraud would now have been consummated, but it was too monstrous. The stock of the Atlantic and Great Western was refused recognition by the Stock Exchange; the "reformers" were obliged to wait for quieter times. Under the new law, an election was soon held, and the present board came in, with Mr. Watson at the head, and S. L. M. Barlow, who is one of the Atlantic and Great Western men, as counsel. Whether Erie will again be stolen depends on circumstances. At the time of the Sickles movement, by the way, facts showing the real character of the reformers' plans were sent to one of the chief daily papers of this city, but they were suppressed.

There is a great uproar raging in what the reporters call "insurance circles" over the proposal of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the oldest and richest in the country, with over 77,000 policyholders, to reduce the cost of insurance by about twenty per cent. It says, through its officers and actuary, that it has found after thirty years' experience that its charges are needlessly high, and its surplus needlessly large. As a reduction of this amount on its part would drive the smaller and weaker companies out of existence, and as the question touches the dearest interests of 800,000 persons or thereabouts, it has given rise to a controversy of extraordinary fierceness, in which the actuaries marshal the opposing battalions and belabor each other with mathematical formulæ. Professor Bartlett maintains the fight for the Mutual, while Messrs. Elizur Wright, Sheppard Homans, and D. P. Fackler assail the proposed change on behalf of the other companies, while the blackmailers and free-lances by whom the realms of insurance are harried, publish attacks on the personal character of the officers of the Mutual.

The case of the company is, that, basing its business on the American table of mortality and four per cent. interest for money, it charges the assured an average or general rate, no matter what the age, of $18 84, adding to this forty per cent. for expenses—$7 54, or, in all, $26 38. It has now found, after thirty years' experience, that these premiums are unnecessarily large, and it proposes to cut them down over twenty per cent., and maintains that it can do so with perfect safety to existing as well as future policy-holders. The actuary indulges in some rhetoric about the philanthropy of the proposed change and the desirableness of bringing life insurance within the reach of the laboring classes which he had better have avoided. There is no more place for philanthropy in insurance calculations than in bank ledgers. The opposition maintain, on the other hand, that if the precautions the company has been taking hitherto are not necessary to its safety, the calculations on which it has been inviting confidence have been a sham, and it ought not, therefore, to expect people to rely on those it now puts forward; that the proposed reduction will not amount on the average to more than ten per cent.; that in reality it will, in the actual working, increase rather than diminish the surplus which the company now says is too large; that the plan cannot be carried out without injustice to existing stockholders, and a decrease in their security; that the reserves of the old policies will be used as capital in getting new business, while the old policy-holders cannot be reimbursed from the profits of the new business, as the new members, being "mutual," will be entitled to any surplus that may accrue from their own premiums.

The failure of Messrs. Bowles, the American bankers in Paris and London, would be sufficiently discreditable and annoying even if it had not been accompanied by gross frauds. One of the brothers, the only one on whom the police has been able to lay hands—though he appears to be the least culpable—is now under examination before the London magistrates for making away with the bonds and other securities committed to the firm for safe keeping by unfortunate travellers. The way the business of the firm was conducted—the care and forwarding of baggage and the furnishing of assistance in finding lodgings and making purchases being the principal feature of it—made it very attractive to the poorer or more helpless class of travellers, and there are, therefore, we fear, a considerable number of unprotected women, country ministers, and simple-minded people of both sexes among the victims of the failure. This leads us to say that the publishers of European guide-books for popular use incur a serious responsibility in recommending bankers to travellers. This is often done, and has been done in two or three instances by prominent houses in the case of Bowles Brothers, apparently for no better reason than that the firm advertised in the guide-book, and certainly we are bound to believe without enquiry as to their standing; the firm has been set down as "shaky" by the mercantile agencies for some time back—their capital, until Mr. Appleton went in, not having exceeded $50,000. No publisher has any business to recommend any banker, unless of the oldest and highest standing; and we warn all travellers, and

especially women, that it is probably dangerous, and may expose them to great inconvenience, to go to Europe with a letter of credit from any but the best houses. No banker is a bit too good for the poorest traveller, because a political revolution, or fire, or war, or sickness, or shipwreck, or who knows what, may land him moneyless in some out-of-the-way place where it will make all the difference in the world to him in the matter of raising money whether he can draw on the Browns, or the Barings, or the Rothschilds, or on only Jones or Smith. The United States Government, we know, set a bad and deluding example on this point lately by substituting as its foreign banker a gentleman of the name of Clews for the Barings; but there was "politics" in that, and private citizens must not be taken in by it. As a general rule, too, we may say that all bankers who, besides keeping your money, offer to run errands for you, and black your boots, and carry your parcels, and take you to the milliner's, and the hair-dresser's, and the trousseaux shop, and find peanuts, squash pie, buckwheat cakes, and baked beans for you in Paris, are so far dangerous.

The contest between President Thiers and the French Assembly, which has been raging for the last fortnight, arose first, as we pointed out last week, out of his open declaration of his readiness to take the Republic as the definitive form of government, and his advocacy of its immediate proclamation. This the Right, or Conservative party, looked on as a virtual breach of the Pact of Bordeaux, and they began forthwith to suspect him of secret complicity with the Radicals, or, at all events, of courting Gambetta's alliance, and marking out the latter, whom they nicknamed "The Dauphin," as his successor in the Presidential chair. Thiers has been, in the meantime, working hard and hopefully to secure a majority in the Chamber, by flattery and concessions to each side, and showed himself very indifferent as to the materials of which this majority was made up, being apparently quite ready to include the Left in it, and studiously avoiding offence to Gambetta in his speeches. This increased the exasperation of the Right, which determined finally to force him to declare himself with regard to Gambetta; and this job was undertaken by old General Changarnier, in a determined attack made under the form of an "interpellation" with regard to the ex-Dictator's recent inflammatory address at Grenoble. M. Thiers met him in his now usual manner, treating all questioning of a man of his age and antecedents touching his attachment to "the principles of social order" as personally offensive, while Gambetta remained studiously silent, and, as it seemed to the Right, by preconcerted arrangement. M. Thiers has expressed his willingness to appeal to the country, or, in other words, to have the Assembly dissolved, but the Assembly refuses to be dissolved as long as the powers of the Executive are unsettled, well knowing, say the champions of the Right, that the popular vote in France is apt to be what the Executive likes to make it, if the "chief of the state" enjoys full powers of interference.

The Left replies, on the other hand, that the Assembly is not a constituent body; that it was elected to make peace, and this only; that it has no right to exercise the powers of government one minute after this object has been accomplished; and that it is the country, and the country alone, which is competent to decide between it and the President. The Right rejoins that, in using the phrase "appeal to the country" in the sense in which it is used in England and America, the Left is guilty of an attempt at deception; that a dissolution of the Assembly now would be looked on by the people as a revolutionary measure and as leaving France without a government; and that French electors would then be terribly frightened about "order," and do what they have always done under similar circumstances—support the man in actual possession of power—so as to make sure of tranquillity anyhow; but M. Thiers, who is now in possession of power, is no longer neutral; he has committed himself freely to the Republican cause, and, for aught they know, is in alliance with the Radicals; and that, therefore, before the appeal is taken, his powers must be limited and defined, and the supremacy of the Assembly formally asserted. It objects, in particular, to his uniting in his own person the functions of a responsible minister and of a constitutional monarch. It says, if he comes down to the Assembly and takes part in the debates, he must submit himself to the majority in all things; while if he is to be a permanent President, his means of objecting to legislation must be confined to a veto, under the usual conditions. The result of the fight thus far has been the election, on the motion of the Minister of the Interior, of a commission composed of thirty members, who are to define the powers and regulate the responsibility of the various branches of the government. There are on it, as elected, 19 members of the Right, and 11 from the other shades of opinion, viz., the Left and Left Centre—the latter being composed of moderate liberals, who are ready either for constitutional monarchy or a republic, whichever offers the best chance of repose and liberty. The kind of compromise with M. Thiers which seems probable or possible is the acceptance by the Right of the Republic *de facto*, the responsibility of the ministry, and the renewal of the Chamber by thirds. In the meantime, there has been a change of ministry, the new one being composed of very good men, but it is evidently only "transitional."

The Counties Reform Bill has at last been passed in the Prussian Herrenhaus, by a majority of 116 to 91. The contest between the Crown and the Lords has been long and bitter, but the result is decisive of the future course of Prussian politics. The Junker party is ruined beyond redemption, and the Government fairly committed to the policy of constitutional reform. The Prussian monarchy has been built up, like the French monarchy, by the consolidation of provinces, but the work of consolidation has been carried on from the throne downwards; that is, the king took from time to time all the authority he could from the feudal nobility, but the organization below them he left untouched. Consequently, there was not until now any homogeneous basis for the monarchy. The kingdom was made up of provinces and departments, counties and communes, but there was among them all no political unit, like the New England town or the English county. Between nearly every commune and county there was a difference of origin and organization. Some communes were democratic, others thoroughly feudal, and the feudal aristocracy of Eastern Prussia especially has really done so much for the monarchy that it has preserved down to our day an arrogance long extinct everywhere else, and which it would well repay a political observer to make a journey to witness. However, the times are changed; thrones can no longer rest on the allegiance of old houses and the fidelity of vassals. It now takes a whole people to make a state, and Bismarck has found it out, and the poor Junkers go to the wall. The county now becomes the unit of the Prussian system; its limits are defined; its government reorganized; and its power over the communes extended; the peasantry are admitted to an equal share of representation in the county assemblies; the privileges of the aristocracy of birth are curtailed, and a property qualification substituted for some of them; and the county assemblies have the right to select candidates for the Landrath, or provincial assembly, whom the king may, and probably always will, appoint, instead of selecting them himself, as heretofore. In short, the whole process is one which thoughtful Frenchmen can hardly witness without thinking sadly of "what might have been," for it is the very one through which France in 1789 ought to have set out in quest of the Promised Land. A curious illustration of the state of mind of the Junkers is afforded by a letter from a member of the Herrenhaus to the *London Times*, in which he alleges that the king is making a terrible mistake, in support of which position he cites "Machiavelli, *Discorsi, lib.* 3, *cap.* 5."

MR. BOUTWELL'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WHENEVER we hear anybody denying the existence of a "science of political economy," and bragging of his ignorance of it, we always feel sure that what he really means is not that he denies the value or existence of the political economy of other people, but that he has somewhere a science of political economy of his own in which he has the profoundest faith. For instance, those gentlemen in Pennsylvania who look on the political economy of Adam Smith, and Turgot, and Say, and Mill, and Ricardo with utter contempt, have a political economy of their own, invented by Mr. Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia, for the generalizations of which they have reverence which we think nobody has ever accorded to those of the other writers we have named. They will tell you in one breath that there are no such things as "economical laws," and in the next that Carey's economical laws are among the most beautiful discoveries in the whole field of human knowledge, and that a nation which bases its legislation on them cannot go wrong. In like manner, Mr. Boutwell, great as is his scorn for "the dismal science," is far from dispensing with a knowledge of the laws which regulate production, distribution, and consumption; on the contrary, he has a system of them at his fingers' ends and in constant use, but, instead of being compiled by Adam Smith, they are the work of George S. Boutwell. He denies, we believe, also, the existence of a science of finance, and boasts that he has never read a book on finance; but by that he simply means that he does not think the experience of the human race during the last three thousand years in the matter of raising and spending revenue of any value; he does not mean that his own views, based on his own experience, are of no value, or do not furnish a sure guide in dealing with the various fiscal problems of the day. Indeed, it is almost a waste of time for us to offer this explanation on his behalf. The man who says that he is acting in any important business of life without a theory, or, in other words, is *simply* "a practical man," confesses himself either a fool or a knave. When we offer goods for sale at a certain price, we act on a theory as to the intensity of certain public wants, based on our own or our neighbors' experience of the habits and tastes of the society in which we live. When we go to borrow money of a banker, we base our application on a theory of his mode of doing business, and of his probable aim in lending money, based partly on our knowledge of human nature and partly on our knowledge of the customs of the class to which he belongs. If a man says he is going to open a store or borrow money without any regard to the conditions of trade or the requirements of money-lenders, we look on him as a lunatic, or any man who says so is apt to be a lunatic. Accordingly, when Mr. Boutwell denies that the theories of finance found in books are of any value, what he means to say is, that they are of small value compared to his own.

For instance, it is the opinion of all the great economists of the world, excepting Mr. Henry C. Carey, that man, being by nature a producing and trading animal, the freer play you give his faculties —that is, the less you trammel him by burdens, rules, and regulations—the more rapidly will he create wealth; and the less any two or three men attempt to substitute their judgment in the work of production for the active intelligence of the whole mass, the more prosperous will the country be. Therefore, it is the opinion of most economists that, when a nation is heavily burdened with debt, the wisest way of meeting the liability is to put the payment off as long as possible, so as to give people time to multiply, labor, and accumulate, and so lessen the weight of the burden. Mr. Boutwell does not say that no opinion on this subject is of any value. He says that his own opinion is the best, and he therefore devotes himself soul and body to the payment of the public debt in the shortest possible period, without regard to the condition of industry or of the currency. In this, we think, however, he is right, as long as his duties are so largely ministerial as they are now. He has been directed by law to apply certain moneys to the reduction of the debt, and if he failed to do so he would be guilty of malversation. The only fault we can find with him is, that he supports the system which he is engaged in carrying out with all the influence at his command.

In his last report, however, he uses this influence in support of three theories of his own political economy which are totally opposed to the conclusions of political economy commonly so called. He recommends the Government to induce people to run steamers on the Pacific Ocean between California and Japan and China, by promising to compensate them for the loss which they would be sure to sustain in the undertaking. The subsidization of lines of steamers by Government has not been uncommon in other countries. The excuses offered for the practice have been either (1) that quick and regular communication has thus been secured with places with which there would otherwise be no communication at all, or no communication that was not slow and irregular; or (2) that steamers were thus kept ready for sea, which would be useful in case of the sudden outbreak of war; or (3) that a supply of sailors was thus kept up for the military navy. Mr. Boutwell does not defend his plan on any of *these* grounds. He acknowledges that quick, cheap, and regular transit between the United States and China and Japan will probably be supplied by foreigners at once, at less cost than Americans could supply it; and of the value of the enterprise for warlike purposes he evidently and properly cares nothing. What he says is, that an increase in our commercial marine "would give a wonderful impetus to the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the country." By an "increase in our commercial marine" he does not mean an increase simply in the number of ships owned by Americans and used in the carrying trade. This could be brought about at once by allowing Americans to buy ships in the same yards in which the English buy them, and pay for them with their own products. To this Mr. Boutwell is inflexibly opposed. To him, no number of ships carrying the American flag would do the country any good, unless they were constructed by American builders—there being some mysterious influence, apparently, in the place of a ship's birth on her capacity for making money. The only "increase in our commercial marine" which would produce the wonderful results which the laws of his political economy enable him to predict so confidently, is an increase caused by an agreement on the part of the Government to pay people for engaging in a losing business. The phrase "wonderful impetus to the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the country," though used by politicians somewhat loosely and vaguely, means, when we analyze it, that those now engaged in agriculture and manufactures will be induced to produce more largely, and large numbers of other persons be induced to devote their capital and their labor to similar pursuits. According to the old political economy, the work of production in any given place, or at any given time, is mainly stimulated by the opening of new markets, or, in other words, by the increase of demand. That cheap and regular communication with China and Japan would open up new markets there is no denying; but this Mr. Boutwell does not propose to furnish. In fact, his position is that the English and French and Germans are making rapid preparations to carry our goods to these countries more cheaply and expeditiously than we can do it ourselves, and that they will certainly do it unless our Government intervenes and furnishes transportation, to be paid for partly by the consumer of the goods, and partly by contributions levied in form of taxation on all the citizens of the United States.

It is, therefore, not cheap and ready access to the markets which Mr. Boutwell thinks will stimulate production, but transportation in ships owned and built by particular persons. According to the old political economy, the ownership of the ship which is to carry his goods to market is a circumstance of no consequence whatever to the manufacturer or farmer. Under the economical laws of Adam Smith, when a capitalist is deciding whether he will invest or produce, he examines first the cost of production in the place of production, and then the rates of freight to the place of sale. Where the man was born, or

to what sovereign he owes allegiance, who owns the wagon or the ship which is to do the work of transportation, he never thinks of enquiring. According to Mr. Boutwell, however, the owner's domicile or place of nativity is the principal fact. The capitalist, under his system, who would fold his arms if an Englishman or Frenchman offered to carry his goods to Canton at $5 a ton, will immediately begin to erect machinery or clear land on hearing that an American will do it at the same price. These views may be correct, but down among the shippers in South Street they would excite much hilarity, those gentlemen being still under the influence of the ancient delusion that the use of ships is to carry things, and that the maintenance of ships as a matter of personal or national pride is yachting, and not business.

It is a well-established doctrine of the old political economy, that the trouble which men used to give themselves about "the balance of trade" was a chimæra of their own imagination; that each individual, in either buying from or selling to foreigners, does what is best for his own interest, which he understands better than anybody else; and that what is best for his interest is best for that of the country; that what is true of one person is true of ten thousand; and that when ten thousand persons engaged in foreign trade square their accounts at the close of the year, and their books show that they have received more from foreigners than they gave, it is as absurd for any man, no matter what he calls himself—vizier, manamouchi, secretary of the treasury, or chairman of committee—to begin wailing over their folly, and predicting their ruin, as it would be for him to go into the counting-house of a single merchant and tell him he acted madly in selling American bonds in London, or in sending specie over to pay for his silks. On the other hand, under Mr. Boutwell's system, any person whom General Grant may select for a seat in his Cabinet, or any half-dozen men whom Simon Cameron's caucus may choose to put on the Senate Committee on Finance, is presumed capable of directing all the great merchants of the country in the conduct of their foreign trade; and we have in Mr. Boutwell's last report an expression of sorrow over the unsatisfactory way in which they have been carrying on their business, though he himself has never had any experience of any foreign trade or even of any wholesale domestic trade.

According to the old political economy, which on this point, more than on any other, bases its conclusions on the experience of many nations and many ages, nothing can be more dangerous than to lodge in the hands of any one man, or body of men, the power of increasing or diminishing the volume of the currency—or, in other words, the power of raising and lowering the price of commodities and changing the real amount to be paid under contracts. It has never, or almost never, been committed to anybody without its being abused. The old kings abused it by adulterating the coinage; modern governments have abused it by issuing vast quantities of paper promises to pay. It is now, therefore, a well-settled canon of the economists that such issues are only permissible, if permissible at all, as a supreme military necessity, like the burning of a bridge or the destruction of a railroad; that in times of peace, at all events, paper money should only be issued in compliance with the demands of trade, as indicated by its redeemability in coin; that is, that nobody should issue it except under the check imposed by liability to pay it in coin on demand. Under Mr. Boutwell's system, however, it is considered proper to commit this power to an irresponsible minister who may hold office for four years in defiance of the popular will, who is not obliged to make any public statements for the reasons of his conduct, and who, this year, may be a very honest man, but next year a Butler, or a Drew, or a Jay Gould; and this not "in case of an invasion or insurrection," but in aid of the ordinary annual operation of "moving" the crops. Under the old system, the farmer who raises corn is supposed to be the proper person to find the money to carry it to market, either out of his own savings or by loans from his friends or his banker. Under the Boutwell system, even the American farmer is not supposed to be able to carry it to market without the help of the Government, which is expected to afford this help by an act of arbitrary power such as no sovereign in Europe would now venture on—not even Abdul Aziz, the Commander of the Faithful.

SOME APPARENTLY UNFORESEEN RESULTS OF THE DECISION AT GENEVA.

THE most obvious and direct results of the decision at Geneva are the increase of neutral obligations which were before somewhat vague and elastic, like the common law, but have been made certain, arbitrary, and rigid like the statutory law; and the effect, whether favorable or not, which will be produced upon the practice of settling international disputes by arbitration. The *Nation* has already discussed this subject with some fulness, and we shall not recur to it except by this mere mention in passing. Undoubtedly, by means of the "three rules" which were proposed to the High Commission by its representatives, and of the theory upon which its "Case" before the Tribunal was based, and of the arguments of its counsel, the United States has created and assumed heavy and perhaps unnecessary neutral burdens. But there is no doubt as to the competency of the General Government to meet and perform these onerous duties; there is no question as to the authority of Congress to pass appropriate laws and to establish an adequate police. The difficulty will be entirely a physical and not a legal one, and may be overcome by a sufficient expenditure of money and a sufficient employment of detective and repressive officials to prevent the use of American territory for belligerent purposes either by citizens or by foreigners.

But there will be other necessary results of the Arbitration which have not as yet been noticed—results peculiar to the United States; results which will reach far beyond the subject of its neutral rights and obligations, and will affect its internal and constitutional law wherever that law touches upon or has any connection with its foreign relations. These consequences of the decision at Geneva it is our purpose to describe and discuss.

To appreciate and understand them we must refer to one element of the controversy which appeared in its very earliest stages, but which became most prominent at its close. It will be remembered that to the representations and demands made by Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, the British Government constantly opposed their existing statute as the limit of their administrative powers and the measure of their international obligation. To this defence the American secretary and minister replied, first, that even assuming the statute to be for the time the sole practical criterion of obligation towards belligerents, the means provided for by it were not properly and faithfully used; and, secondly, that if the statute was insufficient, Parliament had ample and conceded power by amendment to make it adequate to the exigencies of the case, and that if the Government were in earnest in their professions of impartiality, they would at once procure the additional legislation to be passed. These positions of Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams were unanswerable, and furnished broad and solid ground upon which to rest the liability of Great Britain. In the "Case," however, presented to the Tribunal, and especially in the argument of the counsel, the United States went far beyond this original theory of liability, and asserted with great earnestness, and even vehemence, the doctrines which, as we shall see, must of necessity retroact upon our own constitutional law. The fundamental thesis maintained by the representatives of the United States, the broad dogma which upheld the whole superstructure of practical argument, was that the International Law knows absolutely nothing of forms of government, of constitutional checks and safeguards, of limited powers, of regular and legal as opposed to arbitrary and illegal procedure. All these matters belong exclusively to the internal and domestic arrangements of states, and have nothing to do with their external and foreign relations. Before the majesty of the International Law all sovereign states are equal and alike in subjection. Its mandates

are addressed with the same compelling force to absolute monarchies, to constitutional kingdoms, and to democratic republics; they speak to and bind alike all departments of a government, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. No independent state can escape its international obligations on the plea of defective legislation or of defective administrative machinery, because the very nature and essence of these obligations require that it should have provided itself with appropriate legislation and sufficient executive and judicial means to enforce within its jurisdiction the duties which the Law of Nations creates and imposes. In a word, no independent state, whatever be its form of government, whatever be its notions of internal order, or its methods of administering justice and executing its laws, can avoid or free itself from its duties to other nations by reason of any constitutional checks or limitations which it may have chosen to adopt. This doctrine, formulated by the authors of the "Case," and elaborated with great strength and with a wealth of illustration by Mr. Evarts and Mr. Cushing, was made the very foundation of the American contention at Geneva in defining the duties of neutrals during a war. It was vigorously opposed by Sir Roundell Palmer. It was practically accepted and approved by the Tribunal. It has become a part of the International Law so far as the United States is concerned. Our Government, having in the most solemn manner known to diplomacy maintained this doctrine as a part of the universal code binding upon civilized peoples, is estopped from ever denying the correctness of its present position.

The consequence of this theory of international obligation and of the efficacy of international law must be important and may be exceedingly embarrassing. The application has now been made to neutral duties, to the relations of neutral states to belligerents; but it is evident that the theory itself cannot be restricted to these relations. The argument on the part of the United States at Geneva endeavored to discover a general principle defining the nature of international obligation in the abstract, which principle should be decisive of the particular obligation in controversy. That principle was adopted by the Tribunal as the *ratio decidendi*, but was plainly not exhausted by the single application then made; it must be hereafter extended to all varieties of international duties, to all classes of foreign relations, and will be most fruitful in its effects upon our constitutional law.

It is conceded by every school of constitutional interpreters, by the ultra-national as well as by the advocates of State sovereignty, that numerous subjects of legislative and administrative action are completely entrusted to the separate States to the exclusion of the General Government. Some of these subjects have, or at least may have, an external as well as an internal connection; the exercise by a State of its proper and exclusive functions may give rise to foreign relations and complications with which, in most countries, the supreme general government alone can deal, but with which, under our organic law, the State governments cannot deal. Whenever such cases have heretofore arisen, and they have not been infrequent, the State Department, in its diplomatic correspondence, has invariably set up the want of constitutional power in the United States as excuse for the non-fulfilment of international obligations; or, to speak more accurately, it has maintained that this lack of constitutional power frees the General Government from a duty which might perhaps have rested upon a nation differently organized. Thus far in the history of our foreign relations, this plea has been accepted as valid, but will probably be so accepted no longer. A single well-known example will illustrate the difficulty and the former attitude of the United States.

During the so-called Canadian rebellion, while the insurgents occupied Navy Island in the Niagara River, a small party of British troops came over in the night to the New York side, seized the American steamer *Caroline*, which had been employed in carrying supplies to the rebels, and which was moored there, set her on fire, and sent her over the falls. One person at least was killed in the affray. Some time after one McLeod, an officer in the British service, was apprehended while in New York by the State authorities, was held on the charge of being engaged in the *Caroline* affair, was indicted for murder, and was imprisoned awaiting his trial on the indictment. The British Government at once assumed all responsibility for the acts of McLeod, declared that what he did was done by their authority, insisted that the matter was one for settlement between the two nations, and demanded the release of the prisoner. Daniel Webster, who was then Secretary of State, admitted the general correctness of the position assumed by Great Britain, and the abstract justice of the demand, but insisted and of course demonstrated that, under the constitution and laws of the United States, it was impossible for the President or any of his subordinates to obtain the custody of McLeod, to remove him from the control of the State authorities, or to surrender him in compliance with the demand. This answer of Mr. Webster was for the time acquiesced in, but the question of international obligation was not, after all, brought to a practical test, for on his trial before the New York Court McLeod was acquitted. If he had been condemned and executed, our Government would have been compelled to meet the question, and a severe strain might have been given to our institutions, for the people were not then so familiar with the free exercise of national functions by the President and Congress as they have since become. Congress, at its next session, passed a statute which will prevent *such* an emergency from arising again, by providing that, when any person shall be in custody on account of an act done by him under color of authority from a foreign government, the United States courts and judges shall have jurisdiction to enquire into the cause of the detention, and to release him, if proper, upon a writ of habeas corpus. This legislation, it will be observed, is very special, is applicable only to cases exactly similar to that of McLeod, and confers no general power or authority to act in other instances of international complications. Should an analogous case again arise—a case depending upon the same principles, but not exactly covered by the statute—the Geneva arbitration has furnished the complaining nation with a ready and complete answer to the position which Mr. Webster assumed.

Such cases must frequently occur, and we will specify, for purposes of illustration, some of those which are most probable. A resident of Canada commits some ordinary crime in New York, and escapes to his own home. The offence is not included in the extradition treaty, so that he cannot be demanded and delivered up. He is kidnapped by American citizens, brought within the territory of New York, and is there held under an indictment for his crime. The British Government interferes on his behalf, lays the facts before the President, and demands his release. We are informed that such a case is now or has recently been pending in the State Department. What can be done? Plainly the United States can do nothing legally. If Congress has the authority to pass an appropriate statute, none is now in existence. Neither the Secretary of State nor the President has more legal power than any private citizen to take this man from the custody of the sheriff; the constitutional limitations are positive and plain. But by our own showing at Geneva, this want of power, these checks and restraints of the organic law, do not in the least lessen the international obligation which rests upon the Government, do not furnish the slightest excuse for failing to fulfil that obligation. Again: complete and exclusive control over the general subject of acquiring, owning, and transmitting property in lands is confessedly given to the States. The United States, as it plainly may, enters into a treaty, wherein it is stipulated that the subjects of the other high contracting party shall have all the rights and privileges within the United States which are given to American citizens within the jurisdiction of the foreign power. The laws of that country permit all persons of foreign citizenship as well as natives to exercise full rights of ownership in land within its territory. Some of the American States retain the barbarous rule of the old common law, which forbids aliens to inherit land or to hold it by a perfect title. Has the treaty overridden the State legislation so far as the subjects of this parti-

cular foreign power are concerned? There can certainly be no higher international obligations than those created by solemn treaties, and the United States is plainly committed to the doctrine that the State law must yield to the treaty stipulation.

Another and very peculiar case which has recently occurred shows in a striking manner the effect which the conception of international obligation that we are discussing has upon the internal and even constitutional law. The treaty with Japan, as is the case with all treaties with Asiatic nations, provides that when an American citizen commits an offence within the territory of Japan, he shall be tried and punished, not by the local courts, but by the United States consul or minister resident. An American has been arrested and delivered over to the consul, charged with having in some manner desecrated a temple or an idol, an offence according to the native law punishable with death. The consul, naturally thinking that, as a United States officer, he is to administer United States laws, and not finding in his copy of the Statutes at Large any act making it an offence to desecrate a heathen temple or an idol, writes home for instructions. The matter is as puzzling to the Secretary of State as it was to the consul. Of course there is nothing in the common law nor in the statutes which applies to such a case. Treaties with heathen powers, and even with the Mohammedan powers, all contain similar stipulations. The consuls and ministers who execute these provisions ought certainly to act under some appearance of law, and not entirely according to their own discretion. How shall this appearance of legality be procured? Shall the Secretary of State draft a code to be used by his subordinates? Can Congress enact a system of proper laws to be administered exclusively in foreign countries with whom we may have entered into such compacts? The whole subject is full of difficulties. We remark, in passing, that the doctrine we are discussing throws much light upon the vexed question to how great an extent Congress, and especially the House of Representatives, is bound by treaties which call for acts to be done which the Constitution provides for doing only by statutes, such as the appropriation and payment of money, or the fixing the rates of duties upon imports.

Additional examples are unnecessary. These sufficiently illustrate the nature of some results which must inevitably flow from the decision at Geneva—results which were probably unforeseen, but which are the direct consequences of positions assumed by the Government, and to which it is now committed. These consequences are not confined to the international law and to the defining of international duties; they have a necessary and intimate connection with the constitutional law; they open, in fact, a new and wide field for the legislative and administrative functions of the General Government. As the fulfilment of international duties cannot be left to the mere arbitrary and irregular exercise of governmental power, the principle must be accepted that, by virtue of their control over foreign relations, the President has implied authority to do all executive acts, and Congress has implied authority to pass all laws necessary to the fulfilment of international duties, even though such acts and laws may interfere in the most direct manner with subjects which are generally within the exclusive control of the States. To how great an extent this principle might be carried, what a vast accession of power it would bring to the General Government, every student of constitutional law will at once perceive.

THE DIAMOND BUBBLE AND ITS BURSTING.

THE great diamond swindle which was exposed in San Francisco on the 28th of November, astounded that city of surprises and speculations like an earthquake of which there had been some premonitory rumbles, but for the catastrophe of which there were few persons ready. Doubtless the fraud was one of the most ingenious and masterly ever perpetrated among men of intelligence and wealth; it involved some of the most eminent and respectable business men of California; it rested upon the report of a mining engineer whose character for integrity and knowledge are still unquestioned; its success was partly due to the confidence reposed in two well-known New Yorkers; it had attracted the attention of wealthy men in the leading capitals of Europe; in short, it is a moderate assertion to say that its timely exposure has alone prevented the people of California, and doubtless of the entire country, from a diamond fever, compared with which the petroleum furor of a few years ago would have been trifling, and which can only be likened to the Mississippi Scheme and the South Sea Bubble.

The daily newspapers have given such full reports of the development of this swindle and of the mode in which "it came to grief," that we may refer to it chiefly as an illustration of the importance to the public of Governmental surveys, and of trained scientific observers knowing enough to cope with plausible rascals, and bold enough to go in the face of fallacies which are well endorsed and generally accepted.

The chief points thus far revealed in the history of the fraud are these: Ever since midsummer the Pacific breezes have blown furiously with diamond rumors; the newspapers far and near have published articles and items telling of this and that discovery of diamonds and rubies and of other precious stones, which were soon to add as much as gold and quicksilver to the wealth of "the slope." Amid many stories which were false, one thing was certain, that several of the shrewdest and richest men in San Francisco, with General McClellan and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow of New York, were associated in a company, having the nominal capital of $10,000,000, under the name of the "San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company." Their specific object was "to develop" a diamond locality of extraordinary promise, the site of which was not revealed to any but the most select. The public were left to guess its whereabouts: now it was here, now there; but the impression was cherished by the newspapers that Indian-ridden Arizona was the new Golconda. Congress before its adjournment passed in hot haste, and under suspicious circumstances, the "Placer Mining Act," so framed as to cover diamond lands. Great expectations were held out of what would be revealed when the company should be ready to admit the public to a share in the facts and the profits. At length, matters were so far advanced that the report of Mr. Henry Janin, the mining engineer to whom reference has been made, was given to the newspapers. It was a guarded paper, based on a very brief reconnoissance of the region, the site of which was still kept secret; and it concluded with these words, which embody both the caution and the emphasis of his whole report:

"I would say that I consider this *a wonderfully rich discovery;* and one that will prove extremely profitable; that while *I did not have time enough* to make the investigations which would have answered very important questions, I do not doubt that further prospecting will result in finding diamonds over a greater area than is as yet proved to be diamondiferous; and finally, that I consider any investment at $40 per share, or at the rate of $4,000,000 for the whole property, a safe and attractive one."

As these facts became public, many shrewd people were still sceptical and distrustful, but the common belief was sure that great discoveries had been made, and that the knowing ones would soon "realize" a fortune. Other diamond companies were formed, and arrangements were making for the disposal of their shares, and for sending off next spring abundant parties of "prospecters." No one can foretell how wide would have been the excitement, or how determined, when the possibilities thus vaguely suggested should have been proclaimed as facts throughout the land, sustained by some of the most respected capitalists of San Francisco and the report of an able expert.

All at once the whole affair collapsed by the sudden appearance upon California Street of the United States Geological Survey of the Fortieth Parallel, commonly known as Mr. Clarence King's geological party. Certain trifling indications led the members of this expedition to surmise that the reported Golconda might be found within the belt which they have been exploring during the last few years. "Feeling," says Mr. King, "that so marvellous a deposit as the diamond fields must not exist within the official limits of the geological survey of the fortieth parallel unknown and unstudied, I availed myself of the intimate knowledge possessed by the gentlemen of my corps, not only of Colorado and Wyoming, but of the trail of every party travelling there, and I was enabled to find the spot without difficulty, reaching there November 2."

We have learned from private sources that when the diamond rumors began to be definite, and the report of the mining engineer made the prospect of hidden gems appear most certain, Mr. King and one of his chief aids, Mr. J. T. Gardiner, were far apart from one another, but both of them were curious, of course, to know whether the diamond locality could be within their beat. Mr. Gardiner, whose knowledge of the physical structure of the region of the interior in the latitude indicated is that of one who has been over and mapped down the streams, the roads, and the hills, took up his map and asked where the diamond placer could be. Two or three facts in respect to the time and the direction of the prospecting party had leaked out; he knew, for example, that they were only gone twelve days from a

certain point. His knowledge of the streams and of the snow-covered ridges enabled him to say with a strong degree of assurance that the region must be south of the Union Pacific Road, east of the Green River, and probably on one of the two peaks marked as Bishop Mountain on the map of the War Department. This was his surmise.

Mr. King, in his turn, was at a distance questioning what geological region on his beat would be most likely to bear diamonds if any were found, or to be selected as "diamondiferous" if a fraud were intended. By reasoning quite independent of Mr. Gardiner's, he was sure that the locality above-mentioned was the most likely. The comrades met, and each on his own knowledge put his finger on the mysterious and coveted spot.

Quietly and without consultation, Mr. King set out for the locality, with the co-operation of Messrs. Emmons and Wilson, two other members of the Fortieth Parallel Expedition. He found the trail, he saw the indications of recent visitors, he looked for precious stones, and behold there were diamonds and rubies—real diamonds and rubies, without the possibility of mistake. This was a great achievement to have discovered the region and to have found the priceless treasure. His well-trained mind and his habits of scientific study, however, suggested caution and further research. It occurred to him that if these gems were here deposited by nature, they would sink to the same place in the earth as other stones of like specific gravity, and not lie sprinkled on the surface. But, in fact, the treasures were superficial. He also noticed that one diamond was found associated with twelve or fifteen rubies with a very suspicious or shopkeeper's regularity, not at all like the methods of distribution which nature employs. Both these suspicious circumstances were confirmed by a careful examination of the region, and the conviction became irresistible that, instead of a treasure, a fraud of the most extraordinary character had been discovered. Hastening to San Francisco, Mr. King at once made known, on November 10, to the managers of the company his discovery; but, at their request, he kept it a secret from the public until a re-examination of the locality could be made. Accordingly, the company's superintendent, Gen. Colton, the engineer, Mr. Janin, and Mr. King, went up again to the still hidden locality. His associates were satisfied of the correctness of Mr. King's examination, and the parties all hastened back to San Francisco, and reported to the company. The trustees at once gave all the chief facts to the public, and the diamond bubble burst.

Doubtless, when the facts respecting the origin of this fraud are all brought to light, it will appear that some very knowing adventurers had bought up in London and elsewhere a quantity of uncut stones, and "salted" with them a region which in some of its aspects was suggestive of other diamond fields—those, for example, in South Africa, if not kindred to them. Certainly they prepared the scheme with a degree of cunning which might deceive the very elect.

We have already alluded to the immense service which has been rendered to the country by this exposure of Mr. King's. To appreciate it fully, it should be understood that the reports of the number and character of the precious stones already gathered by the company indicated a fabulous amount of treasure, sufficient even to raise among diamond dealers the enquiry whether the value of diamonds in the world-markets would not be seriously impaired. The shares of the company to the amount of ten millions were about to be offered to the public. In the wake of this great company eighteen other companies, it is said, were about to come before the public, each with a capital of a million in shares of ten dollars each, adapted to the smallest investors. Innumerable other localities in the wilderness were reported as diamondiferous, and there were clear indications that from East and West there would be next spring an exodus to the hypothetical Golcondas akin to the great transmigrations which were occasioned by the gold discoveries of California and Australia. Such results would be serious enough in the loss of money to those who could ill afford it, and in the loss of homes to those who ventured to the mountains, but still more serious injury would have come to California by the loss of her credit at home and abroad, and by the widespread belief, which no amount of explanation would have removed, that her best and most credited financiers could be parties to a cruel and stupendous cheat. These perils have been fortunately averted by the timely action of Mr. King.

His ability to expose the fraud is a good lesson in respect to the value of Governmental surveys. People have not yet forgotten that last winter in Congress doubt was thrown upon the value of this survey of the fortieth parallel, and some of our legislators wondered whether it would pay. This single exposure, the work of a few days in appearance, the result of several years in reality, has more than paid for the cost of the survey. The Government party has surveyed the entire belt of a hundred miles in width between the eastern slope of the Sierras and the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Full particulars have been gathered respecting its topography, its geology, its mineral deposits, its mining industry, and its vegetation. It was this knowledge which made it impossible long to conceal any "salted" diamond field within the boundaries of the survey. Moreover, the trained habits of observation which the leader and his assistants in this party had acquired, their scientific thoroughness and precision, and their sense of responsibility for their work to the Government of the United States, fitted them to investigate and discover the truth, however skilfully the fraud was put uppermost. Were it not for this Government survey, it would be hard to surmise where detection could have come from till the lack of dividends alarmed the stockholders.

The superiority of independent Governmental surveys and scientific researches to the examination of experts, however honest, is also well illustrated by this transaction. Nobody doubts the uprightness or the engineering skill of the expert employed by the company, but he went to "the field" with representatives both of buyers and sellers; they were readily persuaded that the findings were testimony enough; and they hurried him away, as his first report says, before he had time to make a thorough investigation. It was this necessity of conforming to the requirements of his employers which was unfavorable for the expert, and likewise it was the absolute independence of the United States geologist which favored his discovery of the truth.

One of the most respectable journals of San Francisco, the *Evening Bulletin*, brings the lesson home in the following excellent advice:

"These facts sharply emphasize the practical value, in the ordinary business of society, of scientific education and research. Had the rich men of this city had any respect for or knowledge of science, they would have employed a competent geologist at first, and have insisted upon his making his own tests, in his own time and way, thereby saving themselves the humiliation and loss they have now to suffer. Mr. King, while acting strictly as a Government officer, and upon the suggestion of his own sense of duty, has done the public a memorable service, the mere statement of which carries with it all the praise a man like him can desire, as it is the only reward he will receive. We recall in this connection the fact that Professor Whitney, of the State Geological Survey, with whom Mr. King once served some years ago, saved California from the disgrace and loss of a wild speculation in petroleum lands, by steadily adhering to the plain geological reasons for his belief that oil-wells could not be found where they were said by schemers to exist. Here are two conspicuous examples of the value of science as a protection against ignorant speculation. These public surveys 'pay' in more senses than one, and even those who care nothing for wider and fuller knowledge for its own sake, must hereafter admit that Government expends no money more wisely and usefully. If our wealthy men would as readily learn to be less speculative in their enterprises and more helpful of legitimate undertakings which build up a community on the solid basis of productive and diversified industry, the lesson of the great diamond swindle would be worth far more than it has cost in gold and damaged prestige."

OPENING OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, December 8, 1872.

THE first week of the session of Congress is over. What it will bring forth in three months of labor it is too early to predict. But one thing is clear already, "the era of good feeling" has not been entered upon yet. Those in command of the Administration party have decided otherwise. The House of Representatives opened propitiously. Whatever we may think of General Banks's personal merits, the refusal of the House to accept his resignation as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations showed at least a disposition on the part of a strong minority of the Republican members to be tolerant in their treatment of the "apostates," and that minority includes some of the leading men in that body. But that is not a new thing. It is well known that several Republicans of prominence in the House sympathized at heart with the "Liberal movement" before the disaster at Cincinnati; that they would have supported such a man as Charles Francis Adams for the Presidency; and that only the nomination of Mr. Greeley drove them back into the regular Republican organization. Such men do not interpret the victory of General Grant as a condemnation of the ideas and purposes which gave the original impulse to the insurrectionary movement; and they do not, therefore, look upon the offenders as fit subjects for summary execution. But this class of Republicans, however influential in the popular branch of Congress, do not control the "party machine." Their orthodoxy is again becoming suspected; their "soundness" is doubtful; and we hear loud cries for a Republican "leader" in the House, for a "Great Commoner," like the late Thad. Stevens, who will crack the party whip with sleepless vigilance over the whole flock, and wield the tomahawk without mercy. But the Great Commoner's mantle does not seem to have descended upon anybody's shoulders yet, although there is no lack of aspirants for that position, such as General Butler, and Mr. Maynard of Tennessee, and some lesser lights ambitious of power. A struggle for the mastership in the House is not unlikely to come between intolerant partisanship and a more liberal

tendency; but, as that body is now constituted, the chances will be in favor of the latter, whatever way the Administration may throw its influence. The preponderance of talent and integrity is so great on that side that the result cannot be very doubtful.

But in the Senate that struggle is already decided. In the Republican caucus, called for the purpose of reorganizing the committees, a few feeble voices, such as Mr. Wilson's, made themselves heard in favor of reconciliation and good feeling. That, of course, was useless, for the party magnates of the Senate insist that party discipline shall not be trifled with. They strictly adhere, as a supreme rule of action, to the time-honored principle that "deserters must be shot." The manner in which they tried to execute the sentence was quite curious. First, the circular calling the Republican caucus was so framed as to invite only those senators who had supported the platform and candidates of the Philadelphia Convention. This circular was also sent to the Liberal Republicans who had supported Greeley, thus pointedly inviting them to stay away. Had the circular not been sent to them at all, it would have answered all practical purposes as well. But it was probably considered a sharper thing to let them know in due form that their company was not desired. Then the caucus appointed the committees, dropping the names of all the Liberals from the positions formerly held by them. Then a note was addressed to the Democrats, informing them of the vacancies left on the committees for the Opposition, and inviting them, in filling those vacancies, to provide for themselves and also for Messrs. Sumner, Trumbull, Tipton, Schurz, Hamilton of Texas, Rice, and Fenton. On the most important committees only one place was left vacant, so that either the representative of the Democrats or the Liberals would be excluded. The design was evidently not only to deprive the seven gentlemen above-named of their former places on the committees, and thus to impair their influence in the Senate, but to hand them ostentatiously over to the Democratic party. Thus was not only every possibility of a friendly understanding with the Liberals destroyed, but the recognition of a third, independent element was studiously avoided, and the Liberals were to be *driven* into the Democratic organization.

This design, however, was not entirely successful. Mr. Casserly, in a very handsome manner, gave up his place on the Committee on Foreign Affairs to Mr. Schurz, and the latter addressed a letter to Mr. Thurman, in which he declared his unwillingness to serve on any committee as a representative of the Democratic party, and his determination to maintain an entirely independent position. It is understood that his views are shared by all the "Liberal" members of the Senate, except perhaps Mr. Rice, who is said to have shown some inclination to identify himself with the Democrats. The letter of Mr. Schurz seems to be well received by the sensible men of both parties, but the Republican managers in the Senate give out that they will treat him and his associates as Democrats whatever course they may take. That is what Mr. Conkling calls "purifying the Republican party."

Thus it may be said that in spite of the conciliatory disposition shown by a number of Republicans in the House of Representatives, the "era of good feeling" has for the present been postponed, especially as, according to current report, the refusal of the House to accept Mr. Banks's resignation has met with little favor at the White House. We must expect to see Morton, Conkling, Chandler, and Cameron continue to carry things in the Senate with as high a hand as they did before, for even Cameron does not seem to have suffered from the apparent snubbing he received in the Philadelphia postmaster case. In fact, I have it on very good authority that the statement contained in a letter which appeared in the *Nation* of November 28 is true: Mr. Fairman, the newly-appointed Postmaster, was really Mr. Cameron's candidate, while the latter ostensibly advocated the appointment of Mr. Truman in order to please a certain set of Pennsylvania politicians. Mr. Cameron is known here to have resorted to such tricks before, and he can now afford a chuckle about the snubbing story when he has his postmaster at Philadelphia, and his influence at the White House as well as in the Senate unimpaired. It is, therefore, doubtful whether Mr. Cameron will join in the threatened attack on the President's civil-service regulations. But Senators Logan and Carpenter are in earnest in their opposition to all the proposed modes of civil-service reform, and they will avail themselves of the first opportunity to open the assault, while General Butler will do the same in the House. This assault, however, will probably not be successful, provided the President himself does not permit himself to appear in an uncertain light. There are, indeed, but few Republicans in Congress who will defend any civil-service reform measure with sincerity and zeal, but the average Administration man will not be inclined to thwart the President's wishes in this matter, and the Liberals may be counted upon to fill the gaps.

The Democrats in Congress are in a disturbed state of mind. There are but few who do not secretly recognize the fact that the last Presidential election has virtually broken up the Democratic party, and that an organization so completely shattered cannot become a great power again. Some of them, especially the younger men, in the House of Representatives openly express the wish to see it disappear, so as to give its members full freedom to choose new associations. The question is, how to bring about its speedy dissolution, and that question seems to be a distressing puzzle, even to the most progressive Democratic mind. Nobody seems inclined to take the initiative, and a vague hope is entertained that the decisive thing will be done by the people, so as to relieve the leaders of the responsibility of burying the Democratic party. What even the most enlightened leaders seems to lack is the courage to begin what they see must eventually be done. The older chiefs are particularly anxious not to commit themselves. They are still dreaming of the possibility of preserving for their own benefit the political capital they have invested in the old organization. They are unwilling to give up their commanding positions, even if they command nothing but a shadow; they fear to be robbed of a prestige which gives them no real power. There are several worthy and honorable men among them who might still do the country some service, and it would be a pity if they should passively permit the coming flood to pass over them, instead of saving themselves by attempting to direct it. But the idea that the very existence of the old Democratic organization as such serves to give strength to the worst influences governing the party in power is steadily gaining ground, and the Liberals can do much to promote the disintegrating tendency by discouraging the hope, still here and there cherished in Democratic quarters, that they may permit themselves to be driven as reinforcements into the Democratic ranks. As to the development of new formations, we shall probably have to wait for the next Congress.

THE DEFEAT OF THIERS.

PARIS, November 22, 1872.

I HAD not been to Versailles since the return of the Chamber. Last Sunday morning a Deputy told me, "You had better come to-day; we shall have a stormy day." So I went. The rain was falling in torrents in the city of magnificent avenues. I saw old General Changarnier running for a cab at the station, as there are perhaps only fifty cabs for 750 deputies. He opened the fire in the Chamber; he made what is called here an interpellation on Gambetta's speech at Grenoble. Gambetta had attacked the Right and the authority of the National Assembly, which, after the late events, is the only legal power remaining in France; he had pronounced on his own authority the dissolution of the Chamber; he was therefore guilty of high treason; he was a rebel. The General, who is eighty years old, is still erect, and his voice though weak is full of energy; his style is pure, and he prides himself upon his scholarship. Speaking of the Gambetta men, he called them *coquins*, and the President interrupted him and remarked that the word was not parliamentary. Changarnier bowed and said that he thought the most correct word was the word which best represented the thought, and he preferred his own old-fashioned French to the slang (*patois*) of the Radical school. The Minister of the Interior made a very feeble answer to Changarnier; he had no difficulty in showing that the Government could not be held responsible for the opinions of a Deputy; but he proved it like a third-class lawyer, and the House could hardly be blamed for refusing to give him much attention. After him, the Duc de Broglie, one of the leaders of that faction which is called the Right Centre, and which is chiefly composed of Orleanists, said a few words: The question was not so much political as social. M. Gambetta had announced the domination of a new social stratum, and pronounced the condemnation of the old society. Now, what did a new social stratum mean in a country which enjoyed universal suffrage, equal rights, laws founded on the most absolute equality? Did the obscure gentlemen who signed the decrees of the Commune, and who, even after so many crimes, were still obscure, though they tried to write their names on the pages of history with blood and fire—did these gentlemen represent the new social stratum? The Duke wished to have M. Gambetta's answer to this question. But Gambetta was silent; he was sitting in his usual place, spread like a lion with his long and curly hair, and looking insolently at the Duke with his Cyclopean eye. The Duke then asked M. Thiers to condescend to repeat before the country what he had said of the Grenoble speech before a committee. To this committee he had declared that the political and social doctrines of Gambetta were bad, very bad; but a committee was a very close audience; he begged M. Thiers to make a declaration to the Chamber and to France.

M. Thiers was present, though it would have been much better had he remained at the Presidency; he slowly ascended the tribune, and drank as usual a glass of black coffee; he looked sullen, angry, and impatient. "The

declaration you ask me to make, I will not make. I will not say a single word. I will not allow you or anybody to drag me here like a criminal, and to extort from me declarations and professions of faith. You know my opinions. This question is a mere pretext. You dare not stab me directly, and you try to do it indirectly. Come down, and let us fight at once the political question. Are you ready to take the government from my hands? Can you make a more energetic, a more definite government?" So he continued, and every word fell like a hammer on the Assembly.

I have witnessed the most dramatic scenes at Bordeaux and at Versailles, but I never saw anything like the sitting of the 13th of November. Thiers in his message had crossed the Rubicon, he had been named Chief of the Executive and President according to the Rivet proposition, on the distinct understanding that the form of government should be reserved. The government was called a republic, as there was no king; but the constituent rights of the Chamber were solemnly recognized, which meant that the Chamber was still free to institute a republic or monarchy. In his message, M. Thiers had made a parliamentary *coup d'état*; he had said that the Republic had become the legal government of the country, and that every attempt to build up another government was revolutionary. The majority of the Chamber, which is divided when it comes to the choice of a dynasty, is not divided when the dynasty is out of question. The message of the President was a declaration of war to this majority. It was decided that an address should be made in answer to it. The leaders of the majority had no wish to upset M. Thiers, they only hoped to find the means to keep the *statu quo* and to imprison M. Thiers in the limits of the compact which had been made between him and the Assembly. But M. Thiers no longer considers himself as the delegate of the House. He spoke haughtily of his services. "Who was there to sign the peace when I offered to sign it? Who bombarded Paris and took it by force?" The Chamber became very angry when these imprudent words were pronounced. It remembered that M. Thiers had abandoned Paris on the 18th of March; that he had sent the order to evacuate all the forts, and even Mont Valérien; that for three weeks he negotiated with the Commune. Had the Assembly nothing to do with the peace, with the defeat of the Commune, with the reorganization of the army? Thiers spoke very much in the tone of young Bonaparte. It was really distressing to see, under the present sad circumstances of France, this old man, as pale as a ghost, with his face, as the Latin poet says, "*jam pallida morte futura*," scolding, threatening, tormenting a French Chamber, which was elected in the hour of peril, and which contains the most reputable citizens of France.

The friends as well as the enemies of M. Thiers were almost in despair. The Prussian ambassador, Baron von Arnim, Prince Orloff, the Russian ambassador, next to whom I sat, looked down upon this painful scene with feelings of pity and contempt. In vain did the Duc de Broglie ascend again the tribune and protest that he had no intention of opening a political war, of upsetting the President; personally, he was inclined to accept all the constitutional modifications which would be agreeable to M. Thiers. He only desired him to show publicly that he had nothing to do with the Radicals, and that he did not desire their alliance. General Changarnier followed him; he appeared like the *toreador* who comes alone with a fine steel sword and places himself before the infuriated bull. He was even nearer than M. Thiers to the awful moment when every man must give to the Supreme Judge an account of the use of his liberty and of his faculties; he was not animated by a servile ambition. I watched the President at this moment, and I think I could perceive that this time the sword had entered his breast. Changarnier went on and said that, old as he was, he was always ready to fight the cause of order and of loyalty. At this moment the House looked like a rolling sea; both sides stood in array. "This," said a Russian neighbor to me, "is civil war on the stage." M. Thiers from this moment felt vanquished. He retired before Changarnier's bold attack. He ascended the tribune slowly, and began a rambling speech, a long and diffuse statement; he went so far as to condemn in words the speech of Gambetta, though an hour before he seemed determined to be silent on this point. The Chamber breathed more freely after this condemnation; the majority had triumphed, but did not wish to push its triumph too far. Two hours were spent in the wildest confusion; various formulas were tried which embodied at the same time an expression of confidence in the Government and the condemnation of Gambetta. One was finally carried by a small majority—and it was all over. Thiers returned to the Presidency, complaining of the ingratitude of the Chamber. How could he go on with such a contemptible majority? Nearly three hundred deputies had abstained. Ever since, he has remained in his tent, like young Achilles; he receives the messengers of Agamemnon, but he says he cannot resume his duties till his power is placed on a firmer ground. His friends go wildly about with constitutional schemes in their hand. They say that M. Thiers must be named President for four years; that in this case he will have a responsible Cabinet, he will no longer go to the Chamber and compromise in daily struggles the dignity of the executive; they claim, however, his right to go and defend at the second reading the bills defeated after the first. The monarchists are trying to find the elements of a new provisional government in case Thiers cannot be brought back to the Chamber; some mention Marshal MacMahon, some the Duc d'Aumale, some both. So long as the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris disagree, they dream of a duumvirate, or a triumvirate, of a Consul, of a Protector or Lieutenant-General. Meanwhile, Germany is discontented, and it is rumored that Bismarck will no longer accept any guarantee for the payment of the fifth milliard, and that France will in consequence remain occupied till March, 1874.

The situation, as you see, is as dark, as painful, as it was on the eve of the Commune. The Radical party alone feels elated. Gambetta, who once organized, in the words of a Republican, the dictatorship of incapacity and of defeat, is the only gainer; he never said a word while the two sides of the Assembly were fighting, like gladiators, over his name. He laughed and smiled, and looked calmly on the scene. His party numbers only 120 men in the Chamber; but the divisions of the Conservatives are so profound that he feels that this minority has the game in its hands. He has been a tool in Thiers's hands, but Thiers is now a tool in his hands. In this deplorable confusion, nobody seems to think of France; her will is ignored, her sovereignty is despised. It is impossible to know accurately where she wishes to go. She seemed contented with the government of Thiers as long as he preserved order and seemed an arbiter of parties. But now he has placed himself at the head of a party, and of the party which has the minority in the House.

Some compromise will probably be made for the present, but Thiers has lost something of his prestige as well as the majority. He has not shown the temper of a Washington; he has appeared more like an old Tiberius scolding his frightened Senate. His rule is a personal rule; his republic a personal republic. To many this is a surprise and a disappointment; it will not be for those who have read carefully the historical works of M. Thiers. He has always worshipped force; his criticism of the Terrorists and of Napoleon is only the shell of an instinctive admiration. Old as he is now, he may in a moment of disgust and of discouragement give up the political game; if he was younger, he would, without any hesitation, try to play the part of a Cæsar or a Napoleon.

ELSASS, STRASSBURG, AND THE UNIVERSITY.

STRASSBURG, November 12, 1872.

SINCE the 1st of October the political and social atmosphere of the new *Reichslande* has changed considerably, and certainly not for the worse. There was a certain sultriness in the air which rested upon all minds; now, after all those are gone who have voted *(optirt)* for France, everybody breathes more freely. The Alsatians are as yet very far from being enthusiastic Germans, but they, as well as the unwelcome newcomers, begin to feel as if everything was fast settling down into a normal condition, and this is, of course, the best proof of our actually making headway towards such a condition. The aristocracy—*i.e.*, the rich manufacturers and merchants, the *gens de lettres*, etc.—still keep aloof, and, undoubtedly, many a year will pass by ere there is any social intercourse whatever between them and the Germans in the higher walks of life. But even they already begin to bend under the high pressure of interest. It is a noteworthy fact that the merchants have at last consented to communicate with the railroad administration in regard to the defects under which, from various reasons, the railroad service has been laboring, to the great detriment of all persons receiving and forwarding goods. Their advice and assistance had been long ago solicited, but thus far the only answer was angry declamation. A still better token of the approach of an era of better—if not of good—feeling is the all but general participation in the elections of local governments. In the beginning, the same *parole* had been given out as in Italy by the irreconcilable clergy. Now, however, the very men who so zealously preached a dignified and absolute isolation from the "modern savages in uncouth attire"—as the *Evénement* recently called the Germans—have exerted their influence to the utmost to bring the voters in full numbers to the polls; and honor and thanks to them that they have done it. Not many things will do so much towards reconciling the Alsatians to their fate as the local self-government which they may enjoy under German rule. Even Germany is in this respect far behind America, but it can nevertheless well serve as a model for republican as well as imperial France. The Alsatians will be quick to appreciate that, for they never relished the imperial Providence which, in its over-solicitude for the welfare of the sovereign people, even

brought the parish funds to Paris and prescribed how many poor children were to be admitted to the parish schools free of charge. The danger was that the rich and influential men, whose personal interest in these and similar questions is comparatively small, would be carried away by their hatred of Germany and the Germans, not stopping to weigh conscientiously the interests of their fellow-sufferers who belong to the class of common mortals. The latter are mostly of a good-natured disposition, and, what is at present of still greater value, most excellent reckoners. Their pockets have, upon the whole, not suffered by the change of government, and the consequence is that, with a little politeness and tact, nothing is easier than to be on satisfactory terms with them.

It is true that the subordinate Government officials often lack this politeness and tact, and therefore frequently cause the old heartburnings to break forth anew. This is universally acknowledged by the Germans themselves. On the other hand, the Alsatians freely admit that they are met by the higher officials in a truly liberal spirit; especially the Ober-Präsident von Moeller stands very high in the public estimation. Along with this, however, it is also admitted that it is not ill-will which annoys them in the case of the subordinate officials, who cannot be made to understand that here the task is not only to govern with a firm hand, but also to win hearts. Although the reasoning of the mass of the people is not of a kind to make them always keep in mind this logical conclusion, yet they are so far conscious of it that a private German gentleman or lady has hardly ever to suffer from the ill-humor caused by the blunders of minor officials. Even on Friday, the great marketing day of the week, the ladies are not exposed to any insults, though *les dames des halles* of Strassburg are not renowned for over-politeness, and although the fairer sex is, upon the whole, more ready to give vent to the bitter feelings still lingering in their bosoms. The refusal of a furniture wagon by the wife of a livery-stable keeper, although half a dozen of the desired vehicles were standing in the yard, has been the only exhibition of ill-will which has come under the personal observation of your correspondent. Even the sworn enemies of Germany—for not all of them have shaken the dust from their feet—have grown tired of demonstrations. Here and there one still meets with a *Vive la France! A bas l'Allemagne!* written with charcoal on a fence, but nobody takes the trouble to wipe it off. Some boys still indulge in the pleasure of wearing ribbons of the French colors, but no one stops to look at them. In the show-windows of a certain book-store is still to be seen a picture representing a broken-hearted French family just about to leave "home, sweet home," to suffer hunger in France rather than enjoy plenty in Germany, but it does not attract the attention of the passer-by more than any other picture. If it were not for the universal *bon jour* and *bon soir*, the white-pointed nightcap on some man's head, peeping out of a window, and a few similar things, one could walk for an hour or more through the streets without becoming aware of being in a city which has been under French rule for nearly two centuries. Only in some of the principal stores French is habitually spoken, and everywhere the German customer is treated just as politely as the Alsatian.

The Germans, although not rich, consume much and pay promptly, and that certainly goes very far in accounting for the rapid change of public opinion in this city, at least so far as it manifests itself on the streets. To the Imperial Government the credit is due of having used this powerful lever without regard to the proverbial Prussian stinginess. Not only has it paid promptly and liberally all those whose property had been damaged or destroyed during the siege—except, of course, those who have emigrated to France—but it has also taken care to bring money into the country in an indirect and lasting manner. Foremost in this respect stands the new university, although established for other and more important reasons. At first the citizens were anything but delighted at the prospect of getting beside the army of helmets an army of many-colored caps. Their imagination painted the German student as a kind of semi-barbarian, continually full to overflowing with beer, and fighting a duel about every other day, to which was also added the *grisette* of the French student. The consequence was that it was found extremely difficult to procure lodgings of any kind for the students, although their whole number was in the first semester but 213. Now, it is not to be denied that there are students, and a good many too, of the above description at the old universities, excepting always the *grisettes*, who are an unknown institution even among the students of Berlin. This class, however, had nothing to expect in Strassburg, and so it was not represented at all. About a week ago the new rector—Professor De Bary, one of the very first among living botanists—was solemnly installed. In his inaugural address he mentioned as the most characteristic feature of the last semester that it had been a diligent one, among the students as well as among the professors. This is the truth, and it has had its good effects. There is no longer any trouble about lodgings; the student is a welcome guest wherever there is a furnished room to let. Rats and mice—Strassburg can boast of really appalling numbers of all sorts of common house vermin—have been obliged to give up their old haunts because the garrets had to be fixed up for the young men who want to lay in their stock of learning where a Goethe found ample nourishment for his vast mind. This reputation of diligence has proved a powerful magnet. Nearly 50 students left at the end of the last semester, so that 170 were the stock to begin the new one with, and no little anxiety was felt about the fate of the university. Now, however, already 214 new students have been inscribed, one more than the whole number of the last semester. It is to be imagined that the professors, now numbering 67, and the list is not yet quite complete, are in high glee. The students also are full of enthusiasm, and the beginning bids fair even to excel the first semester in zealous and earnest work.

Many difficulties are, of course, still to be conquered, because almost everything has to be created anew. One great drawback, for instance, is the lack of a university building. The lectures of the philosophical faculty are delivered in the castle, and the professors of law lecture in the academy. There are, however, many lectures which it is equally important for students of both faculties to attend, but they often have to forego the one or the other because it is a quarter of an hour's walk from one building to the other. Another weak point is the library. Whenever this subject is touched, there is not a professor whose face does not at once grow at least an inch longer. Every one insists that his department is more deficient than any other. But there is no question whatever that the poor professor of the history and constitutional law of the United States is worse off than all the rest. The *Americana* do not quite fill three shelves, each about two feet long. It makes one's heart bleed to look at this vast emptiness, dotted only here and there with a dry reed, which even the least-spoiled reading cattle could hardly be made to swallow. There are some books worth having, but they certainly do not number more than a dozen. The names of the gentlemen on the American committee are an ample guarantee that we shall some time get something that will not have to shun comparison with the splendid gifts of England; but we want to commence working at once, and though we strain our own means to the very utmost, yet they are very insufficient. We are not ashamed to beg, for we don't beg for the furtherance of *German* science; we beg in the interest of the whole civilized world, whose ends and aims we want to serve in common with the whole republic of students with whatever ability we may possess.

Correspondence.

"THE WRECK OF THE *METIS*."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The communication admitted to your columns last week, filled with reproaches for alleged unjust neglect of the gallant men who launched their boat for the relief of the shipwrecked on the *Metis*, is itself so unjust to them and to others as to call for correction. It unjustly neglects to name three out of the five whose courage and humanity it proposes to commemorate. Their names were Eugene S. Nash, William Nash, and Edwin Nash. It even mistakes the number—seven, instead of five, on the boat; it is also mistaken in regard to the case which it specially mentions, in stating that "the boy was rubbed back to life" on board the boat. He was brought back to life by care and warmth on board the *Moccasin*, the presence of which is so slightingly referred to. It gives no credit to the second engineer, who, having assisted the boy when exhausted on the skylight, saved him from being left for dead, as he apparently was, urging the boatmen, when that not unnatural proposition was made, "to give the boy his chance," which indeed they readily did. The name of the engineer was Edward D. Doane, whose deserts have been and are acknowledged by the parties interested, in forms satisfactory at least to him.

This letter also does injustice to the modesty of these gallant men, for their modesty since has been akin to their heroism during those fearful hours. Two of them upon application immediately afterwards refused for a long time to give even their names, and utterly rejected the idea of pecuniary compensation. One has most reluctantly received, in addition to other acknowledgments, a sum of money. Another in writing strongly disclaims a willingness to receive any.

Their services were commemorated in the papers of the day; not adequately, but more fully than by "Viator." Justice has not been done them. What would be justice to them? Has our censor even done them justice? These complaints, untrue certainly in part, probably in much, come not from them. The epithets, "cruel injustice," "shocking," "in-

human," "disgrace," applied so lavishly to the "Steamboat Company, the local authorities, the general public," as well as to "the ungrateful and heedless creatures whom Harvey and Gavitt with their companions saved," to "the Providence newspapers," "the landlords of the Watch Hill hotels," "the partners, relatives, and friends" of the lost jeweller, come not from the men who put out in their frail boat on that stormy sea, but from one who styles himself, with truth probably, "a mere bystander."

This complaint has given occasion, however, to record in this journal, which he truly styles "a leader of public opinion, public honor, and public intelligence" (as they have been in less durable memorials), the names of six men—John D. Harvey, Courtland Gavitt, William Nash, Eugene S. Nash, Edwin Nash, and Edward D. Doane—whose courage, humanity, and modesty are most worthy of commemoration. B.

NATIONAL REFORMS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your article upon private-bill legislation touches a point of the deepest interest for the future of our Government and country. I do not believe that the members of the British Parliament are any more public-spirited than our members of Congress, or any more disposed to sacrifice their private interest for the general advantage, although I quite agree with you that their legislative system has been improving for the last thirty years, while ours has been growing "weaker and worse"; and that they have effected national reforms involving great sacrifices on the part of Parliament, while we are falling more and more under the domination of private interests.

All the reforms you mention, and many others of at least equal importance in England, have been accomplished in one way. First, individuals becoming deeply impressed with some public grievance set themselves to arouse public opinion. As this gathers strength, the ministry, acting for the nation, and who are always seeking such methods of advancing their reputation and power, take up the subject, get together all the information upon it, strip it of all that is impracticable, formulate and reduce it to definite shape, and then bring in a bill to Parliament. The opposition, which again naturally falls under leadership, attacks and criticises it, and aims to defeat the ministry in every possible way. The conflict which thus arises gives new strength to public sentiment, adding the powerful element of personal enthusiasm. Thus the name of Sir Robert Peel is indissolubly associated with the repeal of the corn-laws and the Bank Act of 1844; that of Earl Grey with Catholic Emancipation; that of Mr. Gladstone with the Irish Church and Land Bills and the Geneva Arbitration, and so of innumerable other instances. And thus the hostile interests in Parliament, finding the question reduced to definite shape, which they cannot evade by bringing in a dozen other bills, all pretending to aim at the same object, and being reduced to a simple yes or no, with the whole weight of public opinion on the other side, are forced, *nolens volens*, to yield.

Now turn to our Congress. There is no man in it who represents or is authorized to speak for the nation. Every member represents a district, and they are all on an equal footing. Ten, fifty, or a hundred of them may bring in separate bills on the same subject. As a matter of necessity, things are all referred to the committees, which form the most complete wet blanket upon all national legislation. These committees sit in secret, are composed chiefly of men who have a special interest in the subject with which they deal, and who have absolute power to stifle any movement which does not suit their views. Even if the House orders them to bring in a bill, it is perfectly easy to kill it by quietly introducing some clause which shall rouse the hostility of members.

Calling upon public sentiment with us, therefore, is like stripping an army of its generals and telling the rank and file that they must win a battle by their combined efforts, and that, too, when the enemy, private interest, is thoroughly organized and drilled. Mr. Forster, the English member of Parliament, told his constituents in a recent speech that the mass of the people have far more need of a strong and resolute government than any special classes, and this is still more true here. In England, the constituency is limited, and can watch its interests more closely; and, moreover, as the ministry is practically elected by Parliament, they are much less directly responsible to the people. Universal suffrage makes a people like an army of peasants, utterly helpless if left to their own efforts. If we want national legislation, we must have national representatives in Congress. It is absurd to charge our failures to universal suffrage while we give the latter no chance at all to make itself felt.

G. B.

Boston, December 7, 1872.

THE MORAL OF IT.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I have read with sad satisfaction an article, entitled "The Fate of an Historic Edifice," published in your journal of last week. You have given worthy voice to the indignation that the desecration of the Old South Church has excited in Boston, and in the adjoining towns which make it their centre. But as the pages of the *Nation* are by no means confined to the presentation of current events in their emotional aspects, I offer a few paragraphs from another point of view. In commenting upon this vandalism, you justify your own apt quotation by eloquently showing "the pity of it." We cannot afford to neglect *the moral of it*.

I was glad to see that you gave the Old South trustees the benefit of their own announcement, that although they have "no veneration for walls, they do revere Christ their Lord." For if this latter reverence were at all discernible in their corporate action, it might be plausibly argued that we had some compensation for their lack of sentiment in the abundant piety that crowded it out. But are we able to find consolation in this reflection? If there is a sin of this present time which the Christian Church should treat with uncompromising severity, it is the headlong hurry to be rich that, keeping within the letter of the law, violates the spirit of equity that was designed to animate it. The difference between *Jus* and *Lex* is undoubtedly one that a pretty large class of our countrymen do not think it worth their while to recognize. But the distinction cannot be ignored with impunity by Christian professors. Lord Bacon gives a sharp opinion upon the deserts of those "who elude and circumvent *the meaning* of a law by captiousness and craft." And where this is done by persons occupying a position of sacred responsibility, it may furnish a worse example than the breaking of a positive edict, for which the courts provide a remedy for all aggrieved. You probably know that a few of us, who have given some study to the labor question, believe that the just complaint of the workingman arises from the burdens laid upon him by our State and national systems of indirect taxation. We believe that Adam Smith's sound maxim, that all subjects should pay according to their abilities, has been set at naught by the ignorance or negligence of American politicians. General laws have permitted corporations to levy taxes at discretion, and this has been done so adroitly that it will be some time before our busy masses can be made to see it, and provide a remedy. But the day approaches when they will see it. The struggle of the people with corporate powers entrenched behind bad legislation will give historical interest to the remainder of the present century. In that contest, it may reasonably be asked that those professing church-membership should lend a passive influence to the weaker side. It is not impertinent to consider upon which side these Old South trustees, who "revere Christ their Lord," have chosen to place themselves.

It is well known that our statutes exempt from all taxation churches and the land they occupy. In other words, our legislators decree that taxes due to the State for protection of ecclesiastical property shall be annually assessed upon the mass of the people. They decree that whatever annoyance may come to the community through this dwarfing of the capabilities of land by factitious distinctions among its holders, must be patiently borne. I here make no comment upon the wisdom of such legislation. I ask attention to the end it was designed to serve. It is obvious that this great privilege was accorded to church members *solely* that they might remain undisturbed in a familiar house of worship which their sentiments were supposed to have hallowed. I defy any one to show that this favor was designed to enable a sect to acquire great wealth by taking it without compensation from the only source of wealth—the labor of the people. It was never designed to compel our busy workers with brain and muscle to pay their hard-earned money to propagate the opinions or gratify the pride of some sect with whose views of religious truth only a small minority might sympathize. It was never supposed that the taxes annually assessed upon the people to spare the sentiment of church members, would be massed into an enormous fund to lavish ecclesiastical luxuries upon a sect or congregation. Now, undoubtedly the trustees of the Old South can appropriate to their private sectarian uses these annual gifts of the people for a specific object. They can do this and yet keep within the letter of the law. "*I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond*," was the unanswerable reply of one of Shakespeare's characters to the remonstrances of certain sentimental citizens of Venice. But then the personage in question never professed to "revere" the Head of the Christian church.

These trustees may undertake to excuse themselves by alleging a similar sharpness of practice on the part of other churches. But that two wrongs make a right, or that we may follow the multitude to do evil, cannot have been proclaimed as ethical maxims from the Old South pulpit. Other churches, no doubt, have taken the people's money for their own uses after

a manner which no high court of morals could justify. But they did not take quite so much of it. They did not, at the same time, outrage a popular feeling which cannot be estimated in dollars. There is a venerable saying touching the impolicy of adding insult to injury, which is full of significance.

Nevertheless, these shrewd ecclesiastical appropriations are instructive to the thoughtful, even when they shrink from a publicity which commands general attention. It was modestly stated in my *Daily Advertiser* some months ago that a certain well-known church in Boston was "understood to be for sale," as soon as anybody would give an enormous price that was then specified. The church in question is in no blind alley crowded by towering warehouses, but holds a noble frontage upon public grounds. Not only is it hallowed by whatever associations may be supposed to cluster about a house of Christian worship, but it has the added sacredness of a place of sepulture. I should have felt that I offered an insult to its proprietors in suggesting that their consecrated edifice could be for sale, even at the Jew's bargain which their long exemption from taxation might give them hopes of wringing from the community. We all remember how Charles Surface, while selling the portraits of his ancestors, cracks a pleasant joke to the effect that if a man wants money, he should be allowed to make free with his own relations. The jest, which may be good enough to excuse the spendthrift who sells his family pictures, can scarcely cover church members who come to market with their family tombs.

Let us face the conclusion of the whole matter. Incorporated church members have no moral right to value that arises from the good-nature of the community in paying their tax-bills. But suppose it is necessary (as for imperative reasons it sometimes is) to change the location of a church, how shall we make an equitable adjustment of claims? I answer unhesitatingly, in one of two ways. Let the original cost of land and building be deducted from the amount realized by their sale, and paid into the treasury of the society—all surplus going into the State coffers to lessen the fiscal burdens of the people. Or, give the society the option of paying, principal and interest, all taxes that would have been assessed upon its possessions had they been treated like lay property, and then let it take a clear title to the remaining value. In either case, it is to be remembered, the pew-holders would carry their privilege of exemption from taxation to any other church they might erect. Their property would still be protected by a special favor whose expediency is questioned by American divines of undoubted orthodoxy. But church members might honestly accept it, because it would be precisely the privilege that the people intended to give them, and no other.

It cannot be denied that the sad fate of the Old South is felt as a personal calamity by the majority of our best citizens. The lesson is indeed bitter; but it may be one that we needed. It will, in many minds, raise the question whether we need burden our workingmen with additional taxes to gratify the supposed sentiment of church members which those who represent them emphatically repudiate. It will cause others to reflect that the increased value of exempted property—which has proved a bait so tempting to Christian professors—is not the gift of Providence to a sect, but rightly belongs to the community that has given its taxed labor, and risked its taxed savings, in the necessary business of this sinful world. The divine command, to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, has never been abrogated. If church members cannot incline their hearts to keep this law, the secular power must give them some assistance. Our legislatures should enact that no sect shall appropriate to its own use the increased value of its exempted property, until the people are indemnified for the expense they have incurred in protecting it. Not only do church builders, as Emerson has it, build better than they know, but church destroyers also may work to higher purpose than they fancy. If the fall of the Old South shall impress upon our voters the truths I have endeavored to indicate, the last sermon preached from that venerated pulpit may be more useful than the best of its predecessors.

J. P. QUINCY.

QUINCY, MASS., December 6, 1872.

[We would suggest to our correspondent, as a point worth consideration, and which certainly he must prepare himself to see urged against his striking argument, that the church societies may be thought to have rendered something of an equivalent for their exemption. Apart from their sectarian, or even their strictly religious value, their general influence, conservative and elevating, will be said to have been worth something to the community, and so it may have been of good policy to encourage them.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

HURD & HOUGHTON announce as in press "The Grammar of Painting and Engraving," from the French of Charles Blanc, by Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, with original illustrations; "The Butterflies of North America," first series, by W. H. Edwards, consisting of sixty plates, figures life-size, and descriptive letterpress; "More than Conqueror," a memorial of Col. J. Howard Kitching, 6th N. Y. Artillery, Army of the Potomac.——John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, will shortly publish a "Complete Bible Cyclopædia," edited by Rev. Wm. Blackwood, D.D., LL.D., pp. 2,000, illustrated by nearly 3,000 engravings.——J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, will publish "Songs for Our Darlings"—a collection of poems for the youngest children, with an illustration on every leaf.——A weekly periodical to be called "The Table," and which will endeavor to promote the practice of sound gastronomical science in the American household, is announced as soon to appear. Mr. "Barry Gray" is to be the editor, and his efforts may probably be blessed to the improvement of the more wretched of our well-supplied kitchens—where perhaps more good food is worse wasted than anywhere else on earth.

—A movement of some importance has taken place at Albany in the interests of education, being the consolidation of Union College, the Dudley Observatory, and the Albany Law and Medical Schools into the "Union University of New York." There has been a growing desire among the alumni of the college to establish at Schenectady law and medical departments. The present object, however, as stated by Dr. Potter, the president of the college, "is not to create new and struggling institutions, but, in accordance with the spirit of the age, to consolidate and thus to strengthen and perfect institutions already existing." The college will remain in Schenectady and the other institutions in Albany; but as they are only thirty minutes apart, no great inconvenience can result. There will also be in Schenectady "Engineering, Chemical, and Scientific Schools," and a department of "Theological Instruction" under Dr. Tayler Lewis. In the early days of the State, it was seen that a number of struggling institutions must be injurious to higher education, and so carefully was the evil guarded against that the citizens of Albany and Schenectady were twice, we believe, certainly once, refused a charter for Union College, notwithstanding that there was then no college north or west of New York. Of late years this far-sighted policy has been reversed, and any man with more money than he has known what to do with has been allowed to endow a college, and been deemed a public benefactor. The consequence is a number of institutions struggling, like boys beyond their depth, to keep themselves up by dragging the others down. This new movement of consolidation, carried out by commendable concessions as well as co-operation, is one that may yet extend to the consolidation of colleges themselves, and one that must be attended by desirable results.

—We do not know whether the unfinished and discontinued course of lectures which Mr. Henry Stanley has attempted in this city is the only course which he meditates delivering. We suppose it may not be. For although he has but very slender qualifications for delivering instructive lectures on explorations in Central Africa, and would weary an audience in less than ten minutes if he tried to be instructive, he is nevertheless the Mr. Stanley who has travelled to Tanganyika and other more or less unpronounceable places; and throughout the country there are hundreds of towns where hundreds of people would give half a dollar a piece to see with their own eyes the Saviour of Livingstone, and the small black boy who accompanies him, and the African lances, shields, bows, arrows, javelins, and garments which decorate the platform, and the American flag which waved over the *Herald* Expedition. Mr. Stanley's first lecture, which is the only one we have heard, was, we must say, about the most deplorable exhibition of ignorance and self-sufficiency that we have ever been called upon to witness. It was unconsciously offered, or it would have been an atrocious insult to the public; and one could not but think that our British cousins must have been in a little panic about American good-will or they would never have taken up the heavy handful of being civil to our enterprising discoverer. When a gentleman who has but slight deference for Lindley Murray pronounces "prosaic" "prosiac"; and "fertile" with the "i" very long; and "deteriorate" as if it were derived from "deter" and the second "e" in "deter" were a "u"; and "clover" as if the "o" were extremely short—it is with reluctance that one hears him giving his views as to the origin of the negro race or saying that Sir Samuel Baker

and other gentlemen think so and so, but that "Doctor Livingstone and I" think differently. The lecture which we heard may be characterized roughly as being composed of a most tedious enumeration of meaningless African proper nouns, varied by occasional bursts of *Herald* "headline" eloquence, all delivered in an uncultivated voice and with a manner anything but enlivening. A large map hung beside the lecturer, but no use whatever was made of it, and everything showed incompetence. People in the audience were long-suffering, but about one-quarter of those present left the hall before the lecture was half over, and others were emulating the example of the young African on the platform, who ought to have been in his bed two hours before, and who, in his drowsiness, nearly bobbed his young head off. We should advise Mr. Stanley to eschew ethnology and to stop all articulate aspiration for the evangelization of Africa, to make one talkative lecture of what he saw of Dr. Livingstone, and to deliver it before as many country lyceum audiences as Mr. Redpath can secure for him. The whole thing has been frightfully overdone, the "intellectual department" of the *Herald* not being extravagantly strong, but the natural desire to look upon a notoriety may be counted on in this case as in others, and Ujiji will still do to conjure with in the rural districts. But offering intelligent audiences such matter as Mr. Stanley spread before us at Steinway Hall argues a pretty low view of American intelligence, and we would not have the English public believe that it is good enough for us. There have been of late some surprising mistakes made on this point by Englishmen.

—As all of our readers know, many and very grave charges have been for a long time brought against Mr. Froude's historical works. He has been accused of wilfully perverting documentary evidence in a way that amounts to gross falsehood, and his milder judges charge him with a haste of generalization, a warmth of prejudice, and an inability to look fairly at facts, which altogether make his writings thoroughly untrustworthy, and make their reception as true history nothing less than a public misfortune. And these accusations have been brought and urged not merely by Roman Catholic orators speaking glibly before audiences of patriotic Irishmen, but by scholarly men, students of history, with qualifications which, at the least, may be regarded as equal to those of Mr. Froude; and not by Roman Catholics alone, but by men of a confirmed Protestantism quite as strong as that of the person accused. In reply, Mr. Froude has at different times said a great deal, but it is not too much to say that his replies have convinced most persons that at all events those accusations against him which are morally least blamable are probably well founded. This, of course, leaves his writings discredited as untrustworthy; "fraudulent historian" he may not be, but his "History of England" is placed in a very unfortunate position. It is a position which his latest defence in no way betters. He proposes that his enemies shall select a certain number of pages in any part of his works, and that the assertions there made shall be compared with the original authorities in the State Paper Office in England, the persons comparing to be experts supervised by the Keeper of the State Papers, and the expense of the investigation to be borne by Mr. Froude. To this several answers might be given: as that historical works are to hold their own against all comers and in all their parts; that competent experts to spend months in ineffectual researches are hard to find; that, as Colonel James F. Meline remarks, "a very large number of Mr. Froude's historical assertions are totally without support of reference, and what are charged as the gravest offences—his suggestions, concealment, innuendo, attributing of motives, pictorial exaggeration, and pretended psychological introspection—are all matters which utterly elude all such tests as he proposes"; and, finally and most forcibly, that there are several very solid and specific charges already fully brought forward against Mr. Froude's fairness and accuracy, and supported by very strong evidence, and that until Mr. Froude clears himself of these he is a historian with a reputation so seriously damaged that further enquiry into his character is entirely unnecessary.

—Mr. Froude appears to misunderstand his position, and to be ignorant of the exact estimate put upon it by the more enlightened part of his reading public. The secretaries of Young Men's Christian societies will not tell him so, and do not think so; nor will the distinguished literary men who are invited to meet him and who laud his books to his face. But there are numbers of people who think his literary character under a decided cloud, and who think examining committees of experts uncalled for till, for example, this following instance of inaccuracy is explained, and an explanation is given, too, of an explanation which has already been proffered: In Mr. Froude's eighth volume, at the 211th page, he presents, says Colonel Meline, "a word-picture of Mary Stuart, full of passion and revenge, and adds, 'She said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head,' supporting the passage with this reference: 'Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 5, Scotch MS., Rolls House.'" Colonel Meline, in a pretty warm little book ("Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Latest English Historian"), which he published two years ago, informed Mr. Froude that his reference was wrong; that no such letter was in existence in or out of the Rolls House; and soon after, a reply which the Colonel thinks was inspired by Mr. Froude, and which we remember as so seeming to us also, was printed in the *Tribune*. This reply said in substance that Mr. Froude or the printer had made an error of the pen or of the press in naming Randolph as the writer of the letter in question: "It was the Earl of Bedford instead of Randolph who wrote the letter, though, owing to the fact that the latter was at that time about the court and in connection with Bedford, the letter could only have been written with authority of Randolph." But Colonel Meline sent for a certified copy of the Bedford letter, and found that there was in it no such passage as that "she said she could have no peace till she had Murray's or Chatelherault's head." Or take the case of Miss Agnes Strickland. The English Records Offices have of late been a perfect quarry of materials for the historian, and Miss Strickland discovered there a letter written by Lady Lennox, Darnley's mother, which makes it plain that her former opinion of Mary's guilt as regards the murder of Darnley she afterwards fully abandoned, and so informed the Queen. At all events, to write of Mary's connection, real or supposed, with that crime, and not mention this respectful letter—"loving and reverential letter," Miss Strickland calls it—is to fail utterly in the historian's duty. "Judge," says Miss Strickland, "of my strong surprise and indignation at Froude's disgraceful book, which appeared shortly after mine was finished," and which caused a controversy between Miss Strickland and Mr. Froude in the *Times*. Miss Strickland insisted on the value of the letter which she had discovered, and which was perfectly accessible to Mr. Froude, as to her. For reply he cited a letter written by the Countess two years earlier, when she was indeed persuaded of the guilt of Mary as afterwards she was of her innocence. This called out a letter from Miss Strickland, explaining the misconception under which Lady Lennox at one time labored, but the letter was suppressed by the *Times*, and, as Miss Strickland avers, by the influence of a relative of Mr. Froude's attached to the staff of that paper. Every reader will see that until such time as Mr. Froude says something perfectly explicit in answer to charges like these, and to some others of which the *World* of November 30 and December 2 contains specimens, he need hardly ask commissions of experts.

—Nicholas Copernicus, it is generally assumed, was born on the 19th of February, 1473, and died May 24, 1543. Our European exchanges lead us to believe that the four hundredth anniversary of his birth will be celebrated with more *éclat*, if possible, than that of Galileo, on the 18th of February, 1864. Among other things to take place in commemoration of the great astronomer is the publication of a centenary edition of his great work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," under the auspices of the Copernican Scientific Society of Thorn, his native place. Unless the work pays for itself the expense will fall upon the society. The state has contributed 2,000 thalers to the contingent expenses. It is to be edited by Dr. Curtze, with notes and comments; and to be collated with the original manuscript, which still exists, and belongs to the "Majoratobibliothek" of the Rostitz family in Prague. This will be the fifth edition of the great work. The first was published in 1543 at Nürnberg, the second in Basle in 1566, the third in Amsterdam in 1617—the two latter being rather imperfect; the fourth in Moscow in 1854, by John Baranovski, the Director of the Observatory in that city.

THE "NEW BROAD CHURCH" IN ENGLAND.*

THESE "Thoughts for the Times" are contained in fourteen discourses, not sermons, but lectures slightly flavored with the parenetical herb of grace, the subjects of which are: "The Liberal Clergy," "The Idea of God," "The Science of God," "The Character of Christianity," "The Ethics of Christianity," "The Essence of the Bible," "The Doctrine of the Bible," "Trinity, and Original Sin," "Predestination and the Church," "The Lord's Day," "Preaching," "Pleasure," "Sacrifice," "The Law of Progress." To these discourses is appended an address in memory of Frederick Denison Maurice, an affectionate tribute to the teacher, the friend, the man to whom the author owes more, he declares, "than to anybody else in the world." Mr. Maurice was the reputed founder of the English "Broad Church," the "Old Broad Church," as Mr. Haweis calls it, as distinguished from the "New Broad Church" which the disciples of Maurice instituted, and to which he himself belongs. We are rather surprised at Mr. Haweis's statement of the

* "Thoughts for the Times. Sermons by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A." 12mo, New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

chief difference between these two parties. "Truth," he says, "must be restated again and again. Maurice could not bear a restatement; he thought the old forms too sacred for a paraphrase." Perhaps Mr. Haweis knows better than we; but to us it has always seemed that Maurice was the great master of paraphrase; that his ingenuous ingenuity in putting new interpretations on the Articles was his distinguishing characteristic as a theologian. Taking this volume as a sample of New Broad Church teaching, we should say that its peculiarity consisted not so much in giving restatements of the ancient doctrines as in dropping them altogether. The disciple has improved on his master by setting aside what the master tried to explain; for the discussions here of Trinity and Original Sin rather push those great Articles out of view than interpret them.

Mr. Haweis is quite unlike the brethren of the Broad Church whose names are familiar to us. He is less vague, mystical, and redundant than Maurice, less terse, didactic, and incisive than Robertson, less poetical and sentimental than Stopford Brooke. Maurice was a theologian, as Mr. Haweis, judging by these chapters, is not. Robertson, if not a philosopher, was a philosophical critic, which Mr. Haweis cannot claim to be to anything like the same extent. He presents himself rather as a bright-minded, cultured, frank, independent man, intellectually and heartily earnest, well furnished with thoughts of an interesting character, and gifted with a remarkably free utterance. That he is not without consciousness of his importance may be inferred from the "arguments" prefixed to the individual sermons in this volume, though these may have been suggested by the author's evident desire to be well understood. The same ingenuousness may explain his acknowledgments to Froude, Lecky, Spencer, Matthew Arnold, Emanuel Deutsch, Dr. Hussey, and Mr. H. W. Beecher, for thoughts borrowed from their writings.

Mr. Haweis's leaning is towards scientific rationalism. But for his announcement that he had been five years the incumbent of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, London, we should suppose, from the offhand treatment of his themes, that he was a rationalizing Unitarian. His acknowledgment of mental indebtedness to the men we have just named (and he might have added Darwin) is not formal. He has been indebted to these writers for more than he acknowledges; at heart he is in sympathy with them; he has surrendered to them his theological beliefs. "If the church," he says, "cannot utilize some of the best men of the age, the church will go down. Those who, under the garb of a spurious piety, refuse to recognize facts—those who oppose themselves to the voice of scientific, social, and religious progress, will find themselves, ere long, in a very poor minority." "We do not mind dogmas, but we don't want inflexible dogmas. We don't mind theology, but we must not allow our theology to rough-ride conscience and exterminate religion." He declares that "the time has gone by for ever when it is possible for an educated person to declare that Christianity is true and every other religion false. Christianity must take its place in the history of the world among other religions, and must be regarded as a point, and a turning-point, in the harmonious religious development of the race. He quotes with evident approval Professor Jowett's assertion, made in his own pulpit, that we might cull from past religions all the principal ethical doctrines of Christianity. "The sacrificial portion of Christianity," he admits, "is certainly neither new nor original. You might go further, perhaps, and single out every petition of the Lord's Prayer, for instance, in the literature that already existed at the coming of Christ." "If we want to discover the origin of dogmas about the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Procession of the Holy Ghost, we must go to the Greek schools of Alexandrian philosophy—not the Gospel. The Greek mind has done our theological thinking for us." "The very words Predestination and Verbal Inspiration are in my ears as the explosion and bursting-up of old smooth-bore cannon." Again: "I implore you to take reasonable views of the Bible. It is futile to believe in its infallibility; such a belief, logically carried out, must lead you into both immorality and error." "To preach that the Bible is infallible is most dangerous to morals, and especially derogatory to the character of the Supreme Being, as we have now learned to believe in Him." The author's sympathy with the essential doctrines of Mr. Darwin may be inferred from a passage like this: "Speaking accurately and scientifically, the stream of tendency is God. God is the stream of tendency by which all things fulfil the law of their being. God may be, and doubtless is, more—but he is that."

After these quotations, Mr. Haweis's opinions about Pleasure, Sacrifice, the Lord's Day, need not be enumerated. They are such as are entertained by very few Churchmen, by scarcely any "Evangelicals," by no single Puritan, but by very many if not by most men of the world. He does not condemn balls or theatres, but rather approves of occasional attendance on them, as helping to keep up their tone. He does advise people to keep away from the race-course "if they have no hope of being able to do anything towards the purification of the system of betting, cheating, dishonesty, lying, and debauchery that goes on during the races." "But that which gives horse-races their civilized *locus standi* may be a good thing." His doctrine of sacrifice is many degrees removed from asceticism. The lecture on the "Law of Progress" will be satisfactory to believers in evolution. "The Law of Progress" he declares, almost in the phrase of Herbert Spencer, "is a procession from the simple to the complex, from what is homogeneous to what is heterogeneous." "Adam, as a man, was very much the kind of being which Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer have described."

These opinions are familiar to people of ordinary intelligence, and are met with in popular literature. The remarkable circumstance here is that they are given out in the pulpit of a minister of the Church of England. To be sure, we are prepared for a good deal from a church which allows Professor Jowett to continue in its communion and makes of Mr. Stanley a dean. But Mr. Haweis goes much further than either of these gentlemen have ventured in their public utterance. He himself is aware of the necessity of justifying his position. To those who say to him, "If you don't like the Church, leave the Church; you are simply an officer of the state, and as long as the state maintains certain formulas, you ought to maintain them," he makes substantially the reply that a young American rector made to a blunt friend who urged on him a similar objection—"I stay in the Church in order to maintain the indifference of dogma. By leaving it I should confess the saving importance of opinions, the very thing I most strenuously deny." I am under the control of the state, says Mr. Haweis. The state puts forward a series of articles and formularies which it requires its ministers, and, in fact, all its members, to subscribe as members of the National Church. Now, when the state did that, it no doubt tried to get as near the truth as possible. But do you tell me that the state meant to fix these formulas as expressions of truth beyond which there was no expression of truth possible? Do you suppose that when the state denied to the Church of Rome the power to fix dogmatic truth or ceremonies, she arrogated to herself the privilege of doing so? I don't believe it for a moment; and for this reason—because the very action of the state, in remodelling the forms of faith, was a protest against the fixedness of such forms.

Very ingeniously and adroitly argued is this, somewhat too adroitly, the question being by no means fairly put. England threw off the Romish Church as a political despotism, but did not so absolutely repudiate the Church's title to fix points of faith. But let that pass. Grant that the forms of sound doctrine may be varied, even to the degree that Maurice and Robertson varied them, is it permissible to alter the very substance of them as Mr. Haweis does? At the heart of the Church doctrine lies the theory of mediation by the sacrifice of a redeemer. The terms in which this act of mediation is described may be altered to suit the intelligence of different epochs and nations of men; but the theory itself is vital to the existence of the National Church; it cannot be discarded without shaking the entire fabric of dogma and rite in pieces, thus abolishing the institution. Now, unless we have read these discourses carelessly, their author not only substitutes a new phraseology for the old one, but substitutes a new theory for the old one, rejects the whole idea of mediation, and constructs his religious system from another set of opinions—so radically reconstructing the scheme of salvation that scarcely a hint of it is left. The very mention of it is rather tolerated as an indulgence than insisted on as an important matter. The consciousness of an English Churchman is something we have not the presumption to try to fathom; we only feel that if conscience had free play in it, such reasoning as this of Mr. Haweis's would be set down as sophistry, and the conduct based on it would be in great danger of being pronounced dishonest.

It is quite true, we make haste to acknowledge, that Mr. Haweis says a good many things in the course of these lectures that are intended to break the force of such strong expressions as we have quoted above—things about the "minor personality of God," whatever that may be, and the divine character of Jesus, and the regenerating influences of Christianity, and the peculiar and original type of the Gospel ethics, and the miracles, and the moral inspiration of the Bible, and the Trinity, and the Incarnation, and about many things besides, speculative and practical. Some of these sayings are just and noble, some of them are finely, all of them are elegantly and earnestly said; but some of them are vague, sentimental, rhapsodical; some of them are evasive; and some of them, we regret to say, do not give evidence of the writer's study of the best authorities; they will not, in a word, bear critical examination; and taken as he puts them they do not meet the objection that he tampers with the substance and not merely with the formularies of faith. They do not wholly set him right with the Church, nor fully justify him in standing where Maurice and Robertson stood with dignity.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

A YOUNG man at a bar, somewhere in California, remarked that the whiskey was bad; whereupon an old compotator turned and said, "Young man, never say that again. All whiskey is good. Some whiskey is better than other whiskey, but all whiskey is good." All Mr. Trowbridge's Yankee stories are good, but some of them are better than others, and among the better ones we do not place this year's "Jack Hazard." The idea of the story is excellent—the finding of an old trunk of counterfeit half-dollars in a log by the boy, his excitement over his treasure, which he believes to be genuine, and the bad effect on him of the gain of sudden wealth. The secondary idea is also good—the claiming of the "treasure" by old miserly Squire Peternot, on whose land it was found, and the confusion to which he and his greedy nephew are brought in the end by the discovery of its "bogus" nature. But in the filling out of this plan, the farcical turn of Mr. Trowbridge's invention, if it may be so called, gets so entirely the better of his judgment, that he permits Jack and the money to go through a series of adventures which, though possible, are almost on a par in probability with the extraordinary coincidences in the play of *Box and Cox*. As we have said before in reviewing Mr. Trowbridge, he always seems to write with the stage in his eye, and is too often not able to resist the beguilings of trapdoors and actors with nothing to do but enter in the nick of time. This habit does not necessarily prevent his characters from being natural, but it certainly makes the motive and moral of the story theatrical and void of effect. A writer of this kind does well not to burden himself with too weighty a moral object; the one hit upon in "Coupon Bonds" was exactly suited to carry the material and style of the work. But in "Jack Hazard" the attempt to write a book which would not only amuse but really improve a boy, was only imperfectly successful in the volume of last year, while in the one of this year it is made so entirely subordinate to the fun and excitement of the adventures, that one feels a little bit sentimental in mentioning such a thing as a moral at all. In the line of ingenuity, let alone as a lesson of youth, the conclusion of the story is a most singular failure. Jack resigns the money nobly, sees the advantages of modest gain over sudden riches, and gives himself up to the law, *only* after he has discovered the treasure to be a fraud! Perhaps Mr. Trowbridge thought it would be too great a strain on the credulity of his audience to ask them to believe any more of the powers of a boy's virtue, but we think it would have been a much easier task than to believe that a boy ever skewered an old man into a log with sticks, or locked up a whole village in a court-room. Besides, it is a good thing for boys to be asked to give ear to the stories of unusual and even impossible virtue, for a struggle to resemble his heroes is common to every boy's breast; while it is far from being so good a thing to hold up to their wonder a series of exploits in outwitting country-folk which no young reader could have an excuse for enjoying, except the love of brag.

We have Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen with us again this Christmas, in another volume of his ingenious and lively fairy stories. With the other reading in the book, there may be found at the back extracts from notices made of his previous publications for children by various English papers. These are all very strong sentences of praise, one even professing the author's imagination to be as fanciful as Grimm's, and "some of his stories superior to anything Hans Christian Andersen has written." Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is a great admirer of Andersen's, and one of his books is either dedicated to him—if we remember aright—or speaks of him in a dedicatory passage as one whom the writer holds in veneration and humbly strives to resemble. For our own part, we are willing to concede any amount of fancifulness of imagination to Mr. Hugessen, but a resemblance between him and Andersen in any essential particular, or even a trace, outside of the declaration referred to, that the former considers the latter as worthy of emulation, seems one of the most impossible discoveries to be made. Their names both end in *sen*, they are both writers about children and for children *con amore*, and they both deal in a mixture of homely and familiar and supernatural materials that is extremely effective. After these likenesses, the only comparison between them is suggested by the strong contrast. The one is poetical, delicate, gentle as a woman, with spiritual meanings hidden under his fantasies, and with a humor of the most refined sort. The other is extraordinarily ingenious, but never by any accident poetical; he is undeniably coarse; his talent and his fun are for the rough and boyish, and the boots and trowsers are always to be detected peeping beneath the girls' frocks. Above all, his tales make no spiritual suggestions of any sort, although such are frequently inserted or appended, so that the reader shall by no chance overlook them. "Tales at Tea-time" are an improvement on their predecessors, inasmuch as they do not count among them one ogre story, one robber or murder story, nor, to keep balance with the horribleness, one of the preposterous religious conclusions which we pointed out last year in "Crackers for Christmas" and "Moonshine." This is so very pleasant a change that we make the charge of coarseness with regret, and desire to modify it as much as possible by saying that it is not a kind of coarseness to be seriously objected to, but only one which denotes an imagination far removed in kind from that of Hans Christian Andersen. An illustration of what we mean will be found in "The Boy with a Tail," and how surgeons are sent for to cut it off, but refusing to do so are kicked out of the house; how the tail is tied up in a bag, and the boy's life made miserable by having it; how he catches fish with it—holding it in the water for them to bite at, and then landing them dexterously on the bank. Also, in the "Pea-green Nose," where the beautiful princess who is disfigured by this peculiarity has the color licked off by an enchanted dog and cat, who take turns at it while she is asleep. Unless we have entirely misread the author of the "Gingerbread Man and the Gingerbread Maiden"—that most pathetic and refined of funny innocent stories—he would shudder even in his grave at conceptions like these. To show what we mean by the girls being boys in disguise, take the "War in Dolldom"—a particularly good story it is, too—or see in "The River King" where "Amelia Jane" in a fury "turned the lobsters head over heels, right and left, on each side of the throne, and kicked the king's velvet cap into the air, at the same time giving the monarch a push which sent him rolling down the steps of the throne," etc.

There is one curious oversight or accident in the book; it might be called a different name in another writer, but Mr. Hugessen has far too abundant a supply of material of his own to be accused of poaching on anybody else's manor except through inadvertence; and that is a page or two of bald imitation of the "Alice" books. Mary is in the River King's dominions. She said as civilly as she could:

"I'm sure I didn't mean any harm; I am very sorry if I have been rude or unkind to anybody. . . . But, you know, it seems so odd to see one's best doll turned into a queen all of a sudden, and seeming just as if she didn't know one and had never seen one."

"Don't say 'one' so often," interrupted a lobster sharply; "you've said it three times in that last sentence, so you ought to say 'three' now, by all the rules of grammar and arithmetic." Mary stopped whilst the lobster was speaking, but as soon as he had done she went on, everybody keeping strict silence and listening with the deepest attention. "And then, you know——"

"Don't say 'you no' again," said the other lobster; "you might as well say 'you yes' now and then, if only for a change!"

Mr. Hugessen is at his best in the "Story of a Horse," and in the main all the stories are up to his average in entertainment and vivacity. To the abundance of these qualities the children all testify.

"Roundabout Rambles," by Frank R. Stockton, is, without exception, the very best book for children we have had the pleasure of reading in a long time. There is a collection of illustrations, from all sorts of works, made by author or publisher, and a short story, varying from a page and a half to several pages in length, fitted to each one. All the stories are told so apparently *con amore* that it seems as if the author must have had a hand in choosing his subjects; and yet some of the pictures are so feebly suggestive of narrative, that it looks as though they were put in for their own sake by the person who controlled the plates. If this latter case be true, it is difficult to find a place where the writer's ingenuity and fertility have not been more than a match for the illustrator. Mr. Stockton has an unusual combination of qualifications for telling stories to the young. He not only narrates with spirit, but with an excellent perception of what is interesting from a *child's* point of view. We remember to have seen a small boy on the knee and under the spell of just such a magnetic historian, who described a tremendous fox-hunt, with a countenance of intense seriousness, taking his cue as to where to bear on and where to abridge from the boy's face—so expressive of every shade of feeling; and who, by the mere skill of perfect sympathy, excited the small hearer to a pitch of intense enthusiasm, and a resolution to get ready immediately for foxes. Many stories illustrate this trait, but none better than "Building Ships," suggested by a small cut of the "Great Eastern." No natural boy with the least turn for a boat or for tools could read that simple description of how to construct a toy vessel, without a glow and a desire to get to work. Another qualification is the author's sense of responsibility—a trait which in lively story-tellers is so frequently and sadly lacking. Perhaps it is simply instinctive good judgment and refined moral feeling, and not a distinct intention of quietly encouraging what is good, and as quietly suppressing or turning aside what is rough or coarse or sentimental in the thought of the juvenile audience; but it sounds very thoughtful and paternal. And here there is a temptation to draw a com-

* "A Chance for Himself; or, Jack Hazard and his Treasure. By J. T. Trowbridge, author of 'Jack Hazard and his Fortunes,' 'Lawrence's Adventures,' 'Coupon Bonds,'" etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"Tales at Tea-time. Fairy Stories by E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., author of 'Moonshine,' 'Crackers for Christmas,' 'Stories for my Children,' etc." Illustrated by William Brunton. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

"Roundabout Rambles in Lands of Fact and Fancy. By Francis R. Stockton." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

parison which is suggested not by any means for the first time. American juveniles are certainly superior to English ones in all that relates to the humanities. It is to be feared that a British publisher, accustomed to cater for pugnacious little British boys—boys more or less familiar with the fagging system, and brought up from the very nursery on fighting traditions and the necessity of proving manliness by occasionally getting and giving black eyes—would consider the "Big Game" stories of "Round-about Rambles" as very "slow." The terrific points are toned down, not adorned; the slaughters are not dwelt on with elaboration, as in English books, but softened or made short work of; and all this without mitigating the truth, or being in the least namby-pamby. The roughest boy could enjoy the vigor of the writing without having his propensities encouraged.

Mr. Stockton amuses himself humorously over his small audience without forgetting that his business is to entertain the young folks, and not only the old. One story alone, "Going after the Cows," will perhaps be relished rather more by the elders than the little boys whom it describes; but it is really a gem of its kind, and we would on no account spare it from the book. The author seems to betray a Pennsylvania origin or training, not more by his Quaker-like gentleness of spirit than by his persistent use of will in place of shall, and by several other peculiarities, more or less failings of the Keystone State. "Little Bridget's Bait" ought to be mentioned as an exceedingly nice specimen of innocent fairy story.

Das Wichtigste aus der Phraseologie bei Nepos und Cäsar . . . nach Materien geordnet, von Dr. Georg Wichert. (Berlin. 1872. Pp. 164.)—If the study of Greek and Latin ever tends again to a more wholesome and rational method; if less attention is paid to etymological speculations, and a great deal more attention is paid to the thought and diction of the masters and to the literature; in short, if the classics are studied as classics, for themselves, such books as this will command attention. In one sense it may be called a kind of dictionary to Nepos and Cæsar. But the arrangement is not that of a dictionary. It is not a collection of words in alphabetical order, but of expressions and phraseological combinations grouped under certain leading ideas or categories. To give a hint of the arrangement, we quote the titles of a few divisions: I. Physical Matters: under this head are given fire, heat and cold, space and place, hills, woods, rivers, the sea, islands, etc. II. Time, Duration of Time, Passage of Time, Special Divisions of Time. III. The Animal World. IV. The Human Body and its Parts. V. Life, Sickness, Death, Burial. VI. Hunger, Thirst, Meals, Food and Drink. VII. Good Fortune, Misfortune, etc., etc. There are twenty-eight such headings, military matters in a writer like Cæsar naturally covering the most ground. At the end of the book is an alphabetical list of words. A series of collections like this for the principal authors would be a valuable auxiliary to the Latin lexicon. Not the least merit of the book is its suggestions for the young scholar. Niebuhr, in discoursing somewhere on the value of indexes, recommends index-making itself as a most instructive occupation for the student of language and history; and perhaps there is more truth than satire in Pope's well-known lines:

> "Index-learning turns no student pale,
> Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

To make collections somewhat on the system sketched by Dr. Wichert, would be more instructive than the mere alphabetical indexes Niebuhr had in mind.

The Ten Laws of Health; or, How Disease is Produced and can be Prevented. By J. R. Black, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—This is perhaps on the whole the best popular book on hygiene which has appeared in our country. Most of our hygeio-maniacs have had some hobby or other which they have ridden to its death or to that of the unfortunate disciple who ventured to mount behind them. But with the exception of his undiscriminating veto of all stimulants, Dr. Black's precepts are marked by a fair amount of temperateness and judgment. His style partakes somewhat of the roughness and heat with which one is familiar in this class of books, in which menace of the wrath that is to come, persuasion, and exhortation usually take as large a place as detailed practical advice. But if this were made a reproach to him, Dr. Black would justly reply that he writes to awaken those who now are well, and to keep them from presuming on their capital of vitality as if it were inexhaustible. We may by vicious ways of living sow the seed of misery before we begin even to suspect the bitter taste of the fruit; and when we do, it is almost always too late for reparation. The exceedingly long cycles in which physiological causation works, the latent accumulation of deleterious influences—masked perhaps the while by an appearance of benefit—and their sudden blossoming into permanent effect, form not only one of the most interesting theoretic problems for the physician, but one of the chief practical obstacles to the physical improvement of the race. For of the public total of infirmity that prudence might prevent, less is caused by ignorance of sanitary rules than by indifference to them—the confidence of us stout fellows who now feel so well while disregarding them, that we may go on to the consummation of centuries and be none the worse. With regard to insanity, for instance, Dr. Ray says at least two generations are usually required to accomplish the various stages in the development of the disease. Dr. Black's hortatory tone needs therefore no excuse; and the omission from his book of minute rules for the delicate may be explained by its being addressed exclusively to those as yet well. Nevertheless we think it errs through too great generality. Why not say a word, for instance, of the great use to certain constitutions of a nap in the afternoon, and of doing no brain-work at night? of the advisability to business men of eating their heaviest meal after their hard day's work is over, and so forth? Nothing, either, is said of *vacations*, which our infamous business customs deny to so many of us, but which may be called indispensable to the proper performance of each and all of us in the long run. A strong man may do without one for one, two, or three years, and hardly know it; but after ten years he will be a different being from what he would have proved if, for a solid month each year, he had been able to forget his cares, and let the galled spots of the mind heal entirely over. We hope Dr. Black's book may have the circulation it deserves, especially among the less instructed; and we close with an extract whose lesson may be new to some of our readers:

"During the winter season at least two pairs of drawers and two undershirts should always be worn. . . . The advantage of two or three layers of flannel next the skin is not in the weight, nor in the bulk, but in the fact that each layer is a wall within a wall, holding warm air between them. Two pounds of wool put into the body of a single garment does not shield the body half as well as that quantity made into two and then worn double. Let those who doubt this try the experiment."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbott (J. S. C.), Daniel Boone	(Dodd & Mead)	
Chester (J.), Derwent: Recollections of Young Life in the Country	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)	
Drake (S. A.), Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	3 00
Forster (J.) Life of Charles Dickens, Vol. II	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Grimshaw (W.) Handy Dictionary	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Gardner (F.), Phædrus, Justin, Nepos	(Lee & Shepard)	
Hathaway (W. E.), Christopher Crooked: a Christmas Story, (G. P. Putnam & Sons)		1 00
Holly (B.), System of Water Supply and Fire Protection, swd	(Lockport)	
Laing (Mrs. C. H. B.), The Seven Kings of the Seven Hills	(Porter & Coates)	
McCarthy (J.), Modern Leaders	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Mayer (Prof. A. M.), The Earth a Great Magnet, swd	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)	0 25
Mathews (Prof. W.), Getting on in the World	(S. C. Griggs & Co.)	2 25
Pyle (M. C.), Hugo's Gavroche	(Porter & Coates)	
Treasure Trove	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	

Fine Arts.

SOME MODERN SCULPTURE.

I.

WE have already remarked upon the fact, which, until we come to think about it, is a curious one, that foreign sculptors are generally unknown here, even by name, while foreign painters of merit are familiar to as large a public on our side the Atlantic as on their own. There is no cause but a very slavish one, the natural depravity of inanimate matter, or, in other words, the refusal of stone to be readily moved and made popular. The other day, the *Atlantic Monthly* set us to thinking, by stating its opinion that an interesting statue by one of our home sculptors reduced the other sculpture of the day to a condition of inferiority. American sculpture seems to us to be in a promising and healthful state. We have Palmer, and Powers, and Miss Hosmer for works of sentiment; Ward, Launt Thompson, and others for subjects of heroism; and several competent portrait-sculptors, while the graphic character-sketches of Mr. Rogers are thoroughly pleasant in their way. This is no mean exhibit; and there are other sculptors of eminence among us whose names will occur to our readers. The selection, however, of an American work of genius to place at the head of the whole result and production of European genius is, in our eyes, not judicious; and we had really forgotten the prevalence of the boast that sprung up some years ago, when Crawford and Powers were in the ascendant, and Palmer was beginning to come forward, about America's whipping the world in sculpture. This opinion, doubtless still alive in all its vigor, has got into a class of the public which we no longer come across, and we had overlooked its vigor and its existence, until we were reminded by the *Atlantic's* venturing to give it expression that it is an opinion still proudly glowing in some bed or other of the social formation, and provided with an occasional crater through

which to utter itself. Foreign sculpture is a vast and complicated outgrowth, excelling in countless lines of energy. There are now living one hundred and ninety-three sculptors whom the French Ministry of Fine Arts has judged worthy of special reward. They and their fellow-craftsmen have been raised into distinction by the same critics and the same enlightenment of public taste that have conferred fame upon painters like Couture, Gallait, Pilotty, Baudry, Merle, Meissonier, and the rest. They have as many merits, foibles, and differences of bent as the painters. Yet in America we hear nothing of them, and a dilettante who would be ashamed to know nothing of Couture would be not at all ashamed to know nothing of Carpeaux and Paul Dubois.

It is better, in a mere bird's-eye view such as this must be, to confine ourselves to one national school. The French is the best for our purpose. In France, the study of antique art is very deep and systematic, but there is an equally strong predilection for the art of the Revival; from this has arisen the fact that French artists are willing to add a grace, if they can, to the antique. They consider, for example, that the Greeks are improvable in one important matter, the expression of flesh texture. Only a few antiques, of the very highest class, push the imitation of the skin as far as it may be pushed; the Greek desire to give the essence of human form, to make a marble bust, probably forbade the very effort. French art, ever since Rubens decorated the Luxembourg with the history of Marie de Medicis, and there showed his matchless understanding of what Taine calls "the fluidity of life," has taken great care of this department. Puget profited by the study of Rubens to give the flesh of his statues a sense of life, blood-circulation, and pliability which the ancients hardly got. It is a mere discovery in realism, but a glance at the wrinkling, crisping, sweating skins of Puget's heroes, true Rubens heroes in stone, is very impressive. This realism is the present tradition in which a large proportion of French sculpture is conceived. There are not wanting, however, sculptors who occasionally essay the large, generalized, abstracted manner of the Greeks. We think of a recent cast, the name of whose author we have forgotten, but certainly an artist of repute: it was a sketch left at this artist's death, found worthy of preserving, and cast in bronze with the marks of the sculptor's thumbs plainly seen on many parts of it. It had so perfectly the Greek look that we might have declared it an imperfect antique, an experiment from the hands of him who carved the "Discobolus Watching"; there were the small athlete's head, the round-polled crown, the limbs linked together with those soft interfluent lines of muscle wherein the ancients so wonderfully excelled. It sat in a pose as simple and original as the "Boy and Thorn," one leg bent under the body, and the innocent face raised in a perfect directness and simplicity. To a sculptor, it had the same self-possessed, satisfying imitation of the Greek accent that certain writings of Thackeray have of the accent of Queen Anne's age. There is another statue that may be pointed to as also entering the lists with antique art. Those who recollect Perraud's "Infancy of Bacchus," in the centre of a room in the Luxembourg, will recollect how nearly a modern artist has succeeded in throwing off the cumber of this complicated age and adopting the simplicity of the Greek outlook. The Bacchus is a baby, dancing on the shoulder of a faun, whom it holds by one leaf-shaped ear. The suggestion is similar to that of the antique "Bacchus and Silenus," but there is no resemblance in the treatment. To entangle the eye for ten minutes among the pectoral and serrated muscles of the faun's torso is to get an unconquerable impression that the chest is breathing. The arm which bears the strain of the infant contains a daring experiment, one of the "mistakes" of sciolistic criticism; it shows, along the length of the forearm, two or three depressions, or tucks, or hitches, in the inside line, where muscles cross or bind each other; it is an effect previously unknown in art; and we were somewhat sceptical, we confess, until we once caught a model, in strong action, showing just the same result. The type of this sitting faun is illusively like the antique; it is a lithe, supple man of the woods, not quite so much padded as the generality of Greek models, but singularly like them too; as with them, each muscle dislikes to announce its precise edges, but does its best to slip undiscovered into some other muscle; and as with them, every square inch of every muscle is supremely happy, blessed with free air and balanced development.

Either of the two *tours de force* just spoken of deserves a long lecture. Perhaps the difficulty of a modern's rendering of the Iliad into a perfectly satisfactory imitation of Homer's manner is a small task in comparison with what is achieved in both cases. We must leave them immediately. The next direction of the modern spirit we would speak of is the study of adolescence. This bent we would not refer to admiration of the antique, because it is expressed in a very sharp realism, while the great Greek adolescent subjects are idealized as much as they can possibly bear, and become quite hermaphroditic in their pursuit of elegance. We would refer the taste rather to a strong love for Michael Angelo's "David." This stripling giant, with his divine "gawkiness" (there is no other word), with his great joints and extremities, and with his inexplicable captivating quality, turns his back upon the Old Palace, the lasting exemplar and poem of an angelic hobbledehoy. A surprising number of modern sculptors have taken up the "David's" period—the term of adolescence. To a ripe scholar, surfeited with infinite cramming of the antique, the coltish imperfection of healthy boyhood has something of a tang, a flavor, unknown to the study of mellow and perfectly ripened man. Theseus and Hercules are willingly left for the company of lusty youth: for all this, no budding Bacchuses and Cupids are represented, nor anything erotic. We could easily reckon up a dozen salient, remarkable statues of such subjects as we mean. There are Moulin's figure of a boy who has found an antique dancing bronze at Pompeii, and falls to imitating its attitude; Falguière's "Winner at the Cockfight," running along at the top of his speed, and snapping his fingers to the bird perched on his arm; Blanchard's "Young Equilibrist," in which the pose has a daring allowable in bronze perhaps, but suggestive of *chic;* Delaplanche's "Child Mounted on a Tortoise"; Fesquet's "Young Faun Playing with a Goat"; Sanson's "Saltarella Dancer"; and many more artists and subjects. At nearly the head of this kind of realism we might place the "Young Florentine Singer of the Fifteenth Century," by Paul Dubois; the simplicity of this masterpiece, like that of a perfectly bred lady, does not at first strike you with so much surprise as with a sense of ineffable comfort; the imagination must needs be softly titillated with anything so rare, so reserved, so reposeful; after being seen, it goes on caressing the memory like perfume. This singing boy is merely a lad, in hose and doublet that perfectly define his slender form, singing like a native of Atlantis; it eludes description as the stem of a water-lily eludes the fingers. These studies of adolescence of course touch by some of their sides upon other motives of art. There is one exquisite creation in this spirit, by Jouffroy, in which the half-formed developments are those of a girl; it is the image of a little maid, smooth as any eel, reaching up on tiptoe to breathe her secret into the ear of a stony-looking terminal statue of Venus. Some touch upon religious art: by Dubois, author of the "Florentine Singer" just named, there is a "Youthful Saint John," naked, open-mouthed, positive, angry, and dictatorial, going out to convert the wilderness with a boy's confidence and a boy's contempt of consequences and delays; and by Falguière, author of the "Cockfighter,' there is a pathetic figure of Tarcinus, a martyr who died carrying the eucharist and defending the body of God from the blows of the heathen. Some border upon the style of heroism and artistic declamation or eloquence: the busts of the "Young Gracchi," by Guillaume, are superb orations, as it were, in favor of aristocracy, divine right, caste, and natural distinction; the serious hauteur of these unfledged lads, rising up in a phantom-like manner through the top of their pedestal, embracing each other and reserved to all the world besides, is a more pointed essay on Roman character than could be found in Gibbon. These works of art with didactic motive are, however, something radically different from the simple studies of youthful lustihood we selected as marks of the type. We shall add to the instances we have chosen, though, a work by Frémiet, the animal sculptor, whose "Wounded Dog" in bronze is one of the decorations of the Luxembourg; the work of Frémiet's which shows the spirit of boyhood is a "Young Faun," teasing some bear-cubs by punching their noses, as they try to reach a comb of honey; it is in marble, life-size; but the small bronze reproduction can be seen at any importer's; the malicious faun, flat on his stomach, with his goat's haunches spread upon the ground like a design for a lyre, is delightfully original, quaint, and unsophisticated. Nothing would better cure our nineteenth-century cares, perhaps, than to live in a gallery of these lank, more or less clumsy, eager, and non-morbid boy figures.

Other artists attack the antique, but not in the imitative spirit so much as in the cultured, literary, studying spirit, as do the paintings of Gérôme: an example is the fine "Aristophanes" of the late F. C. Moreau. Others can interpret the spirit of the French *salon* with a tact, a discernment, a sense of balance, that are inexpressible; high in this line we would place the statue of the Empress Josephine by Dubray. She is a colossal woman, perhaps eight or nine feet high, framed in a standing collar of marble lace, and beclouded with a volume of long drapery, which she may have just arranged with her foot. She is enormous, yet she is all sensitiveness and fragility; she has creole features, and the pride of Satan; she is evidently *parvenue,* yet as evidently a social monarch; the artist has known how to make her the fictitious empress of a throne-room, and the born queen of a *salon.* There are artists whose portraits have incredible vigor; they seem, as the French say, ready to blow their noses; such are the busts of Carpeaux, whose dancing figures for the opera, precisely resembling casts from life, shocked the delicate sense of convenance which so skilfully covers French license. Another fine portrait sculptor is Guillaume, author of the "Gracchi" already mentioned, who executed for Prince Napoleon the "Seven Ages" of Napoleon Bonaparte. We cannot go on with these enumerations; we but

meant to give hints here and there of the exuberance of modern talent in a walk we seldom see. The sole examples of Continental sculpture which we habitually meet are chimney and other bronzes. The liberties and audacities of bronze are comprehended by French sculptors, with keen insight. Bronze has always occupied a place about halfway between marble statuary and pictures; the Pompeii bronzes take full advantage of the facility of undercutting and challenge the Pompeii frescoes in dash and originality. A momentary attitude, that would be offensive in marble, is agreeable in a bronze, much as it would be in a painting. Great liberties of equilibrium are accordingly allowed, while some of the antique heads have wire hair fastened on. This sentiment explains the tossing attitude and sketchy draperies of many of the small bronzes that come over to us. A perfect example of the spirit, developed in large, is the "Rembrandt," by Oliva, in the Luxembourg. It is tempestuous, fluttering, romantic, with draperies so real that you think you could undress it. Bronze is the vehicle chosen by Barye for his lions and panthers—wonderful existences, restless carnivorous passions, taken out of their furry skins, and revealed to us by moral dissection; boldly discarding the imitation of hide which conceals anatomy, and is not worth trying to render. Barye pursues what *is* worth trying for, the muscular action of the creature, and gives a denuded, unveiled study which must be a good deal like the animal's personal conception of itself, as it lies in its den and thinks how it would feel to spring upon an eligible victim.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1872.

The Week.

THERE is in politics almost a complete lull. Nothing new seems likely to come up in either House, and the "managers" are simply occupied in discovering modes of gratifying their own grudges. The attempted exclusion from the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs of the only men on the Republican side who know anything about foreign affairs, was a curious illustration of the height to which "cussedness" has risen in that body. There are numerous signs at present that many of the chiefs are at last studying the new civil-service rules, to see what is the best way of "getting round" them. The opposition to the rules among all classes of politicians is deep and deadly, and the public need not hope for their submission to them except by continual pressure. Some conceal their rage better than others, but all are furious. The probabilities are that it is the "monarchical tendencies" of "the so-called reform" which will during the winter excite most of their attention, and the President will certainly have a hard fight if he stands firm. The ease with which Mr. Conkling got Mr. Ward Hunt appointed to the Supreme Court, makes many of them flatter themselves that "things are not going to be so bad after all"; but we must remind these gentlemen that though Mr. Hunt was "Conkling's man," he is a good lawyer, and in all other respects fit for the place.

Alabama appears to have quieted down under the power of the Washington authorities, who suggested by the mouth of the Attorney-General a settlement, which by implication condemned the Republican governor, on the one hand, for his disregard of law, and, on the other, the Democrats for fraudulent counting, and which both parties have accepted. It will, as we suppose, result in a Republican victory when the vote shall have been recounted in the districts where the Republicans alleged frauds. In view of this fact, we do hope Democratic papers will for a moment stop parading the wrongs of the Constitution. And we say this because we are to some extent in sympathy with their fears. But to cry "Constitution" when the next unpartisan man you meet in the street knows perfectly that the stupid Alabama Democracy have been trying to convert a Republican victory into a Democratic victory, and trampled on all law in the attempt—to ask him to listen to arguments never so sound on principles never so important to liberty, is to ask a vain thing and to injure your own cause. It was the late editor of the *Tribune*, we believe, who used to say that he had found that when nobody could bring any other argument against a good measure, the argument that it was "unconstitutional" was sure to be brought forward. And we all know what a feeling as regards the Constitution this view, be the same true or false, generated in minds of a certain kind.

In Louisiana there is confusion of all sorts, and there has been some apparent danger of a fight between the militia acting for Warmoth and the police acting for Pinchback, but no blood has been shed, and none, we suppose, will be. So far Pinchback, Packard, Kellogg, and Casey are uppermost, for the President, why we do not know, has recognized that faction as being the government of Louisiana. We certainly cannot tell how to straighten this tangled skein. One party seems to have just as much equity, to an ounce, as the other; and as for who has most law, each has an enormous quantity, though we suspect that Warmoth has the most on his side. But there has been so much lawlessness all along, that really it would seem to matter little which had most law just at present. The whole business lay in germ in the carpet-bag legislation, violative of all decency, which was passed years ago to secure Republican ascendency. Or one may say longer ago than that, and recall the oppressions of slavery, and the methods of reconstruction that Southern folly and violence seemed to necessitate—perhaps did really necessitate to their fullest extent. It is perhaps idle to attempt settling just now how much cheating Warmoth did in the election; or just how much unblushing lying there is in the Lynch-Longstreet return of votes (made "pursuant to an act entitled, An act to regulate the conduct and secure the purity of elections," passed March 16, 1870), which was made with few or no returns before the board; nor whether Kellogg is eligible to the gubernatorial chair at all; nor whether Pinchback can be at once Lieutenant-Governor, Congressman-at-large, and President of the Senate; nor, in short, anything else certainly about the muddle; except perhaps this, that there is a general feeling—which would be stronger than it is were these New Orleans wranglers not such a coil of vipers—that it is an uncomfortable sight to see a State election count for so little in the choice of a governor, and the United States court and garrison for so much.

The investigation into the Crédit Mobilier scandal is going on at Washington, the committee sitting with closed doors. In view of the report which the committee will by-and-by make, it may be as well to state what the real *gravamen* of the charges in this case is—what the knowing ones say really took place. In the first place, the Pacific Railroad was really built by the United States, and not, as is commonly supposed, by a few patriotic gentlemen who thought a highway between the Atlantic and Pacific necessary for their country's good. The United States advanced all the money after the first "section" of the road was built, and then it passed through the hands of the Crédit Mobilier, a company composed of Messrs. A., B. & C., into the hands of the Pacific Railroad Company, composed of Messrs. C., B. & A. In other words, the Crédit Mobilier was a ring formed for the purpose of "sweating" the money. The books of the company have, we believe, never seen the light. It is generally supposed, too, by those who are "inside politics," that Mr. Oakes Ames went to Washington for the purpose of helping the scheme along, and that what he really did to influence Congressmen was to sell them stock—on which, it was well understood, an enormous dividend was about to be declared—for a price which would have been fair enough if there had been no dividend coming, but, with the dividend, made the whole transaction a gift instead of a sale. As to the truth of this we express no opinion; but these are the charges, which ought to be disproved; and to suppose that a close committee report is going to do it, is very childish.

Secretary Boutwell is working before the Committee of Ways and Means for permission to put another loan on the market through a syndicate with a commission of one and a half per cent., which is what the last loan apparently cost, though the law did not allow it. This time Mr. Boutwell is apparently desirous of having the law on his side, which shows that he has learnt something since last year, though some papers treat his application as a sign of stiff-neckedness. But it makes all the difference in the world whether Congress fixes the amount of the commission or Mr. Boutwell fixes it. As to the amount, Mr. Boutwell is probably as good a judge as anybody. The loan could probably be sold in open market for as much below par as the commission and other allowances to the syndicate will amount to (they amounted in all to over $9,000,000, or about 5 per cent. on the last loan); but the ears of a great many people seem to be tickled by calling the sale of bonds a sale "at par," and calling the discount a "commission," or "interest," or something that will

disguise the *fact* that the sale was *not* "at par"; just as during the war Mr. Chase could not bear to sell bonds at sixty in gold, so he issued greenbacks enough to disguise the transaction, or, as he called it, "float the loan," and make it go at par in greenbacks. It seems to the ordinary mind as if the wisest plan under all circumstances would be to give Mr. Boutwell legal authority to sell bonds for what they will bring, and call the sum offered for them "the market price." If this market price does make the interest really greater than Mr. Boutwell thinks it ought to be, it will be a misfortune; but it will be *a fact* which the American people are entitled to know in all its nakedness. Indeed, all devices for keeping from a free community a knowledge of the exact state of its own credit in the markets of the world are highly reprehensible, if they do not smell of fraud.

Mr. Boutwell has, in reply to a resolution of the House, furnished at last an explanation of the reissue of the $5,000,000 greenbacks in October, and it is a very curious explanation. It appears that the person who thus took upon himself to increase the volume of the currency was not even the Secretary of the Treasury, but the Assistant-Secretary, Judge Richardson, and the object of the reissue was "the relief of the business of the country, then suffering from the large demand for currency employed in moving the crops from the South and West"; that is, in short, that a gentleman named Richardson, whom most people have hardly ever heard of, settled in his own mind that the American nation needed more currency to move its products from its farms to its ports, and he thereupon, on his own motion, added whatever he thought proper to its circulating medium. Mr. Boutwell now tells the House that this was done under the theory, laid down in two judgments of the Supreme Court, that the acts authorizing the issue of greenbacks "contemplated a permanent circulation of $400,000,000 until the resumption of specie payments," and actually treats as of no account the subsequent acts of April, 1866, and February, 1868—the first of which authorized Secretary McCulloch to "retire" greenbacks, notoriously with the view of contracting the currency; and the second of which, in withdrawing the authority conferred by the first, explains in terms that the "retiring or cancelling" authorized by the first was for the "reduction of the currency." So that Mr. Boutwell's defence is substantially that a judgment of the Supreme Court on the intent of an act passed in 1862 deprives acts passed in 1866 and 1868 of all force, though they are neither contradictory nor unconstitutional, and leaves him and all his subordinates at liberty to exercise a power never yet conferred on a single man in any free country.

There is an opinion, loudly urged in some quarters, that Mayor Hall is leagued with certain Republicans of this city to tie the hands of Mr. Havemeyer, the game being said to be this: Havemeyer's election is said to have displeased as much as it surprised certain gentlemen, who at once began scheming for a way of making him innocuous. As without good legislation at Albany this winter he will be almost helpless, the politicians in question decided on "fixing things at Albany." To this end, some of the Democratic municipal officials, who were in such a position that Mayor Hall could apply the screws to them, are asserted to have presented involuntary resignations, their places being filled by Republicans of influence at Albany—that is to say, capable of controlling votes there by giving small places here to "workers." The affidavit stage of this accusation has not yet been reached, and we fancy it will not be; but it is certain that the silver-tongued O'Gorman has resigned the place of Corporation Counsel, and that Mr. E. Delafield Smith, an old hand at the political bellows, has been appointed, and has been publicly informed by the Committee of Seventy, and also by the Union League Club, that he will be regarded as a renegade in league with Hall unless he resigns as soon as Mr. Havemeyer takes Hall's place.

We cannot say precisely how much truth there may be in this rumor—over which, by the bye, we hope none of our brethren of the press will go quite crazy. Our own opinion about it is that Hall has been for some time engaged in spasmodic efforts to make some salvage at last of his reputation. Whenever he has felt himself strong he has intermitted his efforts, and whenever his heart sunk a little he once more betook himself to them. If he could secure the favor of some influential Republicans by a plot of the kind now charged against him, and they happened to approach him in one of his craven moments, why, trust him for joining in—and for joining in, too, with no thought for anything outside his own comfortable skin. As for the attempt of certain Republicans to run the Legislature next winter in the interest of a local Ring, how composed we do not know, of course we some time since were far enough advanced from infancy to know that it will inevitably be made. Some of Hall's recent appointments indicate that there may be a compact such as is charged. Others, again, have confirmed us in the notion that he is looking out for himself alone. There is a fair chance, too, that with a large host of incapable persons he will succeed. We have heard from one gentleman of our acquaintance—a man of mature years, a United States official, a free and accepted mason who has passed his thirty-second degree, the head of a family, liable to jury duty, a legal voter—the sagacious and creditable remark, that he thought it one of the noblest acts of Mayor Hall's life "that he went down Broadway, on Thursday, at the head of Mr. Greeley's funeral procession—he, a political enemy." We submit that the acts of an American gentleman who, if justice were done, would be in jail with his head shaved; or, at least, in hiding like his friend Connolly; or, at the very least, in Havana with his friend Tom Fields, should not be of vast consequence.

The trouble among the insurance companies has ended in the retreat of the Mutual from its position. It publishes a remonstrance from various other companies, and a report of the proceedings thereon of its own Board, in which a resolution is passed abandoning the proposed change, at least for the present, in deference to these companies. The reason of the surrender, we think, strikes the public as odd, inasmuch as the remonstrance of the other companies, which ought to have had little if any weight in view of the Actuary's report, was preceded by a very vigorous remonstrance from the Mutual's own policy-holders, which ought, under all circumstances, to have had a good deal of weight. That existing policy-holders, or at least a majority of them, or even a large minority, think their policies would be endangered by any change in the conduct of the business, ought to be in the eyes of any company an almost overwhelming reason for not making it, because, when a man insures his life, he does not simply contract for the payment of a certain sum to his representatives at his death, but for peace of mind on a certain designated matter during the remainder of his life, and he is as much entitled to the one as the other.

Since the publication of our recent article on the city of Washington, the annual report of the Board of Public Works to the President has been published, by which it appears that the debts and liabilities incurred by the Board amount to about $7,000,000, instead of $10,000,000 as had been supposed. But Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, has moved an enquiry into the actual debt of the District, and in the course of his remarks asserted that the report contained fraudulent items. Mr. Roosevelt stated that after having attended regularly the investigation into the affairs of the District, he was of opinion that the work undertaken by the board would cost not less than $20,000,000. He also stated one very interesting and important fact, which is, that the board "had gone far in excess" of the appropriations made by the Territorial Legislature. In one case, $90,000 had been appropriated, but the board had expended $270,000. Mr. Roosevelt then made the very suggestive point, that inasmuch as the Board of Public Works is not the agent of the

people of the District, being appointed by the President and Senate, the District will not be responsible for debts which it incurs in excess of legislative appropriations, but that the General Government will be.

The case of the city, therefore, is even more anomalous than was supposed. Here are the property-holders of a community having on the one hand an enormous debt suddenly forced upon them by the votes of contractors and laborers who expect to pocket the money, and on the other hand the debt doubled or trebled by an administrative board which the community did not appoint and cannot remove. This seems like travelling back to certain aristocratic and arbitrary times, when one class of persons in want of money would get it by the simple process of imposing a tax on those who had been at the pains of accumulating property. Such a state of things at the seat of the government must shock the souls and consciences of all "advanced thinkers" and "watch-dogs of the Treasury." Yet we notice that Mr. Starkweather thought there was very little in it, and that Mr. Dawes, with characteristic regard for economy, opposed the enquiry as likely to cost too much, and proposed to reduce it so that it would cost little and amount to nothing. The report of the board contains some interesting statements; among others, a table showing the "ratio of street areas to areas of certain cities." Of European cities, it appears that Paris has the least proportion of its area in streets, viz., 25 per cent., and Vienna the largest, viz. 35 per cent. Of American cities, Boston has the least proportion, 26 per cent., and Washington the largest, 54 per cent. Thus it appears that the poorest city on the list has the most extravagant thoroughfares; to be added to which burden is the fact that four-tenths of the property in the District is held by an owner which never pays taxes, which receives the benefit of all improvements, and which has contributed since 1802 but one-tenth of the cost to the other owners' nine-tenths This owner is the General Government.

We are glad, for the credit of the American name, to be able to say that highly favorable reports have been received from the Emma mine. Thirteen monthly dividends have been paid since the sale to the Englishmen, while the delivery has been during the summer and is now about seventy-five tons of ore daily. This will do much to neutralize the effect in foreign markets of the Bowles failure, the great diamond bubble, and the petroleum bubble; and is peculiarly gratifying, owing to the position of General Schenck towards the enterprise. But the General must not trust to his luck again, and ought to retire while the dividends are coming in.

In a somewhat bemuddled passage in the "Week" of our last issue we spoke of the "Landrath" as if it were the Provincial Assembly. We left our meaning as to the action of the County Assemblies somewhat obscure. What we ought to have said was that the County Assemblies will now have the right of presenting candidates to the king for the office of "Landrath," or president of the executive council of the county, and that the king will probably in practice make the appointment from the list thus nominated, though not legally bound to do so.

The Prussian Parliament has taken two additional steps in its war against the Papacy, and they are important, as showing that there is to be no quarter given. The Bishop of Ermeland has excommunicated Professor Wollmann, a theological instructor in the Braunberg Gymnasium—a state institution—for refusing to accept the dogma of infallibility, but the Government took no notice of it. Whereupon a member of the Catholic party in the Lower House moved that religious instruction in Government schools should not be imparted by persons under sentence of excommunication; to which the Government replied, that if bishops could turn state officials out of their places by excommunication, it would prove that the civil power was subordinate to the ecclesiastical, which was by no means the case; that, in the eyes of the state, Catholics were Catholics, whether they accepted the dogma of infallibility or not; and that Professor Wollmann must stay where he was, and the House "passed to the order of the day" by 264 to 81 votes. On the following day, the champions of the Church tried their luck once more, and again suffered an overwhelming defeat. A motion condemning the exclusion of monks and nuns from teaching in public schools was defeated by 242 against 83 votes, the Minister, Dr. Falk, declaring, amidst great cheering, that the Government, if supported by the people, would see that the laws were obeyed, no matter who kicked against them.

The last phase of the dispute between the Right and Left in the French Assembly was a debate on Saturday last on the petitions for a dissolution, which began to pour in in considerable numbers. The debate was as usual very fierce, the champions of the Right being unusually violent, and foremost among them their best orator the Duc d'Audriffet-Pasquier. Gambetta also spoke defiantly, but without other results than an increase of bitterness; and when the vote was taken, the Assembly "passed to the order of the day"—the equivalent of laying the petitions on the table—by a majority of 409 to 201. What will happen next nobody ventures to predict. But there is one new feature showing itself in the situation, and this is one of considerable interest: the dynastic divisions in the ranks of the Right and Right Centre are apparently dying out, and the whole of the monarchists are being rapidly moulded into a solid body, capable of acting together with great decision, as in the present case. Moreover, this body is becoming rather Conservative than Monarchist; that is, it is concerning itself less about the form of the government, and more about keeping the Radicals out of power. It does not care so much as it did whether there shall be a republic or a monarchy, and it cares more whether Gambetta and his friends get into the administration. His accession would mean, in their eyes, danger to the property and social order, and they are now fighting him rather as a social innovator than as a politician. This accounts for the fury of Audriffet-Pasquier's attack, for he is ordinarily a calm and moderate man. We have given elsewhere some reasons for thinking that the country would consider the dissolution of the Assembly without making a constitution the equivalent of a revolution, and that the public mind in its panic would then occupy itself, not with the provision of "checks and balances," but with strengthening the "one-man power," and providing a successor for M. Thiers.

The one certain result of the imbroglio thus far is that the majority in the Assembly has broken with M. Thiers, and that there is little or no chance of their working together harmoniously again. The Kerdel Committee, as it is called, have reported in favor of ministerial responsibility, and objected to M. Thiers's participation in the debates of the Assembly. When the report was read in the Assembly, a motion for postponement, made in M. Thiers's interest, was carried by a majority of only 24, large numbers abstaining from voting. On the other hand, the retirement of M. Thiers would be regarded by the country as a public calamity. The Bank of France declares it would injure the late loans, and there are stories that Germany would look on it as an excuse for asking fresh guarantees. The committee appointed to report on the bill regulating the suffrage, which contained a majority of members of the Right, has added fresh fuel to the flames by recommending twenty-one years as the age at which citizens should be allowed to vote, and the disqualification of all persons while serving in the army. This last restriction, coupled with compulsory military service, would amount in practice, for the bulk of the male population, to fixing twenty-five as the voting age.

"THE PEOPLE" AND THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

A NUMBER of propositions are now before the public, each intended to supply some particular defect in our city charter or to meet some political evil existing in our city community. If there were only a single defect or evil to provide for, so that a single remedy would be sufficient; or if the defects and evils which confessedly exist were severable, so that we could treat one without making the others worse, the task of amending the charter would be comparatively light. The case, however, is that of a patient suffering from a complication of disorders, in which we cannot call in three or four physicians who make particular diseases specialties, and bid each of them proceed to deal with that disorder which he best understands; it is one which requires a comprehensive mind, able to perceive the relations which all bear to each other and to the patient.

It must be borne in mind that there are certain fundamental evils, as they may be termed, underlying our city government, and that no scheme for a charter can succeed, however ingenious or complete in its details, which does not take them in as conditions to the problem. In the first place, it is an incontrovertible fact that not only a large portion, but even a large majority, of our population consists of foreigners, ignorant, unused to the exercise of the elective franchise, unendowed with the self-restraint and instinctive discrimination of men bred to the responsibilities of citizenship and self-government, and trained from the day of their landing to follow the political leadership of the men whom we are virtually trying to depose and keep deposed. In a European city community this mass would simply have to be provided for, and that would be regarded as a sufficiently difficult task; but with us they have been elevated to the rank of providers. Having nothing of the sense of responsibility, they nevertheless have the power of voting; and as this power without responsibility is for the present inevitable, many persons are disposed to ignore it altogether, and plan a charter on the pure assumption that the responsible part of the community constitutes the majority. In the second place, the respectable part of the community, as it is termed, consists of men struggling with the highest taxes and highest rents to be found in any city in the world—a majority of whom have no early associations with the city, having come here in the pursuit of wealth, most of whom are more engrossed in business, and all of whom are more indifferent to the duties of citizenship, than any other American community. It has been for at least thirty years a saying that "the men of New York are too busy to vote," and voting is but a small part of the sacrifice necessary for effective action. In the third place, our machinery of government, through the frequency of elections and the number of offices to be filled by election, is so complicated as to have called into existence certain bands of trained plunderers known as professional politicians; and the system is such that it not only secures to these men constant occupation, but it also furnishes them with the means for carrying on their predatory warfare, by providing for their followers an immense number of offices always vacant, or, what is the same thing, about to become vacant. Therefore, we see, as the results of our system and the conditions of our society, first, a set of adventurers, who in the nineteenth century are professional politicians, but who in the fourteenth would have been free-riders and outlaws; second, a respectable community peculiarly ill-fitted to contend with them; third, a large ignorant populace furnishing them with the armed following they especially require; and fourth, the means provided for rewarding their followers, and keeping them constantly equipped and in the field. More unfavorable conditions for the existence of free government, and more adroit artifices for the maintenance of all that is bad in our present system, could hardly have been framed and forced upon a community. Our present civilization does not admit of the armed bands that existed in the Middle Ages, going about the country as land-pirates levying contributions on cities, but we are subjected to the same plunderings, effected in the guise of "politics" instead of in the guise of warfare.

It is, therefore, idle to talk of any one change as certain to effect a reformation. Some persons are strenuous in asserting that all necessary to be done is to restore to "the people" of New York full and complete power to manage their own municipal affairs. But there has never been a time when a majority of the people could not have restrained the city government in its expenditures, and compelled an honest administration of its affairs, if there had been a majority really determined to do it. The trouble has not been with the power, but with "the people"—a people in part absorbed in other matters, and in part fully satisfied with their city affairs and the men who manage them. The persons who favor this general restoration of power to the people must do so in the recollection of earlier times, and in forgetfulness of the fact that the first merchants and lawyers of New York then controlled political meetings and deemed it an honor to hold the office of alderman. The departure of local powers was not a cause but a sequence; after the decline in our municipal affairs had become apparent, the increased interference of the State with the city government was invoked as a remedy.

Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, an acute and experienced lawyer, who has lately had his attention turned to the city administrations of other countries, has also sketched the outline of certain changes. A leading feature in Mr. Eaton's plan, as we gather from the outline of it, which has been published, is the doing away with our Assembly districts. These Assembly districts, as Mr. Eaton says, are little nests for little politicians. They are indeed; but breaking-up the "nests" will not exterminate the occupants. So long as their food remains, it will not trouble politicians of this kind long to find shelter. The practical working of the old county system of electing members of the legislature by a general ticket was not without its advantages, yet it must be remembered that the men who nominated, as well as those who were nominated, belonged to a different order from those who now figure in conventions. Looking back to the "tickets" of that day, we see that each party "headed" its ticket with the names of two or three prominent and respected citizens. Then came some names with the intent apparently of attracting certain classes of voters—a well-known shipbuilder, a popular iron-worker, and the like. As for the remainder of the "ticket," we infer that such gentlemen as Mr. Luther Bradish and Gulian C. Verplanck would not have consented to go on a ticket with Mr. John Morrissey or even with Senators O'Brien and Tweed. Hence there was a certain restraint upon the members of a convention, and while mere politicians did force their way upon the "tickets," still they were politicians of good character, whom an honest man need not have been ashamed to shake hands with. But behind this machinery of convention and election there was a controlling power operating upon politicians in the almost equal numbers of the two political parties. When the Whig and Democratic parties were so evenly balanced in the city that causes which would now be unappreciable turned the scale, it was incumbent upon good party managers to make up a ticket which would bring out the full strength of their party.

The supposed evil of the county ticket, or rather the cause of the discontent which it produced, was the fact that almost invariably it was wholly Whig or wholly Democratic. Whig politicians in strong Whig wards or country towns thought that it would be much better to be always sure of one representative whom they could elect, than to share the chances of the general ticket. There were also ambitious Democrats, in strong Whig counties, who believed that they might go up to the legislature from a district, but who knew they had not a chance of ever representing the county. Thus a petty selfishness overthrew a valuable system which had tended to uphold the integrity and character of the legislature; and perhaps the best evidence that it may prove a valuable system for us at this day, may be found in the fact that every politician of each political party foresees in the system some trouble for himself, and ridicules it as a scheme as chimerical as even the reform of the civil service.

Whatever our reforms may be, to be effective they must relieve

the busier portion of our citizens from making an annual sacrifice of time and money; they must do away with the political prizes which are now to be found attracting the worst part of the community, in the form of offices always within the reach of the most undeserving; and they must secure to the tax-paying portion of our inhabitants, not the control of their own city, for that seems now an impossibility, but the means for always securing in the Common Council a powerful obstructive minority. At this moment there are not many men in this city who think less about "reform," and have less time to think about it, than the officers elected through the "reform movement." They are an improvement on the old ones in honesty, and are therefore of course better administrators as well as better legislators; but improvements in the city and State government can hardly be expected at their hands, for the simple reason that their time and thoughts are all but wholly occupied in finding places or work for the men who helped to elect them. The various problems of government by which the mind of the public is so greatly disturbed are to an average city official or legislator questions of "lunar politics"—that is, good things to talk about, but things which do not particularly concern him. His business is to see that his "workers" are in some way quartered on the city, or State, or national treasury, and that "the party" profits by "the tidal wave;" but he leaves reform to "the doctrinaires."

"DIVINE RIGHT" IN FRANCE.

THE contest in France becomes more interesting and exciting as time wears on, and, as there is little chance that a dissolution of the Assembly, even if this should now occur, will bring it to an end, it is worth while to make another effort to throw light on it, particularly as there appears some danger that the public judgment on it on this side of the water may be perverted by the dexterous use of "phrases." In the first place, nothing is more likely to breed delusion about the whole matter than the practice of calling Gambetta a "republican," in the sense in which Americans use that term. The plain truth is, that to those who believe in constitutional government—that is, a government of laws, and not of men; and also to those who believe in government by the people, or the majority, Gambetta and his following in the Assembly—which numbers about 130 all told—are nearly if not quite as objectionable as the Legitimists. This may seem a startling assertion to those who judge things by their names, because the Legitimists call themselves monarchists, while Gambetta says he is a democrat; but a few minutes' reflection will show its soundness. At the bottom of all constitutional government and all republican government, properly so called, in our day, there must, and there does in reality lie, whether expressed or only implied, an admission that government has its origin in convention—that is, that it is an instrument of human contrivance, for the satisfaction of human needs, and ought to be changed or renewed with strict reference to these needs, both in form and substance; or, in other words, that it is a human institution, established for certain mundane purposes. A government which claims a divine origin, or claims a "natural right" to exist, whether people like it or not, and which professes to have for its object other things than the promotion of human happiness on this earth, may be a good government, but it is not a "republican" or "popular" government in the sense in which we now use these terms. It is not a government which can be carried on by discussion and voting, and in which legislation can be based on statistics or be shaped by public opinion. The advocates or conductors of such a government always believe themselves, and sometimes declare themselves to be either inspired by the Creator of the universe, and under his special guidance, or else to be in possession of an intuitional or transcendental knowledge of what ought to be done, received by some process in the nature of an "afflatus," which exempts their conduct from debate or any of the ordinary human tests of expediency. With neither of these classes is there much use in going into a legislative or other deliberative assembly in which conclusions are reached by argument; and with neither of them, therefore, could an average American carry on a republican government. There is, for instance, no use in attempting to discuss the usury laws with a gentleman who is firmly convinced that God has fixed the rate of interest at seven per cent., or going into constitutional convention with a gentleman who feels within him a certainty, of which he declines to give the source, that monarchy or a republic is the only government adapted to human needs, and who intimates plainly that if you think otherwise you are a bad man and deserve punishment. Of the first of these kinds of politicians the Emperor of Russia and the Pope are among the few surviving specimens; but in the last we may include the whole body of German Junkers and French Legitimists, and the great majority of French Radicals, with Gambetta at their head. Therefore, to flatter one's self that Gambetta defends any political principle that Americans have greatly at heart and which the Right attacks, as some of our Sentimentalist friends seem disposed to do, is to fall into a deplorable delusion, which, as American opinion and American practice count for a good deal in France at such crises as the present, is likely to work a good deal of mischief. The government which the United States ought to encourage in all lands is the government of reason, of persuasion and self-restraint, of facts and experience. This we know, as well as we know anything, to be good for all men; just as we know that it is good to be temperate in your meat and drink, to live within your means, and give yourself plenty of fresh air; but what form of government, or what particular machinery of administration, is good for any particular country, we cannot tell any more than we can tell whether a particular man ought to practise law or go into the dry-goods business. This he must find out for himself. Mrs. Micawber thought that the success of Barclay & Perkins as brewers was a cheering sign for Mr. Micawber, which was a natural enough reflection for her to make, but would have been silly in the mouth of a cool bystander.

That Gambetta is as firmly persuaded of the supernatural or extra-natural origin of "the Republic" as the Legitimists of the divine right of Henry V., there is unhappily little doubt. He himself got into power in September, 1870, by the rising of a mob in the streets of Paris, or, in other words, through a riot with which the French people had nothing to do. He was accepted as Minister of War simply because, owing to circumstances, he was part of the only government which it was possible at that moment to set up—a foreign invader, 400,000 strong, being at the same time on French soil. Were he a Republican in our sense of the word, however, he would, as soon as his escape from Paris had made him practically dictator in the open country, have sought as rapidly as possible to have secured popular ratification for his authority, and have provided machinery by which his administration would have had the support and control of public opinion. Instead of this, he proceeded to adopt at once all the most arbitrary processes of the Imperial régime, and to suppress all criticism by precisely the same means; and no period in French history has ever surpassed in violence and in contempt for law his short reign in the provinces. The quality of his brain, too, was well exemplified in the fact that, although his experience of life had been that of a briefless Paris lawyer of Bohemian habits, he had no hesitation in installing himself at Tours not only as the organizer but as the commander of the armies in the field. It has appeared by the reports since published that he compelled General d'Aurelles des Paladines to advance from his lines at Orleans against his own better judgment, we know with what disastrous results. More than this: General Chanzy took General d'Aurelles's place, and arranged a defensive campaign—the only one possible with raw, half-officered levies, and took up a strong position on the Loire, where he was assailed on the morning of the 7th of December by the whole German force, under Prince Frederic Charles. During the whole of that and the following day he bore and repulsed assault after assault, he and old Admiral Jaregnibery almost sweating blood in their anxiety, and knowing

well that the last hope of their unhappy country lay in their faithful swords. On the 8th, Chanzy saw the night fall with relief, for he still held his ground, or thought he held it. But he was soon bitterly undeceived. He found that General Camôs's division, which covered his right, and had been ordered to hold a strong position to the last man, had actually been recalled to Tours by Gambetta's direct order, and that the enemy had thus rushed in and turned his flank, so that the game was up. We need not remind our readers, too, that it was Gambetta who organized and despatched against Chanzy's protest the sapient expedition under Bourbaki.

When France was almost at the enemy's feet, and there was nothing left for the Prussians to do but lay waste the soil, the sober-minded men of the country once more raised their voices for the election of a legislature to end this mad confusion. Gambetta opposed it with all his might; in other words, he was just as unwilling to appeal to the people as the Legitimists in the Assembly are now, and for similar though worse reasons; for the Legitimists in the Assembly owe their seats to lawful election, while he owed his to the yells of a Paris mob. When he could no longer prevent the election of an Assembly, he attempted to limit the people's choice of representatives, by publishing a long list of persons whose election he actually forbade by decree. In other words, he has really just as little respect for the people as Henri V., and is satisfied, like Henri V., that the only good government for France is the one he chooses. In fact, his whole course drew down upon him, amid general approbation, M. Thiers's charitable epithet of "fou furieux," or raging madman, and this was only two short years ago. What we are asked to do now is to lavish on him, because he clamors for a republic, and calls himself "Radical," and makes speeches demanding another social upturning, the sympathy and good wishes which are undoubtedly due to those, by whatever name they call themselves, who seek to bring about in France the final union of liberty and law, but to those only.

Nor must we condemn the Right without understanding their position. Their unwillingness to dissolve and submit a great fundamental question to the electors of the nation wears, in our eyes, a very bad look, because to us the submission of a question to the people means an appeal to a body of men trained in self-government, used to discussion, thoroughly enlightened through the press and the platform on the nature of every question that comes before them, and quite familiar with the process of organizing a government through peaceful deliberation. To the thoughtful Frenchman, however, an appeal to the people as to the form of the government means, he well knows, asking a vast body of timid and ignorant peasants, led by the priest and bullied by the prefect and the gendarmes, whether they are ready for another revolution, which will place their property in peril and perhaps hand Paris over to the Communists. When that question is asked them, they invariably vote whichever way the Executive seems to wish, and what they mean by voting is this or something like it: "We do not care one straw whether you gentlemen in Paris call yourselves a republic or a monarchy. Call yourselves what you please; but for God's sake give us a quiet life and security for our property and good prices for our products. Keep up the army and the gendarmes; pay the rentes; and keep down the Reds in the towns. Don't ask us whether we seek a change; of course we don't. Whoever is chief of the state now, let him remain so by all means. If he styles himself a President, well and good; if he would rather be an Emperor, Emperor let him be; but in the name of all that is sacred, no more revolutions." Now the Right says that if they submit the whole question of government to such a public, the result is sure to be whatever M. Thiers pleases. The habits and traditions of the French people and the peculiar character of the administrative machine will make this result certain, and M. Thiers has openly declared himself in favor of a republic, so that the Pact of Bordeaux has been virtually broken by him, and the Conservative party thus runs the risk of being totally deprived of its legitimate influence in affairs. "Let M. Thiers," they say, "declare himself for a monarchy, and we will go to the country at once, right well assured that a monarchy we shall have."

Our own belief is that the events of the last two years have rendered monarchy impracticable in France, and have given the Republic a fairer chance of success than it has ever had, and that the part for patriotic Frenchmen to play now is to do their best to make it succeed and make it permanent. But the Right contains a large number of the best Frenchmen; they have their errors and their illusions, but they have also ability, experience, high aims, and a fair share of what little "political sense" there is in the Assembly. This may not be saying much; but it at all events furnishes us with a sufficient reason for not aiding in the attempt in which so many are engaged at present all over the civilized world, to enthrone declamation as the great if not the only instrument of human regeneration, and prostrate all knowledge, and experience, and gifts, and graces, and achievements at its feet.

WOULD A POSTAL TELEGRAPH BE CHEAP?

THE most interesting and important part of the report of the Postmaster-General is his argument in behalf of a National Telegraph system controlled by the Federal Government. Mr. Creswell is a new convert to the doctrine, and evinces the zeal that might be expected. He recommends everything that the English Post-Office has ever done, and of course cannot overlook its appropriation of the telegraph. Whether moved thereto by considerations of public policy, by admiration of the English postal system, or by the natural love of power inherent in a Government official, he has certainly given labor to the subject, and presented a fair summary of the common arguments in its favor. The President, in guarded language, and with a respect to the private interests involved which does credit to his sense of justice, calls attention to the project. He appears to have always believed in it. His education and military training naturally incline him that way.

It is a subject upon which the public is ill-informed, though not from lack of teachers. Plans for an association of the Government with the telegraph have been brought forward at different sessions of Congress for the last six years. They have provoked enquiry before committees and discussion by the press. But the arguments on both sides have been those of partisans, with measures to carry or measures to defeat. As a rule, those who knew about the business were opposed to its transfer to the Government, and those in favor of the transfer knew little about the business. The advocates of the change have gathered such statistics as they could from this country and Europe, but they had not free access to the one, and were not qualified to apply the other. To attempt to draw conclusions for the United States from the experience of a little place like Belgium, for example, without correction for latitude and longitude, for the cost of labor, density of population, habits of the people, the nature of their institutions and intercourse, is like trying to sail the Atlantic with a chart of the Mediterranean. Neither have the discussions in the newspapers afforded much trustworthy guidance or information. The newspapers are, almost without exception, interested advocates. The powerful and influential journals are, by long and pleasant business intercourse, by exceptional facilities and satisfactory service, and by their interest in associations for gathering news, closely bound to the chief telegraph company of the country. From the Government they could get nothing more, and might get much less, while their advantages over competitors would be necessarily fewer than under existing circumstances. Journals which are both weak and poor, and necessarily shut out from the present news associations, are naturally in favor of any system that will overthrow the present one. Human editors in such case might be expected to urge that, on high public grounds, it is the function of government to minister telegraph news according to their needs, and, practically, without money or price. It may be questioned whether our Government will be sufficiently paternal to do this, but their belief that private citizens will not, has undoubtedly the sanction of experience.

The principal argument in favor of a Government telegraph is the low rates which it can establish for messages of the public as well as for reports of newspapers. Here the Postal Telegraph people have solid ground under their feet, although most of them do not appreciate wherein the strength of their position lies. It is repeated over and over again that if all tariffs in the United States were reduced to very low figures, business would increase so enormously that the profits would be as large as now, if not altogether larger. It is alleged that the present companies are short-sighted; that their policy is grasping and penny-wise; that they overreach themselves by high

charges. Perhaps a majority of intelligent business men are disposed to take this view. Nearly all who study the subject begin with similar opinions. Now, it is true that cheaper rates encourage business, and that at a very low tariff the increase is enormous. No man questions this. But what is not so well known, and never fully appreciated without patient study, is that in any large system of lines an increase in the number of messages is always followed by an increase of expense, which, though not fully proportional to the increase in work, still approximates it closely. If written letters were paid for by the word, increase of correspondence would not materially reduce their cost. In other words, the advantages of doing a wholesale business are less in telegraphy than in any other industry. Let us examine the statistics on this point.

In 1862, the total number of messages transmitted by the Electric and International Co. in England was 1,534,590. In 1866, the total number was more than double, being 3,150,149. Within this period the number of messages per mile of wire had increased from 44 to 66, showing that in 1862 the wires were not worked within 33 per cent. of their capacity, yet the cost per message was, in 1862, *1s.* 11*d.*, and in 1866, *1s.* 3¼*d.*

In 1861, the total number of messages transmitted in Belgium was 97,945. The total working expenses were 188,050 francs; the cost per telegram, 1.92 francs; the number of messages per mile of wire, 40. In 1863, the number of messages was about double, 188,825; the total expenses, 283,240 francs; the cost per telegram, 1.50 francs; the number of messages per mile of wire, 56. In 1865, the number of messages had almost doubled a second time, being 332,721; the expenses were 422,560 francs; the cost per telegram, 1.27 francs; the number of messages per mile of wire, 71.

In the United States, the total number of messages transmitted by the Western Union Co. in 1867 was 5,879,000; in 1871, 10,646,000, or nearly double. The whole number of messages per mile of wire was, in 1867, 68—in 1871, 87. In other words, the wires in 1867 were not worked on an average within 20 per cent. of their present capacity. Yet the expense per message in 1867 was 67 cents, and in 1871, 49 cents.

If we assume that the employees and wires in 1867 could have done 10 per cent. more business without material increase of expense, if both had been worked up to present standards, the cost per message in 1867 would have been but 59 cents, as against 49 cents in 1871. That is to say, the expense per message would be reduced only 16 per cent. notwithstanding the enormous increase in the volume of business.

If the same correction is applied to the Belgian statistics, the result is similar. 71 messages per mile of wire were transmitted in 1865, as against 40 per mile in 1861. Improved working enlarged the average per mile by 40 per cent. as compared with the later standard. If we assume that 20 per cent. more business could have been done in 1861 without materially swelling expenses, the cost per message on the total volume of business would have been 1.57 francs. The saving per message, therefore, arising strictly from the increase of more than 300 per cent. in business between 1861 and 1865, is only 30 centimes, or 19 per cent.

The same computation applied to the English statistics is equally striking. It will be observed that we have supposed an increase in business of only one-half what the capacity of the wires would justify when measured by more recent and higher standards of working. This is done because the full capacity of the wires could not have been reached without some increase of force, thus materially enlarging expenses. Exactly how much additional work could have been accomplished at the periods named by the staff then employed, cannot of course be stated with certainty. But we believe the above estimates to be moderate, and warranted by the constant improvements in practical telegraphy. Economies arising from this source should properly be excluded from an enquiry into the advantages of a postal telegraph, since they inure equally under high tariffs and low tariffs, and are beneficial alike to governments and private companies.

It may be interesting to enquire why so little expense comparatively is saved by swelling the volume of messages transmitted. The principal element of cost in telegraphiug is labor. After a certain volume of business is reached, a material increase in messages is attended with an increase of labor almost exactly equivalent. Each message must be booked and accounted for, must receive a fixed amount of attention from clerks and messengers, must occupy a definite interval in transmission. For the time being it must monopolize a wire and the labor of the operators who work it.

If a well-managed office does a business of a thousand messages a day, doubling its business will require double labor. No time or care can be saved because two messages must be handled instead of one. Each must receive the same attention as before. This principle applies as well to improved as to ordinary systems of transmission. The "duplex" instrument reduces, not the amount of labor, but the number of wires required.

This, we believe, is the secret of the maxim, announced by Sir James Anderson as the result of his investigations into the statistics of telegraphy, that "a reduction of tariff leads to a diminution of the net profit, even under the most favorable conditions known." For an impartial discussion of this point we refer to his recent memoir to the Statistical Society ("Statistics of Telegraphy," London, 1872), which is an excellent example of careful and patient statistical analysis.

Two things are worthy of note here. First, that Sir James reaches his conclusions with regret. "Like every one else," he says, "I entertained the belief at one time that a reduced tariff was the key to success in private telegraph enterprise." Second, that in Belgium, the home of low tariffs, the Minister of Public Works, M. A. Jamar, by "a study of telegraph statistics more systematic and complete than has been possible with any other country," has reached the same result, and has demonstrated in a recent report (Vol. 28, "Annals of Public Works of Belgium"), that "in Belgium all reduction of tariff has resulted in a diminution of the net product." Upon a diligent examination and comparison of the statistics of all other countries as well as those of private companies, Sir James Anderson "cannot find any data to refute any of the deductions or principles given in that exhaustive report."

If these conclusions be admitted, it is evident that the promise of direct profit to the nation from the adoption of greatly reduced rates can never be fulfilled. It is a delusion. The burden is simply shifted from one pocket to another. The cost of transmitting messages must be paid. The interest on capital invested in poles, wire, and plant must be obtained from some source. It may be levied directly upon those who use the telegraph, as under the system of private management, or their messages may be transmitted at a loss, as in Belgium and elsewhere, and the deficit made good by the public treasury; in other words, by taxation upon the people at large. The solitary advantage of the Government in this respect, is that it can obtain money at a lower rate of interest than private citizens will accept. But this difference is more than made up by the lack of direct personal interest in expenditure of funds from which governments always suffer, and by the large percentage of expense required in collecting taxation from the people.

Now, if Government cannot secure greater profits by reversing the high-tariff policy of private companies, nor hope to make the absolute cost of telegraphing less than under private management, the question arises whether tariffs ought to be reduced for the benefit of those who telegraph at the expense of those who do not. This is a serious question, about which we may have something to say by-and-by.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1872.

A TRAVELLER who was visiting Hyde Park on Sunday last might have been edified by a scene curiously illustrative of our present political situation. If disposed to take a gloomy view of matters, he might have held it to be ominous of revolution, though a more cheerful and, as I fancy, a wiser frame of mind would have regarded it chiefly as illustrative of the slovenly way in which Government has been for some time discharging its duties. There he would have seen Mr. Odger mounted on a low platform, and discoursing volubly to a tolerably attentive audience. At no great distance, rival or subsidiary orators of a lower class were reciting mock litanies, gross pieces of satire enough, tending to the denunciation of the higher classes and of sacred things in general. The crowd included a nucleus of people to all appearance sincerely interested in the proceedings; but the overwhelming majority were obviously attracted by mere curiosity, and very frequently by curiosity of the contemptuous kind. There are always many thousand loungers in Hyde Park on a tolerably fine Sunday afternoon, and any pretext will serve equally well for an agglomeration. There was, therefore, nothing remarkable in the mere fact that a great many cockneys were looking on with rather cynical amusement at a questionable performance. Nothing less revolutionary than the general aspect of the crowd could well be imagined.

The fact, however, that this and other meetings have been held, and held in more or less direct defiance of the Government, is not satisfactory. Ministers have been guilty of some stupid blundering in the matter. A bill for the regulation of the parks was passed last session after a good deal of rather wearisome eloquence from the Radical members. The final result was that the minister who presides over the Board of Works was to be entrusted with drawing up a series of rules, which were to be valid unless disallowed by the House of Commons. The minister in this instance was unfortunately Mr. Ayrton, a gentleman whose talents for making himself disagreeable

are probably unrivalled, and who seems to have an almost equal talent for blundering. Mr. Ayrton drew up and promulgated a series of rules which seem to be rather silly in themselves. Meetings might be held within forty yards of a certain post on due notice being sent to the Home Office. The question, however, remained whether these rules could be in force before the meeting of Parliament. It is disputed whether the act means that Parliament must give them its sanction before they come into force, or that they are to be in force unless expressly disallowed. As Mr. Ayrton has brought them out during the vacation, his opponents have the impression that they have been unfairly treated, and that he was trying to take a questionable advantage of the brief period during which he could enjoy unchecked authority. The holders of the meetings have used this opportunity of challenging the rules and insulting the Government; some of them have been fined by a police magistrate; an appeal will be made to the higher courts; a great deal of parliamentary and other eloquence will be discharged on the matter; and Government will be exhibited in the unfavorable light of men who have made a bungling attempt to restrain a right which they had not the courage openly to admit or openly to suppress. Mr. Gladstone, if he were wise in such matters, would certainly throw Mr. Ayrton overboard, as a Jonah whose loss would be regretted by no one.

The subject discussed at the last meeting shows another piece of gross mismanagement. Our policemen, like everybody else, lately wanted their wages raised. They formed a committee, and petitioned the authorities for an improvement. The authorities did just what they ought not to have done. They first treated the demand as a breach of discipline, and punished the ringleaders; they then gave way to the demand, and thereby tacitly acknowledged its justice. The result was that a body of policemen refused one evening to go upon duty. They were therefore dismissed from their employment; some of them proceeded to hold meetings, and the last gathering in Hyde Park was summoned by Mr. Odger, supported by one of the ex-policemen, to denounce the grievance. Complaints have recently been made of the conduct of the police, which, as I fancy, have been considerably exaggerated. I cannot discover at least that any serious charges have been established. A demand for higher wages is very natural at a time when all classes of workmen have been making such demands successfully, and when provisions of all kinds, and the cost of living generally, have been rapidly increasing. The mode of making the demand was certainly unfortunate; but it is still more unfortunate that it should have been received in such a way as at once to provoke further insubordination and to prove that the demand was substantially right. Most of the dismissed policemen have now humbly apologized, and, on a petition from a large number of householders in the district, have been replaced, though in a lower grade than before. It is to be hoped, therefore, that faults on both sides will be mutually forgiven and forgotten; but such blunders leave a disagreeable impression, and tend to accumulate more unpopularity upon the heads of Government. Parliament will probably meet in a rather sulky humor.

Meanwhile, reports are beginning to circulate as to the probable action of ministers during the approaching session. It is the fifth, and will very likely be the last, of the present Parliament, and we are in more than usual uncertainty as to the questions by which it is likely to be occupied. A rumor, which professed to come from high authority, was published lately in one of the provincial newspapers. The general purport was that Mr. Gladstone intended to throw himself into the arms of the Radical wing of his party. Some decisive measures were to be brought forward in regard to land laws and local taxation, whilst the question of Irish education was to be left to the verdict of the constituencies on a dissolution at the end of the session. For many reasons, this rumor deserves no credit. One or two hints, however, have caused some discussion. There is a suspicion, sufficiently strong to have called forth a long letter from Mr. Fawcett in this morning's *Times*, that Government intends to bring forward a measure enforcing the sale of all landed property belonging to corporations. The commission which has been investigating the revenues of our universities is about to report, and the suggestion is that they will be found to be so rich as to make it very tempting to place their property in a more accessible shape. Some part of it might perhaps then be utilized for educational purposes outside Oxford and Cambridge. In spite of Mr. Fawcett's opinion—though he is generally a very good judge of such matters—I should very much doubt the probability of Mr. Gladstone's introducing a measure which would shock the prejudices of so many of his supporters, and I should still more doubt his carrying it. The topic which I fancy is most likely to excite public opinion next session is that of Irish education. Whether any and what concessions will be made to the demands of the Catholic priesthood is a very delicate question, and Mr. Gladstone will have to steer very carefully if he would not rouse the strong national abhorrence of priests and Popery generally. He has hitherto postponed the discussion, but it must now come up in some form or other, and it will excite very bitter animosities.

I turn, however, from politics to one or two other matters of immediate interest. A trial which is now taking place should have some attraction for Americans. The notorious Mr. Hepworth Dixon is bringing an action against the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for libel. The *Pall Mall Gazette* had accused Mr. Dixon of trading upon "obscenity" and publishing "vamped-up" travels. The first charge is of course the interesting one. The *Pall Mall Gazette* showed less than its usual skill when it put the charge in such a way as to be libellous. Mr. Smith, however, the proprietor of the paper, is a man of courage, and has no disposition to back out of his responsibilities. Accordingly, he justified, or, in other words, asserted the charge to be true. The court has, therefore, been occupied for three days in discussing the question whether the "New America" and the "Spiritual Wives" are or are not obscene publications. Mr. Dixon is in a very critical position; for, if he does not obtain heavy damages, his character will be terribly damaged, if not entirely blasted. It is an awkward thing to have a jury of your fellow-countrymen solemnly declare that you trade upon obscenities. As the verdict has not yet been pronounced, I must not speculate too much on the result. From what I have seen and heard, however, I am strongly inclined to think that Mr. Dixon will not come out of the case with much credit. The exposure of the indecencies contained in his books has been enough to disgust every modest reader, though it may be that "obscene" will prove to be a word not legally applicable. The charge of "vamping" travels rests chiefly on the book about Russia. The ingenious work on the "Switzers" was not published previous to the alleged libel; and the work on America, though you may perhaps think it libellous on the country described, has been quoted for its indecencies rather than for its inaccuracies. Whether Mr. Dixon may fairly be called obscene or not is a question for lawyers; but from a purely literary point of view, his writings are so striking an embodiment of the worst faults in taste and style of our modern English school, that, as a critic, I should view his condemnation with considerable equanimity.

Mr. Dixon reminds me, though I need not say that it is not on account of his improprieties (I must use a gentle word at present), of another book which is just now exciting considerable interest. The second volume of Mr. Forster's "Life of Dickens" has just appeared, and will doubtless have a large circulation on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Forster, if not a man of genius, is at least a gentleman who has rendered great services to literature, and to whom I should apologize for the arbitrary association which has connected him in my mind with an author of a very different class. The present volume of his biography is less interesting than the first, inasmuch as it contains fewer personal revelations of any novelty. You, however, can judge of its merits as well as I can do, and I will offer you but one remark upon the subject. It is odd that Mr. Forster has confined himself to publishing the letters which he received from Mr. Dickens, and has not, I think, given a single specimen of any other part of a voluminous correspondence. The effect is, in my opinion, very materially to diminish the value of the book. Mr. Dickens had no doubt a very high esteem for Mr. Forster, and indeed appears to have consulted him about everything, from the subjects of his books down to the mode of arranging his dinner-parties. Still, one might suppose that additional light could have been thrown upon Dickens's character from other sources. I know, as a matter of fact, that Mr. Forster might, if he had chosen, have published letters to and from other old friends of Dickens, and that he has simply refused to make use of them. He must of course have had some kind of reason for the course which he has adopted; but the result is that we shall not know Dickens thoroughly until we have better means of seeing him from different points of view. Other letters will doubtless come to light in time, but meanwhile the official biography is singularly narrow in its scope.

Whilst I am upon literary topics, I may remark that we are just expecting the last instalment of "Middlemarch." Few novels, I think, have been read with more general interest, though opinions as to its merits differ widely. The enthusiastic admirers of George Eliot—and they are a numerous and intelligent class—speak of it with something like abject adoration; others hold that whilst she has never shown greater proofs of ability, the book generally produces a rather chilling impression, and is inferior as a work of art, though full of delicate observation and speculative power. From a publisher's point of view, it has been rather a curious experiment. People had complained of the present system by which the ordinary three-volume novel is sold for the extravagant price of a guinea and a half. "Middlemarch" has come out in five-shilling numbers, and, consequently, will cost two pounds when completed in eight parts. If this is to be the new system, our last state will be worse than our first. The result of this method of publication, and perhaps of some defects in the opening of the story, was to make the

sale very moderate at first. Since that time, however, it has rapidly increased, and, if I am not misinformed, the circulation has recently been very great indeed. The commercial test is defective, but it is certainly some testimony to George Eliot's powers of impressing her readers that she should be able to command the market even at so considerable a price.

THE CHURCH IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, November 15.

THE November number of the *Nuova Antologia* contains two articles of considerable importance, as well on account of the subjects they treat of as of the talent and learning with which they are handled, but still more of the names and position of their authors. The one, on the future Conclave and the right of interference granted to the Catholic powers, is due to the pen of Ruggiero Bonghi, the reporter, and in fact the real author, of the famous "Law on Papal Guarantees"—a man who is at the same time professor, deputy, railway director, and, more than all this, by far the most fertile, the sharpest, the most elegant, and the most learned of all the Italian periodical writers. Signor Bonghi is not only a monthly contributor to the *Nuova Antologia*, but also editor of the *Perseveranza* in Milan and the *Unità Nazionale* in Naples. However, in spite of the eminent part he plays in Italian politics, in spite of his talents and his learning, he has so much of the lawyer and the sophist in his mind, he has given so many proofs of his facility of discussing the *pro* and *con*, that the authority of his writings has lately begun considerably to diminish, both with respect to their intrinsic value and to their significance as the expression of the political party to which Signor Bonghi belongs.

Not so with Signor Pantaleoni, whose many years' silence has not passed unobserved. In 1860 and 1861, Dr. Diomede Pantaleoni was the negotiator between the Roman Curia and Cavour, who placed implicit confidence in him, and whose secret wishes and ideas were known to nobody better than to this confidant. The then pending negotiations were cut short by the great statesman's death, and Signor Pantaleoni has since hardly opened his mouth. If, therefore, we find him coming out to-day with his opinions and advice in a periodical like the *Antologia* (which is now for Italy, politically and literarily, what the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Revues des Deux Mondes* were for England and France at their most flourishing period), it is but natural that he should be attentively listened to, and that papers and conversations should be filled with hot discussions upon the subject and the value of this celebrated jurisconsult's ideas and proposals. It may be as well to add that, if Signor Pantaleoni's article was not telegraphically announced *urbi et orbi*, like that of Signor Bonghi's, it was at least known long beforehand that it would appear, and it had been even discussed in anticipation of its appearance, so that we may well risk the supposition that it is a sort of programme of an important fraction of the Liberal party.

After showing that the kingdom of Italy stands in the best possible relations with all other European powers, Signor Pantaleoni proceeds to state that its only real enemy is the Roman Curia, which, not content with calling down upon it the wrath of God, endeavors to induce France —the eldest daughter of the Church—to cross the Alps and undo the work of the last thirteen years in general and that of 1870 in especial. Many Italians are inclined to fear that the French will not be able to withstand this great temptation thus held out to them, and will be only too glad to seize this opportunity of furbishing anew their military glory at the expense of a weak neighbor, the more so as the religious fanaticism of the Conservative party has every interest to uphold Papacy and the temporal power. Signor Pantaleoni, however, seems to consider their apprehensions as chimerical, and confides to the public that, but a year ago, M. Thiers assured him that France, even France with the Count de Chambord as king, would repudiate the idea of French intervention in behalf of the Pope as an "absurd idea." Whatever we may think of the guarantee offered by this personal opinion of M. Thiers for the security of Italy, every friend of that count v will, I am sure, counsel her not to reckon too strongly upon it, nor to neglect keeping her "powder dry."

The really important question treated by Signor Pantaleoni is that of the actual relations between church and state in Italy; and although in more than one point I am not of his way of thinking, his ideas certainly have every right to serious consideration. Passing over the generalities and philosophical or rhetorical commonplaces of which even a man like Pantaleoni cannot divest himself in Italy, we come at once to the point. The negotiations between Cavour and the Holy See aimed at a *bilateral* or reciprocal treaty; the law of guarantees, voted in 1870-1871, is, on the contrary, an *unilateral*, one-sided disposition. By this law the state renounced all intervention and co-operation in the appointment of priests, but did not, in principle, take away the disposal of the *temporalities* (salary and ecclesiastical revenue in general) from its real owner, "the clergy and people," whilst, under the pretext of freeing the Church, it really enslaved it under the yoke of the Roman Curia, thanks to the complete reform, or rather revolution, operated in the constitution of the Church during the reign of Pio Nono—a reform and revolution utterly and wilfully ignored by the Italian legislators when they voted the law of guarantees. It is easy to see how the Italian doctrinairism of the *free-church-in-a-free-state* school is here mixed up with a very sound appreciation of facts and a well-founded criticism of the application of the above-mentioned principle itself—a principle which in the mouth of Cavour's followers has become a mere watchword, devoid of all serious meaning. *Clero e popolo*, the clergy and the people, are considered to be the real owners of the Church property, and consequently sole possessors of the right of disposing of it, because it was so a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. This, however, is unfortunately no longer so, and in fact, it is the Pope who has extorted from "clergy and people" the right of appointment; it is the state which has cast away the disposal of the temporalities. Now, Signor Pantaleoni's whole project is based on these, in my opinion, very questionable premises. He proposes, in fact, that the Government should entirely renounce all rights over Church property (*asse ecclesiastico*), giving it up to "clergy and people," *i.e.*, to the committees formed of priests and laymen belonging to the parish or the bishopric. The Government has, in fact, taken up the idea of the party which was in office from 1861 to 1862, and which is known under the denomination of *Consorteria*, although it ought more accurately to be called the liberal theorists' party. Now, as the present ministry, contrary to its policy of last year, proposes forming such committees, which are to administer the benefices during the vacation (taking this administration out of the hands of the *economato*, which at present has it), the authority Signor Pantaleoni wishes to see organized will, in fact, be very soon established, and I refer on this head to my correspondence of October 14, where I believe I described the organization of these future committees.

If, on the contrary, Government were to keep the temporalities in its own hands, this would be, in Signor Pantaleoni's eyes, a serious infringement of the principle of a *free church in a free state*. Should it deliver them up to the Roman Curia, as has been the case with the right of appointment, utter servitude of the clergy would ensue. The only way, therefore, of entirely freeing the Government from all entanglements in ecclesiastical difficulties would be, according to Signor Pantaleoni, that proposed by him, *i.e.*, to entrust the disposal of the temporalities to the above-mentioned mixed committees, representing clergy and people, because in case—somewhat problematical to those who know Italian religious requirements—a parish or a diocese were to separate from Rome and follow, let us say, the example of the German Old Catholics, clergy and people of this parish or diocese would simply keep the disposal of their temporalities, whilst if Rome or the state were to possess it, all sorts of complications might result. Besides, and this is the main point, though at the same time the most chimerical part of the illustrious author's argumentation, the disposition of the temporalities in the hands of "clergy and people" would infallibly lead back, sooner or later, to the appointment of curate and bishop by that same "clergy and people." In that way would be restored the sound logical and moral condition of the primitive Church. As for the property belonging to convents and other religious corporations, Signor Pantaleoni advises, in common with most practical Italian statesmen—but in opposition to the ruling ideas of his party—its simple and absolute abolition.

The learned jurisconsult seems to me less practical when he comes to speak of the moral means the Italian Government possess for acting upon the clergy. He speaks very highly of Germany, giving her unlimited praise for having given her universities the confiscated convent property and having succeeded in forming an intelligent, moral, learned, and independent clergy. In this Signor Pantaleoni is mistaken. A very small portion only of convent property in Germany was given to the universities, the greater part having been added to the Princes' domain. The German universities only began to play a prominent part two hundred years later, *i.e.*, in the beginning and middle of the last century; and finally, he evidently confounds the Catholic with the Protestant clergy in Germany. There existed something like a Catholic theology in a rather flourishing state about forty years ago in Germany; but since then—let us put the beginning of the reaction about 1837—the theological teaching has been withdrawn from the universities and confided to the seminaries in Germany, just as in Italy and France. As in these two countries, ignorance and fanaticism have taken the place of learning and tolerance, and absolute submission to the yoke of the Roman Curia has replaced the former national, episcopal, or personal independence.

It is consequently unjust to reproach the Italian Government with the abolition of the still remaining faculties of theology in the Italian universities last year. These faculties had no longer any pupils; the old professors had nearly all died out; it became difficult, in consequence of the strong competition of the seminaries, to find new men, and impossible to discover new men of anti-Roman convictions. There is not a priest in the whole of Italy who did not recognize the decisions of the Council of 1870.

Another reproach Signor Pantaleoni brings against Signor Lanza, the Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, seems to me as well founded as the first is ill founded. In my correspondence of July 14, I told you how impolitic Signor Lanza's intervention in the municipal elections of last summer and autumn seemed to me, when, instead of rejoicing and exulting in the thought that the clergy and the clericals had finally, after thirteen years, consented to take the legal field of battle, and thereby tacitly recognized the Italian kingdom, he inveighed against them violently, treating them as enemies of the country and of all liberty. A clever statesman would have had no other aim but to get the clericals to take part in these elections, even if they had the best of it, which they had not and which it was easy to foresee they would not have. And this same Signor Lanza, as Signor Pantaleoni sharply observes, has not the courage to protect a priest who musters up independence enough to obey the king rather than the Pope, and therefore has been deprived of his place and its temporalities, nor to guarantee him the enjoyment of his salary, an event which took place just two months ago! It remains to be seen what Signor Pantaleoni's party would do in the same case. What they have done, when they were in office deprived of the leadership of Cavour, and clinging to his words because they did not understand his thoughts, does not justify very great expectations.

Correspondence.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY OF THE POPULATION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I notice an article in the *Nation* of November 21, entitled "A Sectional Review of the Late Canvass," in which this sentence occurs: "The centre of gravity of the population has not, we believe, crossed the great Appalachian chain."

I think you are in error. I had occasion to consider that question a year since, and at my request Professor Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, made a series of calculations to ascertain the centre of gravity of the population, as shown by each of the last four censuses. He supposes a plane of the exact shape and size of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, loaded with the actual population, and ascertains the point on which it would balance.

By this process he found that, in 1840, the centre of gravity of the population was at a point in Virginia near the eastern foot of the Appalachian chain and near the parallel of 39° north latitude.

In 1850, this centre had moved westward 57 miles across the mountains, to a point nearly south of Parkersburg, Va.

In 1860, it had moved westward 82 miles to a point nearly south of Chillicothe, Ohio.

In 1870, it had reached a point near Wilmington, Clinton Co., Ohio, about 45 miles northeast of Cincinnati.

In no case had it widely departed from the 39th parallel.

If the same rate be maintained during the next three decades, which I doubt, it will fall in the neighborhood of Bloomington, Ind., by 1900.

Prof. Hilgard also found that a line drawn from Lake Erie, at the northeastern corner of Ohio, to Pensacola, in Florida, would divide the population of the United States, as it stood in 1870, into two equal parts. This line is nearly parallel to the line of the Atlantic coast.

From these calculations it will appear that both the "centre of gravity" and the line that divides the population in half, are more than 150 miles west of the Appalachian chain.

Very truly yours, J. A. Garfield.

Washington, D. C., December 7, 1872.

TWO "BUBBLES"—HOW THEY DIFFERED.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your article in this week's *Nation* on "The Diamond Bubble and its Bursting," and the pointed moral drawn, prompts me to add something. You call attention to the superiority of the testimony of independent Government surveys, conducted by men of tried integrity and trained in the methods of scientific investigation, over the "reports" of "experts," however honest they may be in intention, but who are paid by interested parties. In that connection you allude to another carbonaceous "bubble"—that of California petroleum. In many respects, the resemblances between these two are very interesting, but the differences are also instructive, and not without their moral.

Each of these "bubbles" was blown by men with sufficient capital to make it a large one, and with sufficient brains to make it a success in this, that they received a rich pecuniary reward for their enterprise; and each was planned to draw money from investors living distant from the scene of the reputed "discoveries."

In each case, there was a meagre foundation of fact to work upon. Genuine diamonds have been occasionally found at various places in the Pacific States and Territories, and bituminous material had long been known to occur in California.

In each case, the newspaper press was adroitly used to produce the right atmosphere in the public mind, the locality was peculiarly well chosen, and so was the time. The African diamond excitement aided the one, the Eastern oil fever helped the other.

In each case, the gas used to float the "bubble" on the confidence of that part of the public which had money to invest was the "report" of a scientific "expert" of eminent reputation. Each of these "experts" was employed by the parties interested, large fees (compared with the rewards for other kinds of scientific labor) were paid for the "examination" and "report." The "experts" were piloted to the ground and carefully shown the treasures they were expected to see, and each received and accepted from the interested parties very extravagant estimates of the value of the article supposed to be found. In each case, the "experts" brought East material obtained on the ground, one worthless soil from Colorado "salted" with precious stones, the other worthless bituminous matter from California salted with kerosene.

In each case, $10,000,000 was the capital stock of the larger companies, and forty cents on the dollar considered the fair price for the buyers to pay for this stock. The most extravagant estimates were made of the prospective riches. In one case, it was feared that the abundance of the precious stones would glut the market and reduce their value; in the other, pipes and even canals were recommended to convey the abundant oil to the sea, steamers were to use it for fuel, and other new uses were to follow the fabulous supply. And in each case, the public seemed ready to believe these wonderful stories.

Many other points of resemblance suggest themselves, but I will only add, that in each case the bubble burst because of the exposures made by officials in charge of Government surveys. Now, let us notice some of the differences between these two "bubbles."

In the diamond affair, only a few companies were actually organized, but many were in embryo. No stock was actually on the market when the collapse came, and the chief losers were wealthy capitalists, mostly in the West. In the other case, $16,000,000 of stock was on the Eastern market, extensively advertised; was recommended as a peculiarly attractive investment for persons of small means; was selling rapidly; and when the collapse came the losses often fell with sad severity upon those ill able to bear them. This $16,000,000 of stock represented only three companies, but more were about organized, with I know not how much capital; one of which, with $7,000,000 capital, was about ready to launch its stock on the market. Californian newspapers have stated that over seventy companies were incorporated on that coast, the aggregate capital of which I have no means of knowing.

With the bursting of the diamond "bubble" those who organized the principal company (mostly Californians, I think, and who are the reputed heaviest losers), so soon as they were convinced of the fraud, made the matter public, and thus checked further losses. Some of the sellers implicated have already made restitution to those who bought of them, and it is stated that others will follow. The deluded "expert" came out with a new report, confessing his error, explaining the manner in which he was deceived, thus making it easier to bring the culpable parties to justice. He has, moreover, it is said, made such pecuniary restitution as was in his power. The newspapers have expressed unqualified indignation over the "gigantic swindle" and "unparalleled fraud." They have justly showered praises on the honest official who so nobly did his duty in guarding the public against further profitless expenditure. Government surveys are commended and their value recognized.

In marked contrast is the bursting of the oil "bubble." No companies came forward and told the buyers that their stock was worthless, nor have I heard that any of the parties who received money for the stock made restitution to the victims. None of the guilty parties were ever brought to justice. The "salting" was only proved by long chemical investigation, the eminent "expert" has never explained his connection with the affair,

nor has the public any knowledge as to who did the "salting." Interested parties bullied the official who had pricked the bubble, and piled odium on his devoted head. Many newspapers joined in the outcry against him, his ability was questioned, and his honor was assailed. Newspapers of wide circulation had nothing to say about the "unparalleled fraud" or "gigantic swindle," but much to say about his "treachery" to the State which employed him. The geological survey was extensively spoken of as of questionable utility, in that by exposing the fraud it "kept capital out of the State." The Legislature of California at its next session failed to pass any appropriation to carry it on, and for two years its work was suspended, except as carried on by the private means of its official head. Then a tardy recognition of its value followed, and the work was resumed by the State. All this was less than eight years ago. The world evidently moves. Each reader can draw his own moral. OBSERVER.

December 14, 1872.

THE "UNFORESEEN RESULTS" OF THE GENEVA DECISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps all the results to which you refer in your excellent article of December 12 had not been entirely "unforeseen." I find in one American treatise on international law the following passage: "In a state which is formed by a union of states, there is no doubt that the central government is responsible for the acts of bodies which have no existence in the view of international law. There is a weak point in our Constitution in this respect, for the responsibility must be borne by the Central Government, but the evil cannot always be abated."

There is no doubt that in such cases the Central Government—as in the instance where South Carolina shut up British colored seamen, while their vessel was in Charleston harbor—could be called upon to make reparation, and that, in the event of refusal, retorsion could be used on Americans within the territory of the other party.

But you make a supposition in regard to what might happen under existing treaties with Japan and other states not exactly within the pale of Christian international law. An American has desecrated a temple, is brought before his proper judge, the Consul, and his judge finds no penalty for such an offence in American law. Allow me to ask how this can disturb international relations? "Americans committing offences against Japanese shall be tried," says the Treaty of 1858, Art. VI., "in American consular courts, and, when guilty, shall be punished according to American law. Japanese committing offences against Americans shall be tried by the Japanese authorities, and punished according to Japanese law." The plain sense of these words limits the Consul's jurisdiction to offences of which a private Japanese person is the object, but public crimes against the state do not fall within his jurisdiction. Otherwise, he has no other way of proceeding than to deal with the offence according to the strict construction of the treaty. So then, if an American should plot against the government or commit any other public crime against the peace or the religion of Japan, the public authorities would have a right to seize him, if within Japanese territory, and treat him according to the law of the empire. W.

Notes.

APPLETON & CO. will reprint for the American market Darwin's new work, "The Expression of Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals"; also Field's "Stones of the Temple."——Macmillan & Co. will publish "A Treatise on the Building and Ornamental Stones of Great Britain and Foreign Countries," by Edward Hull. ——D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, announce "Mystery of the Lodge," by Mary Dwinell Chellis.

—Stimulating still further the popular thirst for the easily intelligible results of scientific investigation, Professor Tyndall has met with great success as a lecturer in this country, and may expect to be still more successful here than he has been in Boston and in Washington. It would surprise most persons, we suppose, to know how many plain people follow with very real eagerness and with a fair degree of intelligence and a fair amount of profit such researches as those of Darwin, Faraday, Tyndall, and their compeers, and in this city such people are numerous, as Cooper Institute every day indicates, and as it will no doubt very clearly show during Mr. Tyndall's lecturing. The first of his lectures took place on the evening of Tuesday last; the second is set down for to-night, Thursday; the third for Saturday next; the fourth for the day after Christmas, Thursday; the fifth for the Saturday following; and the sixth and last for Tuesday, December 31. The doors are opened at seven and are closed at eight. We notice that in Washington Mr. Tyndall closed his course by an appeal, not unneeded there, in behalf of the interests of original scientific investigation as distinguished from that use of science which is favored by the average Congressman, who would laugh (say) at a chemist while he was investigating the nature of stearic acid, and call him a non-producer and an ass until the chemist had discovered the way to make stearine candles for all the world and a colossal fortune for himself, as a non-producer of a European chemist once did.

—The investigation into the Fifth Avenue Hotel fire, in which eleven persons were burned or suffocated to death last week, has brought to light several facts of interest. In the first place, the cause of the fire was, as usual, bad building. The report of the fire-marshal shows that flames and smoke were carried, before there was any possibility of alarm, through a huge elevator-passage running from basement to attic, from floor to floor into the roof, so that the fire broke out almost simultaneously on each of the upper stories. In one of these were the sleeping-rooms of the women-servants who were killed. It was this same sort of elevator-passage which furnished a draft the other day for the fire in the building on the corner of Kingston and Summer Streets in Boston. There are hundreds of them in the warehouses, hotels, and stores in this and every large city in the United States, and they are so badly built that in most cases, as in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, they serve merely as fire-communicators. To make the ground as dangerous as possible, the Fifth Avenue elevator ran by the corner of one of the servants' rooms, through a part of the house occupied by the least intelligent of its inmates. The proprietors have buried their victims free of expense.

—Another interesting fact connected with this fire is that it should have been put out by the fire department of the hotel. The municipal engines did, to be sure, arrive on the ground in the course of time, and we believe no fault can be found with them or their officers, but the fire had acquired tremendous headway before they came, and if it had not been for the well-organized and efficient hotel force, it is certainly doubtful whether the whole hotel would not have burnt down. This domestic department, consisting of hotel servants, was regularly drilled, and with their hose, and engines, and organization were quite prepared for an emergency. Of course, it is obvious that immense establishments like the Fifth Avenue ought to have fire departments, but they ought also to have a great many other things which they do not possess. How many other hotels have them we do not know, but we believe a good many; and the curious in such matters may find some food for reflection in the fact. If, after all, the general distrust of the protection afforded by municipal authority is itself beginning to operate as a safeguard in such cities as New York, it may turn out that we are better protected from fire than we had supposed. If the owners of some of the largest buildings in the city, from sheer want of confidence in the fire department, organize fire departments of their own, they undoubtedly lessen the danger of fire throughout, because it has been proved, both by the Chicago fire and more recently in Boston, that isolated buildings kept safe will act in case of a general conflagration as a dam to the tide of fire.

—Edwin Forrest, a man great in his way, who may be said to have nearly outlived all of his once enormous professional reputation, and long ago to have outlived his personal good name, died last week, at the age of sixty-six. It has been the fashion of late years to decry him, for "culture" has been having its day, and the stage heroes whom young ladies find romantic in appearance and the clever realists have been the public favorites. More than this, there undoubtedly was in the acting of Mr. Forrest much which good taste was compelled to condemn—faults of commission, crudities and barbarisms, brute violence and animal force in excess, and a lack of the clear expressiveness and clean finish which a well-trained intellect would have given. But there was a pervasive strength, due to a powerful personality, which every now and then electrified the spectator, and which made Mr. Forrest in some of his parts a very great actor—one of the greatest. His *Othello*, for example, was a part which gave full scope to all his best powers. We doubt if there ever was a better embodiment of Shakespeare's ideal than when this play—perhaps the one play of Shakespeare's which can in its entirety be most thoroughly and completely brought in upon the theatrical stage; the one play in the case of which no great portion eludes the manager and the actor and reserves itself for the closet and the reader of poetry—we doubt if it was ever more completely and satisfactorily rendered than when Mr. Forrest was the Moor. His very fine presence; his masculine beauty; his dignity, as of a tried commander who has set many

> "a squadron in the field,
> And the divisions of a battle knows";

his melodious voice, which served him as well in the sustained eloquence

of the most potent, grave, and reverend senate-chamber as when he wooed the gentle lady,

"And often did beguile her of her tears,"

or as when he raved in the tumultuous storm of rage, jealousy, and pity for Desdemona, and pity for his own betrayal,

"There, where he had garner'd up his heart";

the suppressed tremendous energy, and savagery, as of a barbaric spirit, in which "chaos was indeed come again," if the true passions were aroused; the haughtiness, pride and ferocity, the depth of melancholy—all these Forrest represented in a way that we do not believe any one who ever saw it will ever forget. And this, perhaps, because he was of a character and temperament which were in many points not unlike Othello's own. It was impossible to see him much, and listen to him, and not feel that his was a towering untamed and untamable spirit; the mind might be inferior to that of multitudes of the men whom he despised and hated; the character in many respects contemptible for its smallness, cruelty, contempt, profligacy, and lack of elevation; but that he was a man of tremendous spiritual force was evident. We make no pretensions to an intimate knowledge of his character, nor indeed to an extensive acquaintance with his acting, though among early recollections is Forrest as *Metamora*, as *Spartacus*, as *Damon*, as *Othello*, as *Richard*, and as *Hamlet;* and among late recollections will always remain as worth whole evenings of many finished actors his

"Silence that dreadful bell!"

in the second act, and his

"Put out the light; and then put out the light,"

in the last hour of Desdemona's life. But the point which we wish to bring out is that there was in him the indefinable quality—a spark of what we call genius—and that in virtue of this he was, with all his faults, and they were many, a great actor, however much of the Bowery-boy his critics found in him. There are many chapters in his life which his friends may well wish forgotten, as his long contention with his much-injured wife; his desolate and misanthropic old age; his shameful treatment of Macready, when his great natural vanity and overbearing temper were intoxicated to delirium by our craze over him as "the great American tragedian."

—We cannot say that we share the judgment pronounced by our Italian correspondent this week upon Signor Bonghi, to whose extraordinary versatility and industry he does not fail to do homage. Indeed, the most recent example our own country has afforded of an indefatigable literary-political journalist pales before the simple enumeration of Prof. Bonghi's achievements as given by our correspondent. A late number of one of the journals with which he is editorially connected, the *Perseveranza* of Milan, admits a letter discussing the new Roman University, in which the writer bluntly expresses his opinion that "a professor who is at the same time a Deputy (in Parliament) is a real calamity to the instruction" of the University. Now, Signor Bonghi is precisely one of the new Roman professors, by Government appointment, and in a foot-note the *Perseveranza* calls the attention of its correspondent to a recent letter from Rome to the *Corriere* of Milan, which stated that Professor Bonghi, although a Deputy, had delivered all the lectures assigned to his course, and even more. On the whole, we can safely hold this statesman up to our average Congressman as an example worthy of his best efforts at imitation.

—"You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man."—*K. Henry IV.*, pt. 1, a. 3, sc. 2.

Nares thought lime "was probably used for fining." Halliwell, remarking that "the notes of commentators are meagre on this subject," offers "some minute evidence that does not appear to have hitherto attracted attention." This is chiefly taken from Walter Charlton's "Two Discourses" (3d edition, London, 1692). He might have found in "The Jewel House of Art and Nature," by Sir Hugh Plat (London, 1653)—not a very rare book—a reason why limed sack was sold by English vintners, and the fact that the "roguery" began in Spain. It seems hardly possible that this passage has escaped the notice of every annotator of Shakespeare, yet we do not find it in any edition now within our reach:

"We are grown so nice in tast, that almost no wines unless they be more pleasant than they can be of the grape, will content us, nay no color unless it be perfect fine and bright wil satisfie our wanton eyes, whereupon as I have been credibly informed by some that have seen the practise in Spain, they are forced even there to interlace now and then a lay of Lime with the Sack grape in the expression, thereby to bring their Sacks to be of a more white colour into England than is natural unto them, or than the Spaniards themselves will brook or indure, who will drink no other Sacks than such as be of an Amber colour" (p. 62).

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY BOOKS.*

THE author of "Derwent" has carefully concealed his real name and the name of the Connecticut village (on the Connecticut River) in which he was born and brought up, though the latter will doubtless be recognized by others more familiar than ourselves with the topography of the Nutmeg State. This allowable artifice detracts nothing from the interest of his reminiscences, which extend back a little way into the last century, and treat of the rudeness and natural pleasures of country living in the days when coals and lucifer matches were as yet unknown, the whipping-post still in use, the Puritan Sabbath reckoned from sundown of Saturday to sundown of Sunday, tithing-men employed to repress disorder in meeting, children taught at school to end their alphabet with "and-by-itself-and," and, we suppose, with "abisselfa" to begin the spelling of such a word as *acorn*. This picture, with the reflections and observations which accompany it, of New England ways in the "good old times," especially commends itself to grown-up readers, who will find its descriptions faithfully drawn and the sentiment noticeably pure and true, lapsing neither into affectation nor into commonplace. The author's style will also gratify the same class, showing as it does the marks of cultivation and of self-restraint, and being withal so simple as to make it possible for large extracts to be read aloud with but little alteration to the youngest audience. A child of three not less than a child of ten or fifteen can listen eagerly to the story of fetching fire, going to mill, fetching cows, of jack-o'-lanterns, cattle, sheep, dogs, and birds—of the dog Gyp, who "was mysteriously missing for several days, coming home once or twice in the time, and asking for food, and then immediately disappearing again," and who, "being followed, was found in a distant field keeping guard over a coat which his master had left there"; or of the dog Splash, whose "great amusement was to swim across and reswim the river; which he would do several times a day when work was going on in the meadows—for he liked observers. He would aim to land at a particular point, a rock, on the other shore, that his eye fixed on; in order to do which he must take into account the drift or leeway to which he would be subject from the current. A man would throw in a chip or some light thing to test it. As Splash could not do that, his way was to plunge in, no matter where, and swim off a little, and then return and run up or down the shore, as he had found the stream to require, to a point sufficiently high, or low, to justify his setting off." The number of anecdotes of this sort quite justifies us in placing "Derwent" among the children's books of the season, though, as we have said, it can hardly fail to please readers of every age.

We do not remember to have met with the first part of Miss Yonge's series, "A Storehouse of Stories," but we can say for the present volume that its contents could ill have been suffered to pass away and be forgotten. Every one of its four hundred solidly printed pages is a legitimate possession of the English-speaking nursery. "Evenings at my Grandmother's" and "Elements of Morality" occupy by far the greater portion of the book. With the first-named the three or four Persian stories called "Blossoms of Morality" fit very well, and "A Puzzle for a Curious Girl" naturally pairs off with Salzmann's prosaic modern and realistic "Moralisches Elementarbuch." This last is given in the translation of Mary Wollstonecraft, with the spelling of whose name, by the way, the printer or Miss Yonge has taken great liberties. A single extract will give the key to this quaint production of the days of our grandfathers. Little Charles Jones has lost his way in a wood, from which he is rescued by a curate and taken to his home to be kept over night. When playtime has arrived, before the children go to bed,

* "Derwent: or, Recollections of Young Life in the Country. By John Chester." New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1872.

"A Storehouse of Stories, edited by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. Storehouse the Second, containing Family Stories Elements of Morality, a Puzzle for a Curious Girl, Blossoms of Morality." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

"The Seven Kings of the Seven Hills. By Mrs. C. H. B. Laing." Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1872.

"Alice Leigh's Mission." New York: Nelson & Phillips.

"A Home Tear with Aunt Bessie. By B. E. Wright." New York: Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

"Little Grig and the Tinker's Letter. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly." New York: Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

"The Wood Carvers." New York: Nelson & Phillips.

"Real Robinson Crusoes; or, Life on Desolate Islands." New York: Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

"The Young Dodge Club. The Seven Hills. By Prof. James De Mille." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

"The Blue Mantle Series." New York: Carlton & Lanahan; San Francisco: E. Thomas; Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

"Remarkable Voyages. By Frank B. Goodrich." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"Ribbon Stories. By Lady Barker, Author of 'Stories About,' 'Christmas Cake,' etc." Illustrated by C. O. Murray. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

"The Runaway: A Story for the Young. By the Author of 'Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.'" New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

"P's and Q's; or, The Question of Putting Upon. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe.'" New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

"In the Golden Shell. A Story of Palermo. By Linda Mazini." With Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

Charles asks leave to retire, and not returning, is sought for, and at last discovered behind the kitchen door, weeping bitterly:

"*Curate.* What is the matter with my little guest?
"*Charles.* Nothing at all.
"*Curate.* Something must ail you, or you would not cry.
"*Charles.* Ah! if I were with my dear father and mother!
"*Curate.* You now feel, my dear child, languor, or a violent and uneasy desire to see some absent person whom you love. I do not blame you for it; no one ought to be so dear to a good child as his parents, and he should feel a little uneasy when he is parted from them. But, my dear child, if you would live contented, you must learn to moderate this as well as fear and joy, or you will miss many pleasures. Do you think you can bring them here by your longing and crying? Certainly not; you know it is impossible. Of what use is, then, this violent desire which makes you so very uncomfortable? etc., etc."

"Family Stories" are downright fairy tales of the most approved description, and are hinged on to the various actions—conduct and misconduct—of an interesting family of eight grandchildren, just one year apart in age.

Mrs. Laing's "Seven Kings of the Seven Hills" is a very attractive and well-told rendering of the fables of early Roman history. Everybody needs to know these stories, and this book will serve a good end in introducing them to children. Only, while everybody ought to know them, they ought at the same time to know that they are fables, and for this reason we do not like the preface of the book. It lays claim to a merit it does not possess, and, we will add, is none the worse for not possessing—that is, accurate scholarship. Fortunately, children will not read the preface; but it is absurd to refer to "the best writers upon ancient history—Pliny, Plutarch, Dionysius, Livy, Niebuhr"! and worse than absurd for the author to assure her readers that "no fiction has been called in to assist their interest," and that "their record is borne out by history." Her statement that she has "carefully compared and revised the dates which both ancient and modern writers have affixed to the founding of Rome and the reigns of her seven kings" is simply puerile. After such a preface, one is not surprised to read of *Cureata Comitium* and *Via Sceleratus*, and to meet such misspelling as Autemnates, Laurentium, Ariccia, Ferantina, and Lucermo.

Prof. De Mille's "Dodge Club in Italy" some of our readers will remember, as it has not only appeared in book-form, but also serially in *Harper's Magazine*. They will recollect it as an extravaganza almost on the intellectual level of "Major Jones's Courtship," and marked by great liveliness of movement in the incidents. High animal spirits were another of its characteristics, and the Yankee reader will recollect that it showed that curious conception of the Yankee which makes him wear on his waistcoat the stars of our national banner, the stripes of the same emblem being made up into pantaloons for him. Withal, there was evident in his accoutrements and his moral and intellectual outfit sufficient proof of his creator's clear perception that it was the Yankees who were to buy the books in which this gentleman figured, and he is accordingly made as inventive, cool, courageous, just, merciful, independent, and good-natured as he is impudent, ill-bred, and untutored. He is the Yankee as conceived by the British provincial gentleman who wishes to be civil; he is "Sam Slick" essentially, but a good deal elevated and no longer selling wooden clocks. And as was the elder "Dodge Club," so is this "Young Dodge Club" which Mr. De Mille offers to Young America. We have read it with more satisfaction than we have got from the author's previous attempts to write books for boys. There is the same fondness for headlong mischief and practical joking, but there is also a great deal of guide-book information about Rome, which is well enough told to make it in itself beguiling to the boys, and the concomitant horse-play will make it quite irresistible to most boys. We wish we could praise it more highly. Indeed, for the matter of that, we can. There is a description of the ascent to the roof of St. Peter's and of the scene there presented to the eye, which is admirable for its spirit and vividness. Our author has not forgotten that to his audience much that is stale to tourists is absolutely new. But what we mean is that one can never praise Professor De Mille as a writer for boys without being compelled to add that the vulgarity and roughness which his books must do something to encourage may perhaps more than counterbalance the good which he may do. The guide-book information of which we have spoken is in great part rhymed, we regret to say, and taken out of Byron. We must not forget to notice that Mr. De Mille, with a pardonable wish to be civil, we presume (and perhaps after having in vain exercised his Canadian mind to account for our toleration of the Fenians), represents his Young Dodges as being extravagantly fond of the Irishman. His brogue is sweet music to them. When they are in scrapes and are longing for some one who understands Italian, they would have welcomed any such person who could speak English, but the Irish voice, which is what does meet their ears, fills them with genuine and national delight. We wonder how long it will be before there is a general understanding that our authorities have tolerated our Fenian friends partly because it is some amusement to see the Dominion and the English in a panic proportionate to their bounce at other times; partly because, while we despise the Fenian chiefs as robbers of servant-girls and traitors to each other, we believe that England's course towards Ireland till within the last twenty years has been a frightfully bad one; and mainly for the reason that politicians are the most timid of all carnivorous animals and stand in awe of "the Irish vote."

"The Blue Mantle Series" consists of ten little volumes, all of which we have read faithfully; and when we began it we thought we should be able to commend it highly, some of it being very good for boys and girls. And, as the case stands, we don't know that we may not commend it. Many parents will like it very well, and most children ought to like most that is in it. If we make it out rightly, it is a series of volumes issued by a Methodist publishing firm, who have in their employ a Prohibitionist editor, and who have caused to be gathered together for him numerous little tales, some of them French originally and some of them English, but all of which have already been before the English public, and all of which have been imperfectly transferred into what the Hon. Henry Clay used to call "the American language," and supplemented by an occasional editorial note. Thus "pence" are made into "cents," and "shillings" into "quarters," but a good many distinctively English expressions are left. As we have said, some of these numerous little stories are pretty; many of them, most of them, show so delightful an appreciation of the needs and peculiarities of children that they must be based upon much experience, as well as informed with much love; and most of them are well adapted not only to please the children, and their older friends as well, but also to do the children much good in the way of moral instruction. But on the other hand many parents will object to the particular sort of religious teaching which is often inculcated here very sedulously, and which we may describe by saying that it would have pleased those parents who, twenty years ago, believed that at four or five years of age a child was old enough to be taught that his heart was irretrievably black with sin; his soul doomed to everlasting fire—"dead in Adam"; his will free, but himself perhaps foreordained a child of wrath; and that if peradventure there were a chance for him it lay in conviction of sin, a change of heart, and washing in the cleansing blood of Christ. Two or three of the ten volumes are thus disfigured; and one there is where the Prohibitionist editor comes out in great force. This one is "The Young Colt," a French work of a moral tendency that would have extorted envious admiration from Moses himself, so strong, obvious, and triumphant is it. "The Young Colt" itself is but one of the brief stories which give a title to the volume of less than fifty pages, and we will narrate it before passing on to "The Christmas Dress," which is the apologue in which the editor shines: One fine evening Mr. Brinkley, as the translator calls him, arrived at his country seat at a late hour, and wholly unexpected by his unfaithful servants, who are drones. In the morning he happened to be looking out of his window, probably longing for Paris and denouncing himself for living in the country, when he saw a fine colt careering in great glee over a field of wheat and doing much damage. He summoned one of the incapable domestics, and demanded of him what the colt did there, and the domestic, wishing to screen himself from the punishment due his negligence, falsely replied that the colt was the miller's. That evening Mr. Brinkley meets the miller, and, severely accosting him, informs him with unchristian haste that the colt shall be shot if again found in the wheat. Tranquillizing himself, the miller smilingly says in substance that Mr. Brinkley had better go home and shoot; that he would if it was his wheat, and so forth. Next morning the colt is shot; Mr. Brinkley loses a valuable animal, for which the servant has to pay out of his wages; and the moral is that both master and man had to pay dearly for a sin which at first each regarded as a small one, whereas no sin is small. That the miller got off scot-free appears not to strike our casuist, who indeed is not very sharp; not so sharp, we fear, as the future millers to whom she may be telling the tale.

The editor's story is of Madame, or Mrs., Thalbert and her daughter Thalia. Madame Thalbert gives to her daughter as a Christmas present a beautiful blue silk dress, fitted at the dressmaker's and elegantly made; the young Thalia tries it on, and is delighted to find that "it is a perfect fit." While counting out the change for the tailor's messenger, Madame Thalbert, who is of a kind heart, says to her daughter: "It is very cold this evening, Thalia, go and get a glass of wine for the gentleman who has brought your dress—you will find it in the little cupboard in the small pantry below. Be sure and take a light with you, for it is already dark there." But the young Thalia, whose head is perhaps filled with her new silk, or who, perhaps, is not an obedient girl, does not mind her mother. When she returns from the closet with the wine, and gives it to the gentleman, he no sooner takes one mouthful than, in fright of poison, he ejects it from his mouth quicker

than it went in, and Thalia at once finds that the front breadth of her new dress is completely ruined. "Thalia had been too dilatory to obey her mother concerning the taking of a light," and, when she reached the cupboard, could not see what she was getting, and got the ink-bottle. She shed many hot tears of sorrow and disappointment, for her mother made her go to church on Christmas morning with her old clothes on, and bought her no new dress till another Christmas, and the moral is, Be not dilatory in obedience. To this the editor makes the following addition: "Note—If Thalia's mother had been a teetotaler she would have had no wine in the house, and poor Thalia would have saved her dress. Wine is a mocker, and to drink it, or to give it to friends on Christmas or New Year's Day, or indeed at any time, is a great wrong. Let the children's cry be, Down with strong drink! Huzzah for cold water!" Yes, and if Thalia's mother had been a well-behaved maiden lady living alone, no Thalia would have ruined any dress. The argument, silly as it looks, when stated by the editor, is really not different from a chief argument of his friends. A disobedient girl receives as a punishment for her disobedience an injury from a particular agent; had there not been this agent in existence, says Chop-Logic in substance, though he thinks he is saying something else, there would have been no spirit of disobedience to punish. A certain appetite or passion of man's nature—for often it is more than an appetite or physical craving—craves outlet and gratification; in the case of many people, the mental and spiritual excitement consequent upon introducing alcohol into the stomach supplies this gratification. Prevent by force the attainment of this gratification by the use of this particular agent, and you cure the vice of nature; the kingdom of heaven is *not* within you, and you *can* cure corruption of the blood by varnishing the consequent pustules, or by forcible amputation. This is not the whole of the case, to be sure, which is not a simple one. But it is a good deal of it.

We have by this time induced in many of our readers a bad opinion of the "Blue Mantle Series"; but this it does not deserve as a whole. "The Young Colt" volume is not a pleasing book; "Eugene, the Little Rag-picker," is rather pietistic, and so is "Sam's Friend" and "The Widow's Cow." But "Little Blue Mantle" we should be very willing to see a child reading; and so of "Our New Baby"; "Pleasant Words for Little Folk"; Mother's Staff," by Marianne Farningham; "The Truant," by the same lady; and "The Young Potato Roasters," by the author of "Dick and his Donkey." All the volumes are for quite young children, and one more than half of the whole ten we have found good. These alone make up a little library to give a child, although no volume exceeds sixty pages in length.

We do not know what to say to the publishers for Americanizing the language in which the English stories are written, and for not indicating the origin of the French ones. It was thought of no consequence, perhaps, in so slight an affair; or it may have been done in the interest of easier comprehension on the part of the seven or eight-year-old children who will be its readers; but it strikes one at first as a little tricky.

The next series on our list is composed of five books, one called "Alice Leigh's Mission," one "The Wood Carvers," one "A Home Tour with Aunt Bessie," one "Little Grig," and one "Real Robinson Crusoes." This last is very decidedly the most interesting, but it is not necessary to praise such a *résumé* of the stories of the crew of the *Bounty*, of Alexander Selkirk, and other shipwrecked mariners. It is too small, and there are too many larger forms of the famous narratives, every word of which boys read with delight. Perhaps not even excepting love, and instruction in religion, has there ever been one more effective means of importing the ideal and romantic into common lives than the ocean, its ships, its foreign and far-off shores, its "gray and melancholy waste," its mysteries, and perils, and romance. And these tales of the sufferings and dangers of them that "go down to the sea in ships" are to some extent correctives of an inflamed imagination, albeit they stimulate adventurousness and courage and fortitude.

The "Tour with Aunt Bessie" is also more than usually good, but we for our part have nothing so good to say of their companions. The former have a partly redeemed street-preaching tone not to our individual taste, and in our individual belief not wholesome nor of good effect on children's lives and characters. In the case of the others this blemish is far greater. Alice Leigh's "Mission" is incidentally to be a suffering little hunchback, going on eleven years old, with a father whose drunkenness causes her many woes, but whom she loves all the while that she pleads with him to turn from his wickedness. Primarily, her mission is to show a rich lady, also, like herself, a cripple, that she must not live for herself alone, but must become converted and teach a Sunday-school in her parlor. One cannot condemn such a book when one thinks of the motive of the author; reflects how good a woman she probably is; how much better the little world about her is for her living in it; how good it would be if she could have her way with it. But what are we to say for it as art? What, indeed, as nature and as good policy and sensible work looking towards the real elevation of men? One would have to say that such books are nonsensical.

"Little Grig" is about a ragged young Londoner who went to the country for the hop-picking season, and is not a bad little tale, though it confusingly pretends to be American, and will puzzle the children somewhat, and perhaps give some of the shrewder ones a little lesson in fraud. The "Wood Carvers" teaches lame boys not to pine, but to remember that they also may do much, and should not be selfish and ungrateful. This also is an English book, and very religious in tone. "A Home Tour with Aunt Bessie" we can recommend as being fair natural history, pleasantly conveyed and well worth giving to children of less than twelve years of age. On the whole, this second series will offend taste and delicate religious feeling but seldom, and may be commended to the consideration of the religious reader. As in speaking of its predecessor, we have dwelt rather more on its defect than on its good qualities; but the defect is there, and to many minds it will seem fatal.

In Mr. Frank B. Goodrich's "Remarkable Voyages; or, Man upon the Sea," we have a book with a promising title, but the contents do not quite keep the word that the title gives. Sad will be the heart of the young gentleman who wishes to set sail for Far Cathay; or to wind through the straits with Magellan; or to see Kidd hanging in chains; or to be shipwrecked with Ulloa upon the coast of we know not what strange land, so many years is it since we read the book; or to read of Anson capturing the tall plate galleons; or to see the Barbary Moors enslaving the captain and crew of the brig *William*—too little satisfaction will Mr. Goodrich give the young reader who, desiring much of such matters as these, shall be invited to take notice of the remarkable fact that the ark built by Noah was of precisely the same proportions as the ocean steamers of our day, and that these proportions nearly agree with those of the human figure, as the atheist and infidel would do well to recollect. Nor will it gratify him overmuch to enquire with the late Mr. Everett, "Was it the winter's storm, or disease or labor and spare meals," that anti-climaxically killed the *Mayflower's* Puritans? A couple of pages of this composition Mr. Goodrich inflicts upon us. However, although his book is not what it might have been, it has much of the fascination of its subject, and perhaps the boys who read this ambitious "History of Man upon the Sea" will not know till later just how badly they have been treated. To older readers we may give a fair idea of it by saying to them that it is a book which—letterpress, engravings, size of page, and everything else—fully belongs to the class of subscription books which are hawked about the country districts, and whose gay covers fade in the sun as they lie in the window-seat of the farm-houses.

Lady Barker seems to us to have been entirely successful in her present attempt at writing for children. Her "Ribbon Stories" we commend with out hesitation to all parents with intelligent boys and girls for whom they wish to get reading which is at once amusing and innocent. For ourselves, we have read it with great pleasure, and but for one or two touches like that in the "Mouse's Wedding," where old Mrs. Brighteyes, who, like all the mouse race, has an invincible aversion to mentioning the word "cat," informs her husband that her daughter's betrothed is "quite an unbeliever in —— ahem!" And her amazed spouse retorts: "You don't mean to say he is such a fool as to say there's no such thing!"—we could be quite willing to accept as perfectly true her very ingenious account of the origin of these stories. They are all so pretty that we hardly know which is best, whether it is Chatty, with his early thirst for adventures unsatisfied, "because, you know, there are not a great many adventures in England," or "Joe Gengles," who found out by experience what turns the axis of the earth. But every one will please both children and their parents.

We cannot say so much for "The Runaway." It is undeniably amusing, and has no evil taint about it, but its absurdities are so many and so great that we should not willingly give it "to the young," albeit the pleasant author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" intended it for them. It narrates the adventures of Olga Leslie, a half Danish, half Scottish maiden of thirteen, who ran away from school because the big girls read naughty books on the sly, and also because the cook would insist on putting "black beetles' babies" in the pudding, which those who ate of it were forced to believe were currants. The cook had also a way of serving up "deformed animals"—at least the meat always had "strange bones" in it, not the least like what one sees at home. So Olga, pressed by both spiritual and animal necessities, ran away, and was protected by another young lady of fifteen, who suffered greatly for the lack of opportunity for noble deeds in these degenerate days when men wear pepper-and-salt trowsers instead of chain armor, and go down to the city instead of riding to battle on snorting war-steeds. The adventures of the two are very laughable, but they throw a curious light on what is sup-

posed to be good reading and good thinking for "the young" by some, at least, of their elders.

Parents who wish to imbue their children with "High Church" views of life cannot do better than get "P's and Q's" for them. It is in Miss Yonge's usual style, and not uninteresting.

"In the Golden Shell" derives its title from the amphitheatre of the Conca d'Oro in which Palermo lies, and gives a pretty description of the city and its enchanting environs, not omitting its catacombs. Like so many other books of its class, however, it is rather a tale *of* children than for them. The conversations are sprightly and natural. The expression "like Vesuvius was doing," on page 10, we had supposed was intentionally put in the mouth of the little heroine who uses it; but on page 50 we find the author herself writing "like Rosalie did," and conclude that the vulgarism is with her an unconscious one.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*
Abelous (L.), William the Taciturn	(Nelson & Phillips)
An Account of the Sphinx at Mt. Auburn	(Little, Brown & Co.)
An Autobiography, with Essays	(A. Williams & Co.) $1 50
Atlantic Almanac for 1873, swd	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 0 50
Bagehot (W.), Physics and Politics	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Bamberger (L.), Zur deutschen Münzgesetzgebung, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Barker (Lady), Ribbon Stories	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Beck (Dr. F. A.), Das Grundübel in der modernen Jugendbildung, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Beecher (Rev. H. W.), Lectures to Young Men: a new ed	(J. B. Ford & Co.)
Books for the Children's Hour, 5 vols	(Nelson & Phillips)
Bryant (W. C.), Little People of the Snow	(D. Appleton & Co.)
"Carleton," Story of the Great Fire in Boston	(Shepard & Gill) 0 25
Carpenter (Prof. S. H.), English of the XIVth Century	(Ginn Brothers) 1 75
Denton (W.), Radical Discourses on Religious Subjects	(Wm. Denton)
Doug as (Rev. H. A.), Indian Missions, swd	(Rivingtons)
Fulton (Rev. J.), Index Canonum, Greek and English	(Pott, Young & Co.)
Homes and Hospitals	(Am. Tract Society) 1 50
Kroeger (A. E.), The Minnesinger of Germany	(Hurd & Houghton) 2 25
Lamb (Mrs. M. J.), Spicy: A Tale, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.) 1 00
Little Blue Mantle Library, 10 vols	(Nelson & Phillips)
Lodge (Dr. G. H.), Winckelmann's History of Ancient Art, Vol. IV	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 5 00
Magni (Linda), In the Golden Shell	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Masing (Dr. W.), Die tragische Schuld, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Mayo (Dr. W. S.), Never Again: A Tale	(G. P. Putnam & Sons) 2 00
Münter (Dr. J.), Ueber Corallenthiere, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Richardson (Mrs. A. S.), Songs from the Old Dramatists	(Hurd & Houghton) 3 00
Searle (E.), Hymn Stories	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Southworth (Mrs. E. D. E. N.), The Artist's Love	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 75
Stahl (P. J.), Entre Bourgeois, swd	(F. W. Christern)
Stephens (C. A.), Life on Labrador: a boy's book	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
" Off to the Geysers	" " 1 50
Strahan (A.), Norman Macleod, D.D., swd	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Sunberry Dale Library, 5 vols	(Nelson & Phillips)
The Last Inhabitants of an Old House	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
The Runaway: a Child's Story	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Turnbull (Charlotte), The Lawrences	(Am. News Co.)
Von Holtzendorff (Dr. F.), Materialien der Deutschen Reichs-Verfassung, Vol. I., swd	(L. W. Schmidt)
Handbuch des Deutschen Strafrechts, Vol. III	(L. W. Schmidt)
Yonge (Miss C. M.), P's and Q's: a Child's Story	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
" A Storehouse of Stories	" " 1 50
Young People's Half-Hour Series, swd	(Nelson & Phillips)
Zacharia (Dr. H. A.), Das moderne Schöffengericht, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)

Fine Arts.

SOME MODERN SCULPTURE.

II.

WE have mentioned only Frenchmen, and of these a feeble handful, so far as numbers go. We have but little space for this department of the *Nation*, and cannot now even glance at the art yield of other countries than France; but of one country, Italy, there happens to be a product in our Metropolitan Museum, in Fifth Avenue, which goes to show that some of her artists, at least, are no "'prentice hands." The sculptor of the "Napoleon Dying" is author besides of a statue of "Spring," a girlish figure, half-buried in flowers, preferred by artists to his Napoleonic effort, and of a "Columbus." His skill is closely challenged by another artist, Giovanni Dupré, of Florence, by whom a "Pietà," or group of "Madonna and Dead Christ," is an inspiration from the best periods of religious art in Italy.

The *Atlantic* was evidently aware of the "Napoleon Dying," by Vela, when it made the assertion of our native superiority to any foreign art. We thereupon conceived the notion of referring to the statue as an example of academic education, hedging in our commendation with an almost ludicrous quantity of reserves. The *Atlantic* has since contentedly said that we "had nothing better to set up as a standard." This is erroneous; we were in no poverty of standards; but our aim was to get an example as accessible as possible, the "Napoleon" being visible at a few blocks' distance from Mr. Ward's bronzes in the Park. Similarly, we indicated the photograph as an aid accessible to all our readers in measuring the Shakespeare statue. The accuracy of Rockwood's excellent pictures, taken with the latest improvements in his art, will not permanently suffer in repute, we hope, by the *Atlantic's* slighting reference. In this case the photograph and the statue may be taken as having the same scale, as we shall show in a minute. Meanwhile, our motive, as our expression at the time showed, was the convenience of our readers. Anybody might test us by the photograph, but everybody could not measure the statue. Anybody might see the "Napoleon," but everybody could not see the treasures of European palaces. As for the "Napoleon," its merit is of course a matter of opinion. Every one, except the ideal critic of culture, has his unaccountable liking for one theme, his unaccountable dislike for another. It is a mystery to us how the *Atlantic* can stamp the subject, however, as a bad subject, referring to the selection of it as "puffery," "hero-worship," and a "clap-trap appeal to the popular admiration for the First Napoleon." We wish to raise no quibbles, we would like to understand the thoughts of the *Atlantic* just as the *Atlantic* itself understands them, and to take its language with just the force it means its words to have. But we do feel the difficulty here of exchanging with it any terms that could be mutually comprehended. To us, now, the career of Napoleon seems to be one of the few palpably good subjects afforded by history for art treatment. It seems to us better than the legend of "Macbeth"; it seems to us better than the history of Lorenzo de' Medici, only famous as being father to an infamous queen, yet forming the subject of the "Pensieroso." It seems to us, above all, a career eminently adapted to a strong *melodramatic* treatment. We made some parallels, we believe, in reference to the style of the statue, as suggesting the manner of Delaroche and the manner of Victor Hugo. We repeat, we want from the authority who challenges us nothing but to get at just what he means, all natural shortcomings of human language apart. But running over the epithets it uses about Vela's statue, we cannot for the life of us be convinced that he understands it, or knows where to place it; he uses words we should be very sorry to use, it is true; he speake of a third-rate work, a clap-trap work, a work with hardly a single fine quality. If strictures like these suggest anything comprehensible to our mind, they suggest the opinion of the frank young collegian, coming home full of Catullus and Horace, and flinging epithets at such compositions as Poe's "Raven," or Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, or Lowell's "Cathedral"; in such cases, what strikes us is the ingenuous lad's want of *savoir*, his imperfect adjustment to the length and breadth of the situation, though there is in his fresh barbarism something to like too.

But the principal point in which we displease the *Atlantic* is a simple point of scale, which never ought to have been discussed before the public at all, because the data are always there, fixed in bronze, and therefore indisputable. The *Atlantic*, however, supports an untenable theory with a humorous juggle of measurement. Its own words show that it has not had the head of the Shakespeare measured at all. It adopts a reckoning made in its presence by Mr. Brown the sculptor, from whom Ward "learned the rudiments of his profession." Here is the way in which that "most experienced sculptor now living, Henry K. Brown," undertakes to get the size of a head:

"The height of the head was found by taking the distance from the *tip of the chin* to the *bridge of the nose*."

Very well, and what then?

"*And reckoning this as half the head*"!

An imaginative way this to educe the dimensions of a portrait, and the portrait of a man with a particularly lofty skull. The fact is that the distance from the Shakespeare's nose to its chin is *not* half the head; but it goes on: "The curved compass was of course used, and the beard not thus in the measurer's way. The result was 6½ inches, *thus making* the height of the head 13 inches." That is, because Shakespeare is so much from his nose to his chin, *therefore* he is so much to the top of his head. Because it is so far from New York to Boston, *therefore* it is so far from New York to the North Pole. Because it is so long from the age of Queen Victoria back to the age of Queen Elizabeth, *therefore* it is so long from Victoria to Boadicea. We shall not distribute between the magazine and Mr. Ward's preceptor the merit of this invention of measurement without measuring. The former, with exquisite simple gravity, divides its 13½ inches into "noses," remarking that Shakespeare's head is four noses high, "which is the usual rule." The *Atlantic*, its curved compasses done with, closes by observing:

"We in our turn will give a generous hand to the public, and assure it that Mr. Ward's Shakespeare is $7\frac{5}{13}$ of its heads in height."

But the *Atlantic's* assurance is in excess; it has shown that it did not measure the work in question, and it might profitably, to save awkwardness, withdraw or pocket its hand.

The human head may be measured very closely, though not with absolute accuracy, as it cannot be rigidly decided how much of the fulness

beneath the chin to include, or which bump of the skull to take. We will now give the correct measure. Our computation makes the Shakespeare 96 inches high, Mr. Brown's computation. The head measures 14¾ inches high. Dividing therefore 96 by 14.75 we get 6.503—the statue being six and a half of its heads in height, our first statement.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to point out once more to readers of the article in the *Atlantic* that the writer of it mingles and confounds the *Nation's* criticisms on Mr. Ward's statue with those of another journal, whose writers upon art are most certainly not ours. A good part of the *Atlantic's* article, therefore, at the same time that it misrepresents us, calls for no answer on our part, and enables us to dispense ourselves from answering that part of it, or indeed any of it if we so choose. We shall add, too, that this assurance of our innocence of the other criticisms had already been given the *Atlantic* before its critic selected his mode of attack.

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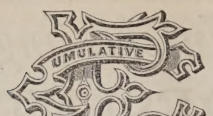

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1872.

The Week.

WITH what must be called a very indecent regard for the feelings of Congressmen and a very indecent disregard for the public and the public service, a committee of the House of Representatives has been investigating the Crédit Mobilier business in secret and with closed doors. This concealment has naturally caused the circulation of a score of rumors which may be true or may be false; which leave everybody in uncomfortable doubt as to the real character of half a dozen men of whom everybody has thought well and would like to continue to think well. They are stories which, of course, no one has the right to believe, however badly the closed doors look. As for the scandal in general, no matter what partisan journals were saying about it two months ago, we suppose there was not then an editorial writer on the American press, and that there is not one to-day, who would not have instantly privately admitted to a friend that he had not the slightest morsel of doubt that Mr. Oakes Ames had tried to bribe certain members of Congress, and that some of them he had actually bribed. For our own part, we never believed that he had bribed General Garfield, for instance, to name one of the gentlemen accused, or that he could do so; but there are probably members with whom he had all the desired success, and it is for the plain interest of every good man in Congress, every member who is in politics with an honorable ambition—and there are some such—to demand full publicity and a report that means business. One of the tales that is told is to the effect that General Butler—whose element is dirty water—has got possession of the committee's secrets by means of a creature of his for whom he procured an appointment as a clerk to the committee. No one supposes that there will be any real secrecy about the affair, though the general public may never get a full and official report of the truth, and it is of little consequence whether the story is true or untrue. It reminds one, however, of the days of the barrel of telegrams, when a wise Congress placed the secrets of a whole community in the hands of this same Butler, who would have only to buy the same knowledge from detectives whom he would have paid with his own money.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed a vote of censure on Mr. Sumner because of his resolution about striking the names of the battles in our late war off the regimental flags. The proposal was an insult to the loyal soldier, the Legislature declared. The debate was warm, but the vote not very heavy, the members in many instances performing the trick called "dodging"—a device which would have delighted Governor Endicott, for instance, and a most noble device it is. To us it seems that the Legislature might have found more profitable employment than attacking Senator Sumner just at present, especially as the same rather weak proposal was made by him some years ago, and such things have indeed always been to be expected. Besides, to charge Mr. Sumner with any wish to insult the Northern soldier is, on the face of it, absurd, and the whole affair is an indication of the degree of heat that is always, even in quiet times, in existence in the small politics of our State-houses. For the other things, too, Massachusetts politics have for the moment a national interest, which is real, though rather languid. Mr. Boutwell has indicated his determination to seek the senatorship, which it is thought he will be able to get, though of a contest such as will go on there the result is not wholly easy to predict. When one candidate has all but strength enough to carry him through, but not quite enough, and there is vigilance of opposition and numerous candidates, the candidate who comes out first may be the one with the apparent best chances, or he may not. Both Judge Hoar and his brother are reported to be candidates, and so are Governor Claflin and Governor Rice and Mr. Dawes. But the rumors of which we have spoken elsewhere, and which are busily disseminated by interested people now, connect Mr. Dawes's name very definitely with the Crédit Mobilier corruption, and that is a very dark business, especially for a candidate who has tepid and respectful friends, rather than enthusiastic friends, to work for him. We shall hope that the prize may fall to Mr. Boutwell. It would take him out of the Treasury, at all events.

The other good thing in Massachusetts politics is the selection of Mr. Henry Pierce as mayor of Boston. He occupied in the contest a position which unfortunately is rare. Dissatisfied with Mr. Gaston, the people asked for a change, and the great fire disposed them to wish for an able, capable man, and to care not so much as usual for party lines. But the Republican party in Boston is, as it is elsewhere, a highly organized machine, with its Postmaster, and its Federal Collector of Customs, and its State Committees, and its captains of tens, and its captains of fifties, and its galley-slaves, and its party lashes. The regular convention, then still hoarse over their victory in November, and secure of their game, declared that "good Republicans" only should go on the ticket for city officers, and nominated Mr. Pierce. Mr. Pierce declined, and announced as his reason that he was opposed to their views of fitness. This surprised and disgusted these gentry, and cost Mr. Pierce some of their votes, but, as always comes to them sooner or later, they have been permitted to do that thing which they like so much, and "have bowed to the popular will." Some of them bowed in the orthodox manner—that is to say, they first stuffed some of the ballot-boxes of the people with votes cast by an imaginary and non-existent people, which has no will; the people with a capital P, probably. A recount of the votes, however, shows the frauds to have been committed, and Mr. Pierce to have been elected over Mr. Gaston by a small majority. The reform aldermen are also elected in most instances, the Boston press having used some unexpectedly plain language, and, we doubt not, affected the result decidedly.

The familiar old French Spoliation Claims are once more before Congress, their sponsor this time being Senator Cameron, and a little debate has been held upon them. It was principally interesting because the Geneva award came in for a share of the discussion, and because it seemed to indicate that the friends of the bill may be intending to defer the distribution of the *Alabama* money by tacking on their bill to that which will regulate the payment of the Geneva award. As we expected, several honorable senators, notably the Hon. Mr. Morton of Indiana, were clear in their own minds, or had "some doubt," which we may expect to see crystallize into certainty, that any insurance company is a mere rascal which intends to come forward and put in claims on the ground that the gentlemen composing it insured A.'s ship for $30,000; that for this insurance A. paid a certain premium; that at the end of a certain time the gentlemen of the company paid A. the thirty thousand dollars of their money, his ship having been burned by the *Alabama*. We agree with Mr. Morton that some men there are who have a peculiar genius for fraud, and who are never really happy unless they are engaged in a swindle. Sometimes it is insurance men; sometimes it is Western lawyers and politicians; now it is a lawyer who wishes the United States to pay paper when it has solemnly agreed to pay gold, and who has cost his country millions or hundreds of millions by lowering her credit; now it is a Western lawyer and politician who wishes to cheat such of his fellow-citizens as happened to be in the business of marine insurance between 1861

and 1866. Mr. Butler, we see, has brought in a bill to regulate the disbursement of the fifteen and a half millions, and the correspondents say that he was so desirous of keeping it secret that he took it with his own hands to the public printer and had it privately printed. This he did, the same authorities inform us, because he did not wish the insurance companies to get any knowledge of the provisions of the bill, lest they should set up an opposition to its passage by the House. Here is Virtue again, who may always be found at Butler's elbow, when she is not at Morton's.

The money market during the week has been marked by nearly if not quite as much stringency as in the worst days of the "cornering" and "locking up" of Smith and Gould last September. Moreover, "Uncle" Boutwell, instead of coming to the relief of the community, aggravated the distress by a steady withdrawal of the $5,000,000 of greenbacks which Mr. Richardson, the Assistant-Secretary, took upon himself to issue in October, so that the quasi-providential interference during the first "squeeze" not only did no good, but helped to bring on and aggravate this last one, showing clearly that when anybody undertakes to exercise the power of a protecting deity, he needs to have a deity's foresight and insight. We would also call the attention of the friends of the usury laws, or, in other words, of those who believe they know better at what rate money ought to be lent than the people who borrow it, to the fact that though the law of this State makes it a criminal offence to lend money at more than seven per cent. per annum, money has now for three months been systematically, openly, and notoriously lent by tens of millions in this city at rates varying from 50 to 350 per cent. per annum. The only effect of the usury laws is to keep a large class of lenders out of the market, and thus increase the scarcity of money, and to enable and oblige those who do lend to add to their rates in consideration of the risk. The only consolation which the friends of this mediæval contrivance have to offer to borrowers under these circumstances is that usurers are bad men, and ought to be ashamed of themselves. We ought to add that the difficulties in the way of the repeal of the usury laws in this State are two in number. The first is the absolute indifference of the New York Legislature, as now composed, to all questions of reform, and, indeed, all questions which do not relate to the distribution of money or power; and the second, and perhaps most formidable, the fixed belief of the farmers that it is the usury laws which enables them to borrow money on mortgage at seven per cent.

We are glad to say the "tightness" is producing a good deal of serious discussion of the remedy, and that opinion is inclining, not towards the plan of having "the Great Father" in Washington issue fresh paper every harvest, but towards the plan of having the banks allowed to supply the wants of the community on ordinary business principles. That the community knows better than the Great Father how much money it needs, and how long it needs it, is a proposition which lies at the basis of all sound currency and sound banking; and a necessary consequence of this is, that bankers or dealers in money are the proper persons to supply the demand. Under the law organizing the national banks, however, matters are so arranged that the power of the banks to lend is cut off whenever the need of the community becomes very intense. That is, besides securing their bills by the deposit of Government bonds at Washington, they are obliged to secure their depositors by keeping a reserve of 25 per cent. in greenbacks of all their liabilities; and, whenever the reserve falls below this amount, as it does during a "squeeze," and as it has done constantly during the last three months, they are forbidden to make any new loans or discounts, or in any way increase their liabilities, or to divide any profits. In short, their power of giving relief is peremptorily cut off at the moment relief is most needed, and there is now a growing desire to have the banks freed from this restriction as to the reserve, and allowed to supply the community with money as it calls for it, under proper guarantees as to the redeemability of their paper, and have the Great Father at Washington mind his own business, and free his mind of all anxiety about "the moving of the crops."

The suit of the Erie Railroad against Jay Gould for $9,000,000 has had a singular termination, in the restitution by Gould of property valued at $6,000,000, if forced to sale, but at $9,000,000 if properly handled. The proposition came from Gould himself, and was promptly accepted by the directors, and the proceedings abandoned. The newspapers denounce the Board fiercely for sacrificing the interests of justice to the interests of the road, and accuse them of "compounding a felony," and declare that Gould has made enough by the rise in stock to compensate him for his display of virtue. This last theory, however, is absurd; he could only have made comparatively a small sum by the rise in the stock. His motives it is difficult to speculate about profitably. They were, probably, as usual, mixed. Nobody who has watched a long and heavy litigation can believe that he had much to fear from the results of the lawsuit; but he is cowardly, fickle, and impressionable, and was probably sick of the Erie game, and intent on some other field of action. The conduct of the directors is not so easily passed on as it seems. They *might* have punished Gould severely in the courts, but the chances were against them, and they have now certainly fined him in an enormous sum.

Our Washington correspondent, who is a very competent and well-informed observer, but whose opinions we do not and probably shall not always share, gives some account of the state of feeling at the capital on the subject of civil-service reform which we believe to be substantially correct, and which the President and his friends would do well to take note of. It is widely believed, for instance, and by well-informed persons, that the gentleman appointed to the Philadelphia postmastership was really "Cameron's man," and the journey to Washington in the drawing-room car, and "the elegant hospitality" on the way, merely devices for throwing dust in the eyes of the civil-service reformers, but as long as Mr. Fairman was the right man, as we believe he was "under the rules," as well as in other ways, neither the President nor the public need care whether he was Cameron's protégé or not. But when the Chicago postmastership is given, as it has been, to "Logan's man," instead of to the Chief Assistant, the President's friends are wrong in supposing that it is a sufficient answer to the query which has been called forth, to say that the Chief Assistant declined the place, and that therefore the President was at full liberty to go outside the rules and seek his appointee where he pleased. For some time yet, we may be sure, Chief Assistant clerks will have so distinct a recollection of the old system that it will be quite easy to induce them to "decline the place" when it is wanted by certain gentlemen. And technically, the President has this liberty mentioned, but we think most intelligent people are of opinion that when he goes outside the rules, he ought to go in the spirit of the rules, and not recur to the old system. The question about the Chicago appointment is, therefore, not whether the President was free to make it, but whether he chose a good man. We do not say he did not, but we do say that his champions ought to say something on this point.

All this applies with lamentable force to the appointment of Mr. George Bliss as United States District Attorney in this city. This is not an office under the rules, but it is *par excellence* one the appointment to which the spirit of the rules should govern—that is, the person selected for it ought to be a lawyer of long and high standing; and, as his duties under the revenue laws and in other ways are semi-judicial in their character, he ought to be a man whose

ways of life inspire general confidence in his impartiality and integrity. We do not think Mr. Bliss will take it as offensive when we say that he by no means answers to this description. He is not a lawyer of high standing; he has little, if any, practice; he has for many years devoted his time and attention to the lower walks of New York politics; he has long been the confidential friend, and adviser, and coadjutor of "Tom" Murphy in the business of "controlling primaries" in this city; he is the chief manager of the Custom-house party, in all its intrigues and little games; and his appointment is considered—we are not afraid to say this—by the best portion of the bar little short of discreditable. Moreover, it is generally believed that it is part of the disgraceful intrigue with Mayor Hall, under which this worthy has been appointing "Republicans" of the Custom-house faction to various city offices, in order to tie Mr. Havemeyer's hands; Mr. Delafield Smith having been put into the Corporation Counsellorship to make way for Mr. Bliss's happy accession to the District-Attorneyship. Don't tell us that "the new rules" don't apply here; we know they don't. But there are very *old* rules which *do* apply, and particularly that old rule which requires that a United States District Attorney in a great commercial city should be at least a good and experienced lawyer.

The latest contribution to the literature of the civil-service reform comes from Mr. Thurlow Weed, who, as might be expected from his antecedents, is opposed to it. He believes the new rules, if carried out, will convert the Departments in Washington and the Custom-houses and Post-offices "into close corporations." What is worse than this is, that if they are enforced, the President, when a "vacancy occurs in an important office," instead "of being able to cast his eye over the Union to find the most capable and deserving man, is required to appoint a subordinate." He asks, moreover, if the civil-service rules had prevailed at the close of the war, "what would have been the fate of several thousand wounded Union soldiers who, as a reward for their patriotism and gallantry, are now usefully employed in our custom-houses and post-offices?"—just as Mr. Boutwell might ask what would become of the young ministers and doctors whom he is training up in the Treasury Department. He declares "that if the people have not a right to compete for the honors and emoluments of office, republican institutions are a sham and a fraud."

This is very curious reading, the fact being that the old system of appointment to office denies the right of competition for office to the people as completely as it was denied to the French people under the old régime, and no person knows this better than Mr. Weed. When an American citizen wants an office now, far from "competing" for it, he "works" for Logan, or Conkling, or some member of Congress, or in some manner begs his favor. Moreover, when an important office is vacant, the President does not, or did "not cast his eye over the Union, in search of an honest and capable officer"; he "casts his eye" on the senator or representative from the district, and says, in the language of the period, "Who's to have it?" and the representative or senator mentions the name, and the nominee gets it. An old politician never gets so near talking downright poetry as when he rolls his eyes and begins describing the present system of appointments to office. Mr. Weed thinks Jefferson's plan of selecting offices—by asking, "Is he honest? is he capable? is he faithful to the Constitution?"—the best, which reminds us of the old gentleman in the West, who declared that he was sick of the fuss of Presidential contests, and asked, "Why can't people agree at once upon the best man, and make *him* President?"

We should be glad if we could call the close attention of Congressmen to the report, written by the Hon. Nathaniel Niles of New Jersey, one of the gentlemen who were appointed to make the annual visit to the Annapolis Naval Academy. It is the minority report, but four points it makes which are really of great importance, and merely to state them appears to us to be sufficient: (1) The midshipmen there certainly ought to have sufficient instruction in French; and this they can much better get if the elder boys are forced to pursue some of their studies in French text-books. This method is in successful operation in Harvard College, and is really admirable in its effects. (2) As being youths who hereafter, in foreign ports and on the high seas, will have to perform for the United States very delicate international duties, it is of great importance that they should have very thorough instruction in international law. The instructor should be a sound and perfectly competent student. This teaching has hitherto been done by gentlemen of capacity indeed, but who would not themselves pronounce themselves competent. At present, for instance, if we are not mistaken, the instructor in rhetoric happens to have this important work put upon him. (3) The chaplain, Mr. Niles thinks, should be left free to perform his strictly pastoral duties, and the boys should be permitted to hear the preaching of distinguished divines of various denominations, who should preach for nothing, and have their travelling expenses paid by the Government. (4) The houses built by the Government for the accommodation of the officers resident should not be occupied by civilians to the exclusion of such officers. The two first of these points are surely very important, and all are very easy of settlement.

There is probably no kind of "story" or "report" that the New York correspondents of the country papers enjoy so much inventing, compiling, or despatching, as a story or report about the doings of the New York editors. The death of Horace Greeley was, therefore, a perfect godsend to them, as it introduced great uncertainty into the affairs of a leading paper, and furnished the raw material for a thousand rumors. We believe "the crisis" is now over, and that we are not guilty of any impertinence in saying that there has been a vigorous contest for the control of the *Tribune*, in which certain capitalists, represented by Mr. Orton, the President of the Western Union Telegraph, formed one side, and the actual editorial corps, or leading members of it, the other. The Orton party were at first victorious, and purchased fifty-one shares for $500,000 or thereabouts, and endeavored to procure Mr. Schuyler Colfax as editor, under whose guidance the paper was to be led gently back into the Republican fold, and the subscriptions to the *Weekly Tribune*, which now begin to fall due, be saved, and the support of the postmasters taken away from the New York *Times*, which at present enjoys it. The negotiations with Mr. Colfax, however, failed, and nobody else with sufficient political reputation for the performance of the job of rehabilitation offered, and under these circumstances the paper became "an elephant" on Mr. Orton's hands. The editorial party then rallied once more, and bought the controlling interest back at an advance, and are now in full possession.

Whether they will try to get back into the bosom of the party and the good graces of the postmasters, or go forth to seek their fortune in the wilds of "independent journalism," remains to be seen. The former course would doubtless be the better course pecuniarily, but also the meaner, and less likely to succeed in the long run. The latter might not pay so well at first, but would pay tenfold better in the end. They print at the head of their columns Horace Greeley's expression of satisfaction at having established the *Tribune*. If they will print also the programme for the conduct of the *Tribune* which he issued two days after the election, and keep it standing, and live up to it, they will confer one of the highest benefits on American politics and society which it is now in the power of a journalist to bestow, and will have the hearty sympathy of all honest and patriotic men. The paper has ever since November 6th been a model of decorum, and the decorum has certainly not diminished its vigor, and has not prevented its being—we think we may say—much in advance of all its daily contemporaries in the fulness and arrangement of its news, as well as in the selection of topics of discussion. Why in the name of wonder can we not have a continuance of this decency and common sense?

THE PRESIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE AT THE SOUTH.

WE presume people are not generally satisfied with the condition of the South, and there are numerous signs that the most ardent friends of the Enforcement Act begin to doubt its value very seriously. Passing such an act for the purpose of suppressing Ku-klux outrages they begin to see somewhat resembled the amputation of a limb in order to get rid of a boil. The Ku-kluxery, if that be the proper term, has been suppressed; but the indirect effects of the measure, which are the ones which it is most difficult to get an average politician to bestow any thought upon, now begin to show themselves. One of the very first was, of course, to arm the Federal Government with enormous power over the State government—power such as it had never possessed before. As we pointed out in these columns at the time of its passage, it "declared that to be 'a rebellion against the United States' which was nothing more than violence to individuals, and permitted the writ of habeas corpus to be suspended in time of peace; it authorized the President to employ the military forces in suppressing opposition to the State law, without an application from the State authorities; it extended the prohibitions of the Fourteenth Amendment to cases of private wrong; and clothed the national courts with jurisdiction over ordinary crimes and with the function of ordinary police repression." When we said all this, it was mere theory or prediction; we now see it verified in practice. The act has actually converted the General Government into a supreme arbiter of State affairs at the South, and has taught the factions which in nearly every Southern State are contending for the possession of the treasury to disregard the local public opinion and the State constitution and laws, and look to Washington for the means for overcoming their opponents. The worst of this is, too, that the General Government does not interfere under some clearly defined code of procedure, but in the exercise of a vast semi-military discretion, which makes all things seem possible to the adventurers by whom the South is plundered. The condition of politics in that region at this moment bears a close and striking resemblance to that of the Spanish-American republics, inasmuch as in both two sets of adventurers are constantly striving for the mastery, and in their striving totally disregard the local opinion and the laws. In South America, however, they speedily take arms and end their quarrels by civil war; things do not reach this pass in our Southern States solely because the President stands ready to interfere, as soon as the parties prepare to come to blows; but if there were a power south of the Rio Grande which would prevent the politicians of that region from killing each other, public life in that region would closely resemble public life in our own States lately in rebellion.

This readiness of the President to interfere, however, so far from moderating the rage of the contestants, and turning their attention to the peaceful arts, stimulates their zeal, and increases their indifference to the regular and lawful modes of getting and keeping power. There is little hope of their spending their time in persuading their fellow-citizens into support of them, or coming to terms with their enemies, when they feel that a visit to Washington, or success in getting "the custom-house party" on their side, may give them all they want in the twinkling of an eye. There is a quarrel in Alabama about the election of the State Legislature—that is, the lawfulness of the count is disputed; and two bodies, each calling itself the State Legislature, meet in the capital, each hurling defiance at the other, South American fashion. If such a thing occurred at the North, the settlement would be sought through the State courts, or (more probably) the politicians engaged in the conflict would know so well the effect their performances would have on the public mind, that one set would give way, or some other mode of adjusting the difference be found. In Alabama, however, neither the State courts nor the local opinion count for anything in the matter; the whole difference is laid before the United States Attorney-General, and he supplies a *modus vivendi*, in an opinion which is accepted as law, because it is known that it may be backed, if the President gets his blood up, by Federal bayonets. So also in Louisiana there is a dispute about the election of Governor and Legislature between two sets of rascally adventurers, who carry it on with reckless disregard of local public opinion and it is again in due course carried before a Federal judge, who actually restrains by an injunction the State board of canvassers from counting the votes, and before the President, who, without any formal enquiry into the facts, promptly recognizes as the real State government the party most friendly to the Administration, and promises it through the Attorney-General that it will be, if necessary, supported with military force—this, too, being the party which contains General Grant's brother-in-law, Casey, as one of its chief men; and this Casey being a United States official, who last year used a United States revenue cutter for twelve days in carrying members of the Legislature out of reach of the lawful pursuit of the sergeant-at-arms. It is to be observed also that the section from which Judge Durell professes to have derived his authority to interfere simply gives any person who may have been denied the right to vote or hold office on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, the power of bringing "an appropriate suit or proceeding to recover possession of the office," and gives the United States courts jurisdiction of all offences committed against the provisions of the act. On this we see within one short year a subordinate judge builds up the right to control a State election, and he issues his injunction against the State government with as little ceremony as if it were a mere "board" of supervisors or of charities and correction.

There is one other point to which we wish to call the earnest attention of our readers. There can hardly devolve on the Executive branch of the United States Government a graver or more delicate task than that of deciding which of two bodies claiming to be the government of a State is the lawful one. It is a task which the President is sometimes forced to perform, but which he ought to avoid performing as long as he can, so that the people of the State may have every possible chance of performing it for themselves, for it is emphatically their concern. He ought not, however, under any circumstances, to undertake it lightly or hastily, or without making, for his own justification and for the information of the public, a full statement of the reasons which have governed him in his decision, and of the sources from which he has derived his knowledge of the facts. In the Louisiana affair, however, President Grant has acted hastily, appears to have made no proper enquiry, and has offered no public justification of his course. Moreover, a body of highly respectable citizens of the State, who do represent its real people and its real interests, have since visited him at Washington and begged him to make a formal investigation of the facts, instead of (they might have said, and probably wished to say) relying on the telegrams of one of the factions at New Orleans. He informed them very curtly that he would do nothing of the kind; that he had no funds for the purpose, and, at all events, had made his decision, and would not now reverse it.

The effect of all this on the South will, we fear, be to accelerate the social and political disorganization, and assimilate the other States more and more to South Carolina, in which there are distinct signs that the intelligent and respectable class have lost heart and hope with regard to political reform, and are adopting what is so often the resource even of good men in bad times, the pursuit of their share of the plunder, or, in other words, are trying to secure what they can of material wealth from the general wreck of moral and social interests. The probable effect on the Government of the United States we hope we do not need to point out. Such phenomena as those on which we have been commenting, and as the issue of paper money on his own responsibility by the Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, however, are signs of progress on a path of which everybody can see the issue if he likes to examine it.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE ABOUT OUR FIFTEEN AND A HALF MILLIONS?

IT was decided at Geneva that whatever sum might be awarded by the Tribunal should be paid within one year from the date of

the award. During or before next September, then, the fifteen and a half millions will be paid over to us, and it behoves us to consider what disposition shall be made of it. Already we see in the newspapers articles which have been written from various points of view, and some of which will have a tendency to becloud the minds of the public, although a little attentive consideration of the case makes it, as we think, perfectly clear. And at the beginning we may say a word on one or two points as to which a good deal has been said, and about which there is still some misunderstanding.

The basis of our demand and of the subsequent award was a vast mass of claims filed at the State Department. How numerous and voluminous was this mass the reader will understand when we say that we have before us a volume which may be regarded as merely the bare index to the claims presented, for it names each claim with the utmost brevity, and appends the still briefer list of the documents relied upon to support the application, and yet it contains nearly 400 pages octavo. Here is a sample of its contents:

AUSTRALIA.—Bark *Australia* of Bath, Maine. Alfred Lomont, agent and managing owner. Was blockaded at the port of Adelaide, New Zealand, by the *Shenandoah*, and was in consequence compelled to be sold.
Total claim filed, $22,560.

Claim.

OWNERS.	
Loss of vessel	$33,000 00
Loss of outfit and expenses	2,500 00
	35,500 00
Less proceeds of forced sale	13,000 00
	22,500 00

List of Papers.

OWNERS.
a, Letter from Lawson & Walker, presenting claim.

Such being the index, the size of the whole documentary mass may be inferred, and it will be seen how impossible it would have been for the United States, in the brief six months allowed for the work, to have gone into the merits of each claim presented, taken evidence, cut down exaggerated estimates, and presented at Geneva precisely the sum, no more and no less, which we meant to take. It was known that claims were exaggerated, and it was perfectly well understood that there would have to be a cutting down of the amount asked for by very many of the claimants. There was no call, then, for the charge of shamelessness and rapacity which was freely brought against our State Department by the English journals and some of the Continental. As to the severe criticism passed upon the greed of the individual applicants, much of that was of course entirely deserved; only it is necessary to remember, too, that a great deal of what wore the appearance of greed was in reality ignorance of law and of the rules governing liabilities. A comparatively uninformed man who for many voyages has secured an average of three hundred or four hundred barrels of whale-oil by following the North Pacific fisheries, may well enough be excused for thinking that the English ought to make good to him not only the value of his ship and outfit burned by the *Shenandoah*, but also pay him for the oil which, humanly speaking, he would have brought home had the *Shenandoah* never got away.

But, apart from the fact that the United States could not, in the time allowed for preparing our Case, have audited the immense number of claims presented, there is the other fact that the State Department had not the right to go into the business of auditing. In 1870, the President recommended Congress to appoint a commission for such an audit, preparatory to our own payment of the claims, and a bill looking to that end was in progress when Great Britain sent out her negotiators; but, upon the Treaty's being made, it was abandoned. The Treaty itself provided, that in case a lump sum was not awarded, the individual claims should go before a board of assessors, who should determine the amount to be paid in each case. Here then was a board of audit provided for, and the State Department confined itself during the short time at its disposal to arranging the claims for submission in an intelligible shape.

The tribunal of arbitration, as we all know, decided that all the claims by the United States for damages received as a nation should be rejected. No loss or damage, then, that was not individual remained; and the further question came up whether these losses should be referred to an auditing board, or, on the other hand, a gross sum should be awarded. The latter course was taken, and the amount was set at $15,500,000, or about four and a half millions less than was contended for by the United States. Just how this particular result was arrived at no one is supposed to know. More or less of desultory statement was made in the British argument as to the probable degree of exaggeration in the estimates of losses incurred, and the fifteen and a half millions were awarded as the sum, principal and interest, which would cover everything; and it is held by well-informed people that it probably may very nearly do so. The question now is, as we have already said, What shall we do with it when we get it? Are we to pay any of it to the insurance companies which got heavy premiums for insuring vessels, or shall we turn it over to the owners? Are we not in danger of giving some of it to speculators who have bought up claims at nominal rates and whose demands are iniquitous? May not the United States justly lay hold of a certain portion of it?

Of these questions, the most important and one over which there is the best opportunity for a little muddle is that relating to the insurance companies. Not many men except a professional Watch-Dog of the Treasury with an ignorant constituency behind him, or Mr. George S. Boutwell, will be apt to think honestly and truly that the United States—which were expressly declared to have no claims of their own tenable before the tribunal—can have any shadow of right to a dollar. As to a possible change of hands on the part of some of the claims, there is no evidence adduced that any such transfer has taken place, and there is high probability that very little has been done in the way of purchase and sale. The owners of claims have had very good reason to be hopeful ever since their losses were incurred, and even to be sanguine, as they have tolerably well shown by the size of the bills they sent in as soon as an opportunity was afforded them.

As for the insurance companies, an opinion in regard to their right in the matter used to be current in high quarters in Washington which deserves full rank with that other opinion, that "the gold in our Western mountains" was somehow or other going to rise in its might and pay the national debt; or that still other opinion, that an American citizen for whose property at sea the Government failed to find protection was a traitor and a villain if he secured a French, or German, or British registry for his vessel; or that equally valuable opinion, that a bull-headed paying of the national notes not yet due is a sensible financial policy for a practical people which has out other notes overdue and gone to protest. It is, or rather it was, believed in Washington by many Congressmen, that in case the tribunal awarded money to America, no part of it should be paid to such Americans as had been in the insurance business during the war, taking risks on shipping exposed to capture. It is true that no money at all was awarded which was not awarded to American citizens individually, and that to America as a claimant not a cent was given; but there are reasons for fearing that a certain number of our legislators may find easy excuses for believing, and acting on the belief, that "the insurance men made money enough," and that some others may sincerely persuade themselves that such action would be equitable. In truth, however, no principle in law is more firmly established, and, we may add, more firmly established on the durable foundation of strict justice, than that if any part of insured property is, after insurance has been paid over, recovered, such part shall, to the extent of the money paid over as insurance, become the property of the insurer and not of the insured. The mere statement of this proposition is the refutation of all propositions in any way contradictory, for its justice is obvious at a glance and to everybody. The man who insured his vessel while the hostile *Alabama* was afloat paid more for the security and ease of mind which he got—for his private state of peace, as we may call it, in the midst of surrounding war—than he paid for his security and ease of mind as regards the same vessel exposed only to the ordinary perils of wind and sea. What he bought, that he got; the transaction was of his own seeking; and, he being judge, the commodity purchased was worth the price paid

for it. In case his vessel was burned, the full value of her, if she was fully insured, was paid him by the men who guaranteed him against loss.

Here, by the bye, are some words to the point, spoken in the Court of Queen's Bench by Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, one of the judges at Geneva who decided, among other things, upon the admissibility of claims presented by the insurance men as by other Americans: "Now I take it to be clearly established in the case of a total loss, that whatever remains of the vessel in the shape of salvage, or *whatever rights accrue to the owner of the thing insured and lost*, they pass to the underwriter the moment he is called upon to satisfy the exigency, and he does satisfy it." Our excuse for dwelling upon this point is, that we should be very glad to bespeak the effective attention of the press to such Congressmen as may attempt to curry favor with ignorant constituencies by a disregard of the plain dictates of justice in this affair. It is a favorable occasion for some of those gentlemen, the true pests of our politics, who seek their own aggrandizement at all times and at all costs, but who are never so congenially employed or so thoroughly delighted as when they can attain their own ends and at the same time debauch the conscience of the country. They might indeed be pleased if they could induce a majority of us—acting all the time in the interest of virtue, and in opposition to wicked speculators—to take a course precisely similar to that of urging the attorney of a successful plaintiff to keep in his own pocket the money which his employer, after much labor and waiting, had at last got from the men who had robbed him. And remembering several chapters in our history, it will easily appear that fear on this head is by no means out of place; we may yet see the United States, which have no possible title to any of the money under the award, and which have indeed been formally told that as for their alleged claims for damages the tribunal would give nothing to satisfy them—we may yet see the United States holding back the money of the insurance men on the same preposterous ground, and adding it to Mr. Boutwell's balance or making a worse use of it.

For the rest, we hope that the American board of assessors, soon to be appointed, will be able men. One, we suppose, ought to be a lawyer; but general business knowledge and ability, as well as some special knowledge and ability in the shipping business, would also seem to be very desirable, and the salary should be fixed at a figure that will secure these. The bill now in Congress does not do that, we should say, although we think it might well do so by doubling the sum named and halving the time during which the assessors shall sit. One would think, considering the amount of work already roughly done at Geneva, and got out of the way, that twelve months might be sufficient for the business.

THE ENGLISH LECTURERS.—III.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

EXACTLY how many thousand people the great cave-like hall beneath the Cooper Institute will conveniently hold we do not know, but, on the evening of to-day week, it was crowded in every part. In point of intelligence, also, it was a very good audience. In fact, we were then and there informed by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, in a few brief remarks, that we certainly represented all the intelligence and culture of the city, if, indeed, we did not include it all. He had begun by saying that he would not inform Professor Tyndall how much this audience esteemed and honored him; but he would say of the audience that it was of the character we have just put on record. Then Professor Tyndall himself stepped forward. Behind him was the screen on which were to be shown the prismatic hues which called forth subdued exclamations of a gratification which, if not coldly scientific, if even scientific, was at all events sincere; in front of him was the electric light which was to be sent through the various prisms; to his right, and a little in the rear, was the assistant who managed the ordinary gas-works of the hall, much of the lectures having to be delivered in a dim, twilight light; to his left were two or three more assistants, and some machines used in the experiments; in the middle stood the professor in an attitude somewhat suggestive of the Irishman—if any of our readers know precisely what that means. It was not an attitude of bolt-uprightness; it was easy, and it was more easy than graceful, if that remark may be permitted. But the fact is that of the many thousands who will attend the course, we may be sure that, for every score who go to hear the lecture, another score will go to see the lecturer and to gaze upon the pretty fireworks of the experiments. No account of a course of lectures which omitted some account of the personal appearance of the lecturer would be worth the money of a majority of those who would read it.

Certainly no one can listen to Prof. Tyndall or read his books without seeing that he is a very good teacher of scientific truth. He wastes no time on side issues, as, for instance, Mr. Max Müller is constantly doing, but keeps one's attention directly fastened to the core of the subject. He appears to have a very well outlined, distinct, vivid conception of the things that he knows, and his style of exposition leaves nothing to be desired so far as lucidity is concerned. We came to the conclusion, as we listened to the first of these lectures, and noted the faces about us, and conjectured whether or not much of the lecture was going over the heads of the auditors, that there were not many sentences which were not entirely comprehensible by a majority of the persons present. This is giving high praise to Professor Tyndall as a scientific man who can popularize science; for although we were perhaps an audience as representative as Mr. Hewitt assured us we were, there nevertheless were among us a certain number of persons who, previously to our assembling at the Institute, were not guilty of too much knowledge of the undulatory theory and the sine of the angle of reflection.

An American hearer will be likely to think that of all the English lecturers who have recently visited us, Professor Tyndall is, as a lecturer, very much the cleverest and most successful. Mr. Froude delivered lectures which were quite as brilliant in their different line as Professor Tyndall's are; but he delivered them in a way which the lyceum committee-man must have regarded with a good degree of bitter anguish. Exact as was the adaptation of his lectures to the platform, the platform is anything but Mr. Froude's native heath. Mr. George Macdonald appeared to us to make the mistake of supposing almost any sort of talk good enough for us masses over here; and as for his peculiar manner, we speak with all the civility that any hospitable fellow-citizen could require of us when we say that the manner of Mr. Macdonald's lecturing was entirely worthy of the matter. Mr. Yates, like Mr. Macdonald, had not sufficient knowledge of the American lyceum, and its intimate acquaintance with a great range of very accomplished speakers. But, coming to Professor Tyndall, we find that he lectures as well as any Yankee. He is entirely in earnest, and that the strenuous American likes to see; he makes his points really as plainly, if not so violently, as Mr. Wendell Phillips or the late Thomas Starr King; he is far from being insultingly obvious, yet he is as simple and intelligible as if he were teaching a class of beginners in a Normal School; the instructed are satisfied with what he says, and pleased with his workmanlike way of saying it, while to the young ladies he gives gorgeous exhibitions of color, which they freely admit to be most lovely, most splendid, and most nice. Even the policemen on duty are attentive, and the friends of "classical studies," except for their knowledge of the goodness of their cause and the impossibility of its overthrow, might fairly regard the pilgrimage of this captivating scientific teacher as a serious calamity.

This earnestness of manner in Prof. Tyndall will suggest to some of his hearers a topic which of late years has had much discussion, and on which respectable opinions vary. To some persons the ideal scientific mind is as absolutely indifferent to human interests as we may suppose the mind of the wise serpent to be. With it is associated no feeling whatever. It works, we may say, *in vacuo*. Professor Huxley preaching protoplasm, Professor Tyndall suggesting a prayer-gauge, appear to many of us quite as far from meriting such trust and credit and deference as may be due the truly scientific mind, as if each were roaming about the country clad in a suit of leather, denouncing woollens as godless, and swearing that the Inner Light had forbidden him to take off his hat except when he was by himself, and had ordained that he should say "thee" at such times as other people said "you." A sort of a "protracted meeting" variety of scientific man; an essentially unscientific man, is what such followers of science seem to some observers to be, and there is entertained towards them something of the same feeling with which nearly all men of our time regard the churchmen of three hundred years ago who thought it so important that everybody should hold their views of certain speculative matters that they honestly and industriously burned alive whatever men, women, and children differed from them. Science observes and compares, it is said, and does no dogmatism on matters which are to many people matters of opinion and dear belief; it is really as utterly unscientific in the true sense of the term "science" to say there was never such an event as the creation of Adam as it is to say with Parson Knak, of Berlin, that he is sure that the earth does not go round the sun, and knows that the sun does go over the world in a semicircular pathway, because that is

what the Bible tells him. That this view of the province of the scientific mind is one which ought to be insisted upon, nobody, we suppose, will think of denying; and it will as little be denied, we suppose, that, like most views of most matters, it is not exhaustive of the whole question, and that indispensable as it is, there is another view which also is indispensable, and in which is to be found the justification of such scientific observers as set themselves up to teach upon matters not scientific. The abstract scientific mind, separated and apart from some highly concrete man of science, with a human ancestry and an actual, probable, or possible human progeny, with a home, a country, friends, neighbors, appetites, desires, and aspirations, will always be rare. And that such human scientific men as may conceive themselves to have something to say on topics of universal concernment shall be required to hold their peace and not say it, is a proposition which, however often it may have been urged in substance, will not be urged in terms. A merely recording instrument we may be reasonably confident that no very capable human mind will ever become; and the world, which eventually judges of the scientific achievements of its instructors, will also judge as infallibly of their general achievements as well, and of their motives to work.

It is well to mention here that Professor Tyndall, we understand, intends to carry no money away with him from the United States. Whatever he receives over and above his expenses he means to hand over to some scientific body in this country.

THE NOVEMBER ATMOSPHERIC WAVE.

THE Department of Telegrams for the Benefit of Commerce is doing service to many not engaged in commerce by enlisting their interest in that one of the physical sciences which can be studied most cheaply and most healthfully. It is desirable that encouragement should be given for the publication in tabular form of the weather reports year by year; not of all the stations, for the promiscuousness of their situation would deprive the table of any graphic illustrative power, but of selected stations; as, let one list contain all stations in a given latitude arranged according to longitude, and another all stations in a given meridian arranged by latitudes; then the progress, eastward and northward respectively, of atmospheric phenomena would be clearly and compactly chronicled, and private hypotheses could be tested with a facility which would render such testing frequent and attractive. One such table would indicate more clearly than language can do the facts concerning the "November Atmospheric Wave" which lately swept over the United States, from west to east, suddenly substituting cold weather for mild. The newspaper accounts of this change have been very confused, some writers being evidently uncertain whether the "wave" was composed of wind, tide-water, snow, or meteors. It was really a freezing temperature attending the sudden annual transfer from the Pacific Ocean to our continent of one of those areas of cold, dense, heavy air which in summer cover all the oceans, and in winter cover all the continents.

Why this transfer takes place, why it is so sudden, and why its direction is eastward, can be clearly and separately shown.

The cause of the annual autumnal transfer from the oceans to the continents of the areas of cold descending air, and, it might be added, of the simultaneous transfer from the continents to the oceans of the regions of ascending warmer air, is the same as the cause of the movement of the equatorial belt of low barometer and rains southward in fall and northward in spring, viz., a change in the position of greatest relative heat. The temperature of the North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans (owing to their capacity for absorbing heat and cold) is nearly uniform throughout the year, changing less than 10 degrees each side of 50°; the temperature of the continents, on the other hand, varies extremely. In lat. 40° it may be called in round numbers 25° in winter and 75° in summer. There is thus a "steep gradient" of temperature along the coast lines in these extreme seasons. This difference is so great as to cause a constant ascension of air over the oceans in winter and over the continents in summer, accompanied by low pressure and rain; constant rain over the mid-oceans, occasional rains only (because of less material for evaporation) over the continents. In the transitional seasons the difference is less than 25°, but the very habit of descent keeps the regions where the air descends much cooler than those where air ascends, as long as other things are equal.

The cause of the suddenness and completeness of the transfer in November from the oceans to the continents of the region of descending cold air illustrates the principle that all influences conspire to help the winning side, embodied in the maxim, "It never rains but it pours." The change in the preponderance of temperature comes on so gradually that practically some decisive proximate cause is always the immediate occasion for the movement of the region of ascension from the United States to the North Atlantic, and of the region of descending air from the North Pacific to the Plains. But when this removal has occurred, which never happens until some time after the land would naturally be colder than the water, that very principle of momentum which delayed the removal confirms it when established. The chief factor in this momentum is the fact that descending air is constantly (for reasons which need not be given here) increasing in capacity for moisture, which causes a steady disappearance of clouds, renders haze impossible, and thus uncovers the surface to unrestrained radiation into space and night; whereas the reverse is true of ascending air, which is constantly weaving blankets of haze with which to confine the sun's heat to the lower strata. (The Mt. Washington despatches have referred to the remarkable suddenness with which the atmosphere becomes loaded with haze in May, an occurrence which indicates that the continental air has begun reascending).

The decisive proximate cause of every sudden fall of temperature on land is believed to be the advent of a group of spots upon the sun's disc. Such an event occurring after the equilibrium of temperature had become unstable (and the longer it was delayed, the less quantity of spots would suffice to reverse the balance) would be the last feather that would break the back of the ascending bulk of air, and would definitively determine the transfer to the Atlantic of the place of greater relative heat, ascension, and storms. It is safe to say that the Boston fire was just in time to fall in with and perhaps facilitate this latter removal. Sixty acres of surface hot enough to melt metal may be an item in thermic calculations, at a time when the sun is only thirty degrees above the horizon at noon. (The Chicago fire was located so near the centre of the continent that it rather tended to prolong the season of ascending air.) The tide of cold last year did not reach New England until "Thanksgiving" time, and on that day the temperature was lower in Boston than on any day during the three winter months which followed. And it is quite possible that New Orleans may not experience a colder temperature this winter than 37°, the point to which the mercury suddenly fell there when the "wave" reached it on November 15.

The cause of the eastward motion of these semi-annual phenomena, as of all other elements of weather in the temperate zones, and of the westward movement within the tropics, will be clear only to those who understand why the water opposite our moon masses itself into a tide. Just as this water is left behind by the more rapid movement of the solid part of the earth toward the moon (because the solid part, averaged at the centre, is nearer the moon), so the air above the torrid zone is left behind by the more rapid westerly motion of the solid earth beneath it, and thus always appears to be itself moving from the east (trade wind). For the atmosphere rotates (by a force which is known, but need not here be stated) independently of the earth and independently one portion of another; while the earth must move altogether; and thus the surface of the torrid zone moves faster, and the temperate zones slower, than either would move if liquid or independent of its neighbors. The average velocity of rotation is near latitude 30°, where air and earth move at equal pace. North of this latitude we may regard our prevailing westerly winds as (approximately) illustrating a more natural rate of rotation, while we are retarded by being so near the axis—approximately merely, for the enormously superior friction of solid over gas compels the atmosphere to conform almost entirely to the velocity of the surface. All extensive atmospheric phenomena, then, must in the temperate zones move from west to east (unless propagated backwards, as frequently happens, but not in relation to this topic) along with the air in which they are involved. Hence a movement from an ocean to a continent will always be directed towards the continent next east of the ocean. Other causes conspire with the one above stated, but this is the most comprehensive cause.

Two explanations will render more receivable the above statements: first, it is true that even in winter our idea of the ocean is an idea of something bleak and cold, and east winds seem to many persons chillier than west winds, and water always seems colder than air. This is merely because water conducts heat so much faster than air. Still water at 50° cools the hand more than calm air at zero; so a sea-wind loaded with moisture at 50° may cool the skin faster than a dry west wind at 25°. But this effect upon the feelings does not correspond to any depressing effect upon the superior ascensive tendency of ocean air at 50° over land air at 25°. The currents obey the thermometer, not men's nerves. Secondly, when the phrases "ascending" and "descending" are applied to currents of air, it is not asserted that such currents do nothing else but go up or down, but these movements are predicated of them in conjunction with other motions; thus, an ascending current is also moving inwards towards a place of lowest pressure in a circle of low barometer, and it is also moving rapidly around this circle; in fact, for every rod that it ascends it probably moves ten rods convergently and a hundred rods around the helix.

One easy inference from the fact that in winter the oceans are areas of comparatively warm air low pressure, and consequent spirally converging

winds is worth stating. It follows from the law of spiral convergence of wind around low pressures that the wind is always northerly to the left of areas of lowest pressure and southerly on the right of the same. Applying this to the oceans, we have prevailing northerly winds (NW) on their west-coast lines and southerly winds on their easterly coasts all winter, which winds *double the cold on the west coasts*, but mitigate it on the opposite coasts. Applying this fact to our continent, we find in winter, on the Atlantic coast, northerly winds prevailing, but, on the Pacific coast, southerly; while in summer, when the area of low pressure is over the continent, southerly winds on our coast and northerly on the Pacific, thus moderating both seasons on the Pacific coast, and intensifying both on the Atlantic. The same is true of the Old Continent. Every "cold snap" in winter causes an increase of the central storm over the Atlantic, bringing northwest winds to us and south winds to Europe, thus rendering their winter so moderate that oranges, olives, and figs can survive it in Italy and Spain at a latitude no further south than that of New England. Hence our forefathers committed a grave meteorological blunder in crossing the ocean. It is on an east coast and not on a west one that "the land of promise" and "the joy of the whole earth" are situated.

THE UNDERCURRENT AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, December 21, 1872.

THE enemies of civil-service reform in Congress are taking courage. To be sure, the opening of the war by Representative Snapp in the House was not strikingly effective; although Mr. Snapp, in his droll way, gave a fair summary of the staple arguments against the reform, he certainly failed to convince anybody not already convinced. It was more a characteristic demonstration of Mr. Snapp's high spirit. But the impression is gaining ground that the President's determination to carry out the new civil-service rules, however emphatically it may be expressed, does not mean much after all. This impression is strengthened by the fact that the rules were set aside in the appointment, upon political recommendation, of a postmaster at Chicago, and that of several other persons who would not have been chosen for responsible positions by an Administration sincerely favoring reform. Prominent among the latter class stands the case of Mr. Bliss, of New York, who has been appointed United States District Attorney; the same gentleman, known as "Decoy Bliss," who last winter acted as "counsel for the defendants" before the Retrenchment Committee of the Senate in the investigation of the abuses of the New York Custom-house. It is thought that the reform zeal of an Administration appointing such a man to such a place has not passed beyond the control of politicians, and that the hateful civil-service regulations may receive an endorsement by Congress without seriously disturbing the time-honored spoils system. This feeling, however, will not prevent the enemies of reform from doing their best to kill the whole scheme in Congress, as soon as they find an opportunity to do so, especially as they believe that they will not incur the displeasure of the Administration by making the effort.

Senator Carpenter has given notice of his intention to make a speech on his bill authorizing the Federal courts to condemn property in the States for the use of the General Government. On that occasion, according to current report, he will try to convince the country that the powers of the General Government under the Constitution are much larger, and that much more may constitutionally be done in the way of centralization, than has been generally supposed by the common run of people. Such a speech will open a vast subject, and a general debate on constitutional principles and the state of the country is likely to follow, at least when Mr. Carpenter's bill is reported back from the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Carpenter is also credited with saying that now, after its tremendous success in the late Presidential election, the Republican party is sure to remain in power for at least a generation, and that, there being no organized opposition to contest its ascendancy, it may without danger do pretty much as it pleases. Superficial and positively foolish as such a way of reasoning may appear to every impartial observer of human affairs, yet it is quoted in Administration circles as an emanation of profound wisdom, and I have heard it gravely repeated at least a dozen times as a truth above question. It is a fair indication of the spirit which prevails among the party managers, who think of making themselves comfortable by as extensive an assumption of power as possible. The fact that no severe attack has so far been made upon the "apostates" is explained on the same theory; the majority feel themselves so firmly seated in power that they can safely ignore the opposition. An exception to this rule, however, is made in the case of Mr. Sumner, who, with his proposition to remove the names of the battles of the civil war from the Army Register and the regimental colors, threatened to lay violent hands on the only political capital of so many celebrities of the day. With Mr. Sumner this matter is not new. He presented in the Senate a similar proposition in 1862, and, although it was not acted upon, it did not draw anybody's wrath upon his head. It is said that Gen. Scott highly commended it at the time. But now the same thing is vociferously denounced as a gross insult to the soldiers of the Union, and some Republican senators are reported to have considered it an intolerable disgrace that such a bill should lie on the table of the Senate. It was, intended, therefore, to call it up and dispose of it even before Mr. Sumner was ready to make the speech of which he had given notice, and the delivery of which he put off on account of the precarious condition of his health. It was for the purpose of having the matter before the Senate, independently of Mr. Sumner's bill, that a resolution was introduced and passed in the House of Representatives, the purpose of which is to strengthen the Union sentiment of the country by keeping alive the memories of the civil war. But the postponement of the matter until after the holidays was at last agreed upon, and then we may look for a grand explosion of patriotic eloquence on the part of those who will lose no opportunity to "fire the Northern heart," and to reanimate the war feeling, which politically has been found so useful. On the other hand, I learn that even those who approve of the spirit of Mr. Sumner's bill regret its introduction as untimely, and would rather not have any discussion of such topics at the present moment. But the House resolution would render such a discussion inevitable, even if Mr. Sumner were inclined to withdraw his bill, which, however, he is not.

The recommendations made by the President in his Message looking to a vast system of internal improvements, receive more attention than was expected at the beginning of the session. The subject is being privately discussed from two points of view. Many senators and representatives from the West say that greater facilities of transportation are needed between the West and the seaboard for "moving the crops," at the same time admitting that an enlarged system of railroads would in this respect be preferable to the system of canals recommended by the President. But the matter is also looked at in its political aspect, and, while some of our leading politicians were at first a little frightened by the vast expense with which the execution of the President's projects would burden the people, others maintain that a government and a party gain strength by scattering large sums of money among the masses, and nothing would, therefore, in the end be better calculated to fortify the party in power than a vast and expensive system of internal improvements; in other words, that there would be not only jobs, but also votes in it. The appointment of a special committee in the Senate to collect information and report upon the President's recommendations seems to indicate that the matter is to be taken in hand in good earnest. Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, who was appointed chairman of that Committee, has the reputation of being a sensible and honest man; but you may rest assured, when the subject comes up for action, you will find those who are in favor of the largest political corruption funds also in favor of the largest system of internal improvements.

Scarcely a word has been spoken yet in either House of Congress about the startling events in Louisiana. There is a variety of reasons for this apparently strange silence. The regular Administration men do not deem it necessary to say anything as long as the interests of the party are served, and thus, in the Louisiana case, they let well enough alone. There are many honest and thoughtful men among the Republicans in Congress who feel alarmed and shake their heads at the proceedings of the Federal authorities, but fear to speak lest they be classed with the Opposition. And the Opposition think that their advice will not be listened to by those in authority, and that in view of the indifference with which the events in question are received by public opinion, their warnings would remain unheeded by the people. So far, there has been on all sides a certain reluctance to touch the case. But it may force itself at any moment into the discussions of Congress, especially if the appeal to the people, which is intended by the Citizens' Committee from New Orleans, should meet with any response in the country. There is a strained and uneasy feeling in political circles here which renders it very uncertain whether this session, which so far has been devoted to the quiet transaction of current business, will close without an explosion of excitement. It will depend somewhat upon the impressions members of Congress bring back with them from the contact with their constituents during the holidays.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Dec. 6, 1872.

I HAVE often wondered at the curious incapacity of the English mind to understand the political circumstances of other countries than England.

Everybody remembers the strange mistakes of the English press and of English statesmen at the time of the great American war. Though the community of race, of origin, of language, and to a great extent of institutions, ought to have helped the English leaders of opinion to appreciate the true character and the probable results of the struggle between the North and the South, they seemed more bewildered and they were led further from the truth than German, Russian, Italian, or French observers. England and France lie so close together that England ought to understand French affairs almost as well as her home politics; and it cannot be said that there is any negligence on the part of her press in keeping the English public informed of the incidents of French politics. The Paris correspondents fill now half the pages of the English journals; every night a long telegram is sent to the *Times* by "Our Special Correspondent," and the great city paper publishes besides long letters of "Our Own" and of "Our Parisian" correspondents. The paper which has "the largest circulation in the world" (I mean the *Telegraph*) has now a magnificent office on the square of the New Opera. The *Times* has informed its readers every day during the summer, with the minutest details, of all the "movements" of M. Thiers. Every English farmer knew when Princess Troubetzkoi breakfasted at the cottage where the President spent the vacation-days; when Charles Sumner was received as a guest; when Timaschef, the Russian Minister of the Interior, had the honor of dining with M. Thiers; how many times M. Thiers sat for his picture, how often for his bust. Two active correspondents of the *Times*, Lawrence Oliphant and M. Blowitz, go everywhere, see everybody; they are ubiquitous. Their assumed neutrality allows them to run to Lucerne, when the Count of Chambord is holding a levee, to interview the Princes of Orleans, to closet themselves almost daily with M. Thiers himself, to see all the leaders of the Opposition. They can see Gambetta in the morning and Bishop Dupanloup in the evening, Count d'Arnim one day and the next day General Chanzy or Ducrot; and, with such golden opportunities, it is hardly conceivable that the *Times* should not have a clear perception of men and things.

It has, however, distinctly invited M. Thiers, for several days past, to extricate himself from his present difficulties by a *coup d'état*, and to force a dissolution on the Chamber. Now M. Thiers is not at all in the position of a constitutional king; and even in constitutional countries the royal right of dissolution has been practically abolished, and the power of dissolution remains only in the hands of a Cabinet, chosen from the majority of the House of Commons, but which thinks that its majority has become so weakened that an appeal to the country has become a necessity. But M. Thiers, who is a mere delegate of the National and Sovereign Assembly, has no more right to dissolve the Chamber than I have to dissolve the House of Commons. It is at least singular that, when all is in confusion in France, when the only legal power in existence is the Assembly which concluded peace, when the Communists are openly talking of taking their revenge on the Chamber, the paper which pretends to represent an old aristocratic, monarchical, and parliamentary country should daily boldly advise M. Thiers to recommence a Second of December.* M. Thiers has said himself, in his last speech, that if he made an appeal to the army, the army would only answer him with horror and disgust; whatever may be his defects, and I have never been over-indulgent to them, he will never become a vulgar conspirator and plunge his country in the deplorable condition of Spain. What can be the object of the *Times* in insulting France, M. Thiers, and the Assembly in the way it has done lately? We remember well that Napoleon III., after his *coup d'état*, thought it necessary to enter at once into common action with England against Russia. Kinglake has, with great reason, given a place to the 2d of December among the causes of the Crimean war. Does England meditate another Crimean war? And is she willing to sacrifice to some unknown and mysterious object the parliamentary liberties of France? I do not exaggerate in saying that the views expressed by the *Times* on French politics have given as much offence to the French people as the conduct of the *Times* during your war did to the American people. I may add that this interference will no more alter the course of events in France than it did in America.

It would be very imprudent to prophesy what this course of events will be. The inner divisions of the French people have never been more apparent. The country, as well as the House, is divided into two parts, of nearly equal strength. The Republicans are the least numerous, but they are the most ardent, and they constantly threaten the majority with civil war. The Monarchical party, which has the good fortune to be free from all communistic and socialistic elements, is for the present neutralized by the fatal antagonism between the principles of the Comte de Chambord and those of the Orleans family. If the Comte de Chambord was generous enough to abdicate, his party, composed of the old French nobility, would at once rally round the Comte de Paris, and, as the views of the Orleans family are liberal, a great number of moderate Republicans would soon rally round him and accept a constitutional monarchy in preference to a Gambettist republic. For the present the various monarchical parties are obliged to rally on a purely conservative platform. M. Thiers has avowed that during the Commune he entered into engagements with the leaders of the advanced party in Bordeaux, Lyons, and other great towns. What the exact nature of these engagements was is not well known. But it is clear that they were at variance with the Pact of Bordeaux, which proclaimed a sort of political neutrality till the total liberation of the French territory. It is very freely said also that M. Thiers has made a distinct treaty with a member of the Commune of Paris, called M. Ranc, who was the chief of Gambetta's police at Tours and at Bordeaux. M. Ranc remained for two weeks in the Commune, and then was heard of no more. He is now one of the editors of Gambetta's paper, the *Republique Française*, and a member of the Municipel Council of Paris. Everybody knows why this dangerous demagogue, who signed the decree for the arrest of the hostages, has never been prosecuted. He says himself that he has a talisman. M. Thiers is fond of quoting the Cardinal de Retz, and during the Fronde, Retz signed many a secret treaty, sometimes with Mazarin, sometimes with the Spaniards.

There is something very extraordinary in the quiet assurance with which the leaders of the Radical party repeat that M. Thiers belongs to them. "Bring in your prisoner," said a captain to a soldier who was holding a prisoner. "Why, captain, I can't, he is holding me." Such is nearly now the situation of M. Thiers and of the Radical party. The Conservatives of the Chamber made a desperate effort to extricate M. Thiers from the hands of his new friends; but their effort was of no avail, and now the two parties are well in line in front of each other, and M. Thiers is on the same side as Gambetta. It must be well understood by those who wish to have a precise knowledge of the situation, that the Republican army in the Chambers contains only about one hundred Gambettists proper, and that the greatest force on that side is composed of what is called the Left Centre; that is, of nearly two hundred gentlemen, who are only accidentally Republican, who have followed the leadership of M. Thiers in the interest of public order and of the liberation of the territory. These gentlemen have, most of them, belonged in former times to the Constitutional party; they were resigned to a conservative republic, but they are as much afraid as the members of the Right of a republic which should be in the hands of Gambetta and of the Communists. They may some day play the part of the Saxons at the battle of Leipzig, and if the alliance between Gambetta and Thiers becomes too close, they may wheel round and rejoin their former friends and allies. On the Conservative side there is more compactness; but the Conservative army has no good leaders, no man capable of standing before M. Thiers as Mr. Disraeli stands before Mr. Gladstone. But since the message, the resolution, the *entrain* of the Conservative army has surprised everybody. The deputies have returned from their provinces, thoroughly convinced of the necessity of raising a barrier before the tide of radicalism. M. Thiers has tried in vain to frighten them into submission, he has made the greatest oratorical efforts in order to break their union; it seems as if all his power was now lost. The spell is broken; there is no longer any confidence in him on one side of the house, and three hundred and thirty-five members have been bold enough to say so.

The political crisis might, I believe, have been delayed, but now it is too late. We have before us a long session, which will be nothing better than civil war. This extraordinary tension is felt in all the circumstances of life. Society is at a stand-still. When the future of France hangs on a thread, nobody can find time for the quiet pastimes of polite intercourse. France is like a beautiful marble which is slowly eaten up by an acid. In the few salons which are open you will hear no more literary, historical, or philosophical discussions. "Sonata, what wilt thou of me?" said a desperate man who could go nowhere without hearing a sonata of Beethoven played on the piano. Many would willingly scream now, "Thiers, what wilt thou of me?" He has become the unavoidable, the everlasting, the irrepressible Thiers. Elegant ladies will discuss the results of the last divisions. In the theatres, during the *entr' acte*, people are seen nervously looking over the evening papers. The officers at their mess, the workingmen in their dark taverns, the bankers at their desks, are all talking of the same things. The whole life of the country seems in suspense. Publishers have told me that they have never sold so few books, that they actually hesitate before publishing the most excellent works. The attention of the public is entirely drawn to the daily incidents of the political drama.

The French are much more passionate than they are supposed to be; they feel besides that France is now very much like Hercules at the opening

* It also advised General McClellan to seize the Government at Washington.—Ed. Nation.

of the two diverging roads. They feel that if they engage themselves in the wrong direction they may bring endless misfortunes on their too unfortunate country. They have the sad consciousness that they show to the foreigner the spectacle of a house divided against itself, and they see no means of bringing these divisions to an end. If ever France, in her greatness, has committed excesses and crimes; if she has been too ignorant of other countries' misfortunes, too disdainful of her enemies, too intoxicated with the feeling of her own strength and grandeur, she is indeed too much punished now. Her destinies are in the hands of an old man of seventy-six, who has already helped to destroy many governments, and who may now destroy his own, and half the country has lost its confidence in this saviour of an hour. The great Communist army is secretly reforming its ranks, and before the monuments of Paris are rebuilt dreams of making new ruins. Parties as hostile to each other as if they belonged to different races are all ready to devour the ephemeral reign of M. Thiers, waiting, as the poet says,

"A qui dévorera ce règne d'un moment."

The Germans are increasing the fortifications of Belfort, and are only waiting for an opportunity to seize permanently this last key of our frontier. The man whom so many would like to seize the sceptre of Saint Louis, of Louis XIV., and of Louis XVIII., lives on a political Sinai, and contents himself with emitting oracular declarations. The future is as dark as the present; and France is drifting to an unknown destiny without a pilot, without a helm.

Correspondence.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AND AMERICAN REPRINTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Allow me through your columns to take up a little slip in the new edition of my "Two Years in an English University," an *omission to omit*. I wish to do so because it involves a curious transient item of literary history, now generally forgotten.

On p. 500, it is stated that full ten per cent. of the novels republished here are credited to the wrong authors. This assertion may well surprise a reader of the present day; nevertheless in 1851 it was literally true. At that time a certain class of our re-publishers had a fashion of taking some tolerably well-known name (though not one of the very first names) and attaching to it any sort of rubbish, frequently reprints of books ten or fifteen years old. There was, I remember, a Mrs. Grey, who had somehow achieved considerable popularity in America (and I suppose some reputation previously in her own country). She was a great favorite in this way, and made to do duty on all occasions. The practice had become so prevalent that I mentioned it to Mr. Duyckinck, editor of the *Literary World* (the American critical weekly of those days), asking him to make some animadversion upon it, which I believe he did.

Circumstances attending the republication of the "Two Years" obliged me to revise it in great haste, at a time when I was pressed with other work. I intended and endeavored to strike out every assertion which had become an anachronism. But these statements and references being scattered here and there, some of them in odd holes and corners of the book, so to speak, they occasionally escaped my notice, as in this instance.

C. A. Bristed.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 1872.

SMITH'S LATIN DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: *Apropos* of your notice of the "White-Riddle Latin Dictionaries," the neglect of Dr. William Smith's work has long puzzled me. It would seem hardly possible that your reviewer too could be ignorant of its merits, and yet if he were familiar with it, how could he speak of the relation of *ascor* and *gigno* with each other and with *γίγνομαι*, of the kinship of *Suavis* and Sanskrit Svâdu, and, by implication, of other kindred roots from cognate languages, as something quite new to a school dictionary? And it is said to be a novel feature, "not to be found in other books of reference," to give the French and Italian equivalents under each word. This Smith certainly does not do—as in a plain case like *conquérir* and *conquiro*, for instance—but he does give *abeille* and *pecchia* under *apicula* (one of your citations) and many others, where the changes of a word have obscured its parentage. At all events, when the reviewer remarks that the reader of Livy (he might have added Cæsar), "can *now* have authority for '*Saltus*, a mountain pass,'" he clearly could not have looked into Smith.

My only object is to call attention to a very useful book, and to its singular neglect in this country. I have used it for a dozen years or so, and for the rough work, at least, of an occasional dabbler, who pretends to no scholarship at all, have found it better than Andrews, and much more satisfactory than the older editions of Riddle. I don't venture to say that it is better than the new works of White and Riddle, with their advantage in point of time, for I have not seen them, and am not competent to judge if I had, but perhaps you will think it hardly fair to yourself, to Dr. Smith, or to American letters, to allow us to send this volume of the *Nation* to the binder's without some limitation of the statement, that of the last thirty years of activity in the study of comparative grammar and new interpretation, "the American student can find, in his books of reference, not the slightest trace."

T. S.

Philadelphia.

[We had in mind only American dictionaries when we wrote. With the merits of Dr. Smith's work, which is in but too few American hands, we have long been acquainted.—Ed. Nation.]

CHURCH AND STATE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The inordinate length of my letter published last week fully justified you in omitting a few of its paragraphs. But as the suppression of one of them may do me some injustice, permit me to mention that it affirmed that I wrote in no depreciation of the Christian Church in any of its branches, and expressed my profound sense of the good it had done and was destined to do.

That the influence of our organized ecclesiastical bodies is on the whole elevating and noble, is a proposition which commands my hearty assent. I also admit that, in view of the good they accomplish, they may make a claim—and a very strong claim—for state aid. Although I am personally inclined to the belief that it is for the true interest of religion in America to owe nothing to the state, I do not assert that opinion with undue confidence, and cheerfully bow to the wisdom of our legislators if they think otherwise. My protest is directed to the manifest injustice of permitting irresponsible corporations to *help themselves* to the people's money under general laws. I do not deny that it may be a good thing for the State of Massachusetts to present the Old South congregation with half a million of dollars. I ask, however, that it may be done openly by the representatives of the people, and that I may have the opportunity of presenting the claims of my church for a similar bounty.

If, then, in view of the services which churches undoubtedly render the state, we grant that it is expedient to tax the people in their aid, there remains this question: How shall we justly levy that tax and distribute its proceeds? I can see but one answer. Let our legislatures appropriate an annual sum for the assistance of ecclesiastical bodies. Let the representatives of different sects present their claims before some tribunal constituted to distribute the money as equity shall seem to demand.

J. P. Quincy.

Quincy, Mass., Dec. 13, 1872.

LOWLAND SCOTCH NAMES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Referring to your note of the 7th Nov., page 298, on the erection of the Scott Statue in the Central Park, New York, you give *Johnson, Thompson*, and *Robinson*, as typical lowland Scotch names. To us, again, they appear distinctly English names—*i. e.*, when so spelt. I take the "Edinburgh Directory," and the names of residents under these names, and the corresponding Scotch names, are as follows: Johnson, 5; Johnston and Johnstone, 160; Thompson, 8; Thomson, 235; Robinson, 4; Robertson, 254.—I am, etc.,

S.

Edinburgh, Dec. 3, 1872.

Notes.

A WORK on the "Cetaceans and other Marine Animals of California," by Capt. C. M. Scammon, U. S. Revenue Marine, San Francisco, will be published by subscription at the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Mass. The plates will be full and finely executed.

—We announce with sincere regret the death of Mr. George P. Putnam, the well-known publisher, which took place very suddenly on Friday last. His name is associated, both by friendship and by business relations, with the lives and literary fame of Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Duyckinck, Tuckerman,

Kennedy, the Clarkes, and others of the older generation of American writers, and of Hawthorne, Lowell, Curtis, Taylor, "Harry Franco," and others of the present. We do not know that it could be said that his most intimate and valued associations were with the former of these groups of writers rather than with the latter; but certainly he placed upon the men of the "former days," which were "better than these," a very high estimate, and one which differed a good deal from the later and less laudatory estimate which the rising generation placed upon it. However, be that as it may, he maintained with these writers, as with his brethren of the trade, an enviable reputation for kindly, liberal, and upright dealing and amiable manners, and perhaps no American publisher ever had fewer enemies or more numerous friends. For all these qualities he will be long and deservedly remembered, and also for his hearty efforts to bring about an international copyright law for the protection of foreign authors. Indeed, he was himself an author before he became a publisher, beginning at a very early age with editing the *Bookseller's Advertiser*, a monthly periodical, and afterwards "Chronology: An Introduction and Index to Universal History, Biography, and Useful Knowledge," on which was founded his "World's Progress" (1850), besides "American Facts" (1845), two European guide-books, and other statistical works. His connection with magazine literature in this country is too recent and familiar to our readers to need more than a mere mention here. Mr. Putnam was a native of Brunswick, Me., and was in his fifty-ninth year at the time of his death. His sons, we presume, will continue the business without interruption.

—The *Times* has recently printed one or two local articles, which must have had a great deal of interest for old inhabitants, and the perusal of which we recommend to such of our present citizens as Providence decreed should be born among the outside barbarians. It will tend to make them feel like sons of the soil, for one thing; and it may tend to make them better citizens. The latest of these articles appeared on Saturday last, and gave us some information about Murray Hill. Not so famous as Beacon Hill, Murray Hill is nevertheless known to most New Yorkers as the best quarter of the city; it is the apex and centre of that "architect's brown study," that expanse of tall houses with brownstone fronts which is the Earthly Paradise of the stock-broker and the heavy burden on the soul of the artist in architecture. In the very middle of it, at the corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, many of our readers have seen an odd old wooden house, perched on a little hill which rises directly and abruptly from the sidewalk, and which still makes some feeble efforts to remind the passer-by that it has been a garden. In front of it, in the yard, are numerous rustic seats; and a new conservatory, built out from the right side of the melancholy old cottage, extends to the street, and offers its shop door to the public, which may here buy its flowers. The house itself, as a signboard informs us, is occupied by a French milliner. Very queer is the aspect of the whole place, house and yard, amid the "palatial residences" of Murray Hill. Yet from the builder of this house, who, a hundred and fourteen years ago, was living in it in a style of much magnificence, the fashionable quarter takes its name.

—In 1758, Mr. Robert Murray, an American citizen of good Scotch descent, and a member of the Society of Friends, had his town-house in Pearl Street; but out in the country, on a hill looking towards Harlem and commanding a view of the East River and the Hudson, he had a fine country-seat and beautiful grounds. His pleasure gardens reached down to the southward as far as the Madison Square of our day—Madison being at that time about seven years old, and perhaps dreaming that he was one day to be distinguished, and perhaps not. Mr. Murray's kitchen-gardens, screened from view by a plantation of evergreens, were on the Fourth Avenue side, and it was from the southern side that an avenue fringed with tall trees wound through smooth lawns to the house. English elms, Lombardy poplars, Virginia tulip-trees and magnolias, were among the trees which grew where we now see the Belgian pavement and the long lines of five-story houses all alike. This Robert Murray, by the way, was inclined to be a Tory when the Revolution came. His ancestors had been Scotch Episcopalians, a loyal breed, and his sympathies were with the Government, although his wife and his two daughters—whose beauty was the theme of Major André's enthusiastic praises—sympathized with the rebels. It was, for instance, by an enormous fib of Mrs. Murray's that Gen. Israel Putnam, on September 15, 1776, was able to escape Sir William Howe. Putnam had been in command in this city, his headquarters being at No. 1 Broadway, but after the defeat of the American forces in the battle of Brooklyn Heights it became necessary for him to evacuate, and make for Westchester where Washington was encamped. He therefore ordered what stores could be packed up to be got together, and was soon marching rapidly for the Bloomingdale Road and Westchester. But, as Putnam had been informed, Sir William Howe had indeed crossed, and was marching by the Middle Road to capture the Americans. When he reached the spot where the hedges of the Murray garden touched the Middle Road, he found at the gate Mrs. Murray, and with her the beautiful Miss Beulah and the more beautiful Miss Susan, and Mrs. Murray begged the General to alight and dine. Howe said that he could not; he must pursue Putnam and his rebels. "Ah, William, thee art late," said Mrs. Murray; "my daughters and I saw them march up the Middle Road shortly after the dawning. They marched in haste like men that are afeard." To this inexact statement the young ladies gave a full and dutiful corroboration, and Friend William, who was never averse to a dinner nor to the society of ladies, alighted and dined, while Putnam's men with their hearts in their mouths got stealthily to McComb's Dam, and so went safe to the camp of Washington. Mr. Murray's son, Lindley, by the way, was the famous grammarian. As a young man he was very athletic and active, a great leaper and walker. He disdained the use of carriages and horses, and always walked to his place of business. One morning on his way down, when he came to Peck Slip, which was then exactly twenty-two feet wide, he attempted to leap across it, and did so, but fell as his feet struck the far side, and in some way so injured his spine that he was ever after an invalid. Taken to England for treatment, he was so much better there than here that it became his residence, and he there composed his grammar and became one of the household gods of the British schoolmaster, who, we may be sure, has seldom known that he was bowing down before a Yankee. We have just said that Lindley Murray disdained the use of carriages. That, however, was not the language to be used. Carriages were then very scarce, and in this part of the country were very unpopular as signs of aristocracy and effeminacy. Mr. Murray, having imported a coach for the greater convenience of his ailing son, was imitated by Dr. Cadwallader Colden, who, in 1761, became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, and by two other gentlemen; but when the troubles broke out between the colonies and the old country, Governor Colden, who was a Tory, was burned in effigy at the Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway, and his coach, which had been forcibly taken from his stables, was burned in reality.

—Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's plan of municipal reform has been given to the public through the press; it was to have been delivered as an address, but Mr. Eaton's ill-health rendered this impossible. The suggestions it contains are worth listening to, as coming from a man who has learnt what the evils of our present government are by practical experience of them—very nearly at the expense of his life. Calling attention at the outset to the fact that no real system of government has ever been attempted in New York, the charter having grown by successive heterogeneous partisan amendments into a shapeless mass of what might be called crude statute, Mr. Eaton intimates the opinion that "constructive reform" must begin with the abolition of all the other partisan "squares, parallelograms, and triangles"—pestiferous nests of pot-house politicians—and the recognition of the city as a representative unit. The chief political question of the day, however, Mr. Eaton thinks, is that of "better administrative methods." Instead of the chaos of laws at Albany relating to cities and villages, the proportion between these and the whole annual legislative product having gradually increased from one-eighth in 1840 to one-fourth in 1870 (in which year thirty-nine laws were passed for Brooklyn alone), we need a statesmanlike system in harmony with the social tendencies and political institutions of the country. Any change of the basis of suffrage Mr. Eaton regards as impracticable, if nothing else. As the first step towards reform, he would have a commission appointed to codify the laws relating to New York, with general powers of investigation and recommendation. He would then have it distinctly understood and agreed by the managers that for the future the city was to be governed on business, not partisan, principles. The vital question of official responsibility Mr. Eaton treats ably. He shows very clearly that the system of party responsibility has utterly failed, and that the only reforms introduced have been through commissions, or, in other words, through individual responsibility. "The desire of securing the good opinion of honest men, and the fear of exposure in the press, of punishment in the courts," are, as he says, the only feelings that produce a salutary sense of responsibility in a city official. Civil-service reform, general publicity of proceedings, appointment instead of election of administrative officers—all these reforms are advocated. The constructive part of his essay is less valuable than that which is occupied with criticism of the existing state of affairs. In fact, Mr. Eaton's criticism is so good as almost to prove the impossibility of any lasting reform without a much more complete revolution in system than he is willing to admit necessary.

—Mr. Wendell Phillips's lecture on the "Lost Arts," well known throughout the United States as perhaps the most famous product of the Lyceum period, was delivered the other evening at Steinway Hall, and reported for the first time in the *Tribune*. Of course, so much is lost in printing that it would be unfair to speak of its total effect. Every one who has heard Mr. Phillips knows how much he is able to make out of his materials; but the

materials themselves are interesting also. The motive of the lecture was, Mr. Phillips says, the reduction of the national conceit by a comparison of the condition of the science, art, mechanics, and so on of the present day with those of past generations; the comparison showing how little progress even we, the foremost of modern nations, have made, with all our gunpowder, steam, and electricity. The lecture is cleverly constructed and full of anecdote, but it seems doubtful whether it can ever have done much as "a medicine for what is the most objectionable feature of our national character." To tell your fellow-citizens that they are but pigmies, in the eyes of him who is familiar with the general history of the race, while at the same time you admit that they are the foremost of now-existing pigmies, may make them feel their common humanity, but will hardly tend to cultivate a spirit of humility or self-depreciation. Nowadays a lecturer who wished to force this disagreeable medicine down the throats of the American people, would institute comparisons, not between ourselves and the Medes and Persians, but between ourselves and our own contemporaries, showing wherein we fall behind other modern nations in the race of progress, how well our system of education compares with the Prussian, our civil service with English, our roads with those of France. Perhaps, however, it is more probable that Mr. Phillips lectured on the "Lost Arts" rather for the pleasure of lecturing than for any moral object. The lecture has, on the whole, a curiously remote, old-fashioned country-village effect, which is heightened every now and then by the introduction by name of the John Thompsons and Abijah Wings of the lecturer's acquaintance, who "had recently returned from foreign travel," or who "tell me that they saw in China" or "among the British aristocracy," such and such curious things. But we speak of it only as it appears in type.

—Our three-meals-eating readers may be interested to know that the Oneida community at Madison, in this State, have adopted the plan of eating but two meals *per diem*, and that they nevertheless do not become uncomfortably hungry, nor too low in flesh; but on the contrary that, during the month in which the self-denying ordinance has been in force, a gain has taken place in the aggregate weight of the family, which now is heavier than it was by 126 pounds avordupois;—unless, indeed, the family weighs itself by Troy weight, as being a particularly precious crew of ladies and gentlemen. "Greater leisure for study" these pundits also secure by cutting off some of their victuals, for less kitchen work is required. We observe, too, that "a strong clothing committee" is called for by the financial committee, which remarks that "this committee should investigate the needs of all the members of the community, and make up their estimates, to be handed in before the first of January." We should say that here is an occasion when the Community's pleasing custom of Free Criticism would come in to advantage, and we trust each sister will remember that the others should adorn themselves with calico and the like, and not with all-wool delaine—with modest apparel, as the Apostle Paul says—to the people over in the next pew—with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or costly array. Very profitable some of the critical evenings might be made, we feel sure, if each of the ladies would give her real views as to the minimum in garments which the other ladies of the family could perfectly well get on with if they liked. We see, by the way, that the Oneida family's dear friend, W. Hepworth Dixon, having sued the *Pall-Mall Gazette* for libellously calling him a writer of "obscene books" and of "vamped up books of travel," has got the sum of one farthing damages. Other Americans than the Communists will heartily rejoice at the luck which has overtaken this literary scavenger. They will, at all events, if they recollect particularly his "New America," into which he raked these same Communists, the Mormons, and half a dozen other obscure varieties of such sectaries as are distinguished for low sexual morality, and invited Europeans to regard them as specimen Americans. He has at last got something like his deserts. There is always an end to such people, sooner or later. We may usually expect with good reason to live until we see our desire upon our enemies; all that is necessary is to select our enemies with care.

—The last number of the *Historische Zeitschrift* (1872, No. 4) gives especial praise to three recent historical works. Hausrath's History of the New Testament period ("Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte") is pronounced to be composed "in a form not merely enjoyable, but really admirable, satisfying the enlightened taste and most cultivated æsthetic demands of the time"; that it combines with this the results of the latest and best scholarship may of course be assumed. The second volume, just published, covers the time of the apostles. After reading Coulange's frantic and ludicrous onslaught upon German historiography in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it is refreshing to take up a warmly commendatory notice, by W. Arndt, of Monod's "Etudes Critiques sur les Sources de l'Histoire Mérovingienne," the first part of which comprises Gregory of Tours and Marius of Avenches. "It is the best work that we as yet possess upon the person and works of Gregory of Tours"—"even Loebell's 'Gregory of Tours and his Time' cannot be compared" with it. Sohm, the author of the latest work on the early German constitution, praises Hensler's "Ursprung der Deutschen Stadtverfassung," as distinguished by "eminent capacity for the intuitive comprehension and presentation of mediæval relations, as well as by judicial clearness and precision." A book dealing satisfactorily with this difficult subject will be acceptable to many students.

—Doctor Schliemann, who has for some time been digging on the site of ancient Troy, thinks that, on the 19th of July last, he struck the colossal Trojan wall described by Homer. It is built of cut stone, held together by clay, three and a half metres wide on the west, and four on the east side. While engaged in this work, he discovered thousands of pieces of *terra cotta* with the most varied religious symbols. Schliemann was having the spot where the temple of Apollo was built explored when he found a marble block magnificently worked representing Phœbus Apollo, and dating from the time of Lysimachus. In a letter written subsequent to the discovery, Schliemann announces the fact that the wall above mentioned belongs to a tower forty feet high, and built on a rock sixteen feet down. While digging about the temple, another immense wall was discovered towards the north.

—A congress of Italian publishers has lately been sitting at Venice. The result most interesting to foreigners was the warm approval given to the proposition of Signor Petochi in regard to the publication of a "Bibliography of all Works printed in Italy from the Invention of Printing to our own Time." Sig. Bertocci, who has been preparing a "Bibliography of Italian Publications during the XIXth Century," was invited by the congress to unite in the work. There are many careful monographs on the literature of particular cities, as Affo's "Parma," Argelati's "Milan," Fantuzzi's "Bologna," Mongitore's "Sicily," Tiraboschi's "Modena," and many others, and there is a general Italian bibliography by Mazzuchelli, which never went beyond the letter B, to say nothing of Haym's "Libri rari" and Melzi's "Opere anonime e pseudonime." But all these stop short of the present time, most of them belonging to the last century, all are incomplete even for the period they cover, and some of them might be much improved in the method of treating their materials. Certainly it is to be hoped that Sig. Petochi and Bertocci will not adopt the inconvenient folio form affected by so many of their predecessors. To compress their rich literature within a reasonable number of volumes, they will be obliged to study brevity—a rare quality in an Italian; but they may at least give references to the works in which disputed questions are treated at length. If they carry out their plans the English Watt, the French Quérard, the German Kayser, will be outdone. As for America, to mention Roorbach and Kelly is to blush. It appears from representations made to this congress by the society of journeymen printers of Venice, that they are paid just half as much as compositors are at Florence, not a hundred and fifty miles away. Whether this is a relic of Austrian dominion at Venice, and the difficulty of leaving that city, or is due to the well-known local affection and pride of Italians, or some peculiar inertness in Italian workmen, it is remarkable. An American compositor who could obtain double wages in a city half a day's ride distant and not much more expensive to live in, would go there at once.

—The first and second parts of Professor Salazaro's work on the development of painting in the South of Italy, of which we have twice spoken in the *Nation*, have at length reached this country, having been imported by F. W. Christern, 77 University Place. The full title of the work, which promises, judging from these two parts, to be of unexpected value, is as follows: "Studi sui Monumenti della Italia Meridionale dal IVo. al XIIIo. Secolo, per Demetrio Salazaro, Ispettore della Pinacoteca nel Museo Nazionale di Napoli. Napoli, 1872." In the Dedication to Fiorelli, the learned and efficient Director of the Museum, Salazaro complains of the false notions relative to the renaissance of art in Italy, and of the lacunæ that exist in the museums in consequence of these false notions. Speaking further of the early Christian art, which he traces to the Catacombs, he says:

"At first it appears simple in its conceptions, dry in its forms, but profound and full of feeling in expression. It is not my purpose to hold the reader to a long demonstration how the arts lived through the first ages of Christianity, how the new belief transformed the classic paganism, and how painting, emerging from the Catacombs, mounted to more splendid light in the basilica and other public edifices after the first century. But art, in its transformation, leaned more and more to a psychological development, to the loss of plastic excellence. And, for ten centuries, painting slowly developed itself, following with constancy the reawakening movement which came from the South of Italy. From the first revival it declined, under the gilded ornamentation of the Byzantines, and in the eleventh century reappeared anew in its primitive form, but richer in composition. Of this grand movement of Christian art we shall present numerous and convincing monuments and not a few names of illustrious artists, known even to-day. It is

our intention, therefore, to demonstrate that in these southern provinces of Italy, from the fourth to the thirteenth century, the arts were abundantly cultivated (*coltivate abbastanza*), and that in these regions, in which the civilization (*stato*) and the language of Italy had their birth, the twin arts were also in flower according to the times."

These extracts will give at least a notion of the scope and aim of the work. It is got up in a sumptuous style, and the illustrations are executed in chromo-lithography with much skill and an evident desire to preserve the spirit of the original wall-paintings. The illustrations begin with the frescoes of St. Angelo, in Formio, remarkable, says Salazaro, for the vastness of their conception, and will be drawn not only from the regions immediately about Naples, but also from Apulia and the Abruzzi, from Calabria and Sicily. Each of the two parts thus far published contains two plates. Those in Part First are: I. La Orante (The Virgin in Prayer), a fresco of the fourth century, from the Catacombs of Naples. II. The Saviour (sixth century); St. Peter and St. Paul (fifth century). Those in Part Second are: I. A Youth between Sts. Peter and Paul and two other Saints (fourth century). II. The Virgin praying between two Saints and the Founder of the Church (seventh century), from the Cimiterio di Badia, near Majori (Riviera di Amalfi).

—The public debate last February in Rome on the question whether St. Peter had ever visited the city of the Popes, was much more satisfactory as evidence of a certain tolerance in the Papal See than as a solution of historic doubts. Neither of the parties engaged in it seemed able to go to the bottom of the subject, and as usual it has remained for a German to make a profound and thorough examination of the sources, and render a decision on which the lay mind, at least, may perhaps rest as final ("Die Quellen der römischen Petrussage, kritisch untersucht von Richard Adelbert Lipsius." Kiel, 1872). The sources of the Peter legend, according to Lipsius, fall under three heads, according as they consist of writings referable to one or other of the three tendencies of Christendom represented by the Ebionites, the Gnostics, and the Catholics; the two first embodying the antagonism between Jewish and heathen Christianity, and the last being the reconciling and unifying element which gradually assumed to be and became the Church one and indivisible. In the books ascribed to Clement of Rome we have the Ebionitic authority; in the "Acts of Peter and Paul," the Catholic; and in the "Passion of Peter and Paul," the Gnostic. A careful analysis of the first-named has convinced Lipsius that it is derived from a still older writing (*Grundschrift*) that must have been composed a long time before the middle of the second century. This was in substance an account of the contest between St. Peter and Simon Magus, between the true and the false apostleship; and the Clementine version had only to identify the sorcerer with the heathen apostle Paul to set Simon Magus over against Simon Peter. The scene of their encounters was laid first in Syria, where the historic differences between Peter and Paul were duly improved upon as a basis; and afterwards in Rome, whither Peter, not having fully overcome his adversary, was obliged to follow him and incurred martyrdom. But this portion of the story the Clementine version rather hints at as something known to the writer, than attempts to develop. In the Catholic version, which belongs in the fifth or sixth century, we have the two apostles acting as co-workers, but the influence of the *Grundschrift* is visible in the subordination of Paul. In Rome the Jews entreat him to defend their religion against Peter; but he busies himself in stilling the quarrels between heathen and Jewish Christians. Simon Magus appears upon the scene under the patronage of Nero, and challenges the apostles to a trial of supernatural powers; and having undertaken to fly from a high tower, Paul with tears in his eyes witnesses his success, and urges Peter to make haste with his counter-charm. This Peter does, tumbling the magician to the ground; but the martyrdom of both the apostles follows inevitably. (The incident of Simon's flying, by the way, is traceable to the record, found in pagan writings, of a real occurrence of the sort in the reign of Nero—the amphitheatre in the Campus Martius being the scene of the failure.) In a great many minor features the two versions thus far related betray a common origin. The Gnostic version is in two parts—the second describing the sufferings of Paul, and apparently being a pure invention (*freie Dichtung*), not connected as yet with any anterior writing. The first part agrees essentially with the Catholic version as to the sufferings and death of Peter, except that it entirely separates him from Paul, and on this account cannot be supposed to have been taken from the Catholic. In conclusion, the Romish Peter-Paul legend appears to have been originally a Peter-Simon legend, and a mere continuation of that of which Syria was the theatre. It can, therefore, lay no claim to an historic character, but must be regarded as a poetic manifestation of the Ebionitic, Jewish-Christian hostility to Paul, and can neither be used as a proof of his nor of Peter's stay in Rome. The argument for the latter drawn from the connection which it has in Catholic tradition with Paul's sojourn and death in the same city, thus falls to the ground, as soon as the real nature of the connection is revealed.

TUCKERMAN'S GREEKS OF TO-DAY.*

BOOKS of travel are generally of ephemeral value, because the progress of a few years makes their statements inadequate or inaccurate. Especially is this true in regard to such a country as Greece, where during the last forty years the changes have been almost as great and as rapid as in the United States. In criticising such books, therefore, one may fairly praise the latest, although in absolute merit it may be inferior to some of its predecessors. In this sense, and yet not perhaps in this sense only, this book of Mr. Tuckerman's is the best English account of Modern Greece. Compared with Baird's volume, published in 1856, it is greatly inferior in fulness and accuracy. Compared with Felton's "Letters from Europe," written in 1853, a large part of which is occupied with Greece, it lacks variety and vividness. But we know of no book which so combines freshness and fulness of information. The author had many advantages from his official position, and seems to have used them well. He betrays now and then an amusing consciousness of his dignity, as when he almost complains that Athens "is surfeited with foreign ministers, and they come and go as noiselessly as the seasons" (p. 21), or when he mentions "the plain dress-coat of the American Minister at public ceremonials, contrasting with the glitter and gold of the rest of the diplomatic corps," as eliciting "the favorable comment of the press" (p. 336). Unfortunately, Mr. Tuckerman does not seem to have had the advantage of previous practice in literary work to chasten his taste and form his style. He indulges himself in metaphors and occasionally in fine writing, to the injury of his book. One example may suffice of a metaphor needlessly used and cruelly protracted. Speaking of the desire of Greece in 1827 for more territory than the Great Powers were willing to give her, he says (p. 126): "Dissatisfied with the spoonful of political broth, the Oliver Twist of nations had the unblushing temerity to 'ask for more.' The plump beadles stood aghast; then made a show of earnest consultation, which resulted in stamping the little upstart with the badge of deep-dyed ingratitude, and refused a second spoonful." The author's attempts at sprightliness and fine writing may be accounted for by the supposed necessity of adapting his style to the magazine readers for whom some of these chapters, we are not told which, were originally prepared. But only want of skill in the use of language can explain such expressions as the following: in Greek architecture "vanity was a subjective principle to that of religious faith" (p. 72); "the exceptional condition which Greece holds toward the rest of Europe" (p. 103); "the Greek journals reproduced [my paper] with fulsome encomiums, but I was not so blind as not to perceive that the *touchstone* of their gratification lay in the passages," etc. (p. 246); "here, or supposed to be here, which is much the same thing, the warrior-king Ulysses found safety from shipwreck, and held the famous interview with Nausicäe [*sic*]—she who has been called," etc. (p. 295); Greece "has long been recognized as the football ground of Europe" (p. 330), where we suppose he means the football.

Other errors or inaccuracies, which cannot all be due to the alleged (p. 365) haste of preparation, appear here and there. The spelling of Greek words is a stumbling-block to our author, so that we find Rangabéz. Botzaris (both end alike in Greek), Kolocrotoni and Colocotronis for Kolokotronis, Megira for Megara, Pandrosa for Pandrosos, Erectheum for Erechtheum, Praxitiles for Praxiteles, metropes always for metopes, Jupiter Olympius and Jupiter Olympus, kleft and klepht, Sina and Sinna. The hill of the museum is not "crowned with an unsightly observatory" (p. 36). The hill of Kolonus is not "the hill of columns" (p. 78). Of "the most ancient naval battle recorded in history" (p. 297), nothing is known but the mere statement of the fact in Thucydides, and when Mr. Tuckerman gives the scene of it and the number of ships engaged, it must be from private information of his own, or from a confused recollection of one which Thucydides describes as fought in 435, not in 657, B.C. We should be glad to know also where he ascertained that the people of Corfu (Korkyra) are descended from "Spartan ancestors" (p. 321), for Thucydides, as well as Strabo, had the idea that the island was settled from Corinth. The modern Greek may be glad to prove that the vitality of his mind is due to "hereditary influences going back to the Illyrian or even to the Pelasgian tribes" (p. 330), but the ancient Greek would have thought that almost a Darwinian development. It may be true that "to be out-manœuvred in a bargain, especially by one of his own countrymen, is a source of the deepest mortification" to the Greek, but when Mr. Tuckerman adds, "hence the proverb, 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war'" (p. 341), we fear his love of metaphor makes him do injustice to old Nathaniel Lee, who did not mean "bargain-

* "The Greeks of To-day. By Charles K. Tuckerman, late Minister Resident of the United States at Athens." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872.

ing" when he said "war." And we wonder whether it is his memory or his knowledge of Latin that is at fault when he regards the rejection by the Eastern Church of the famous *filioque* clause to mean a rejection of the "doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost from Father to Son" (p. 197). These may appear trifling matters, but in judging the quality of a man's work, especially when there was no pressing necessity of its being done and done at once, and when, too, it is a work of information from a source presumably authoritative, such matters (and many more may be cited) are valid tests of thoroughness and accuracy.

We turn now to the general statements and arguments of the book. Some of these are new and of real value. Such is the account of the present King and Queen, which, though brief and evidently somewhat rose-colored, yet shows clearly the gain to the Greeks in having exchanged Otho for George. Another is the paper on brigandage, and the sketch of the "Massacre near Marathon" in 1870. No other writer, we think, has stated so fairly and fully the hold which the brigands have on all classes of the people, and the consequent difficulty of suppressing them. The account of the way in which young men who wish to live by their heads rather than by their hands drift into politics as a profession, is also new and interesting. The chapter on the modern city (we prefer to say nothing of that on the "Parthenon and other Ruins"), though trivial and shallow in many points, gives a good picture of what a traveller staying a week or two might observe or learn in conversation, making a fairly good magazine sketch to impart information or revive pleasant memories. The discussion of the "Great Idea," the dream of a Greek Empire with Constantinople for its capital, seems just in its reasoning and right in its conclusion.

Mr. Tuckerman enters upon his account of the Greek character with the expressed intention "to correct existing prejudices and widespread misconceptions." For the accomplishment of such a purpose, he ought to have provided himself with new facts or with well-supported explanations of old facts. How, then, does he deal with the matter of honesty among the Greeks, as to which there is certainly an "existing prejudice" that it would hardly outweigh the snakes in Ireland? He admits that "the most distinctive feature in their intellectual system is finesse," but argues that such "subtlety," "polish of manner and politeness of speech," because natural to the Greek and not implying "premeditated deception," ought not to be "mistaken by the foreigner for dishonesty." "Modern Greeks embellish facts as their ancestors embellished their architecture" (p. 333)! It looks as if he had caught the infection of their "subtlety" by his residence among them. After speaking of other qualities, he comes back to another part of this topic, "the almost universal charge that the Greeks are a set of thieves and swindlers" (p. 342). This extravagant statement is fairly met by pointing out that it rests in large measure upon the hasty assumptions of travellers, who ascribe to Greeks all the sins of the mixed population of the Levantine ports, somewhat as in other lands the blame of every pedlar's cheating is laid by many people on the Jew. But when the author goes on to allege that "the commercial and working classes of the cities of free Greece are as respectable and honest as the same classes in other European cities" (p. 343), we cannot go along with him. He tells some good stories about the character of servants in Greece, but when he argues their honesty from the facts that a Russian lady in Athens could trust her Greek servants, while an American lady in Saxony or a Swiss official could not trust their German or Swiss ones, we cannot help thinking that the induction is too narrow, and that each story might easily be balanced by one to the opposite effect. Finally, he asks why, if the Greeks are honest, they have so bad a reputation; and, incredible as it may appear, his answer is that it is because their "political aspirations are not in keeping with the policy of Western Europe" (p. 351), and so the people and press of Europe, particularly of England, have tacitly agreed to denounce them as dishonest. We should say that in this discussion our author almost entirely avoids the points upon which it ought really to turn. We regard the Greeks as deserving to a lamentable extent their reputation in this regard, because we see that they do not trust one another, nor regard falsehood as a serious evil and sin; because they consider the financial statements of their Government as hardly worthy of confidence; because they disregard truth in dealing with children, and fail to teach them to observe it themselves; because they value a triumph of wit or cunning too much to regard the deception involved in it; because in their ideas of themselves and their nation they let their dreams and wishes blind them to the facts, content themselves with an appearance and an impression, and are unwilling to learn to seek out and face the truth because it is the truth.

The brief article on the Greek Church is in the main good, but it takes no notice of one grand defect of that Church—its failure to teach and enforce morality. Neither by doctrinal system, nor by practical precepts, nor by the example of the clergy, does it accomplish what it ought in this direction. All Greeks are by baptism members of it, as in Catholic countries, and remain so, be they brigands or bishops, so long as they observe the required rites. The lack of honesty in the people testifies to the neglect of morality on the part of the Church, and the arguments by which Mr. Tuckerman tells us the Greeks resist reform in the Church are evidence of their indifference to truth when compared with something that is old, settled, and, above all, Greek. The one serious blemish in this book, in our view, is the attack upon the American missionaries in Athens. The charges insinuated are mostly mistaken, and the opinions expressed, we think, out of place in such a book. Dr. King is dead, and what faults he had might surely, for the purpose of this book, be buried with him. It might be added that Mr. G. P. Marsh, then our Minister at Constantinople, and Professor Felton of Harvard College, neither of them men likely to be carried away by zeal for the missionary cause, found no fault with Dr. King's course, and that no missionary has since that time been troubled by the Government. When Mr. Tuckerman rakes up from the past and puts before the public in permanent form old forgotten caricatures, born of a fanaticism quite equal to that of the missionaries, and goes out of his way to charge the present missionaries with coloring their reports to the home society with "cant and embellishments," even printing a supposed report with an "unvarnished" edition of it on the opposite page, he offends against good taste, courtesy, and justice.

TREADWELL'S MANUAL OF POTTERY.*

THE publication of this manual is one of the many signs of a growing interest in art on this side of the Atlantic, which marks the present time. Mr. Treadwell may be congratulated on having recognized a want, and on having supplied it in so satisfactory a manner. Those who would collect understandingly will find his "vade mecum" a most useful guide, as it is the result of intelligent observation, fortified by the study of some of the best authorities upon the subject of which it treats.

We must confess that we do not understand why Mr. Treadwell speaks in his preface of ancient pottery as "not a part absolute of keramic art." The potteries of Corinth, and Athens, and of the Greek Islands, as well as those of Nola, Chiusi, and Ruvo, not to speak of those of Thebes and Memphis, or of Tyre and Sidon, surely belong as absolutely to keramic art as the majolicas of Urbino, Castel Durante, Ferrara, and Modena, or the porcelains of Sèvres, Dresden, and Capo di Monte. A word of explanation would not have been amiss, as the Greek derivative "*κεραμεία*" is applicable to all varieties of pottery.

Faïence, as Arnoux defines it, is "any clay which, after having passed through the fire, preserves a certain amount of porosity, and which is then covered with a glaze." The different kinds of faïence are produced by the use of common or of fire-clay; the admixture of sand with the clay, as in Persian ware; the use of a transparent or of a colored glaze; of an opaque or translucent enamel; and also by the combination of all these processes upon one and the same piece. Porcelain, as Mr. Treadwell tells us, differs from pottery "in being made of a fusible material which is vitrified and translucent." Some tests by which porcelain may be recognized are the homogeneity of its outer and inner coating, its hardness, which approaches to that of flint; its resistance to the action of boiling water and fire, and even to that of any acid but the fluorhydric. At page 10 of his manual the author proposes "fracture" as an infallible test whether an object be of pottery or porcelain. This test being of somewhat dangerous application, we would suggest, as of a more innocent character, that of relative weight, and that of the difference of sound produced by the contact of two pieces of Satsuma or Nankin, say a cup and saucer. If of faïence the sound is soft and muffled; if of porcelain it is sharp and clear. This is explained by the difference of material.

In entering upon the subject of Oriental porcelain the author speaks of its introduction into Europe by the Portuguese in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The statement, though often made, we believe to be incorrect. The inventories of Italian princes make mention of porcelain objects at the end of the fifteenth. In the year 1487 Lorenzo de' Medici received several valuable porcelain vases from the Sultan of Egypt. The French King Charles VII., whose reign ended in 1422, possessed some pieces of porcelain. These facts are given in a late work by the Marchese Campori of Modena, who furnishes some valuable information, based upon documentary evidence, about the place and date of the first fabrication of porcelain in Europe. He cites a letter written in 1567, by Bernardo Carnigiani, the Florentine Ambassador at the Court of Ferrara, in which Camillo da Urbino, then in the service of Duke Alfonso II., is spoken of as the rediscoverer of the art of making porcelain. A letter written nine years later (1576) from Florence, by the Venetian Ambassador,

* "A Manual of Pottery and Porcelain for American Collectors. By John H. Treadwell." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872.

claims the same honor for the Duke Francesco de' Medici. These almost simultaneous discoveries in Italy were made more than a century before Böttcher's day, but as the secret was lost, the credit of its recovery, and that of having made its processes common, may fairly be given to the Saxony of the sixteenth century.

In reviewing the history of pottery, Mr. Treadwell takes up each country in turn, beginning with Egypt. He quotes Pliny's statement that Corœbus of Athens and Hyperbius of Corinth invented the potter's wheel, and says that its incorrectness is proved by the mention of that object in the Bible at a much earlier period. Still more positive evidence is, however, furnished us by the wall-paintings in the tombs of Thebes and Beni Hassan, which, though executed long before the foundation of Athens, represent all the different processes of vase-making, such as turning, baking, and polishing. We know nothing of the origin of the art in Egypt, nor can any proof of an early intercourse between Egypt and China be brought forward, since "the wonderful little bottles with Chinese inscriptions," cited by Mr. Treadwell, at page 112, as evidences of the manufacture of porcelain in the East "at a remote period," are now acknowledged to be modern. Maryatt, in the second edition of his well-known work, p. 251, tells us that the writing characters upon some of these bottles were only introduced into China B.C. 43–33, and that the verses upon one of them in the museum at Sevres are taken from a Chinese author of the 8th century of our era. In a note (8) he says: "We believe that Sir G. Wilkinson is quite prepared to abandon all idea of the antiquity of these bottles," which are supposed to have been fraudulently placed in the tombs by Arab hands.

From Egypt the potter's art was probably introduced into Greece by the Phœnicians. Want of space prevents us from saying something about the earliest pottery found in the Greek islands, upon which subject the curious will find much valuable information in A. Conze's pamphlet, "Zur Geschichte der Anfänge Griechischer Kunst" (Wien, 1870).

At page 27, Mr. Treadwell, before stating the now universally accepted view that the vases found in Etruscan tombs are of Greek manufacture, says that Winckelmann's distinction of all Etruscan work as Campanian is almost frivolous, because Campania formed part of Etruria." We would remind him, however, that Campania "was peopled," to quote Dr. Mommsen, "by all sorts of Hellenic races, often amalgamated so as no longer to be distinguishable." The discovery of 6,000 vases since Winckelmann's day in the necropolis of Vulci, where there is no tradition of a Greek population, all decorated with Greek subjects and inscriptions, proved either that they were brought from Greece to Italy, which is improbable, or that they were made in local workshops under Greek direction, as is now generally believed. If we disagree with Mr. Treadwell on this point, so also we disagree with him about certain points connected with the early history of Italian majolica. Passeri, whom he quotes, says that he has seen glazed pottery upon a tomb of the year 1100. If this be so, the glaze used was transparent like a varnish. The proper starting-point for the manufacture of majolica is about the year 1300, when the opaque glaze was introduced, whose processes were perfected in the fifteenth century at the manufactories established by the Estes of Ferrara, the Sforzas of Pesaro, the Ganzagas of Modena, and the Della Roveres of Urbino. In point of precedence, we now know through the documents published by the Marchese Campori that Ferrara comes before Pesaro. Manufactories were established there about 1450, but at Ferrara we have the names of workmen who were employed by the Marchese Lionello d'Este in 1436 and 1443. Before Lucca della Robbia's invention, "mezza majolica" only was made. This differs from fine majolica in that its glaze is plumbiferous, while the white opaque enamel of Robbia ware is stanniferous, of extreme brilliancy and hardness, and not liable to crack. The question as to whether Raphael ware is so-called because Raphael made designs for it, our author frankly confesses himself unprepared to consider. It would be rash to decide it in the negative, but we may state the opinions of the best authorities that the name was given because the designs of the great painter, made for other purposes, were copied in its decorations, or that the name is derived not from Raphael, but from Raffaelino del Colle, a painter who worked for Guidobaldo della Rovere. We notice that at page 85 Mr. Treadwell, in speaking of a specimen of Beauvais ware belonging to the National Library at Paris, expresses a fear lest it may have been destroyed during the Communist conflagration. This fear is, we think, groundless, for, thanks to the courage and devotion of the persons who had the care of the building and its precious contents, it and they escaped unharmed.

In conclusion, we would speak of Mr. Treadwell's manual as a highly creditable and most useful addition to American art literature. In wishing for it a wide circulation, we indirectly wish that American collectors of pottery and porcelain may multiply. It will be a welcome assistant to those who have already begun to indulge in so attractive a mode of spending time and money, and to all beginners it will be an indispensable guide.

Pertes Eprouvées par les Bibliothèques Publiques de Paris pendant le siége par les Prussiens en 1870 et pendant la domination de la Commune révolutionnaire en 1871. Rapport à M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique par M. Baudrillart, Inspecteur-Général des Bibliothèques. Paris. (New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.)—This official report reveals the extent of the losses which the libraries of the city of Paris sustained during the late German-French war; or rather, to adopt the terms of the report, "during the siege by the Prussians in 1870 and the domination of the revolutionary Commune in 1871." The report opens with a short statement of the injuries sustained by libraries outside of Paris; refers to the total loss of the important collections of Metz, Colmar, and Schélestadt, which, with the conquered provinces, passed into Prussian hands; and mentions the destruction, by bombardment, of the Palace of St. Cloud, with its magnificent library, especially rich in great illustrated works and magnificent bindings. In the other cities with libraries occupied by the enemy there have been no losses, except in the case of the library of the Military School of St. Cyr, partially destroyed by the Prussians.

From Prussian bombardment and occupation the great collections of the capital suffered little or nothing. But at the hands of the Communists the losses are immense, incalculable. As a question of mere money value, they must be counted in millions; as an intellectual loss, no figures can adequately represent it. Take, for instance, the case of the library of the Hôtel de Ville—one hundred and twenty thousand volumes—of which a large proportion treated of the history of Paris, and among which was the famous Missal of Juvenal des Ursins, illustrated with exquisite miniatures of the fifteenth century—a total loss. Total losses, also, the valuable special libraries of the Council of State, with its minutes of official sittings for long years past; of the Court of Accounts; of the Court of Appeals, with its fifty thousand volumes of jurisprudence; of the Legion of Honor; of the Society of Advocates; of the Ministry of Finance; and, finally, of the library of the Prefecture of Police, rich in manuscripts on the Revolution, and a collection, unique, of journals and newspapers, future material for the political history of our period. Of the national libraries in Paris, only one is reported as having received serious damage—a damage amounting to utter destruction—viz., the library of the Louvre, which has totally perished. The reporter appears to be almost at a loss for language to describe the wealth, taste, erudition, and beauty of this collection, the jewel of the libraries of France, "un joyau qui brillait d'un éclat particulier, inappréciable," which included valuable manuscripts, the most admirable specimens of rare books, proof engravings, illustrations of painting and engraving in large numbers, a complete museum of all that is perfect in the art of binding. All this has disappeared without leaving a trace, not even of mention in a catalogue, for all its catalogues have also perished, and many of them were masterpieces and models of patience and industry. They of themselves filled sixty volumes in folio, the names of authors alone occupying twenty-seven. The catalogue of subjects connected with the Revolution was of itself a literary treasure. It is now bitterly regretted that these catalogues were not printed, and the reporter takes occasion to recommend that an order be issued for the publication of the catalogues of all the public libraries of France, and recapitulates the many advantages to all concerned of the printed over the manuscript catalogue.

The list of losses of special and rare MSS. and literary curiosities is very large. First and most to be regretted is the Bull, written on papyrus, of Pope Agapetus, dated 951. A fac-simile of the document exists at Narbonne, and a copy of it is published in the Papyri Diplomatici of Marini. Then follow—we select only a few of the most striking—a beautiful Persian MS. of the Shah Hamet, with vignettes; a Biblia Sacra MS., in quarto, of the thirteenth century, on parchment, binding of black morocco by Simier, on the last leaf of which was read: "*Ista Biblia fuit gloriosissimi sancti Ludovici, quondam regis Francorum*"; a large collection of autograph letters of kings, princes, ambassadors, generals, etc.; the original account of expenses kept by the jailers of the Temple who had charge of "Louis Capet and family"; the MS. "Reflections on the Mercy of God," by Louise de la Vallière, with marginal notes by the hand of Bossuet.

One of the special glories of the Louvre library was its collection of Elzevirs, acquired by gift from M. Charles Motteley. This collection was the fruit of more than forty years of labor and travel, vast expenditure of money, and a thorough knowledge of the subject which amounted to a special science. It exceeded in value even the celebrated collection of Elzevirs in the library at the Hague. The Motteley collection was also rich in MSS.: the Bible of the Dukes of Guise, parchment MS. of the fifteenth century, with exquisite miniatures on every page; four large folios, "The Campaigns of Louis XIV.," with pictures by Vandermeulen and ornaments by Damoiselet; a large number of Greek and Latin MSS., nearly all from the library of the Oratory, and all anterior to the fifteenth century; a Cicero and a Horace of

the twelfth and a Virgil of the thirteenth, a Lucretius and an Ovid of the fourteenth, and the autograph MS. of the works of St. Agobard, of the ninth century.

The Louvre library was entered late in the night of the 23d–24th of May by incendiary Communists in the uniform of the National Guard, set on fire with the aid of petroleum, and by midday of the 24th its total destruction was accomplished.

Songs from the Dramatists. By Abby Sage Richardson. With Designs by J. La Farge. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.)—Perhaps the most entirely satisfactory of the season's gift-books is that made by Mrs. A. S. Richardson, or rather by Mrs. Richardson and Mr. John La Farge, who furnishes the volume with its pictures. It will readily be seen that the book is one which could not well avoid having a great charm. Our dramatic literature, rich as it is in all descriptions of writing, yet has for a principal merit the exquisiteness of the lyrical poetry scattered purposely up and down its plays; and the compiler would indeed have a curiously bad taste who should be able to put together a volume so large as this one and not make a very delightful and otherwise valuable book. Mrs. Richardson, who appears to have a great liking for her subject—a fondness for the songs, and a lifelong enjoyment of them, which argues the possession of much of the fitness required for the task—has gathered together some hundred or so of the pieces which we all know, and Mr. La Farge has exercised his own poetic power in aid of her purpose. His theory of illustrating a book appears to be much like the theory of those instructors in elocution who used to inculcate it upon the pupil that his gesticulation should follow, not the words to be spoken, but should rather attempt to express his feeling and thought in another way. In like manner, to attempt expressing by picture just what our author has already expressed fully in her words, seems to a certain school of designers to be a mistake. If we understand the theory, it calls for designs which are no more than suggested by the words to be illustrated; it allows of a variation of the theme; it allows to the artist a look at his subject from other points of view; it is, in short, symbolical to a great extent, and not literal. Perhaps we do not state the thing correctly. However that may be, Mr. La Farge's imaginative pencil has worked very gracefully in some of these pictures, and we only wish the publishers had been more sumptuous, and allowed us three or four times as many. But, as it stands, we recommend the volume to the attention of all readers—to those who are good readers at other times, as well as bookbuyers at holidaytime, and readers of gift-books. Well adapted as it is for this time of the making of presents, it nevertheless has about it nothing of an ephemeral quality. The sweetest poetry of the best poets, illustrated by the always interesting and often beautiful work of one of the most refined and thoroughly cultivated of artists, makes a book that certainly is not for a day.

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ERRATA.

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Page 147, col. 1, line 7 from bottom. For "Ripon" read "Gloucester."
Page 150, col. 3, line 3. For "University of Virginia" read "Washington and Lee University."
Page 153, col. 2, line 25 from bottom. For "Virginia" read "New Orleans."

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